STAUNTON SPECTATOR AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

Staunton Spectator.

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Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY,
Editor and Proprietor.

$2.00 A YEAR.

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☞ Remittances should be made by check, draft, Postal order, or Registered letter.

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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PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY.

GEO. M. HARRISON. HENRY ST. GEO. TUCKER.
HARRISON & TUCKER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.
Having formed a partnership for the practice of Law, we offer our professional services to the public generally. Will practice in all the Courts held in the City of Staunton and Augusta county; attend regularly the Circuit Courts of Rockbridge and Alleghany counties, and practice, also, in the Court of Appeals of Virginia. sep15 '86-6m

DR. STEPHEN HARNSBERGER,
SPECIALIST.
Limited: Constipation, Diseases of Rectum.
Hours—9 to 11 A. M., and 3 to 5 P. M.
Office—Residence Cor. E. Frederick and Market Streets, opposite Augusta Female Seminary and Capt. Bledsoe's residence. au25-tf

J. M. QUARLES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
feb17, '86-tf Staunton, Va.

CHAS. F. NELSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
(Office—Sullivan Building,)
STAUNTON, VA.
Prompt attention to all legal business.
aug19-tf

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

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

S. S. SMELTZER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA
Office in Stout Building, Court-house Alley

WM. A. HUDSON. WM. PATRICK.
HUDSON & PATRICK,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.,
Will practice in the Courts of Augusta and adjoining counties. Special attention paid to collections. feb12-tf

H. M. MATHEWS. ALEX. F. MATHEWS.
MATHEWS & MATHEWS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
LEWISBURG, WEST VA.,
practice regularly in the Courts of Greenbrier, Monroe, Pocahontas and Nicholas counties, W. Va., the Court of Appeals, and the Federal Courts for the District of W. Va.
☞ Particular attention paid to Collections and to special cases anywhere in their State.
may 17—ly

THOMAS D. RANSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.
offers his professional services in the County and Circuit Courts of Augusta, and in the Hustings Court and the Court of Appeals held in Staunton. Will also prosecute claims elsewhere through legal correspondents in this and other States. may 30—1y.

PRESTON A BAYLOR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
And Solicitor in Chancery, STAUNTON, VA.,
practices in all the Courts of Augusta and adjoining counties.
OFFICE—The same formerly occupied by his father, Col. Geo. Baylor, dec'd, on Augusta st., opposite the Court-house. no 21

WM. M. McALLISTER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WARM SPRINGS, VA.
Courts—Alleghany, Bath and Highland, Va., and Pocahontas, West Virginia.
☞ Special attention given to collection of claims and proceeds promptly accounted for.
dec 23—tf

DR. JAMES JOHNSTON,
DENTIST
MAIN STREET, STAUNTON, VA.
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,
may 5 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,
Staunton, Va.
Agents wanted in unoccupied territory. Address DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, Richmond, Va. may19 '86-1y

CARRIAGE FACTORIES

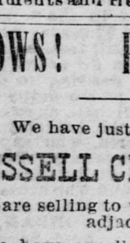
1848 Carriage Factory. 1886

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.
ja30 '86 J. M. HARDY.

MARBLE WORKS.

VALLEY MARBLE WORKS,
STAUNTON, VA.
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

PLOWS! PLOWS! PLOWS!

We have just received a large lot of
BISSELL CHILLED PLOWS
and are selling to the farmers of Augusta and adjacent counties.
We have excellent certificates from some who have used them, and will be pleased not only to show the certificates, but will take special care to exhibit the desirable points of the plow to any who may call to see us. You will find it to your interest to examine before buying elsewhere. Yours, &c.,
BAKER BROS.
P. S.—The Albemarle Ploughing Society gave our Plow 1st certificate, in a contest with seven (7) other Chilled Plows.
We have Single- and Double-Shovel Plows, and Cultivators of superior makes. feb9

WORKING CLASSES ATTENTION! We are now prepared to furnish all classes with employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light, and profitable.—Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to $5.00 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting all their time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this may send their address, and test the business, we make this offer. To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars and outfit free. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. de8 1y*

FOR
MAN
AND
BEAST!
Mexican
Mustang
Liniment

CURES

Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Burns, Scalds, Stings, Bites, Bruises, Bunions, Corns,
Scratches, Sprains, Strains, Stitches, Stiff Joints, Backache, Galls, Sores, Spavin Cracks.
Contracted Muscles, Eruptions, Hoof Ail, Screw Worms, Swinney, Saddle Galls, Piles.

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.
The Miner needs it in case of emergency.
The Pioneer needs it—can't get along without it.
The Farmer needs it in his house, his stable, and his stock yard.
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
the place to get the
Best CORN-SHELLERS made.
Celebrated STUDEBAKER, wonderful CHAMPION and reliable STANDARD WAGONS.
SELF-CLOSING YARD AND GARDEN GATES.
AXLE GREASE—best mica mixed.
OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS, without a rival—over 2,000,000 in use. Genuine Points, Landsides, &c.
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.
IRON TURBINE WIND ENGINES, lightest running and most durable.
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.

PATENTS!
Franklin H. Hough,
SOLICITOR OF AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.
925 F Street, N. W., (Near U. S. Patent Office), WASHINGTON, D. C.
Personal attention given to the preparation and prosecution of applications. All business before the U. S. Patent Office attended to for moderate fees.
When patent is granted, a drawing of your invention, with claims, your name and address, will be published in the United States Patent Office *Gazette*, a paper of immense circulation, and the only paper that publishes this free.
NO AGENCY IN THE UNITED STATES POSSESSES SUPERIOR FACILITIES FOR OBTAINING PATENTS,
or ascertaining the patentability of inventions. Copies of patents furnished for 25 cents each. Correspondence invited.

