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. 65. STAUNTON, VA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1887. NO. 8.

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

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.

THE ONLY LINE RUNNING SOLID TRAINS TO BALTIMORE VIA WASHINGTON.

Connecting at Harper's Ferry for all points West, Northwest, and Southwest.

Schedule in effect MAY 29th, 1887.

NORTHWARD.	410 Pass ex. Sunday.	No. 444. mixed ex. Sun.	450. mixed
Lv. Lexington	7 20 a m	12 40 p m	Sunday only.
" Staunton	9 25 a m	4 00 p m	
Ar. Harrisonburg	10 30 a m	6 15 p m	5 00 p m
" Mt. Jackson	11 27 a m	8 18 p m	6 30 p m
" Woodstock	11 55 a m	9 01 p m	7 16 p m
" Strasburg	12 24 a m	9 45 p m	8 10 p m
" Winchester	1 16 p m	11 03 p m	9 18 p m
" Charlestown	2 03 p m	12 30 a m	10 40 p m
" Harper's Ferry	2 25 p m	1 10 a m	11 20 a m
" Hagerstown	8 20 p m		
" Frederick	4 05 p m		
" Washington	5 15 p m		
" Baltimore	6 30 p m		
" Philadelphia	8 45 p m		

SOUTHWARD.	409 Pass. ex. Sun.	No. 443. Pass mixed. ex. Sun.	441 mixed ex. Sun.
Lv. Philadelphia	7 00 a m		
" Baltimore	9 00 a m		
" Washington	10 10 a m		
" Frederick	9 50 a m		
" Hagerstown	10 00 a m		
" Harper's Ferry	12 20 p m	1 35 a m	
" Charlestown	12 41 p m	2 17 a m	
" Winchester	1 40 p m	3 37 a m	
" Strasburg	2 29 p m	4 58 a m	
" Woodstock	2 59 p m	5 56 a m	
" Mt. Jackson	3 26 p m	6 43 a m	
" Harrisonburg	4 31 p m	8 55 a m	Leave.
Ar. Staunton	5 30 p m	11 25 a m	5 45 a m
" Lexington	7 25 p m		8 45 a m

CONNECTIONS.

At Harper's Ferry for all points West; at Strasburg with Manassas Branch Virginia Midland; at Staunton with Chesapeake & Ohio Railway; at Lexington with Richmond & Alleghany Railroad.

WESTWARD.

Fast Limited Express, daily, for Chicago, and Pittsburg leaves Baltimore at 10:30 a.m.. Washington at 11 45. Arrives at Chicago 8 55 a. m. Pittsburg 6 50 p. m.

Express daily for Cincinnati and St, Louis leaves Baltimore at 2 15 p m,, Washington 3 15 p.m and Harper's Ferry at 4 40 p.m. Arrives at Cincinnati 7 30 a. m, and St. Louis at 6 30 p m,

Night Express daily for St. Louis and Chicago, leaves Baltimore at 8 30 p m. Washington 9 40 p.m, and Harper's Ferry 11 51 p. m. Arrives at Cincinnati 5 30 p m, St. Louis 7 30 a m, Chicago 5 40 a m.

Night Express daily for Pittsburg leaves Baltimore at 7 45 p m, Washington 8 45 p m and Harper's Ferry at 10.29 p. m. Arrives at Pittsburg 6 30 a. m.

For tickets and further information apply to B. & O. Agents, or to B.F. Bond, Passenger Agt, Baltimore, C. E. Dudrow, Traveling Passenger Agent, Staunton, Va.

B. & O. Palace Sleeping Cars are run through to Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, and Pittsburg on all express trains.

L. M. COLE, Gen'l Ticket Agent.
C. K. LORD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
W. M. CLEMENTS, Manager.

july 6—

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,
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—ly.

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

GENTLEMEN'S AND YOUTHS'

FALL AND WINTER DRESS GOODS.

I respectfully invite the attention of my customers and friends and all in want of first-class Gentlemen's FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING to my new stock, which has been received.

In VARIETY OF STYLES and ELEGANT GOODS, I have never been able to make a finer display than now.

SUITS or PIECE ARTICLES OF CLOTHING made up in the most approved styles, and warranted to give satisfaction. Goods also sold to be made elsewhere, if desired.

All I ask is a call, knowing that any taste can be pleased.

