Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY,
Editor and Proprietor.

$2.00 A YEAR.

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

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

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Courts—Alleghany, Bath and Highland, Va., and Pocahontas, West Virginia.
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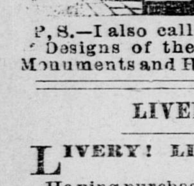
OFFICE:—Over Turner & Harman's Grocery Store. dec 21—tf

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

MARBLE WORKS.

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



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

LIVERY STABLES.

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

CARRIAGE FACTORIES

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.
☞ We will also manufacture any vehicle to order, of the best materials, and in the most workmanlike manner, at LOWEST PRICES.
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.

WANTED!
Dry Yellow Poplar Lumber
by CLINEDINST & BODELL, Carriage Manufacturers,
Jan31-tf Staunton, Va

☞ CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000. ☜
Tickets only $5. Shares in proportion.

L.S.L.
Louisiana State Lottery Company.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Quarterly Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early
Commissioners.

We the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in The Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.
J. H. OGLESBY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
J. W. KILBRETH, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $550,000 has since been added.
By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2nd, A. D., 1879.
The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.
It never scales or postpones.
Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place Monthly, and the Extraordinary Drawings regularly every three months instead of Semi-Annually as heretofore.
A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. EIGHTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS H, IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY August 10, 1886—195th Monthly Drawing
CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000.
100,000 Tickets at Five Dollars Each. Fractions, in Fifths in proportion.

LIST OF PRIZES:—

1	CAPITAL PRIZE		$75,000
1	do	do	25,000
1	do	do	10,000
2	PRIZES OF	$6000	12,000
5	do	2000	10,000
10	do	1000	10,000
20	do	500	10,000
100	do	200	20,000
300	do	100	30,000
500	do	50	25,000
1000	do	25	25,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

9	Approximation Prizes of	$750	6,750
9	do	do 500	4,500
9	do	do 250	2,250

1967 Prizes, amounting to $265,500

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.
For further information, write clearly, giving full address. POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders, or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed
M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.
or M. A. DAUPHIN, Washington, D. C.
Make P. O. Money Orders payable and address Registered Letters to—
NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
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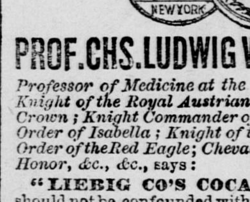
DRUGS AND MEDICINES.



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.
HER MAJESTY'S FAVORITE COSMETIC GLYCERINE.
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.
dec9 '85-1y

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324 and 326 Pearl St., New York.
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jy7-4t

DO NO MORE WHITEWASHING
NOT WHEN
PLASTIC PAINT
Can be had so cheap. Send for pamphlet and color card, and learn its merits.
MAXWELL, HAZLETT & CO.,
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PARKER'S TONIC,
A Pure Family Medicine that Never Intoxicates.
If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use PARKER'S TONIC.
HISCOX & CO.,
63 William Street, New York.
Sold by all druggists in large bottles at One Dollar.

Newspaper Advertising.
DAUCHY & CO,
27 Park Place and 24-26 Murray St., New York.
Make lowest rates on all newspapers in the U. S. and Canada. Established 1867.
SPECIAL OFFER. We will insert a one-inch advertisement one month in our selected list of 225 Dailies and Weeklies, covering the U. S., for $260. Circulation 6,980,292 copies per month.
Send for Catalogue. Parties contemplating a line of advertising, large or small, are requested to send for estimate of cost.
We will insert a one-inch advertisment one month in our
POPULAR LOCAL LISTS
of 1,130 Daily and Weekly newspapers for $600. No patent list papers are included. jy7-4t

1848 Carriage Factory. 1886
In acknowledging a liberal patronage in the past, and renewing our solicitations for the future, we beg to say that—
Hardy's Old Reliable
CARRIAGE FACTORY,
204 MAIN STREET, STAUNTON, VA.,
continues to progress with the times, and offers

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHÆTONS, AND SPRING WAGONS, in every variety of style and warranted workmanship.
In addition to our own manufacture, we keep on hand and will order Eastern and Western work of all patterns and styles desired.
My son, E. C. HARDY, who has been reared to the business, is now interested in it, and will continue, as formerly, to give his special attention to our country custom.
je30 '86 J. M. HARDY.

THE COLD-WATER DIP.
(THYMO-CRESOL.)
A very highly concentrated, non-poisonous fluid—mixes readily with cold or warm water—the simplest, safest, surest cure for—
LICE,
Mange, Scab, all Insect Pests, all Skin troubles, and many other Diseases of Live Stock. Recommended by many prominent Breeders. See circular, sent on application.
T. W. LAWFORD & CO., Baltimore, Md.
M. ERSKINE M[illegible]R, Agent, [illegible]TON, VA.
apr21-6m

RURAL SERMONS.

A SERIES OF HOLIDAY DISCOURSES BY DR. TALMAGE—"VOICES OF GARDENS AND FIELDS"—THE CHEAP SPARROW."

