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Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Staunton Spectator.

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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, J. A. HUTCHESON. oct14-tf

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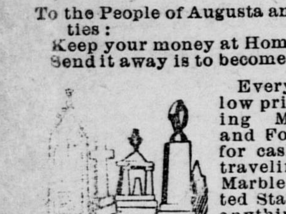
To the People of Augusta and the Valley counties:
Keep your money at Home is to prosper,
Send it away is to become impoverished.



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

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SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
THE BEST LIVERY IN THE STATE.

AMERICAN HOTEL
Livery Stables.
S. T. THORNBURG, ...Proprietor.

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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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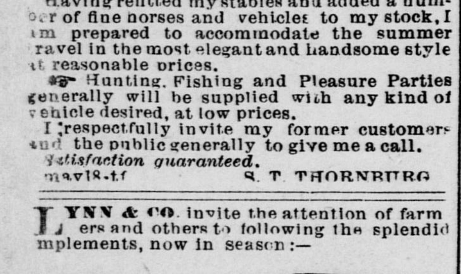
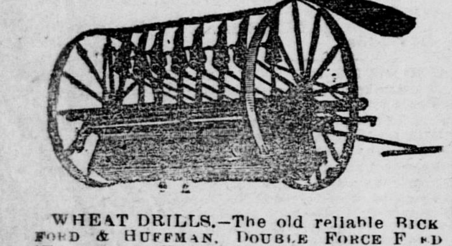


WHEAT DRILLS.—The old reliable BICKFORD & HUFFMAN, DOUBLE FORCE FEED WHEAT AND FERTILIZER DRILL, with either *Favorite Murk's or Wizard Face Fertilizer Feeds.* still un qualed.

PLOWS.—THE OLIVER CHILLED PLOW



chilled by Oliver *Patent* Process—Mould boards chilled half thro' from the face—rear half soft metal, with all its original tensile strength.

CIDER MILLS—*Mast & Co.'s Latest Improved Buckeye Mills*—75 sold in past two seasons and every one gave perfect satisfaction.

Wagons.—Celebrated STUDEBAKER & STANARD WAGONS. Not a farmer in Augusta but knows of their splendid reputation.

LIVERY. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Wishing FIRST-CLASS
...s,
...CKS, and
PHÆTONS.
...d at all times, by calling
... T. THORNBURG.
...ection. AUGUSTA ST., Staunton, Va.

...0 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get *free* a package ... that will start you ... you in money ... America. All ... with each ... everywhere, of either ... time, or spare time ... their homes Fortunes ... tely assured. Don't delay. ...ETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

Established 1853.
WM. F. AST,
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
...h and Cured Meats, Sausage, &c
...est Prices paid for Live Stock suitable for market supplies.
No. 12 North Augusta Street, STAUNTON, VA.

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A MARVELOUS STORY
TOLD IN TWO LETTERS.

FROM THE SON: "23 Cedar St., New York, Oct. 28, 1882.
"*Gentlemen:* My father resides at Glover, Vt. He has been a great sufferer from Scrofula, and the inclosed letter will tell you what a marvelous effect

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

has had in his case. I think his blood must have contained the humor for at least ten years; but it did not show, except in the form of a scrofulous sore on the wrist, until about five years ago. From a few spots which appeared at that time, it gradually spread so as to cover his entire body. I assure you he was terribly afflicted, and an object of pity, when he began using your medicine. Now, there are few men of his age who enjoy as good health as he has. I could easily name fifty persons who would *testify* to the facts in his case.
Yours truly, W. M. PHILLIPS."

FROM THE FATHER: "It is both a pleasure and a duty for me to state to you the benefit I have derived from the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Six months ago I was completely covered with a terrible humor and scrofulous sores. The humor caused an incessant and intolerable itching, and the skin cracked so as to cause the blood to flow in many places whenever I moved. My sufferings were great, and my life a burden. I commenced the use of the SARSAPARILLA in April last, and have used it regularly since that time. My condition began to improve at once. The sores have all healed, and I feel perfectly well in every respect—being now able to do a good day's work, although 73 years of age. Many inquire what has wrought such a cure in my case, and I tell them, as I have here tried to tell you, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Glover, Vt., Oct. 21, 1882. Yours gratefully,
HIRAM PHILLIPS."

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin. It clears the blood of all impurities, aids digestion, stimulates the action of the bowels, and thus restores vitality and strengthens the whole system.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

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AYER'S
Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
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ELY'S
CREAM BALM

has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. An article of undoubted merit. Is convenient and cleanly. It causes no pain nor sneezing.

IT IS NOT A
LIQUID or SNUFF

CREAM BALM when applied into the nostrils will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the senses of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications.

A thorough treatment will cure.

Unequalled for COLD in the HEAD, Headache and Deafness, or any kind of mucous membranal irritation. Send for circular. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists. Price 50 cents. 60 cents by mail. Stamps received.
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HARMAN'S COAL YARD,

At intersection of B. & O. and C. & O. R. R.

Being now prepared to supply customers with the very best of COALS, COKE, WOOD, and FERTILIZERS, I respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage. My yards are located at the intersection of the C. & O. and B. & O. Railroads, thus enabling me to take advantage of competition in freights, and placing me in direct communication with the coal-fields of West Virginia and Pennsylvania.

Coal Delivered at any point in the City without extra charge.