J. A. HUTCHESON,
sept7 No. 113 E Main Street.

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

The Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Loudoun Co., Va., the cheapest company doing business in Augusta County WITHOUT ANY EXCEPTION, and as good as the best.
J. E. GUY, Agt.

Union Mutual Life Insurance Company of Portland, Maine, policies non-forfeitable, incontestable, and without restrictions as to travel after three years.
Office with W. A. Burke.
aug31-3m J. E. GUY. Ag

AGENTS WANTED to sell Photograph Albums by Sample.—These Albums are in either Morocco or best silk brocaded Plush, very handsome and durable. Large sales are made and good pay assured agents. All unemployed agents should write us immediately. A. GORTON & CO.,
feb 16—ly Philadelphia, Pa.

NEWPORT NEWS & MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CO.,

Chesapeake and Ohio Route.
Pullman Cars and Solid Trains

EAST

TO WASHINGTON, RICHMOND, AND OLD POINT COMFORT

WEST

TO LOUISVILLE AND CINCINNATI.

Connections direct for all points in the WEST, NORTHWEST, and SOUTHWEST.

In Effect Sept. 30, 1887.

WESTWARD.	No. 3. See Notes	No. 1. Daily. Ex. Sun.	No. 5. See Notes.
Lve Norfolk	3 00 p m	7 20 a m	
Lve Old Point C'f't	3 40 p m	8 00 a m	
Lve Newport News	4 05 p m	8 25 a m	
Lve Richmond	6 50 p m	11 10 a m	4 00 p m
Arr Charlottesville	10 00 p m	3 25 p m	8 30 p m
Lve Washington	5 30 p m	11 24 a m	
Arr Charlottesville	10 05 p m	3 15 p m	
Lve Charlottesville	10 20 p m	3 50 p m	
Lve WaynesboroJc	11 18 p m	4 58 p m	
Lve Staunton	11 50 p m	5 45 p m	
Lve Clifton Forge	2 15 a m	8 10 p m	
Lve Clifton Forge	2 29 a m	8 30 p m	7 30 a m
Lve Alleghany	3 25 a m	9 40 p m	8 40 a m
Lve White Sulphur	3 40 a m	10 10 p m	9 00 a m
Lve Hinton	5 18 a m	12 10 p m	11 20 a m
Lve Kanawha Falls	7 55 a m	3 20 a m	2 15 p m
Lve Cannelton	8 15 a m	3 50 a m	2 40 p m
Lve Charleston	9 05 a m	4 50 a m	3 45 p m
Lve Huntington	9 45 a m	6 10 a m	4 50 p m
Arr Ashland	10 22 a m	7 05 a m	5 30 p m
Lve Ashland	5 35 p m	8 57 a m	5 35 p m
Arr Columbus	11 17 p m	3 00 p m	11 17 p m
Lve Ashland	10 22 a m	7 05 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 n'n	
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.	No 6. See Notes.
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 45 a m	5 55 p m	8 10 a m
Lve Huntington	5 35 a m	8 00 p m	11 00 a m
Arr Charleston	7 00 a m	9 55 p m	1 20 p m
Arr Cannelton	7 48 a m	11 00 p m	2 34 p m
Arr Kanawha Falls	8 16 a m	11 30 p m	3 05 p m
Arr Hinton	10 22 a m	2 45 a m	6 15 p m
Arr White Sulphur	12 00 n'n	5 10 a m	8 40 p m
Arr Clifton Forge	1 15 p m	6 40 a m	10 25 p m
Arr Staunton	3 41 p m	9 20 a m	
Arr Waynesboro Jc	4 10 p m	10 17 a m	
Arr Charlottesville	5 10 p m	11 40 a m	
Arr Washington	9 40 p m	8 23 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 55 a m	4 15 a m
Arr Richmond	8 40 p m	3 50 p m	8 25 a m
Lve Richmond		4 00 p m	8 40 a m
Arr Newport News		6 35 p m	11 10 a m
Arr Old Point C'ft		7 00 p m	11 35 a m
Arr Norfolk		7 40 p m	12 15 p m

Lexington Division trains run by Central time. Main Line trains east of Huntington run by Eastern time, which is one hour faster than Central time.

No. 1, daily except Sunday, between Old Point, Norfolk, and White Sulphur. The train arriving at White Sulphur on Saturday lays over until 10:10 P. M. Sunday night.