P. E. WILSON,
Wholesale and Retail
TOBACCONIST,
STAUNTON, VA.
The only House of the kind in the City.
50 different Brands from the leading Factories in Virginia on exhibition.
B. F. Gravely's SUPERIOR POUNDS, the finest in the world.
T. C. Williams & Co.'s celebrated Goods always in stock: MATTAPONI, MAY-APPLE, LUCY HINTON, VIRGIN, PROGRESS TWIST.
Yarbrough's BLACK AND BLUE TAG.
Lottier's STRAWBERRY TWIST.
Smoking Tobacco, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Supplies. oct13-6m

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.
CHAS. BURSCHELL,
Mix's Old Stand,
jy14-tf Staunton, Va.

R. F. MASON. H. H. ANDERSON
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.
sep1 '86-1y*

GENTLEMEN'S AND YOUTHS'
SPRING AND SUMMER DRESS GOODS.
I respectfully invite the attention of my customers and friends and all in want of first-class Gentlemen's SPRING AND SUMMER 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,
feb23 No. 113 E. Main Street.

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

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

NEWPORT NEWS & MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CO.,
Chesapeake and Ohio Route.
Pullman Cars and Solid Trains
EAST
TO WASHINGTON AND RICHOND.
WEST
TO LOUISVILLE AND CINCINNATI.
Connections direct for all points in the WEST, NORTHWEST, and SOUTHWEST.
In Effect Nov. 21st, 1886.

WESTWARD.	No. 3. See Notes	No. 1. Daily. Ex. Sun.
Lve Norfolk	2 35 p m	7 20 a m
Lve Old Point C'f't	3 15 p m	8 00 a m
Lve Newport News	3 40 p m	8 25 a m
Lve Richmond	6 25 p m	11 10 a m
Lve Gordonsville	9 10 p m	2 05 p m
Arr Charlottesville	10 00 p m	3 00 p m
Lve Washington	5 30 p m	9 00 a m
Arr Charlottesville	10 05 p m	1 25 p m
Lve Charlottesville	10 20 p m	3 20 p m
Lve WaynesboroJc	11 18 p m	5 06 p m
Lve Staunton	11 50 p m	5 40 p m
Arr Clifton Forge	2 15 a m	8 05 p m
Lve Clifton Forge	2 20 a m	8 30 p m
Lve Alleghany	3 23 a m	9 37 p m
Lve White Sulphur		9 50 p m
Lve Hinton	5 15 a m	11 45 p m
Lve Kanawha Falls	7 55 a m	2 45 a m
Lve Cannelton	8 15 a m	3 15 a m
Lve Charleston	9 04 a m	4 41 a m
Lve Huntington	9 45 a m	6 20 a m
Arr Ashland	10 31 a m	7 08 a m
Lve Ashland	5 35 p m	8 47 a m
Arr Columbus	11 17 p m	3 00 p m
Lve Ashland	10 31 a m	7 08 a m
Arr Mt. Sterling	1 55 p m	11 10 a m
Arr Winchester	2 30 p m	11 45 a m
Arr Lexington	3 15 p m	12 35 p m
Arr Louisville	7 15 p m	4 45 p m
Arr Cincinnati	6 00 p m	6 00 p m

EASTWARD.	No. 4. Daily.	No. 2. Except Sunday.
Lve Cincinnati	8 25 p m	8 30 a m
Lve Louisville	7 30 p m	6 50 a m
Lve Lexington	11 00 p m	11 50 a m
Lve Winchester	11 45 p m	1 00 p m
Lve Columbus	5 30 p m	11 25 a m
Lve Ashland	3 35 a m	5 55 p m
Lve Huntington	5 20 a m	8 00 p m
Arr Charleston	6 48 a m	9 55 p m
Arr Cannelton	7 35 a m	11 00 p m
Arr Kanawha Falls	7 50 a m	11 30 p m
Arr Hinton	10 23 a m	2 45 a m
Arr White Sulphur		5 00 a m
Arr Clifton Forge	1 15 p m	6 30 a m
Arr Staunton	3 41 p m	9 20 a m
Arr Waynesboro Jc	4 11 p m	9 53 a m
Arr Charlottesville	5 10 p m	11 00 a m
Arr Washington	9 40 p m	8 25 p m
Arr Baltimore	11 25 p m	11 25 p m
Arr Philadelphia	3 00 a m	3 00 a m
Arr New York	6 20 a m	6 20 a m
Lve Charlottesville	5 30 p m	11 10 p m
Arr Richmond	8 50 p m	3 00 p m
Lve Richmond		3 10 p m
Arr Newport News		5 45 p m
Arr Old Point C'f't		6 10 p m
Arr Norfolk		6 50 p m

ADDITIONAL TRAINS.—Nos. 7 and 8, daily, between Clifton Forge and Ashland, Ky.—Leave Clifton Forge 7:00 A. M., arrive Ashland 5:30 P. M., arrive Columbus, O., 11:17 P. M.—Leave Ashland 7:08 A. M., arrive Clifton Forge, 7:45 P. M.

No. 6, leaves Richmond (except Sunday) 8:45 A. M., arrives Newport News 11:15 A. M., Old Point 11:40 A. M., Norfolk 12:20 noon.

