**Staunton Spectator.**

RICHARD MAUZY,
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# Staunton Spectator.

VOL. 64. STAUNTON, VA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1887. NO. 24.

**Staunton Spectator.**

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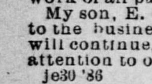
## 1848 Carriage Factory. 1886

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, PHAETONS, 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.

## 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,
dec2 Staunton, Va.

## 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,
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Agents wanted in unoccupied territory. Address DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, Richmond, Va. may19 '86-1y

## MARBLE WORKS.

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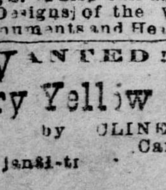
The People of Augusta and the Valley counties:
Keep your money at Home is to prosper,
Send it away is to become impoverished.



Everything is at very low prices, and I am selling Monuments, Head and Foot Stones, as low for cash as any local or traveling agent, or any Marble dealer in the United States. Don't believe anything to the contrary till you come and see.
J. C. MARQUIS.
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**Dry Yellow Poplar Lumber**
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# FOR MAN AND BEAST!

**Mexican Mustang Liniment**

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| Sciatica, | Scratches, | Contracted Muscles, |
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| Rheumatism, | Strains, | Hoof Ail, |
| Burns, | Stitches, | Screw Worms, |
| Scalds, | Stiff Joints, | Swinney, |
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| Bites, | Galls, | Piles. |
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**THIS GOOD OLD STAND-BY**
accomplishes for everybody exactly what is claimed for it. One of the reasons for the great popularity of the Mustang Liniment is found in its **universal applicability.** Everybody needs such a medicine.
**The Lumberman** needs it in case of accident.
**The Housewife** needs it for general family use.
**The Canaler** needs it for his teams and his men.
**The Mechanic** needs it always on his work bench.
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**The Pioneer** needs it—can't get along without it.
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**The Steamboat man or the Boatman** needs it in liberal supply afloat and ashore.
**The Horse-fancier** needs it—it is his best friend and safest reliance.
**The Stock-grower** needs it—it will save him thousands of dollars and a world of trouble.
**The Railroad man** needs it and will need it so long as his life is a round of accidents and dangers.
**The Backwoodsman** needs it. There is nothing like it as an antidote for the dangers to life, limb and comfort which surround the pioneer.
**The Merchant** needs it about his store among his employees. Accidents will happen, and when these come the Mustang Liniment is wanted at once.
**Keep a Bottle in the House.** 'Tis the best of economy.
**Keep a Bottle in the Factory.** Its immediate use in case of accident saves pain and loss of wages.
**Keep a Bottle Always in the Stable for use when wanted.**
feb16 '87-1y

## FARMERS,

Now is the time and
**LYNN & CO.'S**
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Best CORN-SHELLERS made.
Celebrated STUDEBAKER, wonderful CHAMPION and reliable STANDARD WAGONS.
SELF-CLOSING YARD AND GARDEN GATES.
AXLE GREASE—best mica mixed.
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Feed Cutters and Masticators, simple and reliable; Corn and Cob Mills, usual styles; Bent Wood Churns—best of all.
SUCTION and FORCE PUMPS, two superior styles.
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Best GRAIN and FERTILIZER DRILLS, *force feed, two* for sale *low* for Corn- and Oats-seeding in the Spring.
HAY-BALERS—*horse or power.* Sole agents for Dederick in Virginia and West Virginia.
STEAM ENGINES, SAW MILLS, AND HEAVY MACHINERY, a specialty.
Gum and Leather Belting, and everything in the line of Farm Steam, and Workshop Machinery and Repairs.
Prices as low as the lowest.
dec29 V & V V c LYNN & CO.

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VIRGINIA,

With Reminiscences illustrative of the Vicissitudes of its Pioneer settlers; Biographical Sketches of Citizens Locally Prominent, and of those who have founded families in the Southern and Western States; A Diary of the War, 1861-'5, and a chapter on Reconstruction,

By JOSEPH A. WADDELL,
MEMBER OF THE VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

(Seal of Augusta County), with three maps by MAJ. JED. HOTCHKISS.

1886.

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The only House of the kind in the City.
**50** different Brands from the leading Factories in Virginia on exhibition.
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## Important to the Public.
**Charles Burschell**
having purchased the stock of WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c., at Paul A. Mix's old stand, takes pleasure in informing his friends and the trade in general, that he is prepared to furnish the trade anything in the line of WATCHES, JEWELRY SILVER and SILVER-PLATED WARE, ROGERS'S KNIVES, FORKS, and SPOONS, &c., &c. I make a specialty of—
**WATCH- AND CLOCK-REPAIRING,**
and guarantee the best work in the Valley, and promptest attention. All goods bought of me engraved free of charge. Fine MONOGRAM ENGRAVING a specialty.
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## FALL AND WINTER DRESS GOODS.