No. 2, daily except Sunday. The train leaving Louisville and Cincinnati on Saturday runs only to Clifton Forge, arriving there Sunday 6:40 A. M., and laying over until Monday 7:00 A. M.

Nos. 3 and 4 run daily except that they do not run between Richmond and Old Point on Sunday.

No. 5 leaves Richmond daily except Sunday. Runs daily between Clifton Forge and Ashland. Connects at Ashland or Columbus daily except Sunday.

No. 6, daily, from Ashland to Clifton Forge; daily except Sunday from Charlottesville to Old Point.

Pullman Sleeping Cars on all through trains.

Old Dominion Steamships leave Norfolk Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 7:00 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.

oct 5

SHENANDOAH VALLEY RAILROAD
S. F. Tyler, Receiver.

Time Table in effect JUNE 19, 1887.

SOUTHWARD.	DAILY.	
Standard Time, 75th Meridian.	Express. No. 3.	Express. No. 1.
LEAVE.		
Hagerstown	8.00 A. M.	2.00 P. M.
Antietam	8.34 "	2.33 "
Shepherdstown	8.41 "	2.39 "
Shen. Junction	8.56 "	2.55 "
Charlestown	9.08 "	3.07 "
Riverton	10.24 "	4.16 "
Luray	11.31 "	5.49 "
Milnes	12.22 P. M.	6 25 "
Waynesboro Junc	2.05 "	7.57 "
Natural Bridge	4.17 "	10.17 "
Roanoke	6.00 "	12.00 night
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	3.50 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 from Baltimore via W. M. 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 the West.

No. 3 makes close connection at Waynesboro' Junction with C. & O. Ry. East- and West-bound 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.	DAILY.		
Standard Time, 75th Meridian.	Express. No. 4.	Express. No. 2.	
LEAVE.			
Roanoke	1 00 P. M.	1.50 A. M.	
Natural Bridge	2.29 "	3.17 "	
Loch Laird	2 58 "	3.45 "	
Waynesboro Junc.	4 30 "	5.16 "	
Milnes	5.57 "	6 39 "	
Luray	6 55 "	7.35 "	4.20 A.M
Riverton	8.02 "	8.49 "	5.13 "
Berryville	8.16 "	9.36 "	6.16 "
Charlestown	9.14 "	10.07 "	6.44 "
Shen. Junction	9 25 "	10.29 "	6.55 "
Shepherdstown	9.40 "	10 45 "	7.11 "
Antietam	9.41 "	10.52 "	7.17 "
Hagerstown	10.20 "	11.25 "	7.50 "
ARRIVE.			
Ar. Washington B. & O. R. R.		1.15 P. M.	
Ar. Baltimore, B. & O. R. R.		2.15 P. M.	
Ar. Baltimore, W. M. R. R.		2.40 P. M.	11.40 A.M
Le. Hagerstown.	10.25 P. M	12.20 P. M.	8 20 A.M
Ar. Harrisburg, C. V. R. R.	12.50 A. M.	3.15 P. M.	11.15 "
Ar. Philadelphia P. R. R.	4.25 A. M.	6.50 P. M.	3.15 P.M
Ar. New York	7.30 A. M.	9 35 P. M.	5.50 "

No. 4 makes close connection at Waynesboro' Junction with C. & O. Railway East and West-bound 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.

No. 6 has connection at Riverton for Alexandria and intermediate points; at Shenandoah Junction for Martinsburg, at Hagerstown with W. M. R. R, for Baltimore and intermediate points, and C. V. R. R. for Harrisburg; Philadelphia and New York.

O. HOWARD ROYER,
Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.
DAVID W. FLICKWIR, Roanoke, Va.
Superintendent. Roanoke, Va.
C. M. FUTTERER,
Pass. Agent, Hagerstown, Md. je22

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. dec8-1y

HOW DO WE DIG OUR GRAVES?