ACCOMMODATION.—Nos. 5 and 6, daily except Sunday. Leave Richmond 4:00 P. M., arrive Gordonsville, 7:25 P. M. Leave Gordonsville 5:20 A. M., arrive Richmond 8:40 A. M.

NOTES.—No. 3, daily except Sunday, Norfolk and Newport News to Richmond. Leaves Richmond, daily, with Pullman Cars and Solid Train, for Louisville and Cincinnati.

No. 4 daily, with Through Pullman Cars and Solid Trains to Washington and Richmond.

Nos. 1 and 2, daily except Sunday. Sleepers between Huntington and Clifton Forge.

Old Dominion Steamships leave Norfolk Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 6:00 P. M., for New York.

For Rates, Tickets, Baggage Checks, apply to any office of C. & O. R'y; or Depot or Ticket Office of connecting lines.

W. C. WICKHAM, 2d Vice-President. H. W. FULLER, Gen'l Pass'r Agent.
decl

SHENANDOAH VALLEY RAILROAD
S. F. Tyler, Receiver.
Time Table in effect MARCH 13, 1887.

SOUTHWARD. Standard Time, 75th Meridian.	DAILY. Express. No. 3.	Express. No. 1.
LEAVE.		
Hagerstown	8.00 A. M.	4.00 P. M.
Antietam	8.34 "	4.37 "
Shepherdstown	8.41 "	4.44 "
Shen. Junction	8.56 "	5 08 "
Charlestown	9.08 "	5.21 "
Riverton	10.24 "	6.30 "
Luray	11.34 "	7.55 "
Milnes	12.22 P. M.	8.42 "
Waynesboro Junc	2 05 "	10 08 "
Natural Bridge	4.18 "	12.20 A.M.
Roanoke	6.00 "	1.55 A.M.
ARRIVE.		
Bristol	12.15 A. M.	9 05 A. M.
Cleveland	7.40 A. M.	4.15 P. M.
Memphis	9.15 P. M.	6.10 A. M.
Atlanta	3.30 P. M.	
Montgomery	7.10 P. M	
New Orleans	7.20 A. M.	

No. 3 has Pullman Buffet Sleeper New York to Chattanooga, without change, via Harrisburg, Hagerstown, and Roanoke; also makes connection at Hagerstown with fast mail from Baltimore.

No. 1 has through connection from Philadelphia via Harrisburg and C. V. Railroad, and at Shenandoah Junction with fast express from Baltimore and Washington, via B & O. R. R.

CONNECTIONS.

At Hagerstown, Md., with the Western Maryland Railroad to and from Baltimore, Frederick, Emmittsburg, Gettysburg, Penmar, Waynesboro, Pa., and points on the Western Maryland Railroad and branches.

With the Cumberland Valley Railroad to and from Harrisburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Chambersburg, Mercersburg, Martinsburg, and points on the Cumberland Valley Railroad and branches.

Also to and from Pittsburg and the West and Northwest, and Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and the North and East.

At Shenandoah Junction, W. Va., with Main Line of Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to and from Washington and the West.

No. 3 makes close connection at Waynesboro' Junction with C. & O. Ry. East- and Westbound trains.

At Loch Laird, with Lexington Branch of Richmond & Alleghany Railroad.

At Buchanan with Main Line of Richmond & Alleghany Railroad.

At Roanoke, with Norfolk & Western Railroad.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

At Boyce, for Millwood and Winchester, Va.
At Troutville for Fincastle.

NORTHWARD. Standard Time, 75th Meridian.	DAILY. Express. No. 4.	Express. No. 2.
LEAVE.		
Roanoke	12.35 P. M.	2.30 A. M.
Natural Bridge	2.02 "	3.51 "
Loch Laird	2.29 "	4.21 "
Waynesboro Junc.	4 00 "	5.49 "
Milnes	5.20 "	7 10 "
Luray	6.20 "	8.05 "
Riverton	7.34 "	9.20 "
Berryville	8.22 "	10 09 "
Charlestown	8.44 "	10.38 "
Shen. Junction	9 03 "	11.00 "
Shepherdstown	9.20 "	11.15 "
Antietam	9 25 "	11.22 "
Hagerstown	10.00 "	11.55 "
ARRIVE.		
Ar. Washington B. & O. R. R		2.00 P. M.
Ar. Baltimore, B. & O. R. R.		3 00 P. M.
Ar. Baltimore, W. M. R. R.		3.60 P. M.
Le. Hagerstown,	10.10 P. M.	12.20 P. M.
Ar. Harrisburg, C. V. R. R.	12.50 A. M.	3.15 P. M.
Ar. Philadelphia P. R. R.	4.25 A. M.	6.50 P. M.
Ar. New York	7.30 A. M.	9.35 P. M.

No. 4 makes close connection at Waynesboro' Junction with C. & O. Railway East and Westbound trains.

No. 4 has Pullman Buffet Sleeper from Chattanooga to New York (without change) via Roanoke, Hagerstown, and Harrisburg.

No. 2 makes through connection via Shenandoah Junction and B. & O. R. R. for Washington and Baltimore, and at Hagerstown with W. M. Railroad for Baltimore, and C. V. Railroad for Harrisburg, Philadelphia and New York.

O. HOWARD ROYER, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.
DAVID W. FLICKWIR, Superintendent. Roanoke, Va.
Roanoke, Va.
C. M. FUTTERER, Pass. Agent, Hagerstown, Md.