"THE HAMPTONS," LONG ISLAND, SUNDAY, July 18.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., is continuing his series of sermons on "Voices of Gardens and Fields." His subject to-day was, "The Cheap Sparrow," and the text, Luke xii., verse 6: "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?" Following is the discourse in full:

You see the Bible will not be limited in the choice of symbols. There is hardly a beast, or a bird, or insect, which has not been called to illustrate some divine truth—the ox's patience, the ant's industry, the spider's skill, the hind's sure-footedness, the eagle's speed, the dove's gentleness, and even the sparrow's meanness and insignificance. In Oriental countries none but the poorest people buy the sparrow and eat it—so very little meat is there on the bones, and so very poor is it, what there is of it.—The comfortable population would not think of touching it any more than you would think of eating a bat or a lamprel.—Now, says Jesus, if God takes such good care of a poor bird that is not worth a cent, won't he care for you, an immortal?

We associate God with revolutions. We can see a divine purpose in the discovery of America, in the invention of the art of printing, in the exposure of the Gunpowder Plot, in the contrivance of the needle-gun, in the ruin of an Austrian or Napoleonic despotism; but how hard it is to see God in the minute personal affairs of our lives! We think of God as making a record of the starry host, but cannot realise the Bible truth that he knows how many hairs are on our head. It seems a grand thing that God provided food for hundreds of thousand of Israelites in the desert; but we cannot appreciate the truth that when a sparrow is hungry God stoops down and opens its mouth and puts the seed in. We are struck with the idea that God fills the universe with His presence; but cannot understand how He encamps in the crystal palace of a dew drop, or finds room to stand without being crowded between the alabaster pillows of a pond lily. We can see God in the clouds. Can we see God in these flowers at our feet? We are apt to place God on some great stage—or to try to do it—expecting Him there to act out His stupendous projects; but we forget that the life of a Cromwell, an Alexander, or a Washington, or an archangel, is not more under divine inspection than your life or mine.—Pompey thought there must be a mist over the eyes of God because He so much favored Cæsar. But there is no such mist. He sees everything. We say God's path is in the great waters. True enough! but no more certainly than He is in the water in the glass on the table. We say God guides the stars in their courses. Magnificent truth! but no more certain truth than that He decides which road or street you shall take in coming to church. Understand that God does not sit upon an indifferent or unsympathetic throne, but that He sits down beside you to-day, and stands beside me today, and no affair of our lives is so insignificant but that it is of importance to God.

In the first place, God chooses for us our occupation. I am amazed to see how many people there are dissatisfied with the work they have to do. I think three-fourths wish they were in some other occupation, and they spend a great deal of time in regretting that they got in the wrong trade or profession. I want to tell you that God put into operation all the influences which led you to that particular choice. Many of you are not in the business that you expected to be in. You started for the ministry and learned merchandise; you started for the law and you are a physician; you preferred agriculture and you became a mechanic. You thought one way; God thought another. But you ought not to sit down and mourn over the past. You are to remember that God—a beneficent God, a kind God, a loving God—arranged all these circumstances by which you were made what you are.

Hugh Miller says: "I will be a stonemason;" God says: "You will be a geologist." David goes out to tend his father's sheep; God calls him to govern a nation.—Saul goes out to hunt his father's asses, and before he gets back finds the crown of mighty dominion. How much happier would we be if we were content with the places God gave us! God saw your temperament, and all the circumstances by which you were surrounded, and I believe nine-tenths of you are in the work you are best fitted for.

I hear a great racket in my watch, and I find that the hands, and the wheels, and the springs are getting out of their places. I send it down to the jeweller's and say: "Overhaul that watch, and teach the wheels and the spring and the hands to mind their own business."

You know a man having a large estate.—He gathers his working hands in the morning and says to one; "You go and turn that vine;" to another: "You go and weed those flowers;" to another: "You plough that tough glebe;" and each one goes to his particular work. The owner of the estate points the man to what he knows he can do best; and so it is with the Lord. He calls us up and points us to that field for which we are best fitted. So that the lesson for to-day, coming from this subject, is: "Stay cheerfully where God puts you."

I remark further: That God has arranged the place of our dwelling. What particular city or town, street or house you shall live in, seems to be a mere matter of accident. You go out to hunt for a house, and you happen to pass up a certain street, and happen to see a sign, and you select that house. Was it all happening so? Oh, no! God guided you in every step. He foresaw the future. He knew all your circumstances, and he selected just that one house as better for you than any one of the ten thousand habitations in the city. Our house, however humble the roof and however lowly the portals, is as near God's heart as an Alhambra or a Kremlin. Prove it, you say: Proverbs iii., 33: "He blesseth the habitation of the just."

I remark further: That God arranges all our friendships. You were driven to the wall. You found a man just at the crisis who sympathised with you and helped you. You say: "How lucky I was!" There was no luck about it. God sent that friend just as certain as he sent the angel to strengthen Christ. Your domestic friends, your business friends, your Christian friends, God sent them to bless you, and if any of them have proved traitorous, it is only to bring out the value of those who remain. If some die, it is only that they may stand at the outpost of heaven to greet you at your coming.

You always will have friends—warm-hearted friends, magnanimous friends; and when sickness comes to your dwelling, there will be watchers; when trouble comes to your heart, there will be sympathisers; when death comes, there will be gentle fingers to close the eyes and fold the hands, and gentle lips to tell of the resurrection.—O, we are compassed by a bodyguard of friends! Every man, if he has behaved himself well, is surrounded by three circles of friends—those of the outer circle wishing him well; those in the next circle willing to help him; while close up to his heart are a few who would die for him. God pity the wretch who has not any friends! He has not behaved well.

