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Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Staunton Spectator.

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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,
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HEADQUARTERS,
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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

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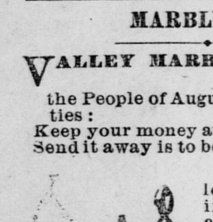
the People of Augusta and the Valley counties:
Keep your money at Home is to prosper,
Send it away is to become impoverished.



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.
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P. S.—I also call attention to my Catalogue of Designs of the Wonderful White Bronze Monuments and Head Stones. au27-tf

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THE BEST LIVERY IN THE STATE.

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Livery Stables.
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☞ 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,
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CLOTHING,
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GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
As can be found in the Valley.
RECEIVING NEW GOODS DAILY.
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Be sure you find the place—the old stand.
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sep2 J. W. ALBY.

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

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—DEALER IN—
GRAIN, HAY, FLOUR,
Seed, Wool, Fertilizers, Coal Oil, and
GROCERIES,
Opposite Depot of the C. & O. R'y, in storehouse recently occupied by J. A. Cochran.
☞ HIGHEST Cash Prices paid for Grain, Hay, and Country Produce.
Hope my old country patrons will give me a call. feb12-tf

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GOOCH, HOGE & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS
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DEALERS IN
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We sell only to dealers, whom we respectfully solicit to give us a trial order. Our prices we promise to make compare favorably with Baltimore and Richmond. sept19-tf

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HOWARD & WRENN,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Flour, Grain, Pork, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, &c.,
219 Tenth Street, N. W., bet. La. Ave. and C Street,
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COCK OF THE ROOST

CIGAR!
NO BETTER
5-cent Cigar IN THE WORLD.
CHAS. E. HAINES,
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☞ Send for Price List. jy1

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free.—HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine. dec4-1y*

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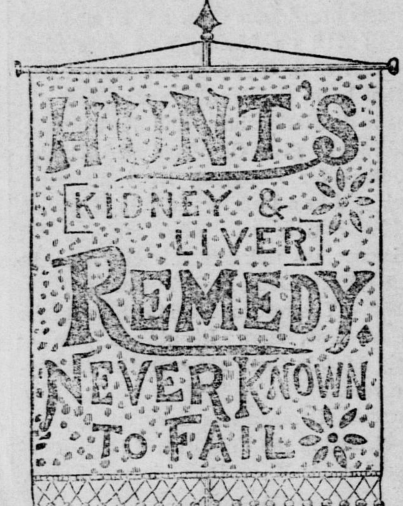

IT CURES WHEN ALL OTHER MEDICINES FAIL, as it acts DIRECTLY and AT ONCE on the KIDNEYS, LIVER and BOWELS, restoring them to a healthy action. It is a safe, sure and speedy cure and hundreds have been cured by it when physicians and friends had given them up to die.
IT IS BOTH A "SAFE CURE" and a "SPECIFIC."
It CURES all Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder and Urinary Organs; Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Nervous Diseases, Excesses, Female Weaknesses, Jaundice, Biliousness, Headache, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Piles, Pains in the Back, Loins, or Side, Retention or Non-Retention of Urine.
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☞ TAKE NO OTHER. ☜
Send for Illustrated Pamphlet of Solid Testimonials of Absolute Cures.
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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.

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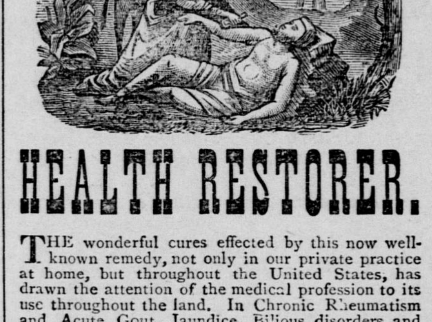
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.
TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.
aug7-1y

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,
HAGERSTOWN, MD.
apr15 '84-1y

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HAY-FEVER

What is Catarrh? It is a disease of the mucous membrane, generally originating in the nasal passages and maintaining its stronghold in the head. From this point it sends forth a poisonous virus along the membranous linings and through the digestive organs, corrupting the blood and producing other troublesome and dangerous symptoms.
Cream Balm is a remedy based upon a correct diagnosis of this disease and can be depended upon.
Give it a Trial.
Ely's Cream Balm Causes no pain. Gives Relief at once. A Thorough Treatment will Cure. Not a Liquid. Not a Snuff.
Apply into Nostrils. Price 50 c. at druggists; 90 cts. by mail, registered. Sample bottle by mail 10 cts.
ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.
feb12 '84-1y

J. A. HAMRICK. J. A. FAUVER
J. A. HAMRICK & CO.,
DEALERS IN
GROCERIES AND PRODUCE.
Make a Specialty of
Leather and Shoe Findings
Headquarters for Harness Leather.
Highest Cash Price paid for
feb19 '84-1y SLAUGHTERED HIDES.