I guarantee satisfaction in prices and quality. Orders left with Baill & Woodward, West Main Street, will receive prompt attention.
Respectfully,
A. W. HARMAN.
Telephone connection No. 17. ap15

Guns! Guns!

ATTENTION, SPORTSMEN!

Call and inspect our large variety of Single and Double-Barrel Muzzle Guns; Moore's, Richard's, and Bonehill Double Breech-Loading Guns. Don't fail to see our Scott's, Bogardus, and Clabrough & Bro.'s Breech Loading Guns, and Hammerless Guns. We have the largest stock of Guns and Rifles ever brought to this market. Winchester Rifles, Colt's Rifles, Bay State, and Flobert Rifles, Cartridges, Caps, Brass and Paper Shells, Chamberlain's Loaded Shells. Orange Ducking and Wood Powder, Tatham's Soft and Chilled Shot, Hunting Suits, Gun Covers, &c.
For sale at Lowest Prices, by—
FRANK ALEXANDER & CO.,
Hardware Dealers,
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All Sorts of

hurts and many sorts of ails of man and beast need a cooling lotion. Mustang Liniment.

GETTING INTO SOCIETY

"I tell you, Jack, the farm is not your vocation. I become more and convinced of the fact every day and less contented with the life we are leading."

Breakfast was over and we stood on the farm house portico arm in arm. On the side of the door sat baby, screaming with delight, as she fed a pair of pet pigeons from her dimpled hand.

Our breakfast had been a delicious one—coffee as clear as amber, bread like snow, and steak done to a turn.

All about us was a green tangle of sweet-brier and honey-suckle; the sun was just rising above the mountain peaks, and the morning air was sweet and fresh, and filled with exquisite woodland odors and musical with the song of birds.—We could catch a glimpse of the barn and poultry yards from where we stood, and hear the plaintive lowing of the kine and the dream-like tinkle of their bells.

I felt a vague sort of conviction that Jack had but little sympathy with my spirit of discontent, yet I determined to carry my point if possible.

You are dissatisfied with your lot—I see that plainly, Nell," said Jack, a trifle sadly.

"Oh, nonsense!" I put it. "Not with my lot, or with you, only with the farm, Jack. I'm tired to death with this prosy, humdrum life, and I hate to see you delving and toiling like a slave from one year's end to another. You were born for something better, Jack, something grander and nobler. Fancy a man of your abilities growing grain and digging potatoes and raising stock to his life s end!"

"But, my dear," suggested Jack, "one must live and have bread and butter."

"To be sure, Jack, but why not earn it in a more genteel fashion!"

"Honest labor is always genteel, Nell."

"Oh, pshaw! you don't understand me, Jack. I mean that you have capacities for something better. You only cling to the old farm to please your father, when you could do a hundred-fold better elsewhere.—And besides, where is your society in this place, Jack? What chance is there for our children as they grow up!"

Jack laughed, as he glanced down at the baby, who was struggling furiously to get a pigeon's head into her mouth.

"Ah, Nell, that is looking so far ahead," he said, "and, my dear, you seem to forget that I have lived here all my life."

"No, no, I don't forget. And pray what have you done, Jack?"

"Led an upright life, and married yourself in the end."

"But you didn't pick me up among the clover blossoms, Jack, don't forget that.—You found me in town, and Jack, dear, I'm anxious to get back to my native element. I'm tired of all this. You can get on ever so nicely in town; and then we can get into society."

"I m not over fond of society, Nell."

"Oh, but you should be, for my sake, Jack, I'm fond of it. I hate to live like a hermit. Why, Jack, if we desired to give a little party to-morrow, we could not for lack of guests.

"Dear me, Nell, why I could muster scores."

"Of a certain sort, yes; but I don't want them, Jack. I'm a little peculiar in my notions. I want no society but the best; the—the sort of society one gets in town."

"Fashionable society, Nell?"

"Well then, why not! You have means, an I flatter myself that we are fitted to move in any circles. Why should we bury ourselves in this wilderness!"

"Our means are not inexhaustible, Nell."

"I'm aware of that, but we have enough for a start, and Vanborough offers you a good place in the bank."

"At a limited salary, Nell."

"Oh, yes, but you can work yourself way up, Jack; right to the topmost round of the ladder. Do let's go, Jack. I have lived here to please you ever since our marriage; I think you can afford to please me a little now."

Jack sighed as he looked out upon his ripening grain fields, but he drew me close to his heart and kissed me.

"That's true," he said; "you can't be expected to care for the farm as I do, Nell. I promised to make you happy when you promised to be my wife, and I'll try to keep my word. You shall have it all your own way, Nell."

The continuous dropping of water wears away the solid stone. I had conquered my husband at last and the desire of my heart was about to be accomplished.

When Jack once made up his mind to do a thing he did it with all his might. The matter was soon settled. Cherry Hill, as we called the farm, was sold at a great sacrifice, and one sunny morning we turned our backs upon the breezy mountain summits and golden grain fields. "A big mistake," said Jack's father, as he bade us good-bye; "you had better have stuck to the farm.—You remember the old saying about rolling stones."

"I don't believe in old sayings, sir," I answered, loftily, "and think I can appreciate my husband's abilities better than any one else."

"All right. I hope you won't find yourself mistaken, my dear. Good-bye to both of you. Whatever you do, care for the little one. I'm afraid she won't like the change. If you should happen to tire of town and fashion, don't forget that a welcome always awaits you at home."

"Jack's heart was too full for utterance.

