Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY,
Editor and Proprietor.

$2.00 A YEAR.

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

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

Staunton Spectator.

VOL. 64. STAUNTON, VA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1887. NO. 39.

Staunton Spectator.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

LOCAL NOTICES are inserted at the rate of 20 cents per line for the first, and 10 cents for each subsequent insertion.

BUSINESS NOTICES are inserted at the rate of 15 cents for the first and 8 cents for each subsequent insertion.

A liberal discount will be made on all order for 3, 6, or 12 months.

Obituaries, Announcements of Candidates for office, and all communications of a personal or private character, will be charged for as advertisements.

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

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

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*, STAUNTON, VA.
may 5

FURNITURE, &c.

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!!
Having removed our Furniture Store Room from the corner of Main and Lewis Streets to the—
SOMERVILLE BUILDING,
Main Street, two doors West of Postoffice, we invite the attention of the public to the most complete line of
Household Furniture

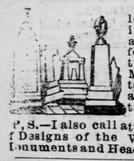
Ever offered to the people of the Valley. This Furniture has been designed and made with especial reference to the needs of this market, and, we are satisfied, will meet the wants of all who desire neat, substantial and durable goods in this line.
We are also manufacturing—
MATTRESSES
of all descriptions—Hair, Shuck, Cotton-top, and Hair-top—and renovating and renewing old Mattresses.
Chairs Bottomed at the lowest figures, and a full line of—
CHAIRS, PARLOR SUITS,
and everything else that is handled in that line, kept on hand.
We warrant all furniture sold by us to be precisely what it is sold for. If not as represented, the money will be refunded.
Respectfully,
sep22 LUSHBAUGH BROS., & CO.

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.
je30 '86 J. M. HARDY.

MARBLE WORKS.

VALLEY MARBLE WORKS, STAUNTON, VA.
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. an27-tf

DRY GOODS and CARPETS.
I. WITZ & BRO.,
Dealers in
Dry Goods, Carpets, etc.,
Main Street, opposite the Marble Yard.
In addition to our general and full stock of Staple Dress Goods, Notions, etc., we have opened in the house lately occupied by S. D. Timberlake, adjoining our own well-known stand, a larger stock than usual of Staple Goods, and a new department in
CARPETS, OIL-CLOTHS, CURTAIN-GOODS, and HOUSE-FURNISHING ARTICLES in that line.
The rear half of the spacious Store-room on the street entrance is under a full flood of light from the sky- and side-openings, and furnishes, with its wide open area, the best opportunities for examining the goods, all of which are displayed on the street floor.
This stock has been selected by Mr. M. Witz in person, and, in extent and variety, is unequaled in the State, and is offered at the lowest rates, as all in want will ascertain by examination of the goods and prices.
Returning our thanks for favors in the past, we solicit orders and an examination of our large and complete stock in the lines named, knowing that satisfaction will be given.
feb23-3m I. WITZ & BROTHER.

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
Sciatics, 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

GROCERIES, &c.

LOOK! LOOK!!
BAKER BROS.
Wishing to make some change in our business, we have decided to sell our stock of
HARDWARE
SO LOW FOR CASH that the prices will ASTONISH you, so DON'T FAIL to see us before buying. It will pay you well, for we mean to sell if at a sacrifice
HEADQUARTERS
FOR
Choice Groceries,
ROUND TOP CEMENT, CALCINED PLASTER, COAL OIL, and FERTILIZERS.
Crystal, Sea-Foam, and Lily FLOUR.
We guarantee every barrel and deliver in the city free.
NAILS, IRON, AND HORSE-SHOES,
Doors, Blinds, and Sash.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!!
NEW AND IMPROVED
TENNESSEE WAGONS,
HAY RAKES,
BISSELL CHILLED PLOWS, LIVINGSTON PLOWS,
OLIVER-CHILLED, ROLAND-CHILLED, and LIVINGSTON PLOW POINTS, on hand, and for sale CHEAP, by
july14 BAKER BROS.

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.