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.,
1e5 Staunton, Va.

POETRY.

THE OBJECTS OF MY LOVE.

BY THE LATE DR. S. S. ROSZELL, M. E. CHURCH.

[The stanzas appended by the late Rev. S. S. Roszell, D. D., must be appreciated not only for their beauty, but also for the sake of the lamented author, whose talent as a writer, and whose eloquence as a preacher were universally admitted]:—

I love the green earth, with its fruits and flowers,
Its buds and its blossoms, its sunshine and showers;
The mist and the mountain, the meadow and moor,
The lowly and the lofty, the proud and the poor.

I love the bright sun, as he comes from afar,
And rides up the sky in his rose-colored car;
How radiant his smiles as he rises from rest,
How sweet are his beams as he sinks in the west.

I love the pale moon, the fair empress of night,
As she softly diffuses her silvery light;
And I fancy the stars as they twinkle on high,
Are gold pieces coined in the mint of the sky.

I love to look up at the beautiful blue,
And see the rich clouds gliding gracefully through
Like the chariots of angels, they're grand to behold,
Some burnished silver and others with gold.

I love the deep sea, as I stand on the shore,
And hear the rich music that swells in its roar;
It looks like the glass in which seraphims trace
Their features of beauty and movements of grace.

I love everything that the Lord ever made,
The beast in the forest, the bird in the shade;
The one with his growl makes the wilderness ring,
While the others delight in the bower to sing.

I love blooming youth, and seldom udbraid
The frolicksome boy or the sweet blushing maid;
He looks like a flower just blooming in pride,
And she like another that blooms at its side.

But of all the fair creatures that ever I've seen,
That play in the parlor or glide o'er the green,
By far the most lovely are they, who, in truth,
Give their hearts unto God in the days of their youth.

TOGETHER.

The water wind is wailing, sad and low,
Across the lake and through the rustling sedge;
The splendor of the goldeh after-glow
Gleams through the blackness of the great yew hedge;
And this I read on earth and in the sky—
"We ought to be together, you and I."

Rapt through its rosy changes into dark,
Fades all the west; and through the shadowy trees,
And in the silent uplands of the park,
Creeps the soft sighing of the rising breeze,
It does but echo to my weary sigh,
"We ought to be together, you and I."

My hand is lonely for your clasping, dear,
My ear is tired, waiting for your call;
I want your strength to help, your laugh to cheer,
Heart, soul and senses need you, one and all;
I droop without your full frank sympathy—
We ought to be together, you and I.

We want each other so, to comprehend
The dream, the hope, things planned, or seen, or wrought;
Companion, comforter, and guide, and friend,
As much as love asks love, does thought need thought;
Life is so short, so fast the lone hours fly—
We ought to be together, you and I.

—*All the Year Round*

AT SAN PEDRO.

[From the Argonaut.]

I.

He saw her the first time in a Mission street-car, and his impressions wore not prepossessing. There was something too imperious in the quick wave of her hand as she signaled the car, and her step was very positive and aggressive. The perfect health which blossomed in her cheek, sparkled in her eye, and revealed itself in the easy carriage of a firmly molded figure, in his sight possessed an element of unlady-like audacity.

David Woodbury had been in San Francisco only a fortnight, but he had already made up his mind, with the swift decision which sometimes characterizes Massachusetts men, that he did not admire the women of California. They were an innovation upon the type of womankind to which he had been accustomed. The women of his family and of his acquaintance had all partaken, more or less, of a certain delicate, spiritual cast not uncommon among New England families. He reflected now with an invalid's fretful presistency, that he could not recall one who even remotely approached the buoyant health and generous physique of this girl.

For he was an invalid. His stalwart form and iron muscles had prove of no avail to resist the pitiless onslaught of hereditary disease, and the deceptive flush upon his cheek was but the presage of decay. Yet he had, so far, attained only the interesting stage of a sick man's existence, when the tender sympathy and concern of friends creates a subtile separation between him and the outside world, and the nerves are easily jarred by contact with the unaccustomed or unexpected.