MONEY to be made. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in this world. Any one can do the work and live at home. Either sex; all ages. Something new, that just coins money for all workers. We will start you; capital not needed.—This is one of the genuine, important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Great outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. de8-1y*

SILK-WORM EGGS of the best Yellow and White French breeds, and RUSSIAN MULBERRY TREES, for sale by—
MRS. S. A. COUGER,
Cross Keys,
feb23-2m* Rockingham County, Va.

A Terrible Surgical Operation

A FATAL MISTAKE.

THE *Cleveland* (Ohio) *Press*, of February 23d, 1883, published an account of a fatal surgical operation which caused a great commotion among medical men throughout the whole country, Dr. Thayer, the most eminent surgeon in Cleveland, pronouncing it scandalous. It appears that a Mrs. King had been suffering for many years from some disease of the stomach, which had resisted the treatment of all the physicians in attendance. The disease commenced with a slight derangement of the digestion, with a poor appetite, followed by a peculiar indescribable distress in the stomach, a feeling that has been described as a faint "all gone" sensation, a sticky slime collecting about the teeth, causing a disagreeable taste. This sensation was not removed by food, but, on the contrary, it was increased. After a while the hands and feet became cold and sticky—a cold perspiration. There was a constant tired and languid feeling. Then followed a dreadful nervousness, with gloomy forebodings. Finally the patient was unable to retain any food whatever, and there was constant pain in the abdomen. All prescribed remedies failing to give relief, a consultation was held, when it was decided that the patient had a cancer in the stomach, and in order to save the patient's life an operation was justifiable. Accordingly, on the 22d of February, 1883, the operation was performed by Dr. Vance in the presence of Dr. Tuckerman, Dr. Perrier, Dr. Arms, Dr. Gordon, Dr. Capner, and Dr. Halliwell of the Police Board. The operation consisted in laying open the cavity of the abdomen and exposing the stomach and bowels. When this had been done an examination of the organs was made, but to the horror and dismay of the doctors there was no cancer to be found. The patient did not have a cancer. When too late the medical men discovered that they had made a terrible mistake; but they sewed the parts together and dressed the wound that they had made, but the poor woman sank from exhaustion and died in a few hours. How sad it must be for the husband of this poor woman to know that his wife died from the effects of a surgical operation that ought never to have been performed. If this woman had taken the proper remedy for Dyspepsia and Nervous Prostration (for this was what the disease really was), she would have been living to-day. SHAKER EXTRACT OF ROOTS, or SEIGEL'S CURATIVE SYRUP, a remedy made expressly for Dyspepsia or Indigestion, has restored many such cases to perfect health after all other kinds of treatment have failed. The evidence of its efficacy in curing this class of cases is too voluminous to be published here; but those who read the published evidence in favor of this dyspeptic remedy do not question its convincing nature, and the article has an extensive sale.

y28 '86-1y

$25,000.00
IN GOLD!
WILL BE PAID FOR
ARBUCKLES' COFFEE WRAPPERS.

1 Premium,	-	$1,000.00	
2 Premiums,	-	$500.00	each
6 Premiums,	-	$250.00	"
25 Premiums,	-	$100.00	"
100 Premiums,	-	$50.00	"
200 Premiums,	-	$20.00	"
1,000 Premiums,	-	$10.00	"

For full particulars and directions see Circular in every pound of ARBUCKLES' COFFEE.
mar9 '87-1y

Tim and his Dog.

Ragged, starving, his thin face blue and pinched with the cold, he stood, offering his matches to the unheeding, hurrying passers by. It had been bitterly cold all day, and all day he had trudged the streets, trying in vain to make a copper or two wherewith to buy a meal and pay for a shelter this bitter night. Homeless and friendless he stood there, claiming no home but the workhouse, calling none friend but the terrier trembling at his heels.

An earnest little face he had, stamped with that look of patience which is born only of suffering bravely endured. The clear cut features were sharpened by cold and hunger, the blue eyes piteous in their glance as he scanned the faces in the moving throng. He shivered every now and then as the keen wind swept round the corner, blowing aside his fluttering rags, and making the gaslight flicker in the lamps; but his voice was cheerful as he bent down to speak to the dog cowering at his feet.

"Cold, Smut?"

Smut pressed a little closer to the boy's side, giving a monosyllable wag to his tail in answer to his master's words.

The slow minutes passed, and each moment the boy's hunger and weariness increased.

"'Taint o' no use, Smut," he said at length, in a tone of dejection; "we shan't sell to-night. 'Tis too windy fur the swells to smoke, and when 'tis so cold they won't unbutton their coats fur to take out a penny."

The dog's tail drooped dejectedly, and he heaved a long sigh as he looked up questioningly into his master's face.

"Keep up yer courage, ole man," continued the boy, with forced cheeriness, "We'll do better to-morrer, and we've spent a windy night on Blackfriars bridge afore now."

As he dragged himself wearily along the brightly lighted Strand, he paused for a moment outside a confectioner's window. Flattening his face against the glass, he gazed hungrily at the roast beef and turkey and plum-pudding so temptingly displayed within. Through the grating from the kitchen below came savory odors which filled the boy with longing and the dog with restless excitement. They had eaten nothing since the morning, and in this fasting condition a night on Blackfriars bridge was not a cheering prospect.

Two ladies walking quickly up the street were struck by the pathetic little figure.—The brilliant light from the shop window fell full upon the small pinched face and eager blue eyes, upon the untidy shock of reddish hair and the fluttering rags. The look of hunger was unmistakable, and it moved the elder lady to pity.

"Stop him for a moment, Edith; I must get him something to eat," she said, hastily entering the shop.