We must eat or we cannot live. This we all know. But do we all know that we are digging? It is said we dig our graves with our teeth. How foolish this sounds. Yet it is fearfully true. We are terrified at the approach of the cholera and yellow fever, yet there is a disease constantly at our doors and in our houses far more dangerous and destructive. Most people have in their own stomachs a poison, more slow, but quite as fatal as the germs of those maladies which sweep men into eternity by thousands without warning in the times of great epidemics. But it is a mercy that, if we are watchful, we can tell when we are threatened. The following are among the symptoms, yet they do not always necessarily appear in the same order, nor are they always the same in different cases. There is a dull and sleepy feeling; a bad taste in the mouth, especially in the morning; the appetite is changeable, sometimes poor and again it seems as though the patient could not eat enough, and occasionally no appetite at all; dullness and sluggishness of the mind; no ambition to study or work; more or less headache and heaviness in the head; dizziness on rising to the feet or moving suddenly; furred and coated tongue; a sense of a load on the stomach that nothing removes; hot and dry skin at times; yellow tinge in the eyes; scanty and high-colored urine; sour taste in the mouth, frequently attended by palpitation of the heart; impaired vision, with spots that seem to be swimming in the air before the eyes; a cough, with a greenish-colored expectoration; poor nights' rest; a sticky slime about the teeth and gums; hands and feet cold and clammy; irritable temper and bowels bound up and costive. This disease has puzzled the physicians and still puzzles them. It is the commonest of ailments and yet the most complicated and mysterious. Sometimes it is treated as consumption, sometimes as liver complaint, and then again as malaria and even heart disease. But its real nature is that of constipation and dyspepsia. It arises in the digestive organs and soon affects all the others through the corrupted and poisoned blood. Often the whole body—including the nervous system—is *literally starved*, even when there is no emaciation to tell the sad story.

Experience has shown that there is put one remedy that can certainly cure this disease in all its stages, namely, Shaker Extract of Roots or Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. It never fails but, nevertheless, no time should be lost in trying other so-called remedies, for they will do no good. Get this great vegetable preparation. (discovered by a venerable nurse whose name is a household word in Germany) and be sure to get the genuine article.

GIVEN UP BY SEVEN DOCTORS.

Shaker Extract of Roots or Seigel's Syrup has raised me to good health after seven doctors had given me up to die with consumption.—So writes R. F. Grace, Kirkmanville, Todd Co., Ky.

HE HEARD OF IT JUST IN TIME.

"I had been about given up to die with dyspepsia when I first saw the advertisement of Shaker Extract of Roots or Seigel's Syrup. After using four bottles I was able to attend to my business as well as ever. I know of several cases of chills and fever that have been cured by it." So writes Mr, Thos. Pullum, of Taylor, Geneva Co., Ala.

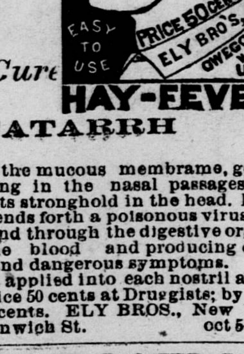
WORTH TEN DOLLARS A BOTTLE.

Mr. Thomas P. Evans, of the firm of Evans & Bro., Merchants, Horntown, Accomack Co., Va., writes that he had been sick with digestive disorders for many years and had tried many physicians and medicines without benefit. He began to use Shaker Extract of Roots or Seigel's Syrup about the 1st of Jan, 1887, and was so much better in three weeks that he considered himself practically a well man. He adds: "I have at this time one bottle on hand, and if I could not get any more *I would not take a ten dollar bill for it.*"

All druggists, or Address A. J. White, Limited, 54 Warren St. N.Y.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflamation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Sense of Taste and Smell.



Try the Cure

CATARRH

Is a disease of the mucous membrame, generally originating in the nasal passages and maintaining its stronghold in the head. From this point it sends forth a poisonous virus into the stomach and through the digestive organs, corrupting the blood and producing other tronblesome and dangerous symptoms.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail registered, 60 cents. ELY BROS., New York Office 235 Greenwich St. oct 5—87

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.

KERR, Sam'l X. vs. McGuffin, S. M. and als.—Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court for Augusta county, entered in this cause May 20th, 1887, I shall proceed, at my office, in Staunton, on *Wednesday, November* 9th, 1887, to take a further account of the liens binding the real estate of the defendant, Mrs. S. M. McGuffin.
JOS. A. WADDELL, Comm'r.
oct 12—4t

From the Mobile (Ala.) Register, Sept. 11th.

Sensible Words

By a Colored Clergyman of this City.

ADVICE THAT ALL OF HIS RACE SHOULD HEED.