Lost in reflection, he failed to observe that a gray-haired woman, meanly clad and carrying a heavy bundle, had entered the car, and stood leaning wearily against the door. The car was closely packed from front to rear. There seemed a singular lack of the customary gallantry which appears to be a second nature to most Californians. Several newspapers were lifted higher to shut out the appealing glance from their readers' line of vision; a few men gazed stolidly through the windows. Several well-dressed women, occupying seats, smiled in a superior way.

There was a swift movement opposite. David Woodbury raised his eyes to see the old woman gently urged into the seat the young lady had vacated, and to be himself included in a scornful glance which swept the car from end to end. Other men obstinately retained their seats in a very laudable effort to maintain consistency, but this Massachusetts man, feeling an obligation to vindicate his own gentility in defiance of his bodily infirmaties, arose and tendered his seat to the combative young woman The courtesy was firmly repulsed.

"You must take my seat. I cannot allow you to stand," he said, clumsily enough.

"I would not deprive myself of the pleasure for the world," returned the girl. The voice was a surprise—musical and vibrating, with intonations that he had been accustomed to associate with ideas of culture and refinement. But he at once realized that he had blundered. This dauntless creature, with the self consciousness characteristic of Western girls, had promptly attributed his courtesy to the influence of her charms. He writhed beneath the consciousness all the more because of his utter inability to defend himself. The very triviality of the episode rendered him powerless.

The recollection of this vexatious incident still pursued him six months later, when he returned from the Sandwich Islands, his fair skin tanned and burned by a tropical sun, but with health restored and ready for a season of relaxation before returning to New England. He was at an evening party one night in March, conversing idly with a lady acquaintance, when his attention was attracted by a couple who had entered the room and stood chatting with the hostess. He saw a dignified gentleman in the undress of a military officer, and on his arm a queenly girl who might have stepped from some old-time picture. A simmering robe of rich texture was draped with classic elegance about the graceful form; not a scrap of lace or patch of velvet marred the beauty of the costume; but in the folds of filmy tulle which crossed the bosom a cluster of eglantine roses was hidden. A single diamond, in a setting of antique silver, gleamed like a star amid the waves of her abundant brown hair, and in her hand she carried a curious inlaid fan.

David Woolbury's sensation was one of positive delight. While returning strength had come a new appreciation of the royalty of health, and he reveled in this picture of perfect womanhood. He thought of his sister, who had a mild enthusiasm for art, and for its sake loved the beautiful in nature, and wish she stood this moment at his side, and could feast her eyes on the scene before him; the lofty room, with its rich appointments, not more costly than tasteful, the wealth of tropical plants and blossoms making the air heavy with perfume, and in the foreground a glittering constellation, with this superb figure for its central sun.

"That is General Langdon and his daughter Stella," whispered his friend. "His wife died three years ago, leaving two daughters, one a mere babe. They say Stella's devotion to her little sister is something beautiful to behold. But come—let me introduce you."

The girl looked at him in calm scrutiny as he bowed before her. "I have met Mr. Woodbury before—in a street car," she said, gravely.

An undercurrent of satire cut like a two-edged sword. To have attempted explanation or excuse would have appeared like the consciousness of his guilt. His thoughts turned back to their old channel. The elegant simplicity of her dress he regarded as a bid for notoriety. Her unconventional manner received his mental condemnation. Observing how neatly she parried all attempts at familiarity on the part of her admirers, he reflected that the women in whose society he had been bred had no need of parrying any such approaches. The air of icy reserve in which they envelop themselves was impregnable.

During ensuing weeks he met her frequently, but his original conception of her character remained essentially unchanged. He told himself that she was a gay, brilliant girl, always cheerful and animated; but dwelling altogether in the shallows of life, like many others of her class.

One morning these opinions received a shock and a surprise. Turning down Pacific street, after an early stroll on Russian hill, he encountered Stella Langdon going down town on a forenoon shopping campaign such as young and stylish women affect, he inwardly decided. He joined her, and they were soon launched upon an idle discussion of plans for the coming season. As they progressed down the hill they came to a quarter whose dingy rickety abodes proclaim the poverty of its denizens. Sauntering carelessly along, Miss Langdon suddenly bent over two children, rather more ragged and dirty than the average of the street. Her face grew tender and pitiful as she questioned the little people, and, after a brief parley, bearing the viler of the two urchins aloft in her arms, she disappeared down a dark alley-way. Her companion halted a moment irresolute; then realizing that he was for the time completely forgotten, with a compassionate smile for the freaks of San Francisco women, he continued his progress down town.