$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

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 prompt attention. All goods bought of me engraved free of charge. Fine MONOGRAM ENGRAVING a specialty.
CHAS. BURSCHELL,
jy14-tf Mix's Old Stand, 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.
sepl '86-1y*

G. G. CHILD,
Druggist and Pharmacist,
19 East Main Street,
janl2 '87 STAUNTON, VA.

WHAT AILS THE NATION?

The Average Length of Life Decreasing—Not Pestilence—Not Famine—All our own Fault.

MODERN COOKING AND MODERN LIVING have brought it on. It comes upon us unawares. The patients have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach; sometimes a faint, all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach which food does not satisfy. The eyes are sunken, the hands and feet become cold and feel clammy. After a while a cough sets in, at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greenish colored expectoration. The patient feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. After a time he becomes nervous, irritable and gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become costive; the skin is dry and hot at times; the blood becomes thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow; the kidney secretions becomes scanty and high colored, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste and sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is frequently attended with palpitation of the heart and Asthmatic symptoms; the vision becomes impaired, with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of great prostration and weakness. All of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one-half of our population has this disease in some of its varied forms. Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup) changes the ferments of the digestive organs so as to convert the food we eat into a form that will give nourishment to the feeble body, and good health is the consequence. The effect of this remedy is simply marvelous. Millions upon millions of bottles have been sold in this country, and the testimonials in favor of its curative powers are overwhelming. Hundreds of so-called diseases under various names are the result of indigestion, and when this one trouble is removed the other diseases vanish, for they are but symptoms of the real malady

Testimonials from thousands of people speaking highly of its curative properties prove this beyond a doubt. Sold by druggists.

ELY'S CREAM BALM
Gives Relief at once and Cures
Cold in Head.
CATARRH,
Hay Fever.
Not a Liquid, Snuff, or Powder. Free from Injurious Drugs and Offensive odors.
CATARRH
ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD, CATARRH, ROSE-COLD, HAY-FEVER, DEAFNESS, HEADACHE
PRICE 50 CENTS. ELY BRO'S, OWEGO, N.Y. U.S.A.
EASY TO USE
HAY-FEVER
A particle of the Balm is applied into each nostril, is agreeable to use and is quickly absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions.
It allays pain and inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications.
A thorough treatment will cure.
Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail registered, 60 cents. Circulars sent free.
ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y
y28 '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.

The Liverpool and London —AND— Globe Insurance Co.
The Largest Fire Insurance Company in the World.
Insures against Loss or Damage by Fire or Lightning all classes of Buildings, Furniture, Merchandise, and Farm Property.
Assets in Gold over $36,000,000
Invested in the U. S. over 5,500,000
Policies issued in Currency, Gold or Sterling. All claims paid on proof of loss without deduction for interest.
ARISTA HOGE, Agent,
Office Atlas Insurance Agency,
jan26 87-1y STAUNTON, VA.

National Encampment.

DR. TALMAGE AT WASHINGTON.

ELOQUENT SERMON SUNDAY, MAY 29TH, TO THE MILITARY.

"FIFTY THOUSAND WHICH COULD KEEP RANK"—"EVERY ONE COULD SLING STONES AT A HAIR-BREADTH AND NOT MISS."

SOMETHING ABOUT THE FIGHTERS OF OLD.

"ST. JOHN SAYS THE ARMIES OF HEAVEN RIDE ON WHITE HORSES, AND I DON'T KNOW BUT MANY OF THE OLD CAVALRY HORSES OF EARTHLY BATTLES THAT WERE WOUNDED AND WORN OUT IN SERVICE MAY HAVE RESURRECTION."