I respectfully invite the attention of my customers and friends and all in want of first-class Gentlemen's FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING to my new stock, which has been received.
In VARIETY OF STYLES and ELEGANT GOODS, I have never been able to make a finer display than now.
SUITS or PIECE ARTICLES OF CLOTHING made up in the most approved styles, and warranted to give satisfaction. Goods also sold to be made elsewhere, if desired.
All I ask is a call, knowing that any taste can be pleased.
**J. A. HUTCHESON,**
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## MASON & ANDERSON,
*REAL ESTATE AGENTS,*
**Charlottesville, Va.**
*Office at Parrott's Hotel, opposite the Court-House.*

With our extensive acquaintance in the North and West, and by Liberal Advertising both in Europe and this country, we hope to do a large business, buying, selling and renting FARMS, MILLS, and CITY PROPERTY. Refer to WHITE & GORDON, Staunton, Va.
sepl '86-1y*

## G. G. CHILD,
*Druggist and Pharmacist,*
19 East Main Street,
jan12 '87 STAUNTON, VA.


## WHAT KILLS AMERICANS.

**Fast Living—Reckless Eating—Hard Drinking—Poor Sleeping—Social Jealousy—Political Ambition—Violent Passions The Race for Money.**

The alarming disease of this country is nervous debility and prostration. It goes under many names but it is essentially the same complaint. Hospitals and private institutions for nervous patients are crowded. The average of life in the United States is decreasing every year. Sudden deaths from nervous collapse among our business, professional and public men are so frequent as scarcely to excite remark. The majority of suicides, committed without apparent reason, or under so-called "depression of spirits," are really prompted by nervous prostration, which is a fruitful source of insanity and crime with all their grief and horror.

These facts are startling. They threaten the very life of the nation. They assail the springs of its power and prosperity. They wreck manhood's strength and woman's usefulness and beauty.

Every one should know the causes. What are they? The answer is easy and terribly plain: Our vicious personal habits; our careless and lawless eating and drinking; the intense mental and physical strain arising from our mad race after money, position and influence; the fears and struggles of poverty; the use of narcotics and stimulants; our fashion of turning day into night and night into day; and, briefly, our desperate willingness to pay any price for an hour's pleasure or success. So we burn life's candle at both ends and fill the lunatic asylums and the graveyards.

The disease from which we suffer and die is, in plain English, *Nervous Dyspepsia*, as it is seated in the Nerves and in the organs of Digestion, Assimilation and Nutrition. Healthy digestion being impeded or destroyed, the whole body, nerves included, is *literally starved;* even when there is no emaciation to tell the sad story.

Nervous prostration sends out its warnings:—headache in the morning; a persistent dull heaviness or aching at the base of the brain; wakefulness; loss of appetite and disgust with food; loss of mental energy and interest in ordinary duties and business; restlessness and anxiety without any assignable reason; eructations; bad breath; foul mucous on the teeth; occasional giddiness; palpitation of the heart; sallowness of the skin; coated tongue and gradual failure of strength and ambition.

The remedy is a total abandonment of the habits and customs which cause the disease in each individual case, and the use of *Shaker Extract of Roots* (Seigel's Syrup) to cure the mischief already done. This great remedy, prepared by the Shaker Community of Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., is especially adapted to eradicate Nervous Dyspepsia. To do this it acts directly and gently but powerfully upon the disordered stomach, liver and kidneys, restoring their tone and vigor, promoting the secretion of bile, expelling waste matters from the system, and purifying the blood.

Upon the nervous system *Shaker Extract* (Seigel's Syrup) acts as a safe and wholesome anodyne without the slightest narcotic effect, and then leaves the nerves to regain their natural tone and strength through its wonderful influence upon the function of nutrition.

It is safe to say more nervous dyspeptics have been restored by it from the depths of misery to a fresh enjoyment of life and labor than by any or all other forms of treatment combined.

jy28 '86-1y


## A MIDNIGHT INVASION.

Madame Carrelle's school was a remarkable institution, and the madame was a remarkable woman. I was of, what Byron calls, the bread-and-butter age, and therefore, did not appreciate these thing much; but I did appreciate the four lovely girls who were my intimates. Vestella Raymond was my favorite.

I shall never forget an incident related by her brother.

She and her mother lived alone on their estate, and were one day alone in the house—the servants being all out a straggling ruffian entered the parlor where they sat, and demanded their money and jewels.

Mrs. Raymond was paralyzed with fear. Vestella feigned excessive terror, and taking a small box from her pocket, she handed it to him with the key, saying:

"We were preparing for a journey and had packed up our jewels. I believe this box contains them; will you open it and see? My fingers tremble so I cannot unlock it."