II.

The little land and sea-locked port of San Pedro is oddly situated. Where the water had in ages past hollowed a crescent from the cliff and then receded, years ago a little village was founded. Two miles north, on the crest of the cliffs, the last battle between the Mexicans and United States soldiers took place, and in a ghoulish graveyard, far from any habitation, repose the bones of the slain of one army; while out in the bay, on a rocky eminence, called Dead Man's Island, the dead of the defeated warriors found their sepulcher. One by one these graves have been rifled of their contents by the encroachment of the restless waves, until only a couple now remain, with a snowy cross above to mark their burial-place. Half a mile to the south is another long, low stretch of land, with shores of glittering white sand studded with curious pebbles and strewn with shells to which a little steamer plies daily, as well as to the distant mountainous islands, rising like pale blue clouds far out upon the ocean, where earth and sky appear to meet.

The little modern town of San Pedro nestles in the crescent shaped hollow facing the sea, with precipitous cliffs rising like steep walls in its rear, and embracing it north and south almost to the water's edge. The entire village lies so low that a tidal wave of modern dimensions could with one mighty surge obliterate it from the face of the earth. But the quiet inhabitants dwell on in peaceful security, and many restless city people find in the quaint spot, so shut off from the every day world, the repose and isolation which they annually seek as salvation from the wear and tear of petty cares. And so it has come to pass that every summer finds the homely little cottage overflowing with city guests, and the low ground at the north angle of the crescent and fronting the sea is dotted with gay tents all the season.

Here it chanced that one day in August, when the waves were lapping the shore with a sleepy surge, Stella Langdon and David Woolbury encountered each other. She was sunning herself on the sand, while her little sister built a mimic fortress by her side. A book lay untouched in the girl's lap, for the book of nature spread out before her was infinitely more enchanting.

He reverted at once to the occasion when last they met, for struggling against the growing admiration he felt for this girl, with all the perversity of man, he had converted even that incident into an argument against her.

"Miss Langdon, pray enlighten me. Of what philanthropical society are you a director?"

"Of none, sir." There was unmistakable surprise and inquiry in her voice. But he went on in a quizzical way:

"Then you are one of the hard-working members who do not accept offices, but preside over committees, and inaugurate fairs and carnivals—all for the purpose of enticing from the pockets of an unwilling public money for the support of establishments which are mere hot-beds for criminals and paupers."

"I do not understand you, sir." Her lips tightened and her eyes sparkled with a dangerous light.

"Be honest. In the interest of what reformatory institution did you pursue that wretched little beggar we encountered on Pacific street a month or two ago?"

"Mr. Woodbury, did you notice the condition of that child? When I took hold of her emaciated arm it seemed as though it would melt away in my grasp. Did you see the cruel blows the older child was raining upon her? And do you think a woman could pass by such a sighr? I wish you had seen that home as I did. Two miserable rooms for a father, mother and seven children. The woman was at the wash-tub, and when I told her why I had picked up the little mite, she burst out crying, telling her troubles in such a discouraging way that it made one s heart ache. The oldest boy and girl were at school, and there are five little ones, an infant at the breast, the next that sickly baby, and the oldest the seven-year-o d boy in whose care she had placed it that morning."

"Where was the father?"

"He is only a poor laborer—sober and hardworking, she assured me; but his work is not steady, and his small w ges are insufficient for their support. So the poor little things had to be neglected and sent out on the street to get the sunshine, while the mother toiled away at home, or sometimes went out with her baby to do a day's cleaning. The tiny girl we saw had been suffering with a severe cough for six months, and they could do nothing for her but watch her fade away before their eyes."

"What did you advise?"

"I persuaded them to take the little one to the Children's hospital, where I have a friend—and a noble, good woman she is—who is a director. There the little thing was put straight to bed, as she needed to be, and nursed day and night, as she never could have been at home."

"With what result?"

"I have a letter to-day from the matron, who tells me my patient has grown plump as a partridge, and will be discharged in three weeks more, completely cured. The father has procured steady work in the country, and takes his family there this week. Let us change the subject. Do you go bathing?"

"No; I am afraid—"

"Of Stingarees?" She laughed merrily, and before he could finish his explanation somebody had come up and swept her off on a search for sea ferns, whose delicate fronds were borne in by the tide.