WASHINGTON, May 29.—Soldiers of the National Drill listened this afternoon to a sermon by the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D., D. Soldiers from thirty-one States and Territories were present, and nineteen Governors and their staffs. Washington is full of strangers attendant upon the National Drill, having for its object improvement in military science, which began May 23 and will close to-morrow. The music before and after the sermon this afternoon was conducted by military bands. Dr. Talmage's texts were taken from 1 Chronicles, xii., 33: "Fifty thousand which could keep rank;" and Judges, xx., 15: "Every one could sling stones at a hair-breadth and not miss." The preacher said:

Companies of infantry, cavalry, artillery, and zouaves please notice, the first Scripture passage applauds the soldiers of Zebulon because they were disciplined troops.—They may have been inefficient at the start and laughed at by old soldiers because they seemed so clumsy in the line, but it was drill, drill, drill until they could keep step as one man. "Fifty thousand which conid keep rank." The second Scripture passage applauds a regiment of slingers in the tribe of Benjamin because they are dexterous marksmen. When they first enlisted they may have been an awkward squad and all their fingers were thumbs, but they practiced until when they aimed at a mark they always hit it. "Everyone could sling stones at a hair-breadth and not miss." Both texts combining to show us that if we must fight we should do it well.

There is something absorbing in the military science of the Bible. In olden times all the men between twenty and fifty years of age were enrolled in the army and then a levy was made for a special service. There were only three or four classes exempt—those who had built a house and had not occupied it; those who had planted a garden and had not reaped the fruit of it; those who were engaged to be married and yet had not led the bride to the altar; those who were yet in the first year of wedded life; those who were so nervous that they could not look upon an enemy but they fled, and could not look upon blood but they fainted.

The army was in three divisions—the centre and right and left wings. The weapons of defence were helmet, shield, breastplate, buckler. The weapons of offence were sword, spear, javelin, arrow, catapult—which was merely a bow swung by machinery, shooting arrows at vast distances, great arrows, one arrow as large as several men could lift—and ballista, which was a sling swung by machinery, hurling great rocks and large pieces of lead to vast distances. The shields were made of woven willow-work with three thicknesses of hide and a loop inside, through which the arm of the warrior might be thrust; and when these soldiers were marching to attack an enemy on the level, all these shields touched each other, making a wall moving but impenetrable; and then when they attacked a fortress and tried to capture a battlement this shield was lifted over the head so as to resist the falling missiles.—The breastplate was made of two pieces of leather, brass covered, one piece falling over the breast, the other falling over the back. At the side of the warrior the two pieces fastened with buttons or clasps.

The bows were so stout and stiff and strong that warriors often challenged each other to bend one. The strings of the bow were made from the sinews of oxen. A case like an inverted pyramid was fastened to the back, that case containing the arrows, so that when the warrior wanted to use an arrow he would put his arm over his shoulder and pull forth the arrow for the fight. The ankle of the foot had an iron boot. When a wall was to be assaulted a battering ram was brought up. A battering ram was a great beam swung on chains in equilibrium. The battering ram would be brought close up to the wall and then a great number of men would take hold of this beam, push it back as far as they could and then let go, and the beam became a great swinging pendulum of destruction.

Twenty or forty men would stand in a movable tower on the back of an elephant, the elephant made drunk with wine, and then headed toward the enemy, and what with the heavy feet and the swinging proboscis and the poisoned arrows shot from the movable tower, the destruction was appalling. War chariots were in vogue and they were on two wheels so they could easily turn. A sword was fastened to the pole between the horses so when they went ahead the sword thrust, and when they turned around it would mow down. The armies carried flags beautifully embroidered. Tribe of Judah carried a flag embroidered with a lion; tribe of Reuben, embroidered with a man; tribe of Dan, embroidered with a cherubim. The noise of the host as they moved on was overwhelming. What with the clatter of shields and the rumbling of wheels and the shouts of the captains, and the vociferation of the entire host, the prophet says it was like the roaring of the sea. Because the arts of war have been advancing all these years you are not to conclude that these armies of olden times were an uncontrollable mob. I could quote you four or five passages of Scripture showing you that they were thoroughly drilled; they marched step to step, shoulder to shoulder, or, as my texts express it, they were "Fifty thousand which could keep rank," and "Every one could sling stones at a hair-breadth and not miss."