The man laid his pistols on the sofa for the purpose of unlocking the box, when Vestella snatched them up; and commanded him not to stir hand or foot.

It was his turn to be appalled, for there was no mistaking the will flashing from those eyes, and there was no trembling in the finger that pressed the trigger.

He remained motionless.

In a few moments the servants entered, and he was secured.

This was Vestella's style, and she manifested it in various ways among us. But the steely vigor of her character was softened and rendered lustrous by the glittering polish of mirthfulness and frolic.

Her merry conversation was our unfailing antidote for homesickness. So cheerful and affectionate, so warm-hearted and confiding. And what sarcastic observations she would make, not exactly "upon men and things," but upon things in general, and the madame in particular.

At her instigation we five formed ourselves into a society "for the mutual discussion and preservation of all such secrets as it seemed unadvisable to communicate to our many friends among the other young ladies in the school."

Our rules provided that there should be no reserve upon any subject between the members; that any interview with a gentleman should be faithfully reported, and all that transpired at said interview; and that any member guilty of falling in love should have her hair cut short, and woven into bracelets for the other four.

Vestella was a rogue, a mischief, a very Amazon. She could skate, ride, swim, and oh, dear, I cannot mention half her exploits. Yet when I remembered how she hung over me through the long nights, when I was racked with fever, away from home and friends, how nearly she filled the place of a mother to me, I felt persuaded that, if the members of our society had an opportunity to fall in love, she would be the first one to improve it.

The house was built in a style uncommon in this country. Its peculiarity consisted in two square towers upon the front—one upon each corner—giving it the appearance of an Episcopial church.

Vestella called it the double-barreled school-house. The house proper was three stories in height, and the towers rose one story above the roof. The windows in each story opened upon a broad veranda, extending across the front of the house, and quite around each tower, and these piazzas were supported one above the other by slender pillars.

The upper story in each tower had formerly been used as deposit for old furniture and other rubbish, but when Vestella entered the school, her rambling disposition led her into one of these rooms, and nothing would do but it must be fitted up for her occupation. She had such a taking way with her, and the increased popularity of madame's establishment had so often forced upon her mind the propriety of shortly enlarging her building, that Vestella carried her point, and was installed in the "tower-top."

It suited the society, for we could discuss our secrets without danger of being overheard, and could vent the explosions of mirth which they often elicited, without risk of a visit from the hall-teacher.

The lawns and gardens extended in front of the house for a great distance, with a great slope, terminating in a circular pond, surrounded by an artificial grove. It was my delight in the afternoons, at such hours as we were not required to be in our rooms, or at recitation, to take my book or fancy work, and slip away to a cunning little seat I had constructed in the shade of the grape-vines.

I was sitting here one afternoon, when I was startled by men's voices on the other side of the paling.

My first impulse was to run; but I thought, perhaps, I might gather something to report to the society. I had cautiously parted the vine leaves and peeped through a crack in the boards.

There were two young men, whom I recognized as members of the Collegiate Institute. One of them, a tall gracefully-formed young fellow, with a laughing blue eye, was conversing and gesticulating with great animation.

"I can do it—I tell you I can do it; I will wager a dozen baskets of champague that I can do it."

"Done!" exclaimed the other, grasping his hand. "But how on earth are you to get up there?'

"Just as Cleth Hyles got into the chamber at Miss King's. He climbed up the pillars to the balustrade in front of the second story, then he had to take the water-pipe to the third. There was a little projection there; he crept along that, and got into the window. Now, this is nothing to that."

"But here there are four stories."

A cold shudder crept over me, and my heart beat so, I fancied they must hear it, for I began to have some idea of their intentions.

"Yes, there are four; but just look at it. Here, you see," as he pointed towards the tower, ' in a broad piazza under each row of windows—-good resting-places—-and the pillars are just the right size to climb. But I was telling you about Cleth. He bet with Paul Faikes, a real savage jealous-tempered fellow, just as I bet with you now. He got in, and got out, and no one in the school ever knew it. He took faithful note of everything, particularly the features of the occupant. He cut off one of her curls and carried it to Paul. He had no idea that Paul had the remotest acquaintance with any of the girls. But I knew all the time that Paul had been introduced to one of them, and had been flirting desperately with her for six months. Now, it happened that her chamber was the very one— Cleth found a photograph upon her table, and carried it to Paul along with the curl, to prove that he had won the bet. But he showed it to three or four of us fellows first. It was a photograph of Paul himself. How we laughed at Paul about it; and oh, how enraged he was! He challenged poor Cleth and shot him; and now if you——"

"You needn't fear me, for I have not been flirting with any of them; least of all with that tall, fierce one up there. If she should happen to wake up——"

"I won't wake her up; I assure you."