He stood for an instant irresolute. Two crushing revelations dawned upon him in that moment. He had learned to appreciate at last this noble, sympathetic woman; and he knew, by a swift unerring intuition, that she despised him. He asked himself what else he could have expected. A man irreverent of age, indifferent to the sufferings of childhood, and, above all, a coward! He summed up his credentials with a bitter laugh, as he flung himself down on the beach.

After this passage-at-arms they mutually avoided each other. Save when they met face to face, they never exchanged a glance of recognition. Yet both were resolved to conclude the season at San Pedro. One day Miss Langdon rode down to Wilmington to take the train for Los Angeles. She left her little sister in the care of friends at the beach, with many charges and cautions, which the child promised to heed.

Early that afternoon David Woodbury wandered along at the foot of the cliffs, chipping away at the rocks with a small pick he carried. He was something of an amateur geologist, and there was some singular, amber-like crystals imbedded in the rocks, when he had determined to subject to microscopic analysis. Absorbed in his task, he was aroused by the sound of a lady's voice close by:

"What is it fluttering on the top of that rock, Henry? Is it a bird? Give me that glass and let me see."

"No, my dear, my eyes are better than yours. I will look. By heavens! It is a child."

A little child out on a narrow point of rocks, with a surging sea all around and the tide coming in! Every one understood how it must have happened, recalling the chain of moss-grown rocks, that lifted their heads above the sea at the ebbing of the tide and over which the more venturous had sometimes clambered, b t every vestige of which was now effaced by the sea. The few men about dazed at the sight. No boat could make a passage of those sharp and treacherous rocks, and strong swimmers dared not breast the pitiless swell of the tide maddened to fury by its rocky barriers.

One man sat his teeth firmly together at the sight. Years ago, in his college days, he had been a daring swimmer. Once before he had breasted just such a sea to reach a boat which had overturned with three men. As David Woodbury threw off his coat he remembered the parting admonition of his Hawaiian physician:

"You are all right now, my boy; but guard vigilantly against any sudden shock or violent exercise of any kind."

He mustered all the nerve within him to meet and bear without recoil the plunge into the boiling element. Once breasting the waves, his strength came back, and he battled with a vigor he had never known before. Flung now against some rocks, which bruised his limbs or tore his hands; now sucked down by some eddying current, which all his strength only sufficed to conquer; now faint with the shock of some mighty, incoming breaker, he reach, at last, the rock where a little girl clung in fright, and took her in his arms and soothed her until her wild sobs ceased. He bethought himself then of what he had not recalled before—that between this rock and the breakwater, which afforded a safe retreat to shore, lay a comparatively open stretch of sea. And so, plunging again into the water, carefully supporting the little one, but swimming with long, masterly strokes, he bore his precious burden safely, at last, to shore.

As he stepped upon the beech Stella Langdon met him with outstretched arms. Silently he placed the child within them, and she received it without a word; but he was strangely stirred by the one full look that fell from her brown eyes like a benison upon him A hero in dripping garments, he stood among the idlers upon the beach, all deeply moved, as even shallow natures will be, by the sight of a truly gallant deed.

He tried to meet their effusive praise with easy indifference, to make light on the perils through which he had passed. But a choking sensation in his throat overpowered him; a weakness, which was more than the faintness of exhaustion, seized upon him, and it was not sea-water that gushed in a crimson flood from mouth and nostrils.

Stella Langdon, sitting within her tent, and softly crying over her little sister as she removed her wet garments, lifted her face with a sudden palor as she heard the measured tramp of men carrying a heavy burden and a voice saying, regretfully:

"Poor fellow! He's done for this time."

III.

If he had been taken to an ordinary habitation, and there submitted to the confined atmosphere, unnatural restraint and artificial remedies which invalids are usually obliged to undergo, it is doubtful if he would have survived the ordeal. But after he had been placed upon the comfortable bed in his tent, the physician who had been summoned wisely concluded that it would be dangerous to run the risk of removal.—And so he lay in the open air, the cool sea breezes finding their way through many a rift in the canvas. Close contact with Mother Nature accomplished more than doctors or physic, and, after several weeks of rest and quiet, the inward tissues that had been ruptured did their work of healing, and he rose from his couch, if not absolutely sound, with chance for a long life about as good as the average man's.

The season at San Pedro was unusually prolonged that year. More than one party of campers lingered on, loth to leave while the life of this brave young fellow hung in the balance. The Langdons lingered among the rest, and when, one day late in September, David Woodbury finally emerged from his tent, walking somewhat feebly at first, he did not disdain to stay himself a little by the noble strength of the young girl whose arms he had taken.