I remark again, that God puts down the limit to our temporal prosperity. The world of finances seems to have no God in it. You cannot tell where a man will land. The affluent fall; the poor rise. The ingenious fail; the ignorant succeed. An enterprise opening grandly shuts in bankruptcy, while out of the peat dug up from some New England marsh the millionaire builds his fortune. The poor man thinks it is chance that keeps him down; the rich man thinks it is chance which hoists him; and they are both wrong. It is so hard to realize that God rules the money market, and has a hook in the nose of the stock gambler, and that all the commercial revolutions of the world shall result in the very best for God's dear children. My brethren, do not kick against the divine allotments. God knows just how much money it is best for you to lose. You never gain unless it is best for you to gain. You go up when it is best for you to go up, and go down when it is best for you to go down. Prove it, you say. I will: Romans viii., 28:—"All things work together for good to them that love God." You go into a factory and you see twenty or thirty wheels, and they are going in different directions. This hand is rolling off this way, and another hand another way; one down and another up.—You say: "What confusion in a factory!" O, no! all these different hands are only different parts of the machinery. So I go into your life and see strange things. Here is one providence pulling you one way, and another in another way. But these are different parts of one machinery by which He will advance your everlasting and present well-being. Now you know that a second mortgage, and a third and fourth mortgage is often worth nothing. It is the first mortgage that is a good investment. I have to tell you that every Christian man has a first mortgage on every trial, and on every disaster, and it must make a payment of eternal advantage to his soul. How many worriments it would take out of your heart, if you believed that fully. You buy goods and hope the price will go up, but you are in a fret and a frown for fear the price will go down. You do not buy the goods using your best discretion in the matter, and then say: "O Lord! I have done the best I could; I commit this whole transaction into Thy hands." That is what religion is good for, or it is good for nothing.

There are two things, says an old proverb, you ought not to fret about: First, things that you can help; and second, things which you cannot help. If you can help them, why do you not apply the remedy? If you cannot help them, you might as well surrender first as last. My dear brethren, do not sit any longer moping about your ledger. Do not sit looking so desponding upon your stock of unsaleable goods. Do you think that God is going to allow you, a Christian man, to do business alone?—God is the controlling partner in every firm; and although your debtors may abscond, although your securities may fail, although your store may burn, God will, out of an infinity of results, choose for you the very best results. Do not have any idea that you can overstep the limit that God has laid down for your prosperity.—You will never get one inch beyond it.

God has decided how much prosperity you can stand honorably, and employ usefully, and control righteously; and at the end of 1886 you will have just so many dollars and cents, just so much wardrobe, just so much furniture, just so many bonds and mortgages, and nothing more. I will give you one hundred dollars for every penny beyond that. God has looked over your life. He knows what is best for you, and He is going to bless you in time, and bless you for eternity; and He will do it in the best way.

Your little child says: "Papa, I wish you would let me have that knife." "No," you say, "it is a sharp knife and you will cut yourself." He says: "I must have it." "But you cannot have it," you reply. He gets angry and red in the face, and says he will have it; but you say he shall not have it. Are you not kind in keeping it from him? So God treats his children. I say: "I wish, heavenly Father, to get that." God says: "No, my child." I say: "I must have it." God says: "You cannot have it." I get angry and say: "I will have it." God says: "You shall not have it;" and I do not get it. Is He not kind and loving and the best of Fathers? Do you tell me there is no rule and regulation in these things? Tell that to the men who believe in no God and no Bible. Tell it not to me.

A man of large business concludes to go out of his store, leaving much of his investments in the business, and he says to his sons: "Now, I am going to leave this business in your hands. Perhaps I may come back in a little while, and perhaps not. While I am gone you will please look after affairs." After awhile the father comes back and finds everything at loose ends, and the whole business seems to be going wrong. He says: "I am going to take possession of this business—you know I never fully surrendered it; and henceforth consider yourselves subordinates." Is he not right in doing it? He saves the business. The Lord seems to let us go on in life, guided by our own skill, and we make miserable work of it. God comes down to our shop or our store, and says: "Things are going wrong. I come to take charge. I am master and I know what is best, and I proclaim my authority." We are merely subordinates.

It is like a boy at school with a long sum that he cannot do. He has been working at it for hours, making figures here and rubbing out figures there, and it is all mixed up; and the teacher, looking over the boy's shoulder, knows that he cannot get out of it, and, cleaning the slate, says: "Begin again." Just so God does to us. Our affairs get into an inextricable entanglement, and He rubs everything out and says, "Begin again!" Is He not wise and loving in so doing?

I think the trouble is that there is so large a difference between the divine and the human estimate as to what is enough. I have heard of people striving for that which is enough, but I never heard of any one who had enough. What God calls enough for man, man calls too little. What man calls enough, God says is too much. The difference between a poor man and a rich man is only the difference in banks. The rich man puts his money in the Nassau Bank or the Park Bank or Fulton Bank, or some other bank of that character, while the poor man comes up and makes his investments in the bank of Him who runs all the quarries, all the mines, all the gold, all the earth, all heaven. Do you think a man can fail when he is backed up like that?