On Monday last the Mobile colored Knights of Labor went in force on an excursion to Citronelle, where they met quite a concourse of a colored people not belonging to the Order. The exercises of the day were about such as usually characterize a well-behaved excursion, with the exception that they had an oration explanatory, etc., of the nature and objects of their organization Rev. A. J Warner, of "Little Bethel Church" A. M. E. Z., Mobile, was their chosen orator of the day. His address was one of decided eloquence, and worthy of publication. We, therefore, give it to our readers:

In setting forth the character and aims of the Knights of Labor, Rev. Mr. Warner said the protection of its members looking to a bettering of their condition was its sole object. It wanted them to enjoy the rights justly due the laboring citizen, and it asked for nothing more; such rights as always legitimately existed between labor and capital. In orber words, it wants each Knight of Labor to receive a good dollar for every dollar's worth of work performed, and it don't expect the good dollar for anything less than a good dollar's worth of work. It further advises each Knight to lay up as many of those good dollars as possible for a rainy day, and to buy a home with it, if he don't happen to have a home already, and to educate his children properly. And in the matter of education it is very particular in its advice. It would like to see them educated to suit the sphere in life they are expected to fill, and to this end it urges that muscle shall not be neglected. It there is prospect of a call for the use of one's muscle as a laborer of some kind, it is highly important that there should be an understanding of how to use that muscle to the best advantage when the time comes. In a word, the order wants its members to become good, useful and industrious citizens, fully capable of well acting their part towards advancing the best general interest of the country in which they live. Yes, my friends, you must be a little—I was about to say, a little *more* economical with those good dollars. I have long seen that for myself. They sometimes say to me, "Warner, you ought to dress better—you could do it." I invariably say, "of course I could, and eventually I could die in the poorhouse."

The notion now too extensively prevailing that the Knights of Labor have an aggressive plank in their platform is all a mistake. The organization is simply protective. The erroneous notion referred to springs, doubtless, out of the late disgraceful labor troubles at the North, which have been largely packed off on this institution. The Knights of Labor had nothing whatever to do with that. They did not at all approve of anything like it. That disturbance was wholly the work of Anarchists—a class of people who were the very scum and dregs of foreign countries, and who had been helped or driven away for their country's good. Coming to us they had brought along their whole possessions, which, unfortunately, consisted entirely of unprincipled meanness. And hence those troubles, and hence the odium unjustly heaped upon the Knights of Labor by many people either deeply prejudiced or fearfully in need of correct information.

Even politics so conspicuously held up to the interest of the negro (that was the word he used) had no place in the institution that had brought together so many people here to-day. And he thanked God that it had not. Politics had wellnigh ruined the negro already—a few more years of its reign as in the past and there would be little hope for him. The very least that the negro can have to do with politics the better for him and his entire race. I know that Northern politicians hold out the idea to us that our very salvation depends on our political activity. How? Has politics ever made a negro rich? Has it ever educated his children? Has it ever made him a better man? Has it really done *anything* for him? The Northern politicans say it has. They claim that they are doing a great work for us—how are they proving it? Where are our Northern negro Senators? Who ever saw a negro representing any part of the North in Congress? When a Northern negro wants office he comes South to look for it, and if he happens to be a pretty slick fellow, well stocked with Yankee cunning, he goes out in our Black Belts and stirs up the passions and prejudices of our people till they sometimes give him one. And then what have *they* gained? Look carefully over the history of the late past and then answer the question for yourselves.

Ladies and gentleman, here is our home. The South is the natural home of the negro, and it always will be. He was born here and here nature intended that he should die. Then why be continually attempting to stir up home dissensions to no purpose? Why make it the business of our lives to engage in, to us, a wholly profitless struggle against our friends? And right here, gentlemen, let me assure you that if the negro has any friends on this broad, green earth of ours, those friends are in the South. They are here at home!

He next proceeded to detail some of his own experience at the North in search of the friends up there that he had heard so much about but had never seen. He was born and raised south of Mason & Dixon's line, and after the close of the war he made up his mind that he wanted to be white, and from what Northern politicians in the South had told him he concluded that all that was necessary to an attainment of that desired end was to go up into Northern State—the "land of the free and the home of the brave," as he had so often heard it called. So he went over into Ohio by way of Cincinnati. At the first little town he struck beyond the city, (he gave all the names), feeling that he was now white folks for sure, he began putting on white-folks airs. The very next thing he knew he was quitting that town rather precipitately before a rabble of tumultuous white boys, and in the midst of a lively shower of rotten eggs.

