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Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY,
Editor and Proprietor.

$2.00 A YEAR.

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Staunton Spectator.

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ADVERTISEMENTS are inserted at the rate of 12½ cents per line, for the first, and 6¼ cents for each subsequent insertion.

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DR. H. M. PATTERSON offers his professional services to the citizens of Staunton. Office No. 113, Main Street, opposite the Opera House. may20 t.

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

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OFFICE—The same formerly occupied by his father, Col. Geo. Baylor, dec'd, on Augusta st., opposite the Court-house. no 21

WM. M. McALLISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, WARM SPRINGS, VA. Courts—Alleghany, Bath and Highland, Va., and Pocahontas, West Virginia.
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OFFICE:—Over Turner & Harman's Grocery Store. dec 21—tf

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ELDER & NELSON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, *and Real Estate Agents*, may 5 STAUNTON, VA.

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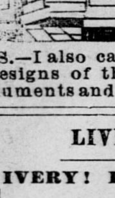
VALLEY MARBLE WORKS, STAUNTON, VA.
To the People of Augusta and the Valley counties:
Keep your money at Home is to prosper, Send it away is to become impoverished.



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

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LIVERY! LIVERY!

Having purchased the excellent Livery of S. T. Thornburg, I shall continue to offer to the citizens of Staunton and traveling public splendid double and single teams.
Fine rolling stock of all kinds and splendid riding horses.
MR. GEO. H. PLATT, so well and favorably known to the public in connection with the business, will continue with me.
Very respectfully,
ALEXANDER HARMAN.

In thanking the public for the liberal patronage extended me, I ask a continuance of their favor to my successor, feeling assured that he fully deserves them.
Respectfully,
feb 3, '86—tf S. T. THORNBURG.

IT STANDS AT THE HEAD
THE LIGHT-RUNNING
"DOMESTIC."

ARTISTICALLY BEAUTIFUL.
WITHOUT A PEER.
In its mechanical construction it has no Rival.
The new line of attachments that are now being placed on each "Domestic" are specialties. No other machine has them. These Attachments and the Wood-work make the "Domestic" more than ever, without question,
The Acknowledged Standard of Excellence.
For sale by TREIBER & COYNER, Staunton, Va.
Agents wanted in unoccupied territory. Address DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, Richmond, Va. may19 '86-1y

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TO THE PUBLIC!

Parties wishing to buy BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, &c., &c., both home-made and Western work, can do so of us on and after the 10th of January, 1882. We have made arrangements with one of the largest and best Cincinnati manufacturing establishments, by which we will keep on hand a large assortment of the very best of Cincinnati work. We have just returned from Cincinnati where we thoroughly examined all the materials of which the vehicles are made, and we took special care to select

THE VERY BEST.

Having had a life-long experience in this business, we know what carriage work is and how it is made, and we are satisfied we can give you a better buggy for the money than any other shop in this city or in the Valley.—We ask you to call and examine and we will make it to your interest to buy of us.
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CLINEDINST & BODELL,
NEAR VIRGINIA HOTEL,
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A GIFT Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you *free* a royal, valuable, sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making *more money* at once, than anything else in America. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Capital not required. We will start you. Immense pay sure for those who start at once. no18 '85-1y* STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

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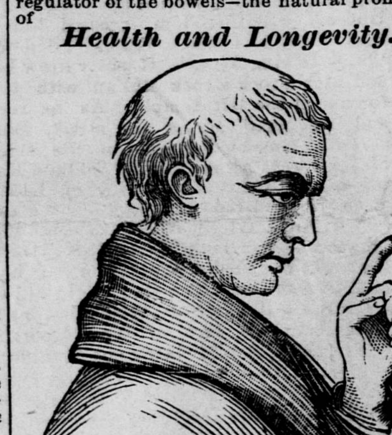
THE GRAPE CURE.
SAL - MUSCATELLE
In America
WITHOUT THE EXPENSE OF AN EUROPEAN JOURNEY!

The crystallized salts, as obtained in a pure state from grapes and choice fruit, in a portable, palatable, simple form, are now presented to the public of America as the grandest resolvent of impure blood, corrector of the liver and regulator of the bowels—the natural promoter of
Health and Longevity.



Eminent physicians claim this achievement a new era in the allied science of medicine, as it furnishes the blood with its natural salines that are lost or eliminated every day.

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A Positive, Natural

Sick Headache and Dyspepsia Cure.

Sal-Muscatelle is Nature's own product. It supplies to the system the want of sound, ripe grapes and fruit; it is the simplest and best preventive and cure for all functional derangements of the liver and its kindred ailments; prevents the absorption of malarial diseases—fevers of all kinds; counteracts the effects of bad air, poor drainage, and impure water; a powerful oxydizer of the blood; a natural specific for all skin eruptions, sick headaches, biliousness, nervousness, mental depression, and will remove the effects of accidental indigestion from excessive eating and drinking. Have it in your homes and on your travels. It is a specific for the fagged, weary or worn-out.
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LONDON, ENGLAND.
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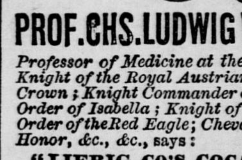