I want to bring this truth close up to the heart of those people in this audience who have to calculate rigid economy, who are perplexed how they will make the old garment hold out a little longer, with whom the great question is not which is the best investment or the most lucrative security, but how shall I make the two ends meet? To such people I bring the condolence of this Christian truth.

You may have seen a map on which is described, with red ink, the travels of the children of Isreal through the desert to the Promised Land. You see how they took this and that direction, crossed the river and went through the sea. Do you know God has made a map of your life with paths leading up to this bitterness and that success, through this river and across that sea? but, blessed be God! the path always comes out at the Promised Land. Mark that! Mark that!

I remark again: That all those things that seem to be but accidents in our life, are under the divine supervision. We sometimes seem to be going helmless and anchorless. You say: "If I had some other trade; if I had not gone there this summer; if I had lived in some other house." You have no right to say that. Every tear you wept, every step you have taken, every burden you have carried, is under divine inspection, and that event which startled your whole household with horror God met with perfect placidity, because He knew it was for your good. It was part of a great plan projected long ago. In eternity when you come to reckon up your mercies, you will point to that affliction as one of your greatest blessings. God has a strange way with us. Joseph found his way to the prime minister's chair by being pushed into a pit; and to many a Christian down is up. The wheat must be flailed; the quarry must be blasted; the diamond must be ground; the Christian must be afflicted; and that single event, which you supposed stood entirely alone, was a connecting link between two great chains, one chain reaching through all eternity past, and the other chain reaching through all eternity future, so small an event fastening two eternities together.

A missionary, coming from India to the United States, stopped at St. Helena while the vessel was taking water. He had his little child with him. They walked along by an embankment, and a rock at that moment became loosened, and falling instantly killed the child. Was it an accident? Was it a surprise to God? Had he allowed His servant after a life of consecration, to come to such a trial? Not such is my God. There are no accidents in the Divine mind, though they may seem so to us. God is good, and by every single incident of our life, whether it be adverse or otherwise, before earth and heaven, God will demonstrate His mercy.

I hear a man say, "That idea belittles God. You bring Him down to such little things." O! I have a more thorough appreciation of God in little things than I have in great things. The mother does not wait until the child has mashed its foot or broken its arm before she administers sympathy. The child comes in with the least bruise and the mother kisses it. God does not wait for some tremendous crisis in our life, but comes down to us in our most insignificant trials, and throws over us the arms of His mercy.

Going up the White mountains some years ago I thought of that passage in the Bible that speaks of God as weighing mountains in a balance. As I looked at those great mountains I thought, Can it be possible that God can put these great mountains in scales? It was an idea too great for me to grasp; but when I saw a blue-bell down by the mule's foot, on my way up Mount Washington, then I understood the kindness and goodness of God. It is not so much of God in great things I can understand, but of God in little things.

There is a man who says: "That doctrine cannot be true, because things do go so very wrong." I reply it is no inconsistency on the part of God, but a lack of understanding on our part. I hear that men are making very fine shawls in some factory. I go in on the first floor, and see only the raw materials, and I ask: "Are these the shawls I have heard about?" "No," says the manufacturer; "go up to the next floor;" and I go up, and there I begin to see the design. But the man says: "Do not stop here; go up to the top floor of the factory, and you will see the idea fully carried out." I do so, and having come to the top, see the complete pattern of an exquisite shawl. So in our life, standing down on a low level of Christian experience, we do not understand God's dealings. He tells us to go up higher and higher, until we begin to understand the divine meaning with respect to us, and we advance until we stand at the very gate of heaven, and there see God's idea all wrought out—a perfect idea of mercy, of love, of kindness. And we say: "Just and true are all thy ways." It is all right at the bottom. Remember there is no inconsistency on the part of God, but it is only our mental and spiritual incapacity.

Some of you have been disappointed this Summer—vacations are apt to be disappointments, but whatever have been your perplexities and worriments, know that "Man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." Ask these aged men in this church if it is not so. It has been so in my own life. One Summer I started for the Adirondacks, but my plans were so changed that I landed in Liverpool. I studied law and I got into the ministry. I resolved to go as a missionary to China, and I stayed in the United States. I thought I would like to be in the East, and I went to the West; all the circumstances of life, all my work, different from that which I expected. "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps."

So, my dear friends, this day take home this subject. Be content with such things as you have. From every grass blade under your feet learn the lesson of divine care, and never let the smallest bird flit across your path without thinking of the truth, that "five sparrows are sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God." Blessed be His glorious name forever. Amen.

Friendly Advice to Cleveland.

A LETTER OF BILL NYE'S WHICH HAS JUST SEEN THE LIGHT.

HUDSON, WIS., June 3, '86.

The Hon. Grover Cleveland, Washington, D. C.

MY DEAR SIR:—You have now assumed a new duty and taken upon yourself an additional responsibility. Not content with the great weight of national affairs sufficient to crush any other pachyderm, you have cheerfully and almost gleefully become a married man. While I cannot agree with you politically, Grover, I am forced to admire your courage.