"But you never can get down again without being caught."

"Can't I, though? I'm a good pathfinder, and never get lost."

"You will try it to-night, you say?"

"To-night at two o'clock."

And they walked off.

I was petrified with astonishment for a few moments. As soon as I could collect my scattered senses, I fled to the house, and rushed up to Vestella. All the society members were with her. I burst upon them with the terrible news I had heard.

Nellie de Lisle fell at once into a swoon. Anna Vessey screamed and wrung her hands in terror, while Florilla Carter and myself insisted upon reporting all to madame.

'No, no, girls, do nothing of the kind," said Vestella, as she calmly sprinkled water upon Nellie's face, and tried other means to restore her. "We will arrange it better than that. Come up here, all of you," she continued, after a pause, as she saw Nellie beginning to revive. "Come up here, after Mdlle. Westron has been through, and I will show you a trick that will astonish you."

The hall-teacher went her rounds every night at ten o'clock to see that the lights were all out, and the girls in order. And that night, after she had retired, we noiselessly slipped up to the appointed place.

Vestella had closed all the blinds, and dropped the curtains, fastening the two side windows, and leaving the sash of the front window up. She waited for about an hour, to be sure that all in the house were asleep, then cautiously lighted a lamp and proposed her plan.

It was adopted, with many suggestions and improvements, and much suppressed laughter from the rest of us, who had now lost all fear, and were ripe for fun.

We took the mattress from the bed—it was a new one, very thick and heavy—and set it up edgewise, just the distance of its width from the window. Then having taken out the bed-rope, we made a slip-noose in one end, and spread it open under the window, raising it a little from the floor by means of a circle of thick books. Vestella took the other end in her hand, and, having extinguished the light, stationed herself in the darkest corner, beside the mattress, ready to push it over at a signal from her.

It was now one o'clock, and we waited in breathless suspense. The clock struck two, and we were ready to drop with fatigue and drowsiness; but soon after, a light rustling, away down below, roused us to a high pitch of expectation. He was coming. How could he get along with so little noise? He must have been experienced in such undertakings.

In a few seconds we heard his hands creak, as he grasped the balustrade, and immediately his head and shoulders were thrust through the window. The mattress seemed to startle him.

He looked around, listened, then seemingly impressed with the necessity of greater caution, he gently set one foot upon the floor, then the other, then stood erect, and looked and listened again.

Vestella pulled the cord with all her strength, and down he went.

Down went the mattress upon him, smothering his exclamations, if he uttered any.

Each of us flew to a corner, and held it down with all the force we could muster in our trepidation.

We heard no sound from him, and felt no struggles.

He evidently felt himself in a scrape, and had shrewdness enough to perceive that the more quietly he took it, the more easily he would get through.

What little noise there was, occasioned a bustle in the room below; the hall-teacher rapped at the door. "Now," I thought, "all is over with us."

"Miss Raymond."

"Well, mademoiselle," replied Vestella drowsily, as if just awakened from a sound sleep.

"Is all quiet in your room?"

"Perfectly, mademoiselle."

"I heard a noise as of some one falling."

"So did I, mademoiselle. It must have been in the street. I will open the door directly."

' Oh no; I would not disturb you. Good-night."

After all had become quiet, Vestella knelt down beside the mattress, and putting her lips to the edge, said in a voice scarcely above a whisper:

"Young man, you're a prisoner."

"I surrender at discretion," he answered in a singularly low and quiet tone.

It was the same voice I had heard in the garden.

"Will you submit to our terms if I let you out.

"I will"

"First, then, you are to move as quietly as possible. You are to answer all questions we propose; and when you speak, speak in a very low voice. Now let him up, girls."

We all took our seats in a row, Vestella in the center, and lit the lamp. The young man arose, and we had a full view of his face. There were the same laughing blue eyes I had seen in the garden. They were not laughing now, however—they were cast down, and the whole expression of his face was decidedly sheepish.

"Upon your knees, young man," said Vestella sternly, putting on an awful frown.

He knelt at the distance of about three paces from Vestella's feet, with such unstudied grace, and I could think of nothing but Raleigh receiving knighthood from Queen Elizabeth.

"Give us your name, sir, and your history. Tell us for what purpose you came here, and how you did it. There are four stories here, you know."

He started as if a bullet had struck him. He glanced nervously at each of us, turned red, then pale, then reddered again, then hung his head; but at length found his voice, told us his name, his history, his connections, and ended by assuring us that his object was merely a frolic; that he meant no harm to any one.