PROF. CHS. LUDWIG VON SEEGER,
Professor of Medicine at the Royal University; Knight of the Royal Austrian Order of the Iron Crown; Knight Commander of the Royal Spanish Order of Isabella; Knight of the Royal Prussian Order of the Red Eagle; Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, &c., &c., says:
"LIEBIG CO'S COCA BEEF TONIC should not be confounded with the horde of trashy cure alls. It is in no sense of the word a patent remedy. I am thoroughly conversant with its mode of preparation and know it to be not only a legitimate pharmaceutical product, but also worthy of the high commendations it has received in all parts of the world. It contains essence of Beef, Coca, Quinine, Iron and Calisaya, which are dissolved in pure genuine Spanish Imperial Crown Sherry."
Invaluable to all who are Run Down, Nervous, Dyspeptic, Bilious, Malarious or afflicted with weak kidneys. **Beware of Imitations.**
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Used by Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales and the nobility. For the Skin, Complexion, Eruptions, Chapping, Roughness. **$1.00.** Of druggists.
LIEBIG CO'S Genuine Syrup of Sarsaparilla, is guaranteed as the best Sarsaparilla in the market.
N. Y. Depot 38 MURRAY STREET
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CREAM BALM
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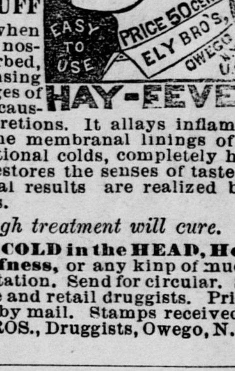

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LIQUID or SNUFF
CREAM BALM when applied into the nostrils will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional 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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DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
Fresh and Cured Meats, Sausage, &c.
Highest Prices paid for Live Stock suitable for market supplies.
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COUNTY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTICE.—My office days in Staunton will be Wednesday and Saturday of each week, and Court Days—which days I will devote exclusively to School business.
☞ Office with W. A. Reed.
H. SHEFFEY ROLLER,
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WANTED! WANTED!!—10,000 bushels Shelled Corn. 10,000 bushels Oats. 1,000 bushels Clover Seed. 500 tons Hay.
P. B. SUBLETT & SON.
dec9-6m Staunton, Va.

Many a Lady
is beautiful, all but her skin; and nobody has ever told her how easy it is to put beauty on the skin. Beauty on the skin is Magnolia Balm.

A Rustic Comedy.

In the struggling, forlorn, unbeautiful Northumbrian village of Blackford there was, half a century ago, only one comfortable looking building. On any gusty day in November, when the very trees on the hilltops seemed to have turned their shiveriing backs to the breeze that whistled through their branches and whirled away the red-tinted leaves in a mad-cap dance, the "Red Lion" inn stood alone, with its comfortable overcoat of impervious thatch, retained its aspect of quiet comfort, and toware evening the ruddy glare of its kitchen fire pressingly invited the toil-worn cotters to forsake their scolding wives and brawling children, their scanty fires and drafty houses, and enjoy its comfortable warmth. And often at the same time there would be a light at one of the two attic windows that peered out from the roof like a pair of open gray eyes from under lids of thatch. For one of these attic rooms was the favorite resort of Adam Black, the thirving publican of Blackford. He was greatly liked and respected in Blackford. The worst that could be said of him was that he was rather hard, and as a matter of fact there was little of softness in his nature.

In domestic life Adam was a martinet.—He ruled his son, Aleck, his red-haired servant, Bet, and even his niece, Kitty, with a rod of iron. Prompt obedience was the unwritten law of the household. Only Kitty, besides being the smartest, prettiest, and cleverest girl in Blackford, was so wayward and spirited that not even her uncle, who liked her better than he liked anybody else in the world, was able to keep her entirely under control.

It was a great grief to Adam when he found out that Kitty was in a mood to throw herself away upon Willie Allan.—Not that he disliked Willie—nobody could do that—but he thought him unlikely to be a good husband, that is, a thirving one, able to keep his family comfortable.

It was, therefore, not without reason that Adam was set against his niece taking up with Willie. He considered it would be throwing herself away. And he believed that he possessed a powerful instrument for enforcing his own view, for he had full command of Kitty's little fortune—something like £100—left her by her father, Adam's elder brother, who had preceded him in the occupation of the "Red Lion." Whatever it amounted to it was all in the big box that stood in Adam's favorite attic room, for he had a deep-rooted suspicion of banks, and, like many other country folks of that time, held that his savings could not be safer than under his own lock and key.

"If you marry Allan," he said to Kitty, and she knew that no nice scruples about right or wrong would hinder him from keeping his word, "not a penny will you get from me."

The truth was that he had quite another scheme in his head. Why should Kitty look beyond his son, Aleck? True, they were cousins, but the prejudice against cousin's marrying was not strong in the neighborhood, and, then, what advantages there were! Kate was a splendid manager, and Aleck, though he had not his father's spirit and cleverness, was a hard worker and very careful—too careful, some people said, for whereas his father was only keen and saving, he was as mean and hard as a miser. And accordingly, he spared no effort to enforce his will, so that poor Kitty had a hard time of it, what, with her uncle's threats and the no more agreeable persuasions of her money-grubbing suitor. Yet she was far too spirited to yield, and in her inmost mind was resolved to have both the sweetheart and the money, for who needed it if not careless, squandering Willie?

It was no fault in her eyes that her lover cared nothing whatever for her fortune, though she would scold and rate him well for his indifference. One winter night, as she was returning from a neighboring village, about three miles off, to which she had been sent by her uncle, Willie quite accidentally met her, and they had a happy walk homeward along a lane, on the snow covering of which the moonlight fell fair and softly, making the hard wheel tracks glitter, and silvering the half-black, half-whitened hedgerows.—Willie never before had seemed so true and earnest and loyal as Kitty poured into his ear the story of her persecution.