This morning a new life opens out to you—the life of a married man. It is indeed a humiliating situation. To be a President of the United States, the roustabout of a free people, is a trying situation; but to be a newly-married President, married in the full glare of official life, with the eye of a divided constituency upon you, is to place yourself where nerve is absolately essential. I am surprised, Grover, honestly, as between man and man, that you should have tried to add housekeeping to all this other agony. Had you been young and tender under the wings, I might have understood it; but you must admit, in the quiet and sanctity of your own home, Grover, that you are no gosling. You have arrived at man's estate. You have climbed the barbed-wire fence which separates the fluff and bloom and blossom and bumble-bees of impetuous youth from the yellow fields and shadowy orchards of middle life. You now stand in the full glare of life's meridian. You are entering upon a new experience. Possibly you think that because you are President the annoyance peculiar to the life of a new, green groom will not reach you. Do not fool yourself in this matter. Others have made the same mistake. Position, wealth, and fame cannot shut out the awkward and trying circumstances which attend the married man even as the sparks are prone to fly upward.

It will seem odd to you at first, Mr. President, after the affaris of the nation have been put aside for the day and the Government fire-proof safe locked up for the night, to go to your boudoir and converse with a bride with one corner of her mouth full of pins. A man may write a pretty fair message to Congress, one that will be accepted and printed all over the country, and yet he may not be fitted to hold a conversation with one corner of a woman's mouth while the other is filled with pins. To some men it is given to be great as Statesmen, while to others it is given to be fluent conversationalists under these circumstances.

Mr. President, I may be taking a great liberty in writing to you and touching upon your private affairs, but I noticed that everybody else was doing it, and so I have nerved myself up to write to you, having once been a married man myself, though not under the same circumstances. When I was married I was only a plain justice of the peace, plodding quietly along and striving to do my duty. You were then sheriff of your county. Little did we think in those days that now you would be a freshly-married President and I the author of several pieces which have been printed in the papers. Little did we think then, when I was a justice of the peace in Wyoming and you a sheriff in New York, that to-day your timothy lawn would be kicked all to pieces by your admiring constituents, while I would be known and loved wherever the English language is known and tampered with.

So we have risen together, you to a point from which you may be easily observed and flayed alive by the newspapers, while I am the same pleasant, unassuming, gentlemanly friend of the poor that I was when only a justice of the peace and comparatively unknown.

I cannot close this letter without expressing a wish that your married life may be a joyous one, as the paper of Laramie has said, "and that no cloud may ever come to mar the horizon of your wedded bliss." (This sentence is not my own. I copy it verbatim from a wedding notice of my own written by a Western journalist who is now at the Old Woman's home.)

Mr. President, I hope you will not feel that I have been too forward in writing to you personally over my own name. I mean to do what is best for you. You can truly say that all I have ever done in this way has been for your good. I speak in a plain way sometimes, but I don't beat about the bush. I see that you do not want to have any engrossed bills sent to you for a couple of weeks. That's the way I was. I told all my creditors to withhold their engrossed bills during my honeymoon, as I was otherwise engrossed. This remark made me a great many friends and added to my large circle of creditors. It was afterward printed in a foreign paper and explained in a supplement of eight pages.

We are all pretty well here at home. I may go to Washington this Fall if I can sell a block of stock in the Pauper's Dream, a rich gold claim of mine in Elk mountain. It is a very rich claim, but needs capital to develop it. (This remark is not original with me. I quote from an exchange.)

If I do come over to Washington, do not let that make any difference in your plans.

Remember that I have not grown cold toward you just because you have married. You will find me the kind of a friend who will not desert you just when you are in trouble.

Yours, as heretofore,
BILL NYE.

P. S.—I send you to-day a card-receiver. It looks like silver. Do not let your wife bear on too hard when she polishes it. I was afraid you might try to start into keeping house without a card-receiver, so I bought this yesterday. When I got married I forgot to buy a card-receiver, and I guess we would have frozen to death before we could have purchased one, but friends were more thoughtful, and there were nine of them among the gifts. If you decide that it would not be proper for you to receive presents, you may return the card-receiver to me or put it in the cellar-way till I come over there this fall.

B. N.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

It was a lovely rural home, and was called "The Lilacs," but it might as well have had any other name suggestive of bloom and fragrance.

It could as appropriately have been designated "Hawthorn Bower," for in June the house was almost buried under the scented snow of the great thorn trees which stood around it, their towering heads and spreading arms laden with that summer glory.

But the place had always been known as "The Lilacs" since Aunt Barbara's father had brought his young wife home to it on a day when the lilac trees were gorgeous with pyramids of flowers and all the perfumed air redolent of their greeting.

In due time the first occupants of the homestead slept in the churchyard, and their son Roger Lincoln ruled in their stead. His wife died early and he did not long survive her.

Then his sister Barbara settled permanently at "The Lilacs" with her little Katharine, the orphan child of her dead brother.

A pleasant home the two, so dissimilar, made for each other, and farm and orchard and kitchen-garden and grape-wall prospered under the administration of the judicious woman, who might otherwise have been lonely and unoccupied.

Ten years after the death of Roger Lincoln his only child had grown to lovely maidenhood. Tall and graceful, with a white-rose complexion and thoughtful eyes, deeply blue as an English violet, she was as unlike the ordinary type of girlhood as the silvery *fleur de lis*, which glimmered, lustrous and pale, amongst the gaudier flowers of the quaint old garden was different from common blooms.