"I thank you, sir," I said, "but we shall not get tired."

Our new home in Penryth was a stylish residence in a fashionable block—We established ourselves in the principal hotel, and set about the task of furnishing the house.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Vanborough, the banker's wife, dropping in for an early call, "don't dream of such a thing as an ingrain carpet. Get Brussels. You'll find it much cheaper in the end, and besides it is so much more stylish."

We hearkened to our friends's advice, and laid our rooms with Brussels, and the cost ran up into the hundreds The furniture was got to match. Mrs. Vanborough and several other friends aiding us in our selections, and all sorts of pretty bric-a-brac, red lace curtains and new cottage piano. My old instrument was too plain and clumsy for the establishment.

There is a curious sort of excitement in spending money, which seems to drive the most sober and economizing people desperate when they once get at it. Jack had always been one of the most careful of men, counting the cost of everything as he went, and saving every stray penny.

Once into the vortex of city life, his prudence was speedily changed into a sort of recklessness. After the first few days, and by the time our new home was ready to receive us, he actually seemed to take delight in seeing his money go.

"We've got snug quarters here, Nell, by George! he said, looking through the extravagantly furnished rooms with admiring pride. "No one in town can outshine us, not even Vanborough himself. It has lightened our purse a great deal. I'll admit, but what does that signify? What good comes of money unless one enjoys it?"

"We must try and save up a little now, Jack, since we are fixed so nicely," I said, feeling somewhat terrified at his growing recklessness.

"Pshaw, child! Who ever heard of a banker's clerk saving anything? If we make both ends meet, it will be more than I look for."

"My dear, said Mrs. Vanborough, when we were pleasantly settled in our handsome house and had a couple of servants, "I suppose you want to give some sort of a party now! It is customary you know. Suppose you let it be an informal reception, with cards and coffee for the old people, and ices and fruits, and dancing for the young ones.—That would do nicely. You can throw your parlors into one, and your carpets will not get much injured. I'll help you to order your refreshments, and Cecelia will write out your invitations for you. She is an excellent judge as to whom it is expedient to invite."

I mentioned the matter to Jack when he he came home, and he entered into the the spirit of the affair with great excitement.

"To be sure, little wife, have a party by all means. 'When one's in Rome one must do as Romans do,' you know. Don't spare expense either, my dear; we must make as good a show as other people. And I shall take it upon myself to order your costume. I want you to look as grand as a little empress.

"But Jack," I suggested timidly, "we are spending a great deal of money."

"Oh, well, never mind. It will all go anyhow one day or the other, and we might as well enjoy it. You've always wanted to get into good society, Nell, and you are fairly in it now and it won't do to let people see that you are cramped for money. Let's make the most of it while we've got it."

My heart ached a little, and in the midst of all the flare and flutter of preparations, I was conscious of a vague feeling of regret whenever I recalled the quiet months of my early wifewood, spent at Cherry Hill. Jack had seemed such a different person in those days—so strong and steady and self-reliant, and now he seemed to take as much pleasure in life's frivolities as I did. With the foolish inconsistency of my sex, I sat down and cried over the consummation of the very hopes which I had cherished so long.

But despite my tears, our reception went on, and it turned out to be a great success. The best people in town honored us with their presence and everything, thanks to Mrs. Vanborough's foresight, was carried out in the most lavish and elegant manner.

"By George," said Jack, "this sort of thing is jollier than the old farm. I see now, little wife, that you are right, always right."

I would ten times rather he should have upbraided me for what I had done.

The winter that followed was exceedingly gay. We were invited everywhere, and our house was constantly filled with guests. Balls seemed to engross every hour. Jack and I seldom had a quiet moment together, yet he seemed to enjoy it all with his whole heart.

When spring came our last surplus dollar had been expended, and we were solely dependent on Jack's monthly salary.

The warm weather came on, and the baby soon feel ill. I hoped day by day that Jack would say something about going back to his father's for the summer, but he did not even hint at such a thing.

The days grew longer and warmer. The sun shone down with a pitiless splendor, and the paved streets seemed like heated brass. Our fashionable friends fluttered off like summer swallows, and we were left almost alone.

"Couldn't you manage to make a little trip to the sea-shore, my dear?" Mrs. Vanborough had suggested, and Jack had caught at the idea with eagerness.

"We might, Nell. I think we can. I'll try to borrow a few hundred somewhere."

"Oh, Jack, no, no." I sobbed out in my remorse and despair. "I won't go to the sea-shore. You see how ill baby is. Oh Jack, ask your father to let us return home."

"Oh, you wouldn't be satisfied, Nell, if we were back. It is dreadfully stupid down there these summer days, with the hay-making and all that sort of thing. We should never be able to endure it now.

I said no more. The long, bright, burning days wore on, and baby's little breath seemed to grow weaker and weaker, and poor Jack himself began to look dreadfully ill and worn. And one afternoon he was sent home in a carriage quite unconscious, stricken down by a sudden fever.

I put my pride aside then, and wrote a letter to Jack's father.

"Jack and baby are both ill," I said, "and we are tired of this life. Pray forgive us and let us come home."

The very next day he dear old gentleman, arrived, but the bailiffs and officers of the law were before him. The rumor that we intended to leave town got out, and our creditors rushed in, anxious to secure the lion's share of our effects. The Brussels carpet and the handsome furniture, and costly bric-a-brac, all went under the hammer at disastrously low figures

"Never mind," said my father-in-law, not a shadow of reproach on his kind old face; "let them squabble over all if they will. We must get our sick ones home."