Nothing could be more important than this great national encampment. Undrilled troops can never stand before those which are drilled. At a time when other nations are giving such care to military tactics, it behooves this nation to lack nothing in skill. We shall never have another war between North and South. The old decayed bone of contention, American slavery, has been cast out, although here and there a depraved politician takes it up to see if he can gnaw something off of it.—We are floating off further and further from the possibility of sectional strife, but about foreign invasion I am not so sure. There is absolutely no room on this continent for any other nation. I have been across the country again and again and I know that we have not a half inch of ground for the gouty foot of foreign despotism to stand on. I do not know but that a half dozen nations envious of our prosperity may want to give us a wrestle. During our civil war there were two or three nations that could hardly keep their hands off of us. It is very easy to pick national quarrels, and if our nation escapes it much longer it will be the exception. If a foreign foe should come, we want men like those of 1812, and like those who fought on both sides in 1862. We want them all up and down the coast, Puiaski and Fort Sumter in the same chorus of thunder as Fort Lafayette and Fort Hamilton, men who will not only know how to fight, but how to die. When such a time comes, if it ever does come, the generations on the stage of action will say: "My country will care for my family as they did in the soldiers' asylums for the orphans in the civil war, and my country will honor my dust as it honors those who preceded me in patriotic sacrifice, and once a year at any rate, on Decoration Day, I shall be resurrected into the remembrance of those for whom I died. Here I go for God and my country." If foreign foe should ever come all sectional animosities would be obliterated. Here go our regiments into battle, side by side, Fifteenth New York Volunteers, Tenth Alabama Cavalry, Fourteenth Pennsylvania Rifle-men Tenth Massachusetts Artillery, Seventh South Carolina Sharp-Shooters. I have no faith in the cry: "No North, no South, no East, no West." Let all four sections keep their peculiarities and their preferences, each doing its own work and not interfering with each other, each of the four carrying its part in the great harmony—the bass, the alto, the tenor, the soprano in the grand march of the Union.

I congratulate you, the officers and soldiers of this national encampment, that if a foreign attack should at any time be made you would be ready, and there would be millions of the drilled men of North and South, like the men of my first text, which could keep rank, and like the men of my second text, that would not miss a hair-breadth.

At this national drill, when thirty-one States of the Union are represented, and between the decorations of the graves of the southern dead, which took place a few days ago, and the decorations of the graves of the northern dead, which shall take place to-morrow, I would stir the Christian, patriotism and gratitude not only of this soldiery here present, but of all the people, by putting before them the difference between these times, when the soldiers of all sections meet in peace, and the times when they met in contest. Contrast the feeling of sectional bitterness in 1862 with the feeling of sectional unity in 1887. At the first date the South had banished the national air, "The Star Spangled Banner," and the North had banished the popular air of "Way Down South in Dixie." The northern people were "mudsills" and the southern people were "white trash." The more southern people were killed in battle the better the North liked it. The more northern people were killed in battle the better the South liked it. For four years the head of Abraham Lincoln or Jefferson Davis would have been worth a million dollars, if delivered on either side the line. No need now, standing in our pulpits and platforms, of saying that the North and South did not hate each other. To estimate how very dearly they loved each other, count up the bombshells that were hurled, and the carbines that were loaded; and the cavalry horses that were mounted. North and South facing each other all armed, in the attempt to kill. The two sections not only marshaled all their earthly hostilities, but tried to reach up and get hold of the sword of heaven, and the prayer of the northern and southern pulpits gave more information to the heavens about the best mode of settling this trouble than was ever used.—For four years both sides tried to get hold of the Lord's thunderbolts, but could not quite reach them. At the breaking out of the war we had not for months heard of my dear uncle, Samuel J. Talmage, president of the Oglethorpe University, in Georgia.—He was about the grandest man I ever knew, and as good as could be. The first we heard of him was his opening prayer in the Confederate Congress in Richmond, which was reported in the New York papers; which prayer, if answered, would, to say the least, have left all his northern relatives in very uncomfortable circumstances. The ministry at the North prayed one way, and the ministry at the South prayed the other way. No use in hiding the fact that the North and the South cursed each other with a withering and all-consuming curse.