There was another Katharine, a daughter of another Roger Lincoln, who was cousin to the late owner of "The Lilacs;" a pretty little brunette, brisk and vivacious as a canary bird, petted and fondled by everybody, including kind Aunt Barbara and her beautiful cousin. But she was only Katie, while the young mistress of "The Lilacs" was always Katharine.

Neither of these girls lacked lovers, but Katharine of "The Lilacs" took the homage that came in her way with a careless, unresponsive grace and sweetness which, in spite of their ardor, chilled the hopes of her most eager admirers.

She had not always been so indifferent.—A certain Walter Gooderich, who had loved her well enough to be blind and unreasonable, had, a year previous, in a fit of jealous pique, hastily joined a party of young men equipped for Australia, and had taken with him, though he was ignorant of the fact, the joy and interest of her life.

Not so the piquant little Katie. She liked to have the commonplace of daily life seasoned with the pleasant condiment of admiration, and was a tormenting witch at all times, with a love of mischief that rendered her a little dangerous.

Very dangerous she was to the peace and composure of one of her neighbors, a rather gigantic young man, whose deliberate plans and ideas harmonized with his unusual stature and unhurried actions.

It was not possible to see a greater contrast between two beings of the same race than was to be found in Charles Bertram and Katie Lincoln, and people wondered that, leisurely as he was, he was always at hand and serviceable when any freak of hers was in progress. She teased and transported him alternately with her magical wiles, and had no more compassion for his woes when she made him miserable than might have been expected from such a sprite.

But the wise marveled in vain, for he loved her caprice and naughtiness better than the good behavior of anybody else, and it was the habit of seeking comfort and sympathy from the other Katharine and his custom of taking refuge with her in those periods of doubt and despondency common to lovers which had awakened the jealousy of Walter Gooderich, who misinterpreted these confidences, and led to his sudden departure for the antipodes.

But a shock which had more than one mission was preparing for the sprightly little damsel, who as yet had never known a sorrow.

Her father, Roger Lincoln, owned an extensive piece of woodland upon which was some fine timber. From this property he made an annual sale which was very important to him.

He rode out one morning to this forest lot, where his men were at work. Some were trimming and shaping the huge fallen logs for transportation, and the rhythmical strokes of the distant choppers resounded amongst the grand old trees selected for a like destination.

Leaving the first group of men, he went over to the other, when, from some inadvertence on his own part or that of the laborers, he was crushed beneath a falling pine and instantly killed.

This was a terrible blow to Katie, who had been her father's spoilt darling, and in her great grief she turned instinctively to the generous heart and protecting arms ready to shield and comfort her.

And Charles Bertram's faithfulness had its reward, for when Roger Lincoln had been six months dead he pleaded so earnestly for the right to shelter for all her days the sobered little maiden who now in her weakness nestled to him so confidingly that Aunt Barbara thought he was right, and spoke seriously to the widow, upon whose feelings hope and joy jarred keenly.

"Consent," said she. "Katie is willing if you are. It is a good settlement for the child. She shall have her wedding at 'The Lilacs' if you will let me take that off your hand, for they are full enough already."

And it was so concluded. While these things were in progress, there came one day to "The Lilacs" a letter for Aunt Barbara. Walter Gooderich had been absent and silent for more than a year, but here were tidings of him at last.

It was not a very pronounced letter, but it was written with evident feeling and a shade of humility which showed his willingness to renew a former intercourse. He begged Aunt Barbara to write to him, and in conclusion asked if Katharine was still unmarried.

The letter was answered kindly, but with some reticence. The writer did not volunteer any family news. She did not mention Roger Lincoln's death or his daughter's approaching marriage. To the question about her niece, Aunt Barbara replied that Katharine and she were living happily together, as of old; but she was not diffuse upon that point, although she knew, and was glad to know, why that information was wanted.

Walter would have liked to hear something more definite, but felt that he had no right to complain when the assurance he obtained lifted from his heart a burden of anxiety and dread.

He wrote again without delay, saying that he was tired of his present life and longed to see home once more; that he was arranging for his journey to the coast, and would embark at the nearest seaport. He was bringing home some money, he said, and should have to look for safe company on the lonely route from the interior, but he should not be very long behind his letter.

Then Katharine's sweet eyes lost the look of pain which had haunted them, and her cheek rounded again with the warm, tender bloom which in her was so much lovelier than distinct color; but she and Aunt Barbara kept their own counsel respecting that which had wrought the change.

Katie was married and gone to her new home; and to Katharine the summer days followed one another in sweet and happy expectation until earth seemed more blessed than heaven.

But as the days grew into weeks and months and Walter Gooderich came not, nor was heard of any more, an undefined terror usurped the place of that blissful security, until as time went on, she roamed aimlessly about, wan and restless as a perturbed ghost.

Aunt Barbara had little consolation to offer, but Katharine knew that she could not have lived through those dark days had it not been for the steadfast spirit and affectionate, though almost silent, sympathy of the cider woman.

Neither of them ever blamed him openly. Katharine could not, and her aunt was too wise to pierce her aching heart with harsh words of the man it cherished.

Once the girl said: "What can it mean, auntie? Could he have changed his mind after writing that second letter, taken up some new project, and forgotten me?"