So we got Jack into the carriage, and with his poor hot head upon my knee, and baby in my arms, I turned my back upon the scene of my short-lived triumph.

"We are going back to Cherry Hill," said the old gentleman, as in the dusk of the golden day we drove through the dewy stillness of the mountain ravine. "The old home has been waiting for you all these months. I was pretty sure you'd want to come back."

I could not utter one word in answer. A great full moon was rising above the mountain peaks as we reached the house. Not the smallest thing was changed The great red roses bloomed on the terrace, the bees droned in their hives, and the cattle bells tinkled in the barn yard.

The doors stood wide open. We carried Jack in and laid him down in the broad breezy room that had been our bridal chamber.

He opened his eyes, and drew a deep, quivering breath, as the mountain breezes touched his throbbing head.

"Nell, where are you?" he said.—"Surely this must be home?"

"I am here, Jack," I answered, through my tears; "and this is home, dear old Cherry Hill."

"Thank God," he murmured, and fell back on his pillow, and I saw great tears trickling slowly from beneath his eyelids.

Beyond the open window, in the silver glory of the rising moon, the old grandfather sat with baby at his feet, half hidden in the rank, cool grass, and even at that late hour the pigeons fluttered around her as of old, and she screamed with rapture as she clutched at them with her thin little hands.

I rose softly and fell on my knees beside Jack's pillow.

"Oh, Jack," I sobbed, "I have been so wicked. Forgive me, Jack, forgive me. I am so glad to be at home again."

And then and there, clasped to my husband's heart, in the safe, sweet shelter of the home he loved, I understood all the past.

"You didn't mean it, Jack," I whispered. "You only pretended to enjoy it all to please me."

He smiled at me with his grave, fond eye.

And oh, Jack, our money is all gone, and—"

He silenced me with a kiss.

"No matter, little woman, the lesson we have learned has been cheaply bought. We shall not care to leave the safe old mountain nest in search of fashionable society again.

I could not answer. I heard my baby cooing to the pigeons in the grass, and sat there clasped in Jack's arms, the happiest woman the round world held.

A Texas doctor gives the Medical Bulletin an account of the ease with which doctors are made in that State. He took a six-hour ride with a Texan villager, who asked him a great many questions about the remedies used for certain diseases then prevailing in that locality. On the following week he had occasion to visit a neighboring village, where he found his recent companion with his shingle out as a full-fledged doctor. He had graduated in that six-mile ride.

Our American Belles—Our American Belles—
How sweet is the story their beauty tells—
They are wise belles, too, for it is their wont
To use every day their SOZODONT,
Which sweetens breath and keeps teeth well,
No wonder we're proud of our American Belle.

Why has Sozodont

Become the staple Dentifrice of America? Simply because it is impossible to use it, even for a week, without perceiving its hygienic effect upon the teeth, the gums, and the breath.

Breakage is immaterial if you have SPALDING'S GLUE at hand.

FITZHUGH LEE AT HOME.

HIS VIEWS ON CAMPAIGN TOPICS—HIS GUBERNATORIAL POLICY.

An interview with Gen. Lee, Governor elect of the State, is published in the Baltimore *Sun* of Nov. 16th, as follows:—

"Evergreen," the home of Gen Fitzhugh Lee, Governor-elect of Virginia, is three miles from Alexandria. On calling I found Gen. Lee in his library hard at work on his correspondence. General Lee began his campaign on the 31st of August, and from that time until the day of the election he only rested on Sundays. He traversed the greater part of the State, and made no less than 71 speeches, frequently addressing gatherings at a wide distance apart on the same day. But despite the strain upon both mind and body, his vigorous constitution shows no evidence of the arduous labor to which he has been subjected, and his eye is as bright and his step as light as when I first met him at the national democratic convention at St. Louis in 1876. During his absence from home his correspondence accumulated very fast, and since his election he has been perfectly overwhelmed with congratulatory letters and telegrams, many of them of such a character as to call for prompt reply. With the military method and precision to which he is accustomed he is "catching up" fast. Among his letters are many from gentlemen in the North of both parties, some from republicans who, although not noted as partisan leaders, stand high in the respect and confidence of the country at large, and who are pronounced in expressions of pleasure and satisfaction that the blight and mildew of Mahoneism has been lifted from Virginia.