"Never mind, lass," he said, "let him keep the money. I've little, but I'm not in debt, and, if you'll but promise to come to the croft, I'll—yes, Kitty—I'll sell every live thing I have, and work day and night for you."

"No, no, Willie; there is no use for that, but do you think I'll give up my rights to please that wretched Aleck? It's just what he wants—for me to marry you and leave everything to him. He would be pleased to see me quarrel with uncle, for it's not me, but the money he wants. But if he proposes again, do you know, I've a gook mind to take him at his word, just out of spite. That's the worst I could do to him—"

"Whist, whist! Willie interrupted her with, "you're jokin', lass, but I dinna like it. Say anything but that. You would never leave me for a bit of dirty gold."

"Would I not?" queried Kitty, who was an incorrigible tease; "you'll maybe see me make a runaway match of it; aye, and glad you would be after awhile to get quit of me. But here's the door. If I'm not away, I'll maybe be in the wood on Sunday night," and she was off, leaving Willie to go home so thoughtful that he quite forgot to feed his tame fox until wakened in the night by its yelping—a thing that had never happened in his life before.

Business was very dull in the "Red Lion" next afternoon, and Adam retired to his attic room, where Kitty had a cheerful fire, before which she sat knitting. Adam referred to Willie Allan with a moderation and impressiveness his niece had not expected to find. "Bairn," he said, "ye'll rue a lifetime if ye marry a man like that. It might be a fine twelve-month, but after he'll get worse than ever, and the work and anxiety'll all fall on you. Better take a man like Aleck, that you can depend on to keep you comfortable, than one like Allan, that'll expect you to take care o' him."

"Ah!" replied Kitty, "had Aleck been the man his father is, I would never have looked to another, but I can not trust him."

"That's where you're wrong, lass, Sandy's a well-bred lad, both on the mother's side and the father's. There's not a better bred lad in Blackford, and blood is sure to tell. He may be quiet, but he's game, I warrant you. I could trust him with all I have."

"But if Aleck was a bad, treacherous man and didn't care a bit for me, would you leave me free to take anybody I felt like?" queried Kitty.

"Sartainly, sartainly," answered her Uncle.

"Well, if I thought his blood as good as his breeding, I would take him to-morrow," began Kitty, but she stopped, for Adam was not listening. Something had caught his eye outside, and a stranger to his habits might have thought him wrapped in contemplation of the winter's sunset's reddening clouds, or the snowy landscape. The window commanded a view of a forty-acre field which stretched away from the village gardens to a great thick wood, from which it was separated by a brook. In the middle of it stood, a solitary tree, the boughs of which shone like dark tracery in the evening light. "Look yonder" said Adam, pointing to the foot of this tree. A timid, limping, hungry hare, probably tempted by the remembrance of the vegetables it had sometimes on moonlight nights found in the gardens, was making toward them in little starts and runs, followed by stoppages; during which it would sit with its long ears pricked up to listen to or scent danger. Could any Blackford man look on that sight unmoved? It might have turned the old minister himself into a poacher, and the temptation was quite too strong for Adam. The very dogs, by the eager way in which they started up to follow him, seemed to see a chance of sport in his looks.

He was no sooner gone than Kitty did a very curious thing. Running to her own apartment, she hurriedly produced a biggish bunch of old keys, and began trying the lock of Adam's chest until she got one to fit. Then she opened it, and looked in. But no pile of gold met her eye. Adam had a second box within the big one, and it, too, was locked. Kitty did not seem at all disappointed. Without touching anything in the box, she let the lid fall, carefully locked it, and put her kegs back where she had found them.

Had Willie Allan been there to watch her next proceedings he would have been hurt and surprised, for the little flirt, after smartening herself up before the mirror, proceeded to the kitchen, where Aleck was busy polishing the harness of the doctor's horse which happened to be kept at the Red Lion. Ensconcing herself snugly in the armchair in the corner, she plainly said by look and movement, "Come, woo me." Though Aleck, her clumsy lover, did not lack the inclination to respond, he possessed none of that spirit of gallantry which ought to have made him quick to take the hint. Kitty's eyes were beginning to twinkle with amusement at her and his own embarrassment, when, luckily, Adam looked in with the hare; but he forgot all about Jack's performance in his pleasure at seeing the cousins so friendly.

"Aha," he cried, "but you are two sly ones—courtin' like that whenever the old man's back's turned" and in great glee he went away and left them.

"What do you think of that, now?" said Kitty, laughing.

I wish it was true," said Aleck.

"That is because you are a fool," said Kitty. "What on earth should we be sweetheartin' for? What kind o' life would you lead here if you were married, Sandy? As long as Adam Black's here—and that may be twenty years yet—Adam Black will be master. And as for you, you'll toil and moil and mourn till the gray hairs come, and you'll get his money when you're past enjoying it. That's the look-out for a woman with a notion to you, my lad."

"I'll not deny you've hit it, Kitty. It's a poor spec at the best, keeping a country public inn; the hinds haven't the money to spend. If I had father's savings now I wouldn't bide here past the term. I'd get a place nearer the pits—them's the lads to spend."

"If I were a man like you, Aleck, do you know what I'd do? I would make a big try to get these same savings and bolt. If you were quick and clever enough they'd never catch you, and you could change your name and get a new start."