"He could not be so wicked, dear," said her aunt. "Only a fool or a heartless man could possibly act in that way, and he was neither."

"Then he is dead," said Katharine—"murdered, perhaps, on his way to the coast. He said he should have money with him; and we shall never know," she added with a shudder.

Aunt Barbara looked at the pathetic face, which had grown so white at this ghostly imagination, and, taking the unhappy girl into her arms, said, while she kissed her fondly:

"Trust in the compassion of God, my darling. He sees it all."

Two years more had gone by, and time, the great consoler, had somewhat blunted the keenness of that first anguish. Aunt Barbara sometimes thought that "grief was past and hope was dead," when some chance allusion to Walter Gooderich, or some careless speculation as to his protracted absence, would so cruelly unsettle Katharine that she saw the young, tenacious heart had not attained even to the place of despair.

Aunt Barbara was not an old woman, but she had been, and still was, an active one; and she was now growing old enough to need an hour of rest and slumber in the long afternoons.

One lovely June evening, while there were still some hours of daylight left, she sat in her cushioned chair, with her feet comfortably propped by Katharine's careful hands, enjoying her usual repose.

She slept later than common, but Katharine would not waken her.

The round tea-table was laid in the bay window. A large cluster of lovely scarlet japonica, with its gold-fringed heart and dark shining foliage, flowed in its midst; and the early climbing roses outside dropped their flickering shadows upon the pure white cover.

It was a serene picture, with no visible discordance, but Katharine's thoughts had wandered away to the wide Australian pastures, and with a restless sigh she rose and went out into the fragrant garden.

The air was filled with the odor of lilac and hawthorn blossoms.

The birds were caroling in the scented trees, and she remembered with an irresistible pang that the scene was exactly such as it had been when she last saw Walter Gooderich. She was walking in the peach-orchard with Charlie Bertram, and her lover had gone away in jealous anger, and she had seen him no more.

The lines of the old ballad came to her mind—

> To the bush comes the bud and the leaf to the plain,
> But the good and the brave they come never again.

For she was sure he had been good and true, and she would think no ill of him now.

She had been growing calmer of late, but here was the battle to fight over again. She sat down wearily on the rustic bench, under the thorn tree which stood upon the lawn, and her mute passion said:—

"Have I not suffered enough? If it be possible, teach me to submit and forget!"

She sat with her back to the front gate of the grounds, and did not observe the entrance of a man, who was proceeding directly up the graveled path to the house when his eye caught the flutter of her light dress.

He stepped upon the noiseless turf and walked rapidly toward her.

Before she looked at him he was almost beside her. Then she gazed at him with absolute fear. For an instant she was not sure that she saw a living man.

He held out both hands, saying: "Katharine, have you forgotten me?"

If he had looked well and happy, his unexplained conduct might even then have hardened her heart to him, but he was so pale and haggard from present emotion and recent illness that she cried out, "Walter! Walter!" and clung to his breast like a child.

The reason of his strange behavior was simple enough and soon told, though not very coherently until the explanation was repeated to Aunt Barbara.

He had reached safely the port from which he proposed to embark, shortly after writing his second letter. It was the same at which he and his friends had landed on their arrival in Australasia.

One of his companions had found employment there in a mercantile house and had gone no further.

Walter went to see this friend before leaving for home, and the young man had given him a bundle of newspapers from their old home.

He opened one of them, and, turning to that column which always carries fateful tidings somewhere, read that:—

On the 5th of April, at "The Lilacs," New Hampshire, Charles Bertram was married to Katharine, daughter of the late Roger Lincoln.

Daughter of the *late* Roger Lincoln.—That left no room for doubt. He made no sign, but went back to the occupation he had left so hopefully with a wrung and bitter heart.

Stubborn pride had helped him to bear his loneliness and disappointment for nearly two years, but he broke down at last, and after a serious illness he decided with a longing that seemed unaccountable even to himself, to make for home once more.

And now he was here, a wiser but *not* a sadder man.—*Mileta, in Chicago Times.*

"Yes," said a physician, "poor Smith is dead. I did all that medical science could do, but nature had to take her course. In sickness nature is all powerful; the physician can only assist and direct."

"Well, how is Brown?"

"Brown is all right again, but his was one of the worst cases I ever had to contend with. Nothing but the most skillful treatment saved him from the grave."—*New York Times.*

POETRY.

COME TO ME IN DREAMS, LOVE.

> Come to me in dreams, love,
> Come when night shadows creep,
> And all the silent world, love,
> Is wrapped in slumber deep.
>
> Come to me in dreams, love,
> With thy smiling lips apart,
> Then only can I call thee mine,
> And clasp thee to my heart.
>
> Oh! come to me in dreams,
> And with thy tender eyes,
> Dispel the gloomy shadow,
> That on my spirit lies.
>
> Come to me in dreams, love,
> And clasp my hands in thine,
> Tho' darkness veils all nature,
> That hour will seem divine.
>
> Then come to me in dreams,
> Oh, love, come to me oft,
> While peaceful on my bosom,
> The wings of sleep lie soft.

S. S.

DON'T BURY ME DEEP.

BY WILL CARLETON.