The pretty, fair-haired girl laid her hand on the boy's shoulder as he slowly turned away from the window.

"You are hungry?" she questioned, closely examining the intense, little face upturned to hers.

He nodded emphatically, looking up with wondering eyes at this beautiful, low voiced lady, whose cold, sweet tones seemed so full of tenderness to him.

"You are often hungry?" she continued.

"Most always," he answered, laconically.

"Well, here's a penny for you, and my friend will bring you out something to eat in a minute."

The boy was too much surprised to answer, but his sharp eyes were full of gratitude as he awkwardly touched his cap.

"Should you like to earn three pence to-morrow morning," she asked, still regarding the boy with eager interest.

"Rather!" he answered, quickly. "There ain't many things as I wouldn't do fur thripence."

"Do you know where Suffolk street is?"

"Second turning to yer right," he said promptly.

"I live at the fifth house on the left hand side as you go down," she said, slowly.—"Can you remember that?"

He nodded again, his face bright with intelligence as he followed her directions.

"I'll remember."

"Come at 11 o'clock," she said, "and ask for Miss Munro. I am going to make a picture of you—send you to the Grosvenor if you are a success. If you are a good boy you shall have three pence a day until the picture is finished.

At this moment the other lady came out of the shop with a parcel in her hand.

"Here is something to eat, my boy," she said, in a comfortable, motherly way.—"Take it home and have a good meal.—Now, Edith, if you are ready."

He watched them silently till they passed out of sight, his eyes round with astonishment.

"Here's 'a go!" he murmured, as he turned away from the brightly lighted window. "Thripence a day—why, I shall make my fortun'! Come, Smut, we'll find a doorstep and eat our supper. Oh, here's a go!"

Turning down a by street they soon found a sheltered doorstep on which they seated themselves. Smut pressed close to his master's side, eagerly sniffing at the parcel which the boy proceeded to open with fingers trembling with excitement.

"Beef, roast beef! Ain't we in luck, Smut? And hot 'taters and bread! Oh, Smut, ain't she a stunner, and no mistake?"

The food was consumed in rapturous silence, while the icy wind swept by unregarded by the happy pair in their sheltered corner.

"No nasty bridge for us, Smut; she gave me a penny, and we'll sleep in a jolly warm room to-night," said the boy presently, holding out the greasy paper for the dog to lick. "My eye! ain't we in luck? Thripence a day, Smut, that comes to one and six a week. Oh, sha'n't we be rich?"

Smut thumped his short tail loudly in response, and pushed his cold nose affectionately against his master's cheek.

"Thripence a day if I'm a good boy," he went on reflectively. "But, Smut, I ain't a good boy. I swear at the chaps when they call me 'Carrots', and I lick 'em when they say you're a ugly brute. Good boys don't fight and swear. If she finds out as I ain't good I s'pose she won't make a pictur' o' me no more—she'll stop the thripence a day. But she sha'n't find out, ole man. I'll tell her I'm a pious chap as goes to the Sunday-school. Gentlefolks think a deal o' they, Smut. Ain't they green, just?"

At 11 o'clock next morning he was admitted into the house in Suffolk street by a neat maid servant, who eyed him suspiciously as she curtly told him to follow her upstairs. He was shown into a large, barely furnished room at the top of the house, where he found his friend of the previous night seated before an easel.

"Ah, there you are," she said carelessly; "and your little dog, too. What is his name?"

"Smut? But he isn't black."

"He's been washed," explained the boy. "He was awful black when I seed him first; that's why I called him Smut. But he don't mind, bless you. He's got the temper of an angel."

"How was it he was so black when you bought him?" she asked indifferently. "He is white now."

"Didn't buy him," he said; "I fought fur him. 'Twas like this: When I was a little un, I seed two chaps with a pup they was agoin' to drown. They'd left him to starve in a coal hole, but he wouldn't die, and so they were agoin' to drown him."

"And you fought them?" questioned the girl. "That was very brave of you."

"There was nothing brave 'bout it," he said hastily. "I dared 'em to fight, one after t'other, and I licked 'em both. That's how I come to have Smut."

"He ought to feel grateful to you," she said. "Now, will you stand on that platform, and turn towards the window?—that's right. Now, lean forward a little, just as you were when I saw you looking in at the shop last night—that's capital. Stand just like that and keep as still as you can."

For some minutes she worked silently, while the boy stood perfectly still, scarcely daring to move an eyelash.

"I think we may talk a little now," she said at length; "but don't move your head when you speak.

"Where do you live?"

"Streets, most times," he said. "Summer months we sleep out o' doors, Smut and me. But winter time we get a penny lodgin' when we're in luck."

"And when you are not in luck?"

"Then we sleep on Blackfriars bridge or the 'bankment. The bridge is warmest.—There you can get a corner out of the wind if you go early, before the best seats are took. On the 'bankment 'tis fit to freeze yer marrer."

"Do you ever go to church?" questioned the girl, after a pause, fearing that he would grow restless if he did not talk.

"Constant," said the boy unblushingly; "and we go to Sunday-school reg'lar, Smut and me?

"Smut, too?" she asked absently.

"Leastways, Smut waits for me outside," he said hastily. "Oh, we're right down pious chaps, we are."

"There, I have done for this morning," she said presently, rising from her stool.—"Here is your money. I would give you more if I could afford it; but I am poor, like you. Can you come at the same time to-morrow!"

"Right you are," he said, pocketing the pence slowly.

"Then I shall expect you at 11. Good-by—good-by, Smut."