"You were to take faithful note of every thing in the room, particularly the features of the occupant"—he started again—"you have an opportunity now."

He remained silent.

"Can you remember how we all look, or would you like photographs?" He was still silent, blushing deeper and deeper.

"It is my duty to hand you over to Madame C—— that you may be dealt with according to law. What have you to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?"

"Oh, ladies, I do entreat you to spare me exposure. I will submit to any terms you impose. I should be expelled from the institute; my mother's heart would be broken by the disgrace; I should lose all my friends——"

"Listen, then, to the sentence of the court." Vestella whispered to us, and each took her stand in a separate corner of the room. "In consideration of your extreme youth, and the distress which a knowledge of your foolish freak would bring upon friends, this court—the Court of Independent and Honorable Misses—has determined not to make public your misdemeanor; but I do hereby adjudge you to kneel before each of these young ladies separately, ask their forgiveness, and give them your promise that you will never attempt anything of the kind during your whole life. Then return to me and sign a confession which I shall write, and which shall be left with the court for your future good behavior. After which you must have a cupful of cold water poured over your head. This you can show to your comrades as evidence that you won the bet. Now, sir."

He arose from his knees, and, walking straight up to Anna Vessey, knelt before her, and executed that part of his sentence. Then to Florilla, and so on to all of us, using different terms to every one, expressing himself so elegantly, and with such apparent sincerity, that we were secretly enraptured with, and forgave him readily, though none of us spoke.

Then came the water ceremony.

Vestella filled a large cut-glass pitcher with water, and, making him stoop with his face over the washstand, poured it over his head.

Then we each filled it in turn and poured it over his head and down his neck, until his curls were all straightened out, and no two hairs were lying in the same direction.

"Now, sir," said Vestella, "you can sign this confession, and then go down the way you came up. You are a good pathfinder, and I hope you will not get caught again. Tell your comrades that you found the 'tall fierce one' wide awake."

He crept to the window.

We followed him to the balustrade, saw him reach the ground and run nimbly down the lawn.

The whole scene had occupied but little more than an hour.

Having assisted Vestella to arrange her bed, we scuttled back to our own.

So ended the "Midnight Invasion."

## That Old Maid.

"Dear me, there goes that old maid! How glad I am that I will never be one—that my wedding day comes so soon."

"The bright-faced girl sewing at the window glanced up for a moment at the sorrowful figure passing by, then bent her head again over the dainty garment which was to be a part of her trousseau. Her aunt at the opposite window did not answer, looking after Miss Cordon with a thoughtful expression.

"I do hate old maids, don't you?" continued the young girl, lightly, as her bright needle flashed in and out of the filmy laces I think it would be perfectly dreadful to be one. I would rather marry a Chinese; and then Miss Cordon is so queer; she is so deaf, and she wears those old-fashioned collars that surely were made in the ark."

"My dear, dear Stella, how you do talk!" Mrs. Newcome laid down her embroidery and looked at her niece with reproving eyes. "There is no disgrace equal to that of marrying without love, and as for Miss Cordon's peculiar ways, they are all born of self-sacrifices which makes them beautiful in my estimation. If you knew her life as well as I do, you would see in it an inward beauty which would hide all outward blemishes."

"But if she is so lovable, or was so lovable, why did no man ever love her?"

"My dear child, when Jennie Cordon was your age she had more lovers than you ever dreamed of having, for she was not only as sweet and winning as yourself, but she was rich, and men will always follow in the wake of gold; but she refused them all—yes, even the man she loved as you do Harry. And for what—shall I tell you?"

"Yes." Stella began to look interested.

"For the sake of a sister."

"Why, how could that be?" Stella threaded her needle with a thoughtful inquiry upon her face.

"Well, I have kept the story sacred always, but I know you will respect the confidence and I think I shall tell you of it, for it will convince you that the woman who does not marry is often more noble than the noblest wife and mother. Wifehood and motherhood are the highest phases of a woman's life, yet the women who never knew them are often more exalted through the renunciation than they would have been in the gaining.

"Very few people speak of old maids in these days as you have done. We are entering into a new era for women. Fifty years ago it was considered a disgrace for a woman not to marry. In these days the world scarcely troubles itself about the matter. The stronger individuality of women, their growing independence, place them in a position where they are not dependant upon brother or husband for support. They are free to choose, and they do not care to marry for a home or a name. Many noble, self-supporting women do not marry because they are true to an ideal. They will not wed without love, and is not this itself an advance? I think in the old days many girls were forced into unwelcome marriages because of their fear of old-maidism."

"But, dear auntie, you married, and you have always warmly advocated marriage." Stella looked up with a puzzled look in her bright face.