[It is said that the following touching lines were inspired by an actual occurrence. Years ago there lived in Towanda, N. Y., a beautiful girl named Mary Means. Colonel Means was her father. He was a widower, and when his child began to gradually sink under the remorseless disease of consumption, he spent much of his time at her bedside. Her female companions made the situation comfortable. She passed away as easily as possible. She made one request, and oft repeated it to her father in the presence of her friends, and in the silent watch of him whose heart was bursting with anguish. It was, "Don't bury me deep, papa."]

> Lift me a bit in my bed, father,
> Press your warm lips to my cheek;
> Put your arm under my head, father—
> I am so tired and weak.
> I cannot stay long awake now—
> Many a night I shall sleep;
> Promise me one thing for my sake, now—
> Don't let them bury me deep!
>
> Cover my head with flowers, father,
> Those I loved so well to see,
> So, in the long, lonely hours, father,
> They'll be companions for me.
> If I should wake in the night, then,
> Their lips my sad face would sweep;
> Make my grave cheerful and bright then—
> Don't let them bury me deep!
>
> Call on me whene'er you pass, father,
> Where by your side I oft ran;
> Put your face down on the grass, father,
> As near to my own as you can.
> If I could look up and hear you
> Into your arms I would creep;
> Let me sometimes nestle near you—
> Don't let them bury me deep!
>
> Look! who has come for me now, father,
> Standing near to my bed!
> Some one is kissing my brow, father;
> Mamma, I thought you were dead!
> See! she is smiling so bright to you—
> Beckons for you not to weep.
> 'Tis not good-bye but good-night to you;
> They cannot bury me deep!

Cutting Timber in August.

[American Agriculturist for August.]

Experience has shown us that the best time to cut timber for posts, rails or stakes, is in August. The bark will then come off readily, and the wood becomes harder and endures longer than if cut at any other season. Hickory never makes a good post or stake, as it rots rapidly in the ground or on it, and if cut when the bark adheres, will soon rot, or likely be cut to pieces, before it can rot, by worms. But if cut in August, very few, if any, trees make a more durable rail for off the ground. The bark drops off, and the wood becomes so hard that it "jingles" when struck, while the worms do not attack it. Hickory rails, made from trees cut in August and kept off the ground, will last for fifty years.

White oak makes a durable rail or post, cut at any season, but its durability is increased at least fifty per cent. by cutting in August. "Pin oak" is unfit for posts, or for rails either, on or off the ground, when the tree has died, and is entirely unfit for posts, and almost unfit for rails, if cut when the sap is not flowing; but rails made from a pin oak tree, cut in August, will last at least twenty years off the ground. What is true of pin oak is true of red elm. If cut in August, it is as durable as hickory or white oak, as long as it is not set in or on the ground. White elm is fit for firewood only, no matter at what time it is cut, and this is true of wild cherry also. With but few exceptions the gain by cutting in August is sufficient to compensate for cutting at that time. It is not necessary that the rails or posts be split out then. The trees may be felled only, and the further work be put off until cooler weather. But it is better to split the trunks into rails or posts for later use as soon as felled; the wood will season rapidly, and the highest point of durability is attained.

THE SPHINX MYSTERY.—A great effort has at last been made to solve the enigma which for ages has remained a mystery to man. It is the great Sphinx which is about to reveal its secret and why it was erected. A company of explorers, under the direction of Maspero, have been excavating for some time back around the base of this colossus. These excavations have disclosed a temple which is said to be the oldest in the world. It has no resemblance to any of the other Egyptian temples. For a few months the marvellous Sphinx of Ghizeh will remain, perhaps for the first time since the days of Moses, free from the earth in which it was buried and we shall perhaps discover the reason of its existence.

HOW TO TELL A GIRL'S AGE.—Girls of marriageable age do not like to tell how old they are; but you can find out by following the subjoined instructions, the young lady doing the figuring.

Tell her to put down the number of the month in which she was born, then to multiply it by 2, then to add 5, then to multiply it by 50, then to add her age, then to subtract 365, then to add 115, then tell her to tell you the amount she has left. The two figures to the right will denote her age and the remainder the month of her birth. For example, the amount is 822; she is 22 years old, and was born in the 8th month (August.) Try it.

MAHONE'S LAST HUNT.—"Every hound has his last hunt, and this is the last trail of Mahone," said Senator Kenna to a *Post* reporter yesterday, referring to the Senate's rejection of Solicitor-General Goode. Senator Kenna has the highest possible opinion of Mr. Goode as a lawyer and a man. "I sat next to him in the House of Representatives for two years and within three or four seats of him for two more, and in that way," said the Senator, "one can learn a good deal about a man."—*Washington Post.*

THE BIBLE BY HEART.—"You attend Sunday-school, do you?" inquired Rev. Mr. Smith of Nellie; "then you must know a great deal about the Bible. Now tell us something nice that's in the Bible here, can you?" "Yeth thir, Sis hath some dried leaves in it, a pieth of Aunt Jane's weddin' dreth, a pieth of my dreth when I was a baby, thome hair and Sis's fellow's picture."

"Paul," said his mamma, "will you go softly into the parlor and see if grandpa is asleep?"

"Yes, mamma," whispered Paul on his return, "he is all asleep but his nose."—*New York Sun.*