II.

As Tim walked slowly down Suffolk street one morning a mighty resolve formed itself in his mind. He ran up stairs hurriedly, fearing that his courage might forsake him if he gave himself time for thought, and his first feeling on finding the room unoccupied was one of disappointment. Smut curled himself up in his usual corner near the window, and Tim stationed himself before the easel, looking bitterly at the ragged figure which met his gaze.

"You a good boy!" he said, regarding the painting contemptuously. "You look like it, don't you? Your little game's 'bout done, ole man; you'll see the last of her."

He took his place quietly when she came in, his heart beating heavily under his ragged jacket as he gazed out silently upon the patch of gray sky. The unusual silence struck the girl, and she regarded him with something akin to interest as he stood there with the light falling upon his rigid little face.

"What makes you so quiet to-day, Tim? Has Smut been a bad dog?"

"No, it ain't Smut," returned the boy, drearily. "It's me that's been bad."

"Why, what have you done?" she asked, her eyes growing warm with amusement.

"'Twas the very first day I come here," he said, in the same dreary tones, never removing his gaze from the window. "I told you a crammer; I said as how I went to church and to Sunday school."

"And it was not true?" she questioned, lightly.

"Never been inside a church, 'cept to warm myself," he answered, doggedly. "Never been to Sunday school in all my born days."

"What made you tell such a story?" she inquired, the ludicrous side of the scene alone striking her.

"Wanted you to think I was a good chap," he returned in a low shamed voice. "You said you'd give me thripence a day if I was a good boy."

"And why do you tell me about it now?" she asked curiously. "Is it because you know that I cannot finish the picture without you?"

"No, it ain't!" he answered roughly, looking round from the window for the first time.

"Why, then?"

"Don't know 'xackly, but it ain't that," he said more quietly.

"Don't you know that it is very naughty to tell stories?" she questioned, with an uncomfortable sense that some rebuke was required of her.

"S'pose so," he answered humbly.

"Well, we'll say no more about it," she said vaguely. "But don't you do it again."

When Tim entered the studio next day he found Miss Munro sitting before her easel, looking pale and languid.

"I shall not want you this morning," she said wearily. "I am not well enough to paint to-day."

"You look awful white," said the boy gently.

"You can come to-morrow as usual," she continued in the same subdued tone. "I dare say I shall be fit for work to-morrow."

"Hope you'll feel better soon," he said as he awkwardly moved away.

He walked slowly down the street and along the embankment, his dog trotting close at his heels. A thin, gray mist hung over the river, veiling the opposite shore from view. As he looked thoughtfully across the stretch of water his eyes absently followed a boat as it silently became visible out of the mist and as silently melted away into it once more. Smut jumped up upon the wall presently, and sat there looking down gravely into the gloomy water. Tim patted the dog with an absent air, and when he spoke his voice was low and sad.

"She said as how she was poor that first night," he whispered brokenly, "and I've never given it a thought! She lays out thripence a day on that pictur' 'cos she's agoin' to sell it. Just like me and my matches, only her money takes longer coming in."

Smut was quick to read the sadness in his master's tone, and he pressed his head close against the ragged jacket with an inarticulate murmur of sympathy.

"You're sorry, ain't you, ole chap?" continued the boy wisfully. "You love her, too, don't you?"

Smut wagged his tail unenthusiastically. It was his private belief that his master overrated Miss Munro's charms.

"She's hard up," said Tim, after a pause. 'She's awful hard up, Smut. She ain't got no money to buy any breakfast—that's why she looked so white. And we had bread and hot coffee!" he ended, with a sob.

For some minutes he was silent, his eyes wide and miserable as they rested on the gray stretch of water, but his face cleared presently, and a smile parted the small lips.

"I've got it!" he cried triumphantly, raising his arms from the wall. "I'll tell her to-morrow. Come, Smut."

It was with shy eagerness that Tim entered the studio next day. His little face was pale and pinched, for he had tasted no food that morning; but his expression was one of entire happiness. In his hand he carried a parcel done up in a dingy piece of newspaper, and this he proceeded to lay timidly upon the girl's lap.

She looked helplessly from the parcel to the boy and back at the parcel again, and then the room rang with her merry laugh.

"Thank you," she said, as soon as she could speak. "I—I will look at them presently. Will you put them in the fender—for the present?"

Tim experienced a vague feeling of disappointment as he silently obeyed. He had hoped to have the pleasure of seeing her eat those potatoes, for which he and Smut had gone breakfastless this bitter morning, and her laughter had pained without enlightening him. He was almost glad when at length she told him that he might go, for he did not feel at ease in her presence to-day.

"Here is your money," she said. "It is six-pence this morning; I forgot to pay you yesterday."

"Kept it," he said awkwardly. "Keep it till I ask fur it. I don't want thripence a day no longer. I'll ask fur it when I want it."

"You want to save it up till it gets a big sum," she questioned carelessly. "You are going to buy something with it?"

"Yes," he said eagerly; "that's it. I'm agoin' to buy something."

"Very well, then, I will keep it for you safely," she returned, replacing the money in her purse.

"And I'll ask fur it when I want it," he repeated earnestly. "You'll know as I don't want it if I don't ask fur it."

Tim had never found it easy to pick up his scanty living, and the effort had been greater than ever of late. His small face regained its old, half starved look as the days passed on, but he bore himself bravely in the presence of the girl for whom he was sacrificing so much, and she never noticed the change in him.