"Ah, I've thought o' that, but the old one's ower cunnin'. I believe he wears the key of the big chest always around his neck."

"If that's all your trouble, I know where to get a key. But would you not be frightened, Aleck? Folks might call it robbery."

"That wouldn't be true. The money is mine as much as his, for I've worked hardest for it, and there's a lot of it yours, Kitty, and he wouldn't make much noise about it. He wouldn't disgrace the name by making it a byword, and he likes you so much that he wouldn't seek to get you into bad trouble. There would be murder, though, if he got hold of us himself."

That was the way in which the elopement was planned. During the next few days the cousins were in almost constant conversation, and even shrewd Adam was deceived, and thought, poor man, that his niece had forsaken Willie Allan, not from any mercenary motives, but because of the weighty advice he had given her.

"If you want a bit of sport," said Kitty to Willie Allan one day, "take a turn in the forty-acre about dusk."

He had no chance of asking her meaning, for there were othors about, so he said to himself.

"A she's a sharp one, is Kit. That means a good dinner, or I'm cheated," and went his way.

No sooner was he gone than a tremendous bustle began in the public house, although it was shut on Sundays, Aleck did not know what to take or what to leave.

"It's four weary miles we have to walk into Scotland," said Kitty, "so the less we hawe to carry the better. Aleck. That box'll be a weight to take in itself, lad."

"We'll have plenty of time though. Bet can say we've gone for a walk, and he'll be as pleased as Punch. Have you opened the chest?"

"Yes," said Kitty, "it's all right. The only pity is I could not open the little box, and you'll have to take it with us."

Darkness was just falling when the two fugitives emerged from the Red Lion.—Which way should they take? There could be no doubt of that; down the hill by the foot road, across the brook by the simple plank bridge, through the wood until the highway was reached, and then a bold push to get across the border. Neither said a word till they reached the old willow, near which the brook was crossed by a trembling plank. Then Kitty grew nervous.

"I'm frightened to cross the burn," she said, "go you first."

"Be quick, then," he answered. "I'll hold it;" and, getting swiftly to the other side, he seized the end of the unsteady bit of wood.

But instead of following at once Kitty screamed:

"There's Jack; your father must be chasing us."

Aleck stood undecided a moment, then dashed the frail bridge into the water.

"Hide where you can," he shouted. "He can't jump the burn, and I'll make off with the money."

"Oh, he'll kill me," pleaded the girl. "Don't run away from me, Aleck!"

"You shouldn't have been so slow," he retorted, with the box already under his arm.

"Stop, you blackguard thief! Stop, I say!" hoarsely shouted his father, running up from where he had been looking after some rabbits. But the son turned in terror and fled—not far, however, for a new comer appeared on the scene. Willie Allan, true to his appointment with Kitty, though he hardly expected to see her, emerged from the wood.

"Hulloa!" he said, placing himself in front of the runaway. "What's up?"

"Fell him dead!" yelled Adam.

"Let him go," said Kitty, but so softly that her lover could not make out what she said.

"You'd better turn back," he said to Aleck, but the fugitive, brought to bay, was desperate.

"Let me be," he said, "or I'll stab you," drawing a claspknife from his pocket.

"You scoundrel!" cried the other, in a white heat, "would you commit murder!"

Willie was credited with possessing more "science" than any other man in Blackford, and where will you find good boxing, if not in Northumberland? He made a feint, and the vengeful blade of his adversary glittered in a momentary streak of moonlight, but to no purpose, for a side leap carried its object out of reach, and Willie landed a left-hander like a horse's kick just above the right eye of his opponent, who fell all his length on the snow, and in a trice was divested of his knife, which the conqueror threw contemptuously into the brook.

"Get up and fight like a man," he said, but Aleck was beaten.

Adam was in ecstacies.

"You've stopped a bit 'o ugly work, I'm thinking," said Adam, upon whom the full extent of the crime began to dawn, as he dimly recognized the shape, size and weight of his money box in the clouded, uncertain light. "These two have been trying to rob me."

"Never!" said Willie. "Kitty, you wouldn't do that?"

"Come up and make sure," said Adam.

With that they all began silently to retrace their steps, only Kitty slipped away in front as if to avoid embarrassing questions. Willie was very thoughtful. Just as they were coming to the door he said to Adam in a low, troubled voice, which he tried to make indifferent:

"Look here, Adam, you haven't lost anything by that row, and there isn't much use in exposing her, is there?"

"No," was the reply; "but since they're so fond I'll make them marry and set up house by themselves."

With that they entered the kitchen, where Aleck, all shivering with his bath, deposited the box on the floor. A cheerful fire-light showed Kitty, not, as might have been expected, with abashed countenance and the demeanor of a culprit awaiting justice, but with heightened color and sparkling eyes—far bonnier than ever, as her old lover could not help thinking."

"There's your true blood," she said to Adam, but pointing to his son, "and this has been a fine night's work for him. It began by robbing you that's done so much for him; then the sweetheart that liked him so well as to run away with him he left on the wrong side of the burn; and then to draw his knife on an honest man! You'll never seek to make me wed him now."

"That you shall, you shameless hussy," broke out her uncle. "You're not fit for Allan, and I'm sure from what I've seen this night he wouldn't look at a thief."

"No, I couldn't do that," said Willie; "but there's no need for me here," and with a sad and regretful countenance he was stopped by a burst of mischievous laughter from the impenitent, but bewitching culprit."

"It's Bet's box, she said.