Referring to the calumnies spread far and wide by partisan correspondents and partisan stump-speakers like Senators Sherman and Logan and Judge Foraker, I asked Gen. Lee what were the facts as to the "treason-stained saddle," the so-called cavalry parades, the alleged display of Confederate flags and his appearance in Confederate uniform during his canvass. He said that he was almost dumb with amazement that partisan malice and partisan ingenuity could go to the length of misrepresentation and falsehood which had characterized the descriptions of his campaign. He said the beginning of the horseback feature of his meetings and processions was at the Natural Bridge, in Rockbridge county, on the 10th of September. When he arrived there two of his friends came to him and said, "The cavalry will turn out to greet you." This was the first intimation he had of anything of the kind, and he asked what was meant as he did not know of any cavalry in that region. He was informed then that the citizens of the vicinity had organized an impromptu cavalry, under the leadership of Capt. Davin, formerly of the French army, but now a naturalized citizen of Virginia. The mounted detachment which turned out on the occasion was composed of between three and four hundred men, most of them young farmers, and he was quite sure there were not a dozen in the whole lot who had served in the Confederate army. A horse, saddled and bridled, was tendered him, and he rode at the head into Lexington. His cousin, Custis Lee, who is the president of the college at Lexington, said he was sorry that he could not come out to meet him, but he had sent him a saddle. Gen. Lee said it was possible that this saddle had belonged to Custis Lee's father, Gen. Robert E. Lee, but he did not know whether it did or not When Gen. Robert E Lee died Custis Lee had sent to him, as he had sent to other relatives of the family, certain articles as mementoes. Those sent to him were a telescope, a saddle, and a pair of riding gloves. The saddle, which had been presented to his uncle by some Texan admirers, was of costly material and workmanship, and it had been at home all the time he was away. The idea of mounted demonstrations, Gen. Lee said, originating with Capt, Davin, was adopted elsewhere, and from that time forward he was met at different points by friends on horseback and a horse fully accoutred was always provided for him. Of course he rode a different saddle on each occasion. This was all there was in the "cavaly parades," and in his riding on his uncle's saddle. Gen. Lee said if upon any of these occasions there was a display of Confederate flags it had escaped his observation, but the flag of the Union was always conspicuous. It had also been said that he rode around in his Confederate uniform, and Judge Foraker had proclaimed that when he was nominated for Governor he had his picture taken in Confederate uniform and scattered over the State. These statements were as destitute of truth as the others. In 1881, at the Yorktown celebration, as brigadier-general commanding the Virginia State troops, he wore the uniform prescribed by law. After that celebration he wished to resign his commission in the State militia, but in deference to the advice of friends he yielded his own wishes. At the inauguration of President Cleveland last March he appeared in the procession in the same uniform which he wore at Yorktown, and afterwards, at the request of some of his friends, he sat in Washington for a photograph in his uniform. This was a picture circulated after his nomination for Governor, and which Judge Foraker said was his Confederate uniform. After he came back from Washington he took off his uniform, and said to his wife that he never intended to wear one again, and then sat down and wrote his resignation to Gov. Cameron. He thought he had had enough of soldiering. He had not worn the uniform since, and during his entire canvass he never appeared in anything but citizen s clothes. Indeed he had no right to wear a uniform, as he was a private citizen. Gen. Lee said these libels upon him were the more unjustifiable because he had been one of the foremost to recognize the results of the war, to plant his back to the past and his face to the future. He had done everything in his power to prove his sincerity in this; whatever influence he had in Virginia he had given to direct public attention and consideration to living issues; he had gone to Bunker Hill, now nearly a dozen years since, and taken part in the celebration there; he had gone to Brooklyn to participate in the militia celebration there, and he had attended with reverence and respect the funeral of Grant. During all of the exciting and active political campaign just ended he had never knowingly or intentionally uttered one word calculated to revive the memories of the war, but in all his speeches had sought to discuss questions of material and present moment to the people of Virginia.

Gen. Lee said any mention of his name in connection with the United States Senatorship was entirely without authority. He had no aspirations in that direction. He had been elected Governor of Virginia, and he intended to be Governor for four years if he lived. Messrs. Barbour and Daniel were the two gentlemen most prominently mentioned to succeed Gen. Mahone. He was the friend of each of these gentlemen, and he considered it would be proper for him to preserve an absolute neutrality between the two. This course he intended to pursue.

As to the manner of his inauguration as Governor, he said he had received several communications from Richmond, inquiring as to his wishes and purposes. If this was left to him he would prefer no pomp nor circumstance, no military pageant. It would be more in accord with his tastes and feelings to adhere to the quiet democratic ceremony of older times He had been informed that the ladies of Richmond were determined to have an inauguration ball, so that point must be considered as settled.

I asked about the debt question. He said that was a delicate subject, and he hesitated to express himself for fear of misunderstanding or misconstruction. The democratic party of Virginia had fought two campaigns in favor of the McCulloch settlement and had been defeated. They had the whole power of the Federal government against them, and Gen. Mahone had also the active aid and sympathy of the republicans of the Senate, including Senators Sherman and Hoar. Recognizing as binding, however, the decision twice expressed of a majority of the voters of Virginia, the democratic party in the Lynchburg convention had pledged itself not to disturb or repeal the settlement favored by the majority.—The democratic party has been restored to power on this pledge, and he trusted never to see the debt question dragged again into the politics of the State. But he hoped that by a wise, conservative and judicious administration of State affairs, both capital and a desirable class of immigration would be attracted to Virginia, through which her immense resources, both mineral and agricultural, would be fully developed and the old Commonwealth resume the proud position in the sisterhood of States to which she was entitled.

Alluding to the cry about democratic hostility to the common schools started by the Mahone party and taken up by republican partisans all over the country, Gen Lee said there never was a more senseless or a more baseless charge. The democratic party had, six years in advance of the time prescribed by the constitution adopted by the convention called under the authority of Congress, put the school system into operation, and that party has from the beginning paid almost the entire cost of the system. According to the statistics prepared by Mr. Farr, the Mahone superintendent, it is shown that in 1884 there were 576 more school houses built under democratic control than in 1883 under Mahone control There were $84,000 more spent in 1884 than in 1883; there were more teachers and more scholars. No man in or out of Virginia can point to any democratic legislation hostile to the common schools. All the prosperity of the schools of Virginia is due to the Henkel bill, a democratic measure.