Slowly they strolled along the beach, and various gay troupes nodded smiling approval as they passed. He drew her at length to a little nook in the cliffs sheltered from the wind. Below them great breakers beat themselves upon the rocks with a sullen roar The sharp outlines of the mountainous islands in the distance were vailed in a bluish mist. Far on the horizon the white-winged sails of an incoming ship could be described. Some rare bird, with golden plumage, wheeled down over the cliffs and darted, swift and sure, to its nest in a liliputian bush, clinging to a cleft in the rock.

But the young man wore a terrible look, and seemed oblivious of the charming scene before him. He turned to his companion at length with a weakly, embarrassed smile.

"I do not like to think there was a time when I seemed contemptible in your eyes. I was not quite so hard-hearted as I appeared—about that little child, you know—"

"So I was fully persuaded when I learned that an unknown friend in San Pedro had forwarded a hundred dollars for my poor people that very week."

"I did not mean that you should know of that," looking momentarily chagrined; "still, I do not know that I care now," possessing himself of her hand with an air of proprietorship, and drawing her nearer to him.

But I wonder if you will believe me now," he persisted, following up his chain of reminiscence. "About that miserable affair in the street car, the first time I ever saw you. You remember? You thought me zealous to offer my seat to a young lady when I wouldn't yield it to an old woman. I wouldn't make such a distinction for the Queen of Sheba. The fact is, I was in a brown study when she entered the car and positively did not see her until you had risen"

The girl looked at him in silent amazement.

"David Woodbury, I never dreamed of misjudging you so. I understood it all perfectly at the time," she said.

An American Girl's Fate.

THE COUNTESS POURTALES BEHEADED—THE LIFE ROMANCE OF MRS. JOHN BEECHER, THE FAMOUS BEAUTY—MARRIED FOUR TIMES AND FINALLY LOSING HER HEAD BY ORDER OF THE MIKADO.

NEW YORK, October 26.—A wonderful and startling story comes to *Truth* from Japan by the way of Paris. One of the most beautiful women America has ever produced has been beheaded there through a special edict of the Mikado, secured through the prayers of the Prime Minister. The woman was the Countess Pourtales, formerly Mrs. John Beecher, of New York. The decapitation was caused through the Japanese Prime Minister's love, jealousy, and revenge.

The story of the Countess Pourtales is this: After the war there came an aristocratic mother and her most beautiful daughter to New York from Georgia. The mother and daughter brought letters to many New Yorkers, among whom were Thurlow Weed, Hugh J. Hastings, Thomas Murphy, Henry Clews and others. The daughter was so ravishingly beautiful that she made a sensation wherever she went. She had many suitors. The suitor most favored was the wealthy John Beecher, and many New Yorkers remember their happy marriage. During Mrs. Beecher's early married life no professional beauty received so much attention as she. Accomplished, graceful, vivacious, and with a color more transcendently beautiful than the loveliest rose, the young wife was always the centre of an admiring group. Her toilet in the Park and at the Jerome Club-house was always the envy of every lady who saw it.

AN AMERICAN BEAUTY IN PARIS.

Every New Yorker remembers Mr. Lloyd Phœnix's flirtation with Mrs. Beecher—how she shot at him as he passed up his sister's steps on Fifth avenue and how, after her husband separated from her, she fled to Europe in pursuit of Mr. Phœnix. The newspapers were full of it at the time. In Paris Mrs. Beecher, supported by her divorced husband's money, generously given her, began a life of luxurious pleasure. She drove the handsomest turnout on the Bois, gave the most sumptuous dinners and was the sensation of the gay metropolis. One of her first suitors was the Count Pourtales, formerly connected with the French Legation at Washington, whose first wife was the beautiful daughter of Ben Holiday.

Mrs. Beecher and the Count were soon married. Her transcendent beauty was the craze of Paris, and while the Countess was the talk of the city she sailed with her husband for Japan, where the Count joined the French Legation. In Japan, as the wife of an attache of the Legation, the Countess Pourtales was introduced to the highest personages in diplomatic circles. For a time she led court circles, but soon she tired of her husband, as she had tired of Mr. Beecher, and began flirting with a French officer.

The Count now claimed that they were not legally married and sailed for France, abandoning the Countess in Japan. The next steamer brought the Countess to Paris. About three months after her advent in Paris she met a French colonel, who fell in love with her. They were not married, but he returned to Japan with her. Arriving there she again met her old friends in diplomatic circles. Her propensity to flirt again manifested itself, and her third husband, so-called, abandoned her.