"Bet's box!" said Aleck; and "Bet's box!" echoed Adam and Willie.

"Aye, Bet's box, said Kitty.

"Sure enough it's not my box," said the uncle, dragging it into the light; it's the same size, but not the color. But whatever is making it so heavy?"

That was soon discovered. The redheaded servant girl came forward with a smile on her gaping mouth that suggested the part she had taken in the trick.

"There's a stone of shot," she said, "and there's the horseshoes from the backyard, and there's the rusty keys that used to lie in the stable, and here's my old petticoats stuffed in to keep them from jingling, and," she added, "the weights and the flatiron!"

"By George!" said Willie, "he must have meant to start a pack. Would you have stabbed me to save that dirt?"

"He didn't know what it was," answered Kitty for him. "I just wanted to try his mettle, so I put this box in the room of the other one, and it's back in its place now, neither touched nor opened."

"I'm glad o' that, lass," said the old publican, and though there was not much in the words, there was a something in the voice that made them sink deep. "It would have been a bad day for me when I found you turning against me. But Willie, lad, if you want to catch this skittish filly, you'd better be quick. Down to the minister's you go to-morrow and get your names asked; and as for you, you lubberly sumph, after making a fool of yourself like that; what's to come of you?"

"Marry him to Bet," suggested Kitty.

"The very ticket," returned her uncle. "Will you have him, Bet?"

"Aye, that I will," said the laconic maid.

"You'll go down to the minister's as well, then," said Adam to Aleck. "And now, lass, bring us a drop o' that brandy, and put the kettle on and bring the sugar, and we'll christen the bargain."

So a few weeks afterward there were two weddings in Blackford, and when the lads of the village "roped" Willie Allan, he gave them a whole half-sovereign to drink, and was, therefore, allowed to enter the croft house with a thunderstorm of cheers; but when they did the same thing to Aleck, he morosely cut the rope with a knife, and that is why he has been so unlucky ever since; for if you will go to Blackford now you will find the croft house to be the neatest, prettiest, nicest house there, while ever since old Adam's death, which happened many years ago, the Red Lion has been so squalid and dirty and disreputable that the marquis has serious thoughts of taking away the license and turning it into a butcher's shop.—*Adopted from Longman's Magizine.*

Some Good Fruit Preserves.

STRAWBERRY JAM.

To one quart of ripe strawberries, take one pound of best white sugar; place the strawberries in a china bowl, cover with the sugar, and let them stand for several hours, that the juice may draw. Then put them on the fire in a preserving kettle, and stir frequently while they cook, until a thick jelly forms. You will find this excellent for mixing with creams, for blanc-mange, ices, puffs, etc., for which purpose it should be mashed, and strained through a fine sieve. A few drops of poke-berry jelly improves the color, making it resemble that of fresh strawberries.

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES.

Preserving strawberries should not be delayed too late in the season, as the first pickings are generally the finest. Select the largest berries before they are too ripe; use the best sugar only, a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Let the berries and sugar stand together from evening until morning in a cool place. Then slip the whole gently into a kettle over a slow fire, and as soon as the berries are heated through, lift them off the fire with a perforated ladle and spread them on dishes to cool. Meanwhile let the syrup boil rapidly. In ten minutes return the fruit to it, and let them simmer slowly again, until the berries are clear, when they will be sufficiently done. Put strawberries always into small jars, cover with brandied papers, and seal tightly. Unless the fruit was in a fermented state when gathered, you will not be apt to have any trouble from its spoiling, if put up as here directed.

TO PRESERVE GOOSEBERRIES.

Select young gooseberries while they are still green. Make a syrup with one pound of sugar to each pound of fruit, adding, in the beginning, a half pint of clear spring water. Stew the berries until they are quite clear and the syrup becomes thick. Do not let the gooseberries get mashed, nor have the pan covered while they are cooking, if you would preserve their fresh, green color. Put away in small, self-sealing glass jars, and no fruit will keep better, or make a more desirable preserve.—*American Agriculturist for June.*

LIVE STOCK IN JUNE.—On the flush pastures of June the live stock should all be doing well. Work horses need substantial fare, and the less grass the better. Take care that the cows or sheep do not break through into rank clover, for they will eat enough in an hour sometimes to give them bloat or hoove, a malady often quickly fatal. Keep the pigs in the orchard if possible. They grow well on the clover, pick up the blasted fruit for the grubs it contains and stir the soil around the trees. Ewes with lambs need regular care, that they are not too much weakened by the draft upon them, and it is well to increase their grain as the lambs gain size. Ticks leave the old sheep for the lambs, so that it is well to dip the latter this month before the lambs are weaned. Market chickens may be pushed to advantage by frequent feeding, besides having a free run, if possible, while they are growing and before they are put up to fatten. After ducks have passed the delicate stage and have their feathers, they may be given frequent feeds of food to give them rapid growth and size. The earlier they are sold after they become marketable the greater will be the profit.—*American Agriculturist for June.*

The leader of the late strike on the Third Avenue car line in New York has just been arrested for grand larceny, it having been discovered that he is the man for whom the police have been looking for a year, because he pawned three thousand dollars worth of furniture that was left in his charge for three hundred dollars, and then disappeared. And yet it was such a man who found no difficulty in inducing hundreds of other men to follow him in a riotous strike. But Jack Cade had a larger following. "There is nothing new under the sun."—*Alex. Gazette.*

FROM THE OLD WORLD.