He said that as yet he had been too much occupied to consider any details of policy which he would lay down for his action as Governor, or any recommendations which he might deem proper to make to the Legislature. But he had bright hopes for the future and every confidence in the Legislature which was soon to assemble. He believed that body would treat with wisdom and discretion every subject involving the welfare and prosperity of the State.

I asked General Lee as to his estimate of General Mahone; whether he regarded him as such an able politician and organizer as is claimed by his friends. He said promptly that he did not. Mahone had enjoyed advantages and a combination of fortuitous circumstances which rarely fall to the lot of any political leader. But he had not seen in him any extraordinary qualities of political generalship or foresight. Mahone did not go upon the stump. He had not made what could fairly be called one speech in the whole of the campaign. He introduced Senator Sherman at Petersburg, but he would not go with him to Richmond. He shut himself up in his house at Petersburg, surrounded himself with a few of his personal adherents and a little clique of Northern republican correspondents, who sent off any story he wanted, and busied himself mostly in sending around circulars. This was the sum and substance of his management. The value of his political judgment was shown in his claim, in 1880, that his electoral ticket would carry the State; in 1883, that he would carry the Legislature; in 1884, that the Blaine electors would be chosen, and in the contest which has just closed that Wise and a Mahone Legislature would be elected.

John Wise, he said, had started his campaign with a speech somewhat approximating to good temper and dignity. But it was a new role for him. The people did not expect it, and neither understood nor appreciated it. Mr. Wise, therefore, relapsed into his old habits, after this one departure, and the campaign which he made was eminently characteristic.

In concluding, General Lee said that the organization which the democrats of Virginia had been contending with for the last five or six years was, both as regards morals and practices, as base and degraded as any of the old carpet-bag organizations, and had as little as any of them the true interests of the State at heart. The splendid victory which the democracy had just won was, he fervently trusted, the complete and permanent disenthrallment of the State from the clutches which had been fastened upon it. The situation was such as to require prudence, moderation and wisdom, and he doubted not the democracy would be equal to the occasion.

Free Speech and Free Ballot.

It has been charged by John Sherman, Logan, and others, that in Virginia and the South men were not free to exercise their political rights, whether in advocacy of their political opinions or the use of the elective franchise. Perhaps no better illustration of the falsity of such statements can be given than the fact that Judge Foraker, Logan, Sherman, and others from other States, come into Virginia and speak, after all the vituperation they have cast upon the people here. Mahone's canvassers have met with no difficulty in addressing those who gather to hear them. Though their words have been at times violent and well calculated to disturb the peace of communities, they have conducted the canvass in their own way.—Would a Democrat from Virginia have been allowed by Republicans in Ohio the same license given to either Sherman or Logan in Virginia?

But what are the evidences as regards a free ballot in Virginia? The record shows that all of the possible vote, both white and colored, 85 per cent., was cast at the election last fall. We know that we speak nothing but truth when we say that if the colored people could be allowed to cast their ballots as they wish in this county this fall one-third, at least, of these ballots would be for the Democratic ticket.

Look at Henry county, where a colored voter is shot down because he was a member of a Democratic club and wished to vote the Democratic ticket. Agents of Mahone were sent into this county, to Halifax, to Mecklenburg, and other counties, to break up Democratic clubs, to influence Democratic colored voters. If the colored people were not free to vote it was because they were bulldozed by their "captains of ten." A system of espionage and terrorism was set over them by their Republican leaders and "masters." We hope to live to see the day when the colored people will be as free to vote the Democratic ticket as the Republican, and when it will not be thought necessary by Republican leaders to fabricate falsehoods against those who differ with them in politics.—*Charlotte Gazette.*

Democratic Growth.

The Democratic gains in the States that have voted this fall are about as follows over the Blaine vote of 1884:

States.	*Democratic gains.*
New York	11,000
Virginia	12 000
Pennsylvania	34,000
Iowa	15,000
Maryland	5,000
Massachusetts	5 000
Nebraska	6,000
Colorado	6 000
Ohio	16,000
Total	110,000

That is a good showing, and tells the story that the people are not dissatisfied with Democratic control.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"A DECIDEDLY TEMPTING NOSE."—A Lynchburg correspondent of the Richmond *Dispatch* says:—

"Cornelius Warwick was one of the negroes who testified before Sherman's outrage committee as to the ostracism practiced by the negro race against colored men who vote the Democratic ticket.—Cornelius testified that he had his nose pulled by a Republican negro in this city, whereupon John Sherman laughingly remarked that it was "a decidedly tempting nose." Cornelius yesterday sent Sherman a telegram to this effect: "The election is over in Virginia, and on the question of the perpetuation of Mahoneism, the nose (noes) have it by a large majority."

The District Fair.

[From Farm and Home.]

You call upon your countymen (me among the balance) to give their opinion upon a District Fair. I greatly favor it and as greatly oppose a County Fair—None but those who have some experience with Fairs know anything of the expense worry and trouble connected with them From my connection with them, since the war, in this State, I am fully convinced that no one county in Virginia has sufficient agricultural products to make up a fine agricultural fair, nor public-spirited people enough to contribute sufficient means to purchase and prepare the grounds and buildings, especially in these hard times, necessary for the live stock and other articles required to make up a good agricultural show. Nor has any one county people enough who take an interest in such things to furnish a crowd that will make the gate-fees sufficient to pay the expense of keeping up the grounds, pay the necessary expenses and the premiums to induce people to exhibit their wares.