She told him one morning that she should not need him after that week, for the finishing touches were now all that the painting required. He received the news in silence, and for the few remaining days went about sadly, treasuring up every careless word that she uttered. His affection for Smut, too, seemed to deepen as the week drew to its close, and it was with passionate misery that he talked to the dog as he washed him that Saturday morning.

"It ain't 'cos I don't love you, Smut," he said, with a sob. "You know that, ole man, don't you. And you won't forget me, will you, Smut? P'r'aps I shall see you in the street some day ole man. I shall come and look at the 'ouse constant."

His little face was pale and set as he entered the studio, and there was a strained look in the wide, blue eyes as he took his place before the window. The light fell softly upon the ragged figure, upon the warm-tinted hair, the rigid features; and the girl sitting near at hand saw it all, and felt only an artistic pleasure in her model His poverty, his wretchedness were nothing to her; he had fulfilled the service she had required of him, and would pass for ever out of her life when he left her room to-day.

"You said once as you felt lonesome at times," he said, at last, his eyes fixed earuestly on the window.

"Yes," she agreed, carelessly. "It is rather lonely up here."

He was silent again, looking steadily at the little patch of sky visible above the roofs of the houses opposite.

"Smut's a very good dog," he continued presently. "He ain't pertickler, neither—anything as is agoin' does for Smut, and he's that patient when you're out o' luck!"

"He seems an inoffensive little dog," she allowed, glancing at the terrier as he lay under the window. "Why, how white he looks to-day!"

"Been washed," exclaimed the boy, briefly. "He's a handsome dog, is Smut—when he's clean."

"There, I think I have done with you now," she said after a long silence. "You have been a very good boy, Tim, and the picture is a great success."

He descended from the platform slowly, and stood twisting his cap in his hands, while his lips twitched nervously.

"You can keep him, if you like," he said awkwardly. "He's very good company, Smut is."

"Keep him?" she echoed carelessly.—"But don't want him?"

"No," he answered slowly. "I—I'm tired o' Smut."

"In that case he can stay," she returned indifferently. "I dare say he will not be much trouble."

"He ain't a bit of trouble," said the boy wistfully. "And he's very affectionate."

"Well, he can stay," she said. "And here's your money, Tim; quite a large sum now, isn't it?"

"I—I don't want it," he returned hastily, "I said as how I'd ask fur it when I wanted it."

"But you are not coming any more, you know. I have finished with you now."

"I ain't got no place to put it to," he said. "I'm sure to lose it if I take it away."

"Well, call for it when you want it," she suggested. "Then you can see Smut."

"Yes," he echoed with a strange smile, "then I shall see Smut."

He took the dog in his arms and smoothed the rough, white coat with tender fingers.

"Smut knows as he's got to stay," he said, placing the little creature on the floor. "I'll call fur the money when I want it."

"He stood in the doorway for a moment, taking a last, lingering look at the dog trembling in the corner—at the girl as she sat there, impatiently waiting for him to go, and then with a short, dry sob, he went slowly down the steep staircase and out into the wintry street.—*B. A. Key in Longman's Magazine.*

How to Make Yourself Agreeable.

Very rarely, if ever, young persons acquire the ability to converse with ease and fluency. This implies, first of all, good ideas, clearly and sensibly expressed. An empty mind never made a good talker; remember, "you cannot draw water out of an empty well." Next is importance is self-possession. "Self-possession is nine points in the law"—of good breeding.

A good voice is as essential to self-possession as good ideas are essential to fluent language. The voice, from infancy, should be carefully trained and developed; a full, clear, flexible voice is one of the surest indications of good breeding; it falls like music on the ear, and while it pleases the listener, it adds to the confidence of its possessor, be he ever so timid. One may be witty without being popular; voluble without being agreeable; a great talker and yet a great bore. It is wise, then, to note carefully the following suggestions:

Be sincere; he who habitually sneers at everything, will not only render himself disagreeable to others, but will soon cease to find pleasure in life.

Be frank; a frank, open countenance, and a clear, cheery laugh, are worth far more, even socially, than "pedantry in a stiff cravat."

Be amiable; you may hide a vindictive nature under a polite exterior for a time, as a cat masks its sharp claws in velvet fur, but the least provocation brings out one as quickly as the other; ill-natured persons are always disliked.

Be sensible; society never lacks for fools. If you want elbow-room, "go up higher."

Be cheerful; if you have no great trouble on your mind, you have no right to render other people miserable by your long face and dolorous tones. If you do you will be generally avoided.

But above all, be cordial; true cordiality unites all the qualities we have enumerated.—*American Agriculturist for April.*

Johnny's Composition on Medicine.

"There Is two kinds of medicine besides the kind you Rub On and the first kind is the Soft Kind which you take with a spoon while A man holds your Head and you kick and Riggle some because it Tastes so and the other kind is the Hard kind which is called Pills and it is the Hardest of the whole because it is so Hard to go Down but it does not make any Difference which kind you Take when you get it Took you wish you Had not for it makes quite a Row in your Stomach and Riots Around."

Evidently Johnny's experience in medicine does not include Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are easy to take and do their work quietly and calmly. Neither does it include in the way of "Soft Medicine" Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," which though powerful to cure all chronic derangements of the liver and blood, is pleasant to the taste and agreeable in its effects. Unequaled as a remedy for all scrofulous diseases, pimples, blotches, eruptions, ulcers, swelled glands, goitre or thick neck, fever-sores and hip-joint disease.