SNOW ON VESUVIUS—A COLD SPRING IN ITALY—WALLS THAT DEFY THE SUMMER HEAT—THE EVER-CHANGING ASPECT OF THE VOLCANIC CLOUD—A VISIT TO THE GROTTO OF CAPRI—THE PHILOSOPHY OF ITS UNEARTHLY BEAUTY—THE QUAIL AND WINE OF CAPRI—THE RUINED VILLA OF TIBERIUS—FISHING AT SORRENTO—THE DECAYED TEMPLES AT PÆSTUM—THE NEW ROUTE BY RAIL—BOOKED FOR POMPEII AND VESUVIUS.

[Correspondence of Journal of Commerce.]

HOTEL TRAMONTANO,
SORRENTO, Italy, May, '86.

Snow on Vesuvius in May! The weather here flies in the face of all the authorities. We have been warned a hundred times not to visit Southern Italy during the "hot month" of May. We are now burning little sticks of wood at the rate of a quarter of a cord a day in the vain effort to keep our sitting-room comfortable. Our English friends have misled us in the kindest manner possible. They call the weather warm at 60 degrees Fahrenheit, and hot at 70.—Americans, accustomed to broiling Summers at home, find this climate barely genial at the very time when Englishmen are roasted out of it. Wherefore, I say, put no faith in their statements where temperature is concerned. Men who never wear overcoats and who walk twenty miles before breakfast are no guides for people less hardened. With the exception of one day (strangely enough) in London, and another in Naples, we have not stopped at a hotel where a fire was not a necessity as well as an expensive luxury. Of course, the thickness of the walls is responsible for some of the coldness. At Naples I looked down from the balcony of my hotel and watched some masons at work just across the narrow street. They were laying outside walls three feet thick and walls of two feet between the rooms. The rising structure seemed to be a jail or a bank. I inquired and found it was designed for an elegant private residence. Yet, for the exclusion of heat, it might as well be a prison, and would look like one if the walls were not papered and frescoed.

Vesuvius is an ever-fascinating subject of study. I observe it fifty times a day from the window at which I am now writing.—The changed position of the sun and every passing cloud, and especially the shifting directions and forms of the "smoke," make a new picture of the mountain every time. The natives for twenty miles around look upon Vesuvius at once as a barometer and a weather-vane. When the vapor—for such it is for the most part—drifts, they know from what quarter the wind is blowing.—The capricious shapes it suddenly assumes at times foretells them of coming storms or calms. I am not yet deep in this lore. But, all the same, it is a pleasure to note the protean changes of the escaping steam.—Sometimes it goes straight up to the sky in a long, slender shaft, and at the extreme height opens out like a palm tree. Then, again, it looks like a mushroom with a thick stem and a "chunky" top. Often it streams out horizontally at great length like the smoke of a steamer at sea. When the wind is out of the North or East, accompanied by a slight rain, then I notice that the vapor rolls down the mountain like its own lava. At other times Vesuvius makes a huge cap or turban for itself—the vapor settling down on the peak and remaining stationary. Frequently this enlarges into a shroud and gradually covers the volcano from head to foot. At night when the sky is clear there is only one thing to be seen on Vesuvius. This is the dull red light which crowns its dark outlines. It is now in a state of unusual activity. It "works," as the phrase is.

One morning "Old Vesuve" (for so one finds himself calling the volcano after a short acquaintance) indicated a change of wind from the Northeast to the Southwest. This favored an expedition to the famous blue grotto of Capri, which cannot be entered when the wind is driving the water against and into the narrow opening through which the little boats must pass.—I made the trip from Sorrento to Capri by steamer, and was then transferred to a frail-looking but staunch canoe, most skillfully handled. The waves were pretty high—the effect of a storm which had lasted two days. As we neared the portal of the grotto it seemed impossible to shoot through it, for it is not more than three feet high and three wide, and the water was constantly rushing in and out of it with a deafening roar and showers of spray. At times more than half of the opening was filled with the current, which threatened to dash the fragile bark into splinters and drown the passengers. The boatman himself hesitated. The conditions were much worse than those which he usually overcame with ease. But he watched his chances, and, seizing a moment when the current was setting outward, he caught hold of a jutting point of rock and by a sudden jerk swung us in. I had been lying flat in the boat, drenched with spray.—Responding to his call, I sat up and looked around.

My first feeling was of disappointment. The grotto is not blue. The wonderful color, of which one hears so much, is in the water. The vault rises to a graceful arch in the centre and covers a space—irregular in shape—equal, perhaps, to 125 feet square. Its point of greatest height is 30 or 40 feet above the water. The stone is of a dirty white, and the faint reflection of light from its concave surface doubtless has something to do with the production of the phenomenon which gives the grotto its name. The water of the Mediterranean is beautiful under all conditions. One need not penetrate grottoes in order to admire its tints ever varying on a background of blue. But here the relations of the water to the light of day are unique. I tried to study the thing in cold blood. Here are my conclusions about it:—In the first place, some of the diffused daylight enters the cave through the only opening above the water-line.—This light irradiates the water to a certain depth, and causes the white roof to be reflected in it. In the second place, a great deal of light enters beneath the surface of the water, through the opening which descends to the floor of the grotto. This floor also seems to be white (as observed by me) at its depth of (say) 50 feet. It therefore sends back the reflection which the water has already received from the limestone roof. This double effect gives a brilliant silver tone to the inclosed mass of blue water. One hunts in vain for some comparison to convey a clear idea of the unearthly beauty of the spectacle. Sky-blue satin with the sun shining on it would resemble the surface of the water as I saw it. But that simile fails to describe the extraordinary effects of the blue grotto. These are mainly derived from the depths, and are best compared to the sheen of silver and blue which are noticed in the heart of a sapphire held up against a strong sunlight.