Beside that antipathy of war time I place the complete accord of this time. Not long ago a meeting in New Yerk was held to raise money to build a home at Richmond for crippled Confederate soldiers, the meeting presided over by a man who lost an arm and a leg in fighting on the northern side, and the leg not lost so hurt that it does not amount to much. The Cotton Exhibition held not long ago at Atlanta was attended by tens of thousands of northern people, and by Gen. Sherman, who was greeted with kindness, as though they had never seen him before. At the New Orleans Exhibition, held two years ago, every northern State was represented. A thousand-fold kindlier feeling after the war than before the war. No more use of gunpowder in this country, except for rifle practice, or Fourth of July pyrotechnics, or a shot at a roebuck in the Adirondacks.—Brigadier-Generals in the Southern Confederacy making their fortunes as lawyers in the northern cities. Rivers of Georgia, Alabama and North Carolina turning mills of New England capitalists. The old lions of war—Forts Sumter, and Moultrie, and Lafayette, and Pickens, and Hamilton, sound asleep on their iron paws, and instead of raising money to keep enemies out of our New York harbor, raising money for the Bartholdi statue on Bedloe's Island, figure of Liberty with uplifted torch to light the way to all who want to come in. Instead of war antipathies, when you could not cross the line between the contestants without fighting your way with keen steel or getting through by passes carefully scrutinized at every step by bayonets, you need only a railroad ticket from New York to Charleston or New Orleans to go clear through, and there is no use for any weapon sharper or stronger than a steel pen. Since the years of time began their roll has there ever been in about two decades such an overmastering antithesis as between the war time of complete bitterness and this time of complete sympathy!

Contrast also the domestic life of those times with the domestic life of these times. Many of you were either leaving home or far away from it, communicating by uncertain letter. What a morning that was when you left home! Father and mother crying, sisters crying, you smiling outside but crying inside. Everybody nervous and excited. Boys of the blue and gray! whether you started from the banks of the Hudson, or the Savannah, or the Androscoggin, don't you remember the scenes at the front door, at the rail car window, on the steamboat landing? The huzza could not drown out the suppressed sadness. Don't you remember those charges to write home often, and take good care of yourself, be good boys, and the good-bye kiss which they thought, and you thought, might be forever? Then the homesickness as you paced the river bank on a starlight night on picket duty, and the sly tears which you wiped off when you heard a group at the camp-fire singing the plantation song about the old folks at home. The dinner of hard tack on Thanksgiving Day, and the Christmas without any presents, and the long nights in the hospital so different from the sickness when you were at home with mother and sister at the bedside and the clock in the hall giving the exact moment for the medicine; and that forced march when your legs ached, and your head ached, and your wounds ached, and more than all your heart ached. Homesickness which had in it a suffocation and a pang worse than death. You never got hardened as did the guardsman in the Crimean war who heartlessly wrote home to his mother: "I do not want to see any more crying letters come to the Crimea from you. Those I have received I put into my rifle after loading it, and have fired them at the Russians, because you appear to have a strong dislike of them. If you had seen as many killed as I have you would not have as many weak ideas as you now have."

You never felt like that. When a soldier's knapsack was found after his death in the American war there was generally a careful package containing a Bible, a few photographs and letters from home. On the other hand tens of thousands of homes waited for news. Parents saying: "Twenty thousand killed! I wonder if our boy was among them." Fainting dead away in postoffices and telegraph stations. Both the ears of God filled with the sobs and agonies of kindred awaiting for news, or dropping under the announcement of bad news.—Speak, swamps of the Chickahominy, and midnight lagoons, and fire-rafts of the Mississippi, and gunboats before Vicksburg, and woods of Antietam, and tell to all the mountains and valleys and rivers and lakes of North and South, jeremiads of war times that have never been syllabled.