The result is, County Fairs in Virginia are generally poor things, and the amount of good resulting from them is very small. But with a little enterprise and public spirit, Rockingham, Rockbridge, Albemarle, Highland, Bath, united with Augusta, could make a fine fair at Staunton that would do credit to the State and vast good to the District. I say unite with Augusta and have the Fair at Staunton, because there, there is already a beautiful ground with nearly all the conveniences necessary for a large show. It is a central point with direct railroad communication—north, south, east and west—which makes it easy of access and convenient and cheap. Trains could be run so that the citizens of these counties could go to the Fair in the morning and be back home at night.

Most of the money needed for a Fair has already been raised and spent at this point. By the assistance of a few thousand dollars from these counties the debt now weighing down the Augusta Association could be paid off and leave a sufficient surplus in the treasury to pay such premiums as would attract large exhibits, which is what farmers need and want for their information, and which bring together and interest a crowd sufficient to cheer up and encourage the management; enable them to meet all their liabilities promptly; keep everybody in good humor, and thus afford pleasure and information and do a vast amount of good.

The Baldwin-Augusta Fair Association deserves great sympathy and credit for the brave and patriotic manner in which they have struggled on under all their embarrassments and trials. And old Augusta has acted manfully, nobly, generously and patriotically in her efforts to get up and sustain this Fair. Now let us people of the adjoining counties go to her assistance, sustain and help her in her hour of need, and show that we appreciate her noble efforts, and *unitedly* make a Fair worthy of the name this one bears; worthy of this District and the brave people who occupy it; an honor to our old State, and of great good to us and of immense importance to the rising generation.

Each county, of course, would have a fair representation in the directory and management. No jealousy should or need exist, nor fear on the part of any county that her citizens would not get justice done them. My experience in exhibiting at the different Virginia Fairs has been considerable, and nowhere have I met with more kindness and fairness and even-handed justice than at the hands of the managers of the Fair at Staunton. But I am proud to say that kindness politeness, fair and honorable dealing is the rule with managers of Virginia Fairs. Sometimes the judging is not as good as it should be, but this is owing to the want of means to induce men to act as judges who are competent, and is not due to any intended unfairness on the part of the management. One other trouble is that men honestly differ in their judgment. Then each exhibitor generally thinks what he has on exhibition is the best, and if the judges, who are unbiased, differ with him, he becomes dissatisfied and charges partiality and injustice, and the management is censured when they have in reality done the best they could, with the means at hand, to get good judges, and have no more to do with the actual judging than the exhibitor himself.

Fairs are difficult things to manage any way, but without sufficient money they are about the most worrying, troublesome things to work along I have ever taken any part in. Fairs of a single county are generally of this kind, but a Fair composed of six counties, thrown into a district, can easily raise sufficient means to make all things go well, and those embraced in this proposed district can certainly now raise what is necessary, since brave old Augusta *herself* has raised at least four-fifths of the sum needed.

I will explain in a future article some of the reasons why money is so important to make a Fair satisfactory and profitable to a community.

Respectfully,
GEORGE CHRISMAN.
Chrisman P. O., Rockingham Co. Va.,
November 11, 1885.

Troubles of Woman's Life.

Whether last year's fall dress will answer this winter.

How much the woman across the street paid for her bonnet.

What is the best disposition to make of small boys on beau nights.

Whether to put a parrot or pigeon on their winter bonnet.

Why the people they meet in real life are so unlike the real ones they read of in novels.

How much cloth, "cut on the bias," it will take to trim a dress with seventeen ruffles.

Why it is that a man of forty-horse brain power is so insanely stupid when asked to match worsted.

Whether it is wiser to marry a homely man with a big fortune, or a handsome fellow without a cent.

Why it is so much more tiresome to sweep a five-foot room than to take a five-mile tramp after autumn-leaves.

Whether sky-blue, Paris-green or old-gold ribbon is most becoming round a steel-gray poodle's neck.

If Edison couldn't get up some sort of a patent kitchen machine to run things while the cook is on a strike.

Which is the way of getting at the right side of her husband's pocket-book for her winter supply of wearables.

How some girls can contrive to get married after one season's courtship, and some others can't after half a dozen.

If it will pay to run a back parlor stove and extra gas bill this winter for the same chap who enjoyed those privileges last year.

Whether it was wise, after all, to sell that overcoat last summer for the plaster image that got broken so easily.

Why is it that the man you set your cap for walks off with some other woman, while you marry the man you took no trouble to win.

Why the man who wouldn't let them carry their gloves or fan before marriage will let them lug coal to a third-story flat so soon after.

Why the woman who is best fitted by nature and grace to head a household, boss a husband and engineer children, never gets married.

Whether a three-week's flirtation at the seaside in the summer, or a new seal-skin sacque in the winter, is the better return for the same investment, when you can't have both.

POETRY.

MY FATHER'S WAY.

"I must look to the sheep in the fold,
See the cattle are fed and warm;
So, Jack, tell mother to wrap you well—
You may go with me over the farm.
Though the snow is deep and the weather cold,
You are not a babe at six years old."

Two feet of snow on the hillside lay,
But the sky was as blue as June;
And father and son came laughing home
When dinner was ready at noon—
Knocking the snow from their weary feet,
Rosy and hungry and longing to eat.

"The snow was so deep," the farmer said,
"That I feared I could scarce get through."
The mother turned with a pleasant smile,
"Then what could a little lad do?"
"I trod in my father's steps," said Jack;
"Wherever he went I kept his track."