"Of course; and I shall always do so—the right kind of marriages, but it is better to live single always than wed for any other motive than that of the divine one, which is love and true fitness. Life has no compensation equal to that of a strong, patient heart to lean on, and no recompense so sweet for care and pain as the clasp of little clinging arms that bring love and beauty with them. The woman who has never known these joys is to be pitied, but to those who are denied may belong a nobility and sublimity of soul that is equal to the highest type of maternity.

Stella looked at her aunt with an awakening wonder. She was impressed with her words, and this plea for single women had all the more weight since it came from a devoted wife and a woman who had been more than a mother to her. The idea was new to her, yet it seemed so very beautiful. She had never thought of it in that light before.

"Jennie Cordon has had a very bitter life," Mrs. Newcome said; "no wonder her shoulders are drooping and her face sad. Her life has been one long sacrifice. In our young days it was considered a terrible thing for a girl to be an old maid.— Young girls do not deliberately choose the single path as they do now. It was generally force of circumstances that drove them into it. Not to be married at twenty-five was considered a misfortune.

"She and I were schoolmates. After her entree into society she had many suitors; but the only one who found favor in her eyes was James Halstead, a noble-looking young fellow who had been her friend and playmate from infancy. He had been away at college during her late school-days, but when he returned, finding her a grown young lady and handsomer than ever, he fell more desperately in love with her than before. It was not long ere they were betrothed. As he had not completed his law studies, however, the time set for the marriage was indefinite.

"When she was twenty her father died, leaving a large estate. She and a young sister were the sole heirs to this fortune.— The young sister, Theresa, was then at school." She was a wild, selfish, imperious girl, insisting upon having her way in all things. From their childhood Jennie had always yielded to her caprices and tempers; and when her father died she felt herself appointed as the natural protector and guardian of this younger girl, though their father's will placed them and the property under the guardianship of an uncle, his brother.

"After the death of her father, James wished Jennie to marry him and go to his new home in one of the new towns of Southern California—a place which twenty-five years ago was a mere village. But she refused.

"Wait till Theresa is out of school," she said. 'I cannot leave her now. She requires constant care and guidance. No one understands her so well as I. Left to the stern rule of my uncle she would soon break all bounds and commit some wild folly that would wreck her life. When she has finished school I will wed you and take her with me. Besides your practice is not yet built up, and I do not acquire my property until next year, when Theresa is eighteen and I twenty-one—then it will be divided. I will not marry until I can bring you my dowry.'

"Her lover tried to persuade her, but to no purpose. She was loving and tearful but firm in her resolve.

"And after all, how was she repaid for devotion to Theresa? She was an ungrateful, selfish girl. Before the year had passed she ran away from school and married a worthless man—a really profligate young fellow, who had been disowned by his father, and who was shunned by all the respectable people of the city.

"Jennie was heartbroken at the occurrence; and to add to her great misfortune her uncle confessed to her that he had risked the greater part of their fortune, together with his own, in a mining speculation and lost it all. She and Theresa were practically penniless, as well as himself.

"The blow was a severe one but Jennie met it bravely. Her uncle offered her a home with his family as long as he lived and could support them, but she refused to be an additional burden upon him. She met him with no reproaches, for she believed that he had done all for the best."

"That was very noble of her," said Stella, who was listening intently.

"Yes, but that was not all," continued her aunt; "she immediately began to support herself by giving music lessons.— Fortunately her father had given her a fine musical education. But it was a hard life, for she had been accustomed to ease and luxury.

"Again her lover, who was still struggling for a position, wrote to her imploring her to come to him; but she refused.

"'Love will not keep us,' she said, wisely. 'I will not so hamper you. In a year from now you will be established; then I will come to you.'

"In the meantime she toiled early and late; saving the money to help furnish the little home he was buying; and she allowed him to set the wedding day.

"I think with all her hard work she was happy then, save the regret she felt for her sister's luckless marriage. She seemed cheerful and contented always when I met her, and often spoke of her approaching marriage with a grave, trustful joy that touched me deeply.

"But her life seemed doomed to sorrow. On the day before her wedding her sister came back to her a deserted, heart-broken wife. Her husband had left her in a drunken rage, refusing to support either her or her child.

"Instead of reviling her, Jennie took her back with love and forgiveness.

"'What I have is yours" she said, 'and will always be.' Then she laid away the wedding veil and the orange blossoms; saying to herself, 'not yet.'

"Poor patient heart, how she must have suffered! The love of this man was all that life held for her. The next day James arrived from the South. How sorrowful she must have felt when she placed her slender hand on his, saying:

"'We cannot marry yet. Another burden is laid upon me which I must carry for awhile, at least.'

"And how angry he was when he said:

"'You shall marry me! You have sacrificed enough for this ungrateful sister. Let her take care of herself!