BEHEADED IN JAPAN.

He said the Prime Minister of Japan had been too intimate with his wife. This was no doubt true, for as soon as the Colonel had gone the Countess became intimate with the Prime Minister, one of the wealthiest and most influential men in Japan. Here the Countess had every luxury but liberty. The Prime Minister was so jealous of her that he would not let her talk with any gentleman. Such a life did not suit the Countess, so one day she ran away and became engaged to another Japanese official.

The affair so exasperated the Prime Minister that he went to the Mikado and prevailed upon him to issue an especial edict condemning the Countess to be decapitated. Her fourth husband, so-called, was imprisoned. The news has now come to New York that the edict was carried out, and the most beautiful Georgia refugee who dazzled New York and the lovely Countess who bewildered Paris was actually decapitated. In Japan nobles of a high rank consider it a heinous offence for a woman who has smiled upon them to ever afterward smile upon another. The strange custom cost Countess Pourtales her life.

RAISE GOOD HORSES.—Good horses of any description always have and will command good and remunerative prices for the risk and trouble attendant upon their breeding and rearing, and if breeders would only bear in mind that "like produces like" and breed from none but sound and perfect animals, with a due regard to the description of horse to be produced, the world would no longer be filled with diseased and mongrel nondescripts yclept horses devouring daily twice the value of their earnings. The very diseases and infirmities of mares are not infrequently the cause of their being selected to breed from. A man is possessed of a mare incapable of earning an honest livelihood. Rest, or a summer's run is necessary, and that this may not be lost she is put to the nearest horse, in order that she may have an opportunity of handing down to posterity her own worthlessness and perpetuating her owner's misfortune in the possession of such a breed. False economy—foolish and fatal delusion! The unfortunate breeder perseveres with his principle of "like producing like" from one generation to another, until, worn out in pocket or in patience, he gives it up as a bad affair and declares there is no profit attending the breeding of horses.

Triumph of Science.

Chemistry never achieved a more decided triumph than in the production of SOZODONT, which is a botanical preparation of wondrous efficacy in preserving and beautifying the teeth, rescuing them from decay, and rendering them white as alabaster. It is a toilet luxury of which all should avail themselves. The unpleasant odor communicated to the breath by catarrh, bad teeth, etc., is entirely obviated by this fragrant and salutary antiseptic of which one bottle lasts a long time. Druggists and perfumers sell it.

The land which Gambetta owned at Villa d'Avray is to be sold, but the house is to be preserved as it was at the time of his death. It is filled with crowns of immortelles, dried leaves of oak and laurel, garlands of artificial violets, plates of marble decorated with inscriptions in gold letters.

There is a manufactory of bogus maple sugar in Pittsburg. The article is made out of plaster of paris, rice flower, molasses, glucose, candy and a little coloring matter. It does not contain a particle of sugar.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Bright dreams that came, and, like a spirit child,
Lived in our fields with influence pure and mild,
Strolled o'er our hills, where Autumn's corpse aflame
With signal torch, gave answer to the plain.

Sweet played her sunny smile on gently shaded brow,
While nature kind withheld the wild flowers earthward-bow,
And young birds in the woods, whose notes came sad and low,
Piped gayly and forgot they soon from home must go.

But shadows e'er have wove their web o'er things below;
The golden-rod must nod, the grass to slumber go;
The young birds spread their wings for first long weary flight,
While far above the Southern cross shall guide them in the night.

October's tears that fall shall quench the fields aglow;
The lighted copse too soon no voice of songster know;
November clouds are near, her morning breath shall chill
Each pulse that waits to beat again with Indian Summers still.

HENRY DENVER *in Springfield Republican*.

THERE'S NO POCKET IN A SHROUD.

BY JOHN A. JOYCE.

You must leave your many millions,
And the gay and festive crowd,
Though you roll in royal billions,
There's no pocket in a shroud.

Whether pauper, prince, or peasant,
Whether rich, or poor, or proud,
Remember that there isn't
Any pocket in a shroud.

You'll have all this world of glory,
With a record long and loud,
And a place in song and story,
But no pocket in your shroud.

So be lavish of your riches,
Neither vain nor cold nor proud,
And you'll gain the golden niches
In a clime without a cloud.

"Lawyers' Morals."