I was rudely aroused from these cogitations by a boat bumping against mine. A man in it apologized and thrust a card into my hand. Inspecting it by the faint light, I saw that it was the *menu* of a *dejeuner*, which would be held hot in waiting for all comers on the arrival of the steamer at the *Marina Grande*, or chief landing-place of the island, farther on. Feeling hungry, I ordered my boatman to return to the ship. The exit was easily made. As soon as all the visitors to the grotto were safely on board, we proceeded to our other destination. The business energy of the man who chose so strange a place to advertise his *table d'hote* breakfast was not without reward. I patronized his hotel. His quail was nice, as it ought to have been, for the island is celebrated for the abundance and succulence of that bird. But that which he served as the wine of Capri would in New York be called water with a dash of vinegar. There are some ruins of a villa of Tiberius, which may be seen per donkey at the top of a high hill. But one ruin more or less is nothing in this land of wrecked greatness. So I contented myself with my blue grotto, and, when the steamer whistled for her truant passengers, bade a good-bye to Capri.

It is interesting to watch the fishermen at work just underneath my windows. The Hotel Tramontano stands 150 feet above the sea on a rock that is lapped by its waves. The nets have been set the night before, and at daybreak the racket begins. Men in boats go out to regulate matters and take the fish from the meshes. There is a crowd of people on shore hauling at the ropes and slowly dragging the nets and their prey out of the depths. They are mostly women with bare legs and arms—as strong-looking as the men. They pull in unison, slowly and carefully. Presently these cease, in compliance with orders screamed to them from the "besses" in the boats. Then, from my height, I see the net raised to the surface with extreme caution. The harvest is about to be gathered in. The men out there tug at the net as if it were heavy. They soon have it well in hand. Their joyous shouts tell the anxious women on shore that the catch is a good one. They lift the net now with the greatest possible ease, and I begin to see its silvery contents. The fish, which almost cover the exposed surface of the net, shine like new standard dollars. The men shake and strip them off, and they fall a glittering heap into the bottom of the boat. I should say there were bushels of them, and rejoice that the brave fishermen and their wives will have something to eat and much to spare for the market. In size and taste these smelts are exactly like those we eat in America. I shall relish them a little more at the table to-night after having "assisted," as a Frenchman would say, in the operation of catching them.

I wonder how much of the Sub-Treasury building in Wall street will still be standing in the year 4372? This question occurred to me very forcibly as I gazed upon the majestic ruins of the Greek temples at Pæstum. These are supposed to date back to about 600 B. C. They are all in the same general state of decay as the Partheon at Athens, which they much resemble. The largest and best preserved is the temple of Neptune, which vividly recalls by its dimensions and form the Wall street temple of quite another kind. The original thirty-six Doric columns, each about eight feet in diameter, are yet proudly erect, and at a little distance seem in perfect condition.—Only when one comes near to them does he discover how the tooth of time has gnawed into and marred their exquisite shape. The outline of the Eastern front is yet so complete that it could be "restored" by the addition of a few great stones. All of the roof [did it have any?—ED. J. OF. C.] fell in ages ago. Long rows of other fluted columns, not far off, are the remains of a structure to which the name Basilica is given for want of a better. A third ruin still farther away is called the Temple of Ceres, or of Vesta, just as one pleases. Thus uncertain is the most accurate knowledge we now possess about Poscidonia, which the Greeks dedicated to Neptune, on a lovely site near the Mediterranean, twenty-five centuries ago. It must have been a large and important settlement in their day. But, in the present year of grace, not a single stone or trace of any edifice (of the old Greek town) can be found, except of the three I have named, the massive construction of which has alone saved any part of them to astonish and delight the modern world with their noble and beautiful proportions.

Bits of Roman antiquities lie around, but these are so very new in comparison with the glorious Greek fragments that one regards them without interest. Formerly a trip to Pæstum was attended with danger from brigands. Now your sole risk is malaria of the worst type. I am happy to inform any Americans who may desire to see the treasures of Pæstum that they may now be spared a long and fatiguing ride through a flat and monotonous country. A railway (not down in any of my guide books) has been completed from Battipaglia to Pæstum linking it directly and easily with Naples, Salerno and La Cava. We made our journey from the latter point, starting about 10 A.M. spending two hours among the ruins and getting back a little after 6—a great improvement on any possible way of "doing" Pæstum before the rails were laid. But quinine is still as indispensable to the cautious visitor now as a pistol was thirty years ago.

Hence, by a slight detour, to Pompeii and Vesuvius.

Yours very truly,
J. B. B.

Natural Enemies.

There is only just so much money in any community to spend for all purposes. There is only just so much and no more to buy with, and pay for.

The workingmen, in whose pockets are found the bulk of the money in circulation, get but so much a day or week, or month, and they can only spend what they get—no more. As a rule they can only buy what they have money to pay with.

Each and evry one of these workingmen will bear strong testimony that he is not getting wages enough to maintain himself and family in the comfort he and they desire.

Consequently every dollar spent for beer and whisky is a dollar taken out of the tills of the dealers in the necessaries of life.