"'But she is helpless; with that little child only a few months old, what would she do? No, I cannot desert her.'

"'Well, you shall either give her up and marry me, or you can take her. You must choose between us!'

"Men are often noble to exaltation, but I think they seldom realize the depth of a woman's self-sacrifice. Jennie looked at him with imploring eyes and white face, but he did not yield.

"'I will do all that I can for you. I love you and I will work for you as long as I live, but not one thing will I ever do for that miserable sister of yours. If you choose her all things must be at an end between us.'

"His words seemed cruel, yet after all he was not greatly to blame. He had borne much, and he loved her.

"The struggle must have been a hard one; no one but herself will ever know the agony of it, but she chose the duty and gave up the love.

"He went away the next day. I think she thought he would relent, but he never did. A year later he married a girl in Los Angeles, Jennie still bearing the burden which had been self-imposed. Her sister was a helpless woman, incapable of supporting herself, and she was in ill health. She did not live long, but when she was dead Jennie still had a life-long care in the little girl she left behind. Some lives seem always to slip into the yoke.

"She was ill for weeks after the marriage of her lover. It seemed to me she has never smiled since. All the youth seemed to die out of her then, and she faded into the dull, tired woman that we see daily passing our door.

"Her life has been a continued giving-up—a yielding of self to inexorable duties. No one knows the death struggle of her youth, the patient daily martyrdom that has bleached her hair and whitened her face. To die for a great cause is easy, is glorious, compared to this life-long denial, this wearing, treading through the narrow, flowerless path of duty.

"To most persons she is only a poor 'old maid' music-teacher; to me, she is one of the noblest, bravest heroines that ever lived. She has borne the life-long cross. God grant she may wear the eternal crown!"

Mrs. Newcome paused. The slender drooping figure that had passed their door a few moments before came back, stopping at the gate.

"There she is now! I am so glad she is coming in." Mrs. Newcome rose to meet her.

"God bless her!" exclaimed Stella under her breath, wiping away the tears that rose in her eyes. "God bless her.

Then she rose to meet Miss Cordon, hiding out of sight the dainty garments of her wedding outfit. It was a noble instinct that bade her do this, for these things might have brought back the old pain to the suffering heart that had laid aside the orange bloom forever.

SOIL FOR HOT-BEDS.—Long before the ground is thawed in spring, soil will be needed for hot-beds, or for window-boxes, and the provident gardener will see that in the fall a sufficient quantity of light, rich soil is placed under cover, to be ready when wanted. A cellar is a good place to store it. If this soil has been provided it is often a difficult matter to procure it in the spring, when needed. The soil underneath a manure heap, or a pile of leaves, may remain unfrozen and be available, but if this fails, the best way is to cart several loads of hot, fermenting manure to a suitable place in the garden, and thaw it out in this manner. It will be slow work if the soil is frozen deep. Thawing the soil by building a fire may be tried if at a safe distance from buildings, fences, etc. Sometimes the earth under a shed will freeze but very slightly during the winter. Next autumn secure a supply of soil in time.—*American Agriculturist for February.*

THE FARMERS MOVING.—The Virginia farmers are getting aggressive, and we are glad of it. The proceedings of the Farmers' Assembly at Richmond show that they mean to assert themselves. We are opposed to their entering politics as a class, but then they can beneficially influence politics and legislation by the exercise of wise discretion and firm purpose. They should make their weight felt in their own behalf, for their interests have been shamefully neglected.

Now that Congress is helping them they must make the Legislature help them, they must help themselves, and better times will be just ahead of them. The measure which they propose for organizing a State Board of Agriculture is a good one. Let them push it.—*Lynchburg News.*


'Tis SOZODONT the whole world tries,
'Tis SOZODONT which purifies
The breath and mouth, and dirt defies,
'Tis SOZODONT for which we cry,
Sweet SOZODONT for which we sigh,
'Tis only SOZODONT we buy.

### The Praise of Sozodont,

like the famous article itself, is in almost everybody's mouth. The people know that it preserves as well as beautifies the teeth. Hence it is the standard Tooth Wash of the Period.

"Spalding's Glue," useful in every house.


A piece of glorious and delightful news comes from San Francisco to the effect that a dynamiter has been blown up by his own infernal machine. It seems that this wicked fellow carrried a contrivance to the theatre, which he intended to throw on the stage; but happily the damnable invention went off before it could be launched on its intended mission of destruction, and a part of the audience had the pleasure to see the "engineer hoist with his own petard." This is a beautiful piece of retribution, and if the wretch dies of his injuries the universal verdict will be the just and laconic one: "Served him right."—*Norfolk Landmark.*


### What "Old Fritz" Said.

It was an aphorism of Frederick the Great's that "Facts are divine things." An undisputed fact is that Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the most powerful liver vitalizer extant, and by its characteristic and searching action will cure dyspepsia, constipation, dropsy, kidney disease, sick-headache, and other maladies which, popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, are directly traceable to a diseased condition of the liver, by which its work as purifier of the blood is made incomplete. All druggists.