The *Century* for November has an editorial under the head of "Lawyers' Morals," from which the following points are quoted:

"1. A lawyer ought to be a gentleman. His function as an attorney gives him no dispensation to disregard the ordinnry rules of good manners, and the ordinary principles of decency and honor. He has no right to slander his neighbor, even if his neighbor be the defendant in a cause in which he appears for the plaintiff. He has no right to bully or brow-beat a witness in cross-examination, or artfully to entrap that witness into giving false testimony. Whatever the privilege of the court may be, the lawyer who is guilty of such practices in court is no gentleman out of court.

"2. A lawyer ought not to lie. He may defend a criminal whom he knows to be guilty, but he may not say to the jury that he believes this criminal to be innocent.—He may not in any way intentionally convey to the jury the impression that he believes the man to be innocent. He may not, in his plea. pervert or distort the evidence so as to weaken the force or conceal the meaning of it. He is a sworn officer of the court, and his oath should bind him to the strictest veracity. It would be quixotic to expect him to assist his adversary, but his obligation to speak the truth outranks every obligation that he owes to his client. It is notorious that some lawyers who would think it scandalous to tell a falsehood out of court, in any business transaction, lie shamelessly in court in behalf of their clients, and seem to think it a part of their professional duty. That bar of justice, before which, by their professional obligations, they are bound to the most stringent truthfulness, is the very place where they seem to consider themselves absolved from the common law of veracity. So long as the legal mind is infected with the deadly heresy, we need not wonder that our courts of justice often become the instruments of unrighteousness.

"3. A lawyer ought not to sell his services for the promotion of injustice and knavery. Swindlers of all types are aided by lawyers in their depredations upon society. The mock broker who operates in Wall street and strips green country speculators of their hard-earned gains by the most nefarious roguery, always has an able lawyer as his accomplice. The gentleman by whose agency a nest of these rascals was lately broken up says: "The great difficulty in stopping swindles of this class is that the rascals make enough money to be able to employ the best of legal advice, and are, moreover, careful to do nothing which will render them liable to arrest." This is the testimony of a lawyer, Mr. Ralph Oakley, of New York. 'The best of legal advice' can be had, then, in New York city for such purposes. It would be more difficult to believe this if its truth were not so often illustrated in the stupendous frauds and piracies of great corporations, all of which are carefully engineered by eminent lawyers. Our modern 'buccaneers'—our brave railroad wreckers—are in constant consultation with distinguished lawyers. They undeniably have 'the best of legal advice' in planning and executing their bold iniquities."

The Athens of To-Day.

The traveler who re-visits the country now after a lapse of four or five years will find at Athens the Schliemann museum set up and in order, where the unmatched treasures of Mycenæ are now displayed before his astonished eyes. He will find an Egyptian museum of extraordinary merit, the gift of a patriotic merchant of Alexandria—in which there are two figures—that of a queen, in bronze and silver, and that of a slave kneading bread, in wood—which alone would make the reputation of any collection throughout Europe. In the Parthenon museum he will find the famous statuette, copied from Phidias' Athene, and the recent wonder, an archaic bust on which the brightness of the colors is not more astonishing than the fine moulding of the figure. And these are the most salient novelties, seeing that the Acropolis alone is still affording so much novelty. It is indeed plain that were not the new city covering the site of the old, discoveries at Athens might be made perhaps every year which would reform and enlarge our knowledge of Greek life and history. But Athens is rapidly becoming a great and rich city. It already numbers 100,000, without counting the Piræus; accordingly, except in digging foundations for new houses, it is not possible to find room for any excavations. House rent is enormously high, and building is so urgent that the ordinary mason receives eight or ten francs per day. This rapid increase ought to be followed by an equal increase in the wealth of the surrounding country, where all the little proprietors ought to turn their land into market-gardens. I found that either they could not, or (as I was told) they would not, keep pace with increased wants of the city. They are content with a little, and allow the city to be supplied—badly and at great cost—from Salanica, Syra, Constantinople and the islands, while meat comes in tons from America.—*Illustrated Magazine.*

Oil from Natures's Wells.

The skin on the head is kept soft and flexible by a secretion from the oil glands. When these are clogged the hair dries and falls off. Parker's Hair Balsam renews their action, restores the original color to the hair and makes it soft and glossy. It also eradicates dandruff. Not greasy, not a dye, deliciously perfumed. Delightful for a lady's toilet table. The best of dressings. Preferable to all similar articles because of its superior cleanliness and purity.