Beside that domestic perturbation and homesickness of those days put the sweet domesticity of to-day. The only camp-fire you now ever sit at is the one kindled in stove or furnace or hearth. Instead of a half ration of salt pork, a repast luxuriant because partaken of by loving family circle and in secret confidences. O, now I see who those letters were for, the letters you, the young soldier, took so long in your tent to write, and that you were so particular to put in the mail without any one seeing you lest you be teased by your comrades. God spared you to get back, and though the old people have gone, you have a home of your own construction, and you often contrast those awful absences and filial and brotherly and lovely heartbreaks with your present residence, which is the dearest place you will find this side of heaven. The place where your children were born is the place where you want to die. To write the figures of 1862 I set up four crystals, crystals of tears. To write the figures of 1887 I stand up four members of your household, figures of rosy cheeks and flaxen hair, if I can get them to stand still long enough.

Contrast also the religious opportunities of twenty years ago with now. Often on the march from Sunday morn till night, or commanded by officers who considered the names of God and Christ of no use except to swear by. Sometimes the drumhead, the pulpit and you standing in heat or cold, all the surroundings of military life having a tendency to make you reckless. No privacy for prayer or Bible-reading. No sound of church bells. Sabbaths spent far away from the place where you were brought up. Now, the choicest sanctuaries, easy pew, all Christian surroundings, the air full of God and Christ, and heaven and doxology. Three mountains lifting themselves into the holy light—Mount Sinai thundering its law, Mount Calvary pleading the Sacrifice, Mount Pisgah displaying the Promised Land.

Contrast of national condition: 1862, spending money, by the millions, in devastation of property and life; 1887, the finances so reconstructed that all the stock gamblers of Wall street combined cannot make a national panic; 1862, surgeons of the land setting broken bones, and amputating gangrened limbs, and studying gunshot fractures, and inventing easy ambulances for the wounded and dying; 1887, surgeons giving their attentions to those in casualty of agriculture, of commerce or mechanical life, the rushing of the ambulance through our streets, not suggesting battle, but quick relief of some one fallen in peaceful industries; 1862, thirty-five million inhabitants in this land; 1887, fifty-five millions; 1862, wheat, about eighty million bushels; 1887, the wheat will be about five hundred million bushels; 1862, Pacific coast five weeks from the Atlantic; 1887, for three reasons, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific and Northern Pacific, only seven days across. Look at the long line of churches, universities, asylums and houses with which during the last few years this land has been decorated.

Living soldiers of the North and South, take new and special ordination at this season of the year, to garland the sepulchres of your fallen comrades. Nothing is too good for their memories. Turn all the private tombs and the national cemeteries into gardens. Ye dead of Malvern Hill, and Cold Harbor, and Murfreesboro, and Manassas Junction, and Cumberland Gap, and field hospital, receive these floral offerings of the living soldiers.

But they shall come again, all the dead troops. We sometimes talk about earthly military reviews, such as took place in Paris in the time of Marshal Ney, in London in the time of Wellington, and in our own land, but what tame things compared with the final review, when all the armies of the ages shall pass for divine and angelic inspection. St. John says the armies of heaven ride on white horses, and I don't know but many of the cavalry horses of earthly battles, that were wounded and worn out in service, may have resurrection. It would be only fair that, raised up and ennobled, they would be resurrected for the grand review of the judgment day. It would not take any more power to reconstruct their bodies than to reconstruct ours, and I should be very glad to see them among the white horses of Apocalyptic vision. Hark to the trumpet blast, the reveille of the last judgment! They come up. All the armies of all lands and all centuries, on whichever side they fought, whether for freedom or despotism, for the right or the wrong. They come! They come! Darius and Cyrus, and Sennacherib, and Joshua, and David leading forth the armies of Scriptural times; Hannibal and Hamilcar leading forth the armies of the Carthaginians; Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi leading on the armies of the Italians; Tamerlane and Ghengis Khan followed by the armies of Asia; Gustavus Adolphus, and Ptolemy Philopater, and Xerxes and Alexander, and Semiramis, and Washington, leading battalion after battalion. The dead American armies of 1776 and 1812, and one million of Northern and Southern dead in our civil war. They come up. They pass on in review. The six million fallen in Napoleonic battles, the twelve million Germans fallen in the thirty years' war, the fifteen million fallen in the war under Sesostris, the twenty million fallen in the wars of Justinian, the twenty-five million fallen in Jewish wars, the eighty million fallen in the Crusades, the 180 million fallen in the wars with Saracens and Turks, the thirty-five billion men estimated to have fallen in battle, enough, according to one statistician, if they stood four abreast, to reach clear around the earth 442 times.