The mother looked in the father's face,
And a solemn thought was there;
The words had gone like a lightning flash
To the seat of a nobler care;
"If he tread in my steps, then day by day
How carefully I must choose my way!"

For the child will do as the father does,
And the track that I leave behind,
If it be firm, and clear, and straight,
The feet of my son will find.
He will tread in his father's steps, and say,
"I am right, for this was my father's way."

Oh, fathers, treading in life's hard road,
Be sure of the steps you take;
Then the sons you love, when gray-haired men,
Will tread in them still for your sake,
When gray-haired men to their sons will say,
"We tread in our father's steps to-day."

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

[Compiled for the SPECTATOR.]

AIR-FOOD OF PLANTS.—The experiments of Prof. W. O. Atwater have shown that, contrary to the general opinion of chemists, plants assimilate nitrogen from the air.—While they take up the greatest quantity when abundantly supplied from the soil, fully one-half the total nitrogen acquired by well-fed plants is drawn from the atmosphere.

After an absence of nearly three years the Danish exploring expedition to the east coast of Greenland has returned. The expedition succeeded in reaching the sixty-sixth degree of latitude, a point farther north on the east coast than had previously been attained. The newly visited region was named King Christian IX's Land.

A new spectroscope has been exhibited to the Paris Academy of sciences. A very dispersive medium, such as carbon disulphide, is enclosed between plane parallel surfaces, and the internal dispersion gives a very fine spectrum. The colored rays issue by the second surface of the medium, parallel to the incident rays.

Four great tubes—one about 200 feet long—have been fitted up at the Meudon Observatory in France for the spectroscopic study of the oxygen, hydrogen and other elements present in the air. Solar, electric and other lights can be conveniently employed for illumination.

The scientific importance of exploring the accessible regions about the South Pole is urged by Sir Erasmus Ommany, of the British Navy, who remarks that no man has ever wintered in the Antarctic zone.

In his late researches Wroblewski has been able to separate liquefied air into two distinct liquids, different in appearance and composition, one superimposed upon the other.

LITERARY PROPHETS.—After Hall's discovery of the two moons of Mars in 1877, it was pointed out that Swift, in "Gulliver's Travels," had prophetically made the Liliputian astronomers discover the two satellites. A still more curious circumstance is now mentioned by Dr. Sophus Tromholt, who relates that in 1851 a story was published by a Hungarian author, Maurus Jokai in which reference was made to the star which has recently appeared in the Andromeda nebula. The star, according to the story, was revealed to a royal family by the Evil Spirit, who predicted death in battle to those who could not see it. Jokai's star was probably a thing of imagination only; although there are some reasons for believing that the tale was founded on a Jewish tradition, which would make it probable that the "new star" at which the world is wondering was seen by the Jews, and has reappeared to view after many centuries of invisibility. In other words, the existence of such a tradition would confirm the conclusion that the Andromeda star is a variable of long period.

Fresh evidences of the tremendous energy of the great Krakatoa eruption in Java continue to be brought forward. Rev. Philip Neale, late British Chaplain at Batavia, now mentions finding immense blocks of coral rock—one of them weighing at least fifty tons—which must have been torn from their ocean bed and swept several miles inland by the gigantic tidal wave in Sunda Straits.

In the well-known game of "hop-scotch" Mr. J. W. Crombie reads a curious page of the history of past ages. A form of the game was known to Pliny, and seems to have been changed by the early Christians into an illustration of their belief, the figure representing their idea of the shape of Heaven, and the divisions showing the progressive states to be passed by the soul in its flight to Paradise.

Although four-fifths of the world's sulphur supply comes from Sicily, the deposits of Popocatapetl in Mexico are much more extensive and of better quality. A tunnel is to be built to facilitate mining the Mexican sulphur.

THE SLEEP OF FISHES.—Experiments on the sleep of fishes have been made in London by Mr. W. August Carter. He has found that the fresh-water fishes observed—the roach, dace, gudgeon, carp, tench, minnow, and catfish—sleep periodically like terrestrial animals. The same is true of some marine fishes—such as the wrasse, conger eel, dory, dogfish, wrasse bass, and all species of flat fish—but the goldfish, pike, and angler fish do not appear to sleep at all, although they rest periodically. The desire for sleep varies according to weather conditions, and fishes do not necessarily select night-time for repose.

An electric needle and battery are now used quite extensively for destroying the roots of offensive hairs upon the face. In the case of a young woman with a heavy beard, 8000 hairs were removed, the process requiring two or three years, each root having to be killed separately.

The island of Arron, off the west coast of Scotland, is said to be so mild that palms and camellias thrive in the open air, without injury in the winter, although the latitude is that of the northern part of Labrador on this continent.

The greatest astronomical establishment in the world, the Greenwich Observatory, is surpassed in the power of its telescopes by many observatories. It has at last been decided to provide for it a large instrument, and it will soon have a refractor with an object-glass 28 inches in diameter.

French vineyards have recently suffered sadly from mildew. As a remedy for the disease sulphate of copper has been tried, and has proven successful both in the form of a five per cent solution and in a mixture with lime.

Compulsory re-vaccination of the soldiers was established by the German Government eleven years ago, and since then not a single death from small-pox has occurred in the German army.

—Some one says that liquor strengthens the voice. This is a mistake: it only makes the breath strong.