WEST VIRGINIA SENATOR.—A Washington letter states that Col. Bushrod Price, of Marshall county, W. Va., a member of the Senate of his State, and one of the democratic kickers who defeated the re-election of United States Senator Camden at the recent session of the Legislature, says the extra-session that has been called will certainly elect a Senator, and that its choice will not be Mr. Lucas, who has been appointed Senator by Gov. Wilson.

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-t1st my

A MOTHER'S CARE.

I do not think that I could bear
My daily weight of woman's care,
If it were not for this:
That Jesus seemeth always near,
Unseen, but whispering in my ear
Some tender words of love or cheer,
To fill my soul with bliss.

There are so many trivial cares
That no one knows, and no one shares,
Too small for me to tell;
Things e'en my husband cannot see,
Nor his dear love uplift for me—
Each hour's unnamed perplexity
That mothers know so well;

The failure of some household scheme,
The ending of some pleasant dream,
Deep hidden in my breast;
The weariness of children's noise,
The yearning for that subtle poise
That turneth duties into joys,
And giveth inner rest.

These secret things, however small,
Are known to Jesus, each and all,
And this thought brings me peace.
I do not need to say one word;
He knows what thought my heart hath stirred;
And by divine caress my Lord
Makes all my throbbings cease.

And then upon his loving breast
My weary head is laid at rest,
In speechless ecstasy!
Until it seemeth all in vain
That care, fatigue, or mortal pain
Should hope to drive me forth again
From such felicity!

A STRANGE WORLD.

There's the maid who says she will,
And the maid who says she won't,
But they both get mad alike,
If you don't.

There's the man who says, "No! No!"
And the man who says, "Well—yes!"
Do they both imbibe alike?
Well, I guess!

This old world's a funny place,
And it's full of funny folks,
They will keep you in a roar
With their jokes.

They will say all sorts of things
With a countenance serene—
But they do not always say
What they mean.

So, then, do not be misled
By such hypocrites as these,
Hear them out—and then believe
What you please!
—*Somerville Journal.*

From a New Dictionary.

Anger—The reaction of others' faults upon ourselves.
Army—A body of men kept one thousand days to be used on one.
Bachelor—A wild goose that tame geese envy.
Benevolence—A service that the receiver should remember and the bestower forget.
Child—The future in the present.
Coquette—A mirror that receives all images, but preserves none.
Consistency—A church without a mortgage on it.
Conversation—The idle man's business and the business man's recreation.
Crying—A woman's weakness and a child's strength.
Death—The dealer that sweeps in the bone chips.
Debt—The example set by a government to its people.
Family—Matrimony doing penance.
Fashion—A decree that enhances beauty, but makes homliness the more conspicuous.
Heart—The abyss of reason.
Heiress—A capital wife.
Hope—The bridge between our longings and fruition, beneath which flow the waters of disappointment.
Inconsistency—A woman's prerogative; for which we never blame her unless we are its victims.
Ink—The black sea upon which thought rides at anchor.
Jealousy—The homage paid by inferiority to merit.
Justice—Truth in action.
Law—A trap baited with promise of profit or revenge.
Lawyers—The heirs of intestates.
Love—A frozen deep; before you venture see if it will bear.
Lovers—The miss-guided.
Luxury—The labor of the wealthy.
Mankind—Pieces in a game of chess, played by destiny.
Marriage—The only lottery not put down.
Mirror—A shrine, before which the functions of worshiper, priest and divinity are all enacted by the same party.
Miser—One who makes bricks that his heirs may build houses.
Money—To the wise a convenience, to the fool a necessity.
Old Maid—A woman who has missed the opportunity of making a man happy.
Pawnbroker—The man who holds your coat while you fight.
Poet—One who may bestow immortality upon others, yet finds it difficult himself even to live.
Poetry—Thought in blossom.
Prison—An oven into which society puts nowly made crime to harden.
Revenge—The only debt which it is wrong to pay.
River—A moving road, at once the highway and the conveyance.
Space—The statue of divinity.
Spoon—A hand without fingers.
Stars—Jeweled beads in the rosaries of heaven.
Success—A veneering that can hide all baseness.
Taxes—Periodical bleeding as prescribed by government.
Temptation—The test of soul.
Tenderness—Passion in repose.
Theater—Nature in the "house of correction."
Time—To the aged an atom; to the young a world.
Tongue—The boneless that can break bones.
Ugliness—The privilege in man, and unpardonable in woman.

There's nothing half so sweet in life
(Next to the joys of home and wife)
As fragrant breath, and pearly teeth,
With hard and rosy gums beneath—
And see these charms of which we sing
Have from sweet SOZODONT their spring.

Irreproachable.

Not one word of censure can justly be uttered against SOZODONT. No other dentifrice makes the teeth so white, and yet none is so entirely free from every objectionable ingredient.

What SPALDING'S GLUE has joined cannot be put asunder.

A CHILD WITH AN ELEPHANT'S HEAD.—BRIDGEPORT, CONN., March 22.—Mrs. Krettschner, a German lady, of this city, gave birth recently to a male infant which has an elephant's head, and in place of a nose a short trunk. The mouth and lips protrude like those of an elephant. The child weighs about nine pounds, and can be fed only with a spoon. The mother visited the circus winter-quarters here during the past winter and was terribly frightened by the elephants. The parents succeeded in keeping the matter to themselves until now, and very few have been permitted to see the child.

The New York *World* says: Geronimo is employed in making gardens at Fort Pickens. He expects to raise cabbage this year instead of scalps." But it will probably be a matter of regret with the bloodthirsty old scoundrel that cabbage heads are bald.—*Lynchburg Virginian.*

Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.