## POETRY.

### THE OBJECT OF MY LOVE.

BY THE LATE DR. S. S. ROSZELL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Scared into Reformation.

AN OLD RAILROADER'S STORY—A CLOSE CALL FOR A DRUNKEN MAN.

"Out on our Nebraska line, near Sutton, Clay county," said a railroader, who for many years had owed allegiance to the great Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, "there used to live a man named Potter—a rather old man, who had seen better days, but who was then living in a dugout, about two miles from town, and close by the railroad track. He was a fearful old drunkard, too, and used to go to town about every other day and fill up at Pat Curren's saloon, starting home late in the evening, and always taking the railroad track. Being an old man, and not able to stand such big and bad doses of liquor as Pat gave him, he often fell down on the track and went to sleep. Time and again our boys stopped their trains on discovering old Potter ahead, and, of course, saved his life every time they did it. It got to be so that it was a rule of the road along by Sutton to 'look out for old Potter.' After a time the boys got tired of it, and got the local agent to notify the old man that he'd got to keep off the track or get hurt. This had no effect, and Potter used our ties for a bed quite as often as before. One winter's night in 1874, Dave Thompson—he's now superintendent at Lincoln, but he was then a freight conductor—one night Dave was running an extra cattle train from Lowell, and as they reached the top of the hill going down to Sutton, Dave was in the engine call, and he said:—

"'Keep a sharp lookout for old Potter. If he's on let's give him a scare.'

"Pretty soon the engineer sighted a dilapidated form ahead on the track, and declared that it was the old man. 'Whistle for brakes,' said Thompson, 'but let her run pretty free, and we'll shake the old man up a bit.'

"The boys all entered into the spirit of the thing. Their purpose was to run the locomotive's nose right into the old man and rouse him without hurting him, with the idea of giving him a good scare. But the weight of train and the grade proved pretty bad things to calculate to such a fine point, and when the locomotive reached the old man the boys all had their hearts in their throats and a feeling that they were little better than murderers.— They jumped down, expecting to find Potter all mashed to pieces, but there he was under the engine, snug up against the fire box, where he had been rolled and pushed along on the snow for two or three rods.— He was evidently warm on the side next the fire box and cold on the other, for just as the boys got to him they heard him mutter:—

"'I shay, ole 'oman—shay—yer pullin' all 'er cover off'n me.'

"Well the boys got him out, and were delighted to find that he wasn't much hurt. As soon as they got him thoroughly roused he was the most frightened man that ever was. That scare proved his salvation, for he braced up and reformed, and now owns one of the finest, best stocked farms in Clay county. I got this story from one of our Nebraska men, and know it to be true."—*Chicago Herald "Train Talk."*

THE PEACH.—Muriate of Potash and bone are preventives of yellows.

Peach orchards thoroughly cultivated and properly fertilized are always profitable if

Potash and phosporic acid applied as fertilizers of peach orchards make them long-

The fruit has been well selected.

lived.

Root out at once every diseased tree in your orchard.

Don't plant your peach orchard in a wet and sub-soil.

Don't allow your trees to overbear.

Don't plant in a frosty locality.

Good natural drainage is all important.—*Fruit- and Grape Grower.*


### "Oh! But I Salivated Him!"

was the actual exclamation of an honest physician, spoken of one of his patients to whom he had given calomel for the cure of biliousness and a diseased liver. And he had *salivated him* for certain, from which he never recovered. All these distressing consequenees are avoided by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," a purely vegetable remedy that will not salivate, but produce the most pleasing effect, invigorate the liver, cure headache, dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, and piles.— By druggists.


There is said to be but one lawyer in heaven. How he managed to pass St. Peter is not positively known, but it is conjectured that he passed himself off for an editor and slipped in unexpectedly. When he was discovered the startled angels searched the realms of felicity in all their length and breadth for another lawyer to draw up papers for his ejectment, but they could find none, of course, and he held the fort.


### The Delightful Liquid Laxative.

Syrup of Figs is a most agreeable and valuable family remedy, as it is easily taken by old and young, and is prompt and effective in curing Habitual Constipation and the many ills depending on a weak or inactive condition of the Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels. It acts gently, strengthens the organs on which it acts, and awakens them to a healthy activity. For sale by W. M. ALLEN & BRO., Staunton. feb2-1tst my