But we shall have time to see them pass in review before the throne of Judgment, the cavalrymen, the artillerymen, the spearmen, the infantry, the sharpshooters, the gunners, the sappers, the miners, the archers, the skirmishers, men of all colors, of all epaulets, of all standards, of all weaponry, of all countries. Let the earth be especially balanced to bear their tread. Forward! Forward! Let the orchestra of the heavenly galleries play the grand march, joined by all the fifers, drummers and military bands that ever sounded victory or defeat at Eylau or Borodina, Marathon or Thermopylæ, Bunker Hill or Yorktown, Solferino or Balaclava, Sedan or Gettysburg, from the time when Joshua halted astronomy above Gibeon and Ajalon till the last man surrendered to Garnet Wolseley at Tel-el-Ke-bir. Nations, companies, battalions, ages, centuries and the universe! Forward in the grand review of the Judgment! Forward! Gracious and eternal God! on that day may it be found that we are all marching in the right regiment and that we carried the right standard, and that we fought under the right commander, all heaven, some on amethystine battlement and others standing in the shining gates, some on pearly shore and others on turreted heights, giving us the resounding, million-voiced cheer: "Lo him that overcometh!" Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen!

Man's inhumanity to woman makes countless thousands mourn, would be an applicable rendering of Burns's line, in view of the indignities she has suffered and pains undergone at the hands of unskillful physicians and quacks. Naturally modest she suffers on until forced to consult a physician regarding some female difficulty which she well knows is sapping her strength. All this embarrassment can be be avoided and a cure effected by purchasing Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" of your druggist, and taking as directed. Price reduced to one dollar.

"I think I saw your husband coming out of a barroom last evening," said a lady to a friend. "What time was it?" "About 8 o'clock." "I think you must be mistaken, then. I never knew John to leave a barroom as early as eight o'clock."—*Traveler's Magazine.*

A Run-Away Train.

There is a story in the June *Wide Awake* of a boy, the fifteen-year-old son of a locomotive engineer, who had often ridden with his father and "knew the engine pooty well." Indeed, the engineer had frequently let the boy "drive" on a long stretch of straight track.

One night he left "Dave" in charge of the engine on a siding, while he went to supper as usual. There came up a furious wind; and, after a little, some cars shot by without an engine. The wind had started back. Boy, think quick! Down grade! The Lightning Express is to come that way!

Nobody near. No telegraph wire. The trains are headed together. There is less than an hour to catch those run-away cars and pull them out of the way. No time for hesitation! He springs to the lever, picks up speed and tears away with grade and wind and steam like a whizzing arrow.

They are miles ahead. The rushing minutes are full of sudden comprehension. He almost sees through the dark, tempestuous night. What set him flying toward this plunge was thought of the Lightning Express. Now danger takes hold of him. What if he is just too late! The run-away train is in sight! Off steam! No, on again! Let the story-teller tell the rest.

He must slow up, but do it so nicely that, when he does come up with them, there shall be the least possible shock; for here is the hardest part of the business. He has nobody to help him "couple." He must be, for the nonce, both engineer and switchman. He had not thought what a formidable job this was until it stared him in the face.

On he flew revolving the situation in his head and adjusting his engine with the nicest care until he was upon the very heels of the runaway; then, with many misgivgivings, slipped out of the engine-house and crawled along the side of the locomotive, and down on the "cow-catcher."

Here, seizing the long coupler in one hand and holding on with the other, he stood watching with breathless interest the approaching collision. The suspense was agonizing. The situation was perilous. A gust of wind might sweep him from his place, he might be shaken off or crushed.

He was almost panic-stricken. A dozen times he was at the point of turning back. To his startled ears the air was full of uncanny sounds—the sweep of another tornado, the rush of the "Lightning" just ahead. But he had in him the stuff which heroes are made of. The hero, remember, is not he who is insens