In place of the retailers of this or any other city having interests in common with the beer-sellers, as the latter impudently claim, in their attempts to bulldoze others into acting with them, the reverse is true. The interests of the two classes are hostile—implacably so.

The more money spent in the saloons the less there will be spent in the dry goods stores, the groceries, the shoe stores, and the real estate offices. If a million dollars is paid out for beer and whisky the business of the sellers of the comfort and necessaries of life is decreased by that amount.

The other branches of retailing are not hostile to each other. A man and his family can only eat up so many barrels of flour per annum, and can only wear so many pairs of shoes. What money is left over and above after buying these is expended in other stores. But a man's capacity for consuming beer is infinite, and constantly increasing. He may begin by expending only one-hundredth of his wages in beer; it is not unlikely that he will end by pouring all of them down his throat.

Therefore, instead of the retailers of all kinds uniting in support of the saloons they should do just the contrary, and bend all their energies to help *Pulverise the Rum Power.—Toledo Blade.*

THE PROGRESS OF ENSILAGE.—Within the last few years ensilage has passed the experimental stage, and has been adopted by so many farmers that it may be considered as an established method among many who devote themselves to dairying. The number of silos in the United States in 1880 is said to have been only six, while it is estimated that there are now about two thousand. In England there were in 1880 only four silos, while now Mr. M. J. Sutton, in his recent admirable work on "Permanent and Temporary Pastures," estimates that there are between eleven and twelve hundred. In England, the silo will come into competition with ordinary hay-making, allowing the farmer to secure his crops of grass and clover in very wet seasons more promptly and safely than he could as hay. In this country, on the other hand, ensilage will be mainly directed to the preservation of fodder corn, a crop of admitted value, but one which is on all hands regarded as very difficult to cure. In the Southern States, the silo will allow the farmer to preserve one of his most important crops, the Southern Cow-pea. This, which is regarded as most valuable as hay, is difficult to cure, as the large leaves are shaken off in the process, but packed in the silo, they yield most valuable cattle food, probably equal in value to ensilage clover.—*American Agriculturist for June.*

A GEORGIA VOLUNTEER.

Far up the lonely mountain side
My wandering footsteps led,
The moss lay thick beneath my feet.
The pine sighed overhead;
The trace of a dismantled fort
Lay in the forest nave,
And in the shadow near my path
I saw a soldier's grave.

The bramble wrestled with the weed
Upon the lowly mound;
The simple headboard, rudely writ,
Had rotted to the ground.
I raised it with a reverent hand,
From dust its words to clear,
But Time had blotted all but these:
"A Georgia Volunteer."

I heard the Shenandoah roll
Along the vale below,
I saw the Alleghanies rise
Toward the realms of snow;
The Valley campaign rose to mind,
Its leader's name, and then
I knew the sleeper had been one
Of Stonewall Jackson's men.

He sleeps; what need to question now
If he were wrong or right?
He knows ere this whose cause is just
In God, the Father's sight,
He wields no warlike weapons now,
Returns no foeman's thrust;
Who but a coward would revile
An honored soldier's dust?

Roll, Shenandoah, proudly roll
Adown the rocky glen;
Above thee lies the grave of one
Of Stonewall Jackson's men.
Beneath the cedar and the pine
In solitude austere,
Unknown, unnamed, forgotten lies
A Georgia volunteer.

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC.

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket;
'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, his death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac, to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires are gleaming;
A tremulous sigh as the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above with glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack—his face dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother—may heaven defend her.

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustles the leaves?
Was it moonlight so suddenly flashing?
It looked like a rifle. "Ha! Mary, good-bye!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac, to-night;
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever!

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

BY FAHTER RYAN.

Furl that banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it—let it rest.

Take that Banner down, 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered,
Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it;
Hard to think there's none to hold it;
Hard that those, who once unrolled it,
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner—furl it sadly;
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theris entwined dissever,
Till that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom, or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that Banner, it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

For though conquered, they adore it!
Love the cold dead hands that bore it!
Weep for those who fell before it!
Pardon those who trailed and tore it!
But, oh! wildly they deplore it,
Now who furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory.
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages,
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly,
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead!

IN HER NINETY-NINTH YEAR.—*Norwalk, Conn.*, May 26.—Mrs. Polly Burdick, of Brookfield, now in her ninety-ninth year, is the oldest person in her town or vicinity and among the oldest in the State. She was born on November 9, 1787, married November 20, 1806, and has been the mother of thirteen children, the oldest now living being J. L. Burdick, of Brookfield, who is in the seventy-seventh year of his age. Mrs. Burdick has within the last year lost her memory to a great extent. Previous to that it was interesting to hear her talk of events which happened long before the war of 1812. During her long life she has never had a serious illness. By the fireside, when others seem sad, she even now breaks forth in some one of the church tunes in which she joined during her girlhood. A contented spirit and a mind untroubled by the anxieties of every-day life have been vouchsafed her. There appears to be no reason why she may not live to see her one hundredth birthday.

"My love, what magic spell is thrown
Upon your face? Its charm I own.
Whence came thy pure and pearly teeth?
Thy rosy lips Thy perfumed breath?"
She said, in accents sweet and clear,
"'Tis only SOZODONT, my dear."

The Atmosphere of Love
Is a pure, sweet breath. This desideratum is one of the results of using SOZODONT, which not only invigorates and preserves the teeth, but renders the mouth as fragrant as a rose.

"SPALDING'S GLUE," handy about the house, mends everything.