Well, how was this in "the land of the free and home of the brave?" It was a hard problem to solve, but finally he fixed it up that this was only a country place, where people were not very well raised no how, so he scraped himself the best he could and plunged further into the "land of freedom." Every place he passed through on his way had some kind of indignity to offer him, such as "Here Bob, is a new buck nigger!" with a twist of the face and at the top of the voice, or something like that. Finally, when in one of the excessively *white* Lake cities, far north, he was one day walking along the street feeling that he'd got white at last for sure, and it so happened that a white woman was walking along the same street the same way and not far from him. He wasn't wanting to walk with the white woman, in fact hadn't noticed her proximity, but just then a white man stepped out of a store, collared him and came near using him up, swearing terrible oaths the while, setting forth that no d——d buck nigger should walk the streets of that town with a white woman, he didn't care who or what the woman was. Away further in the interior, where he thought surely now he must be white, he stepped into a bar and called for a glass of beer, and the bar-keeper promptly fired him out with the information that they didn't keep no d——d nigger hole there." So, after a great variety of similar experiences, he made up his mind that he didn't want to be white no more, and struck out on the return trip to Dixie and home where he has since remained contented and feeling just as white as he wants to feel. "At home in Alabama," he said, "Glorious old congenial, blue-skied, green-wintered Alabama! in the English rendering of your beautiful name, 'here I rest.'"

He spoke at considerable length, warning his people to beware of emigrant agents who were constantly trying to work up negro crazes in favor of moving to Kansas or some other glowingly-pictured but falsely-colored region at the North. It was all a delusion and a snare, for the setting of which the said agents were richly paid. He knew all about how it was himself. The negro who allowed himself to fall into the snare was simply throwing himself away. He'd come back sure, if he could get back; if not, he'd linger for a little time an exile in, to him, an ungenial and unnatural land, and then prematurely lay his bones away beneath the frozen sod of some bleak prairie. The South is the negroe's only natural home. He is entirely a Southern growth. Stay at your natural home where white people who are your friends have use for you and want you to stay. The white people in Kansas have no use for you, and they curse the emigrant agent as soundly for bringing you there as you would eventually curse him for taking you. Stay among your friends and help them build up our beautiful South—yes, help them with your muscle and your will to do it. Let well enough alone. Turn a deaf ear to all who would tell you there are any in the South who are not your friends if you make yourself worthy the friendship of any good man. Much depends on what you make yourself, here—there you couldn't so make yourself that you would generally looked upon in friendship There are ties between you and the white people here that have no existence there. You have known each other always. And did you two races not as little children sop from the same skillet together? And didn't baby Augustus sometimes trespass a little on baby Cæsar when aunt Harriet was around and baby Cæsar wasn't? How such a thought would shock and disgust the dandy dude of the North; but not so here—it is only classed with the pleasant memories of after life. So, you see we *are* friends in a friendship that took shape in our tenderest ages. and such we shall ever remain, despite the efforts of dishonest designers, who may estrange us temporarily, but more than temporarily they can never make it. Here it is you know me and I know you; we have been raised up together; your interest is my interest. Dou want the use of my muscle and I can take in return the use of your brains, or the money which your brains has enabled you to accumulate, which is all the same, and thus we can all phosper; but up there the case is very different. You don't know me and I don't know you. I have no use for your muscle. I use my own, and yours, when offered, is in direct rivalry. And so it goes.

The fact is, the white laborer will never work with the negro at the North. He considers it a disgrace. You never see negroes and white men together shingling a house, or laying brick, or painting, or ploughing up there, but here you see them working shoulder to shoulder, and nothing at all is thought of it.

But one tells you that you don't get your rights in the South. You do. You have the right to vote, and to sit on a jury, and to go and come as you please, and to own land and get rich if you will and can—now, what more could you ask? You have every right that any American citizen has, be he white or black; you have no right to ask more. "But mixed schools!" says a Northern friend. True they have them up there and we don't, but now, *you* don't want them. Let me tell you how it is. No one ever saw a colored teacher in charge of a mixed school at the North—no one ever will. So, as you must see, that mixed school system simply gives the white people all the money for teaching, and don't give the negro over his share of the learning, either. Here the unmixed colored schools are taught by negroes, so the negro gets his share of the school fund, in every respect.

"But social equality!" Now, no sensible person of our race wants anything like that, and preaching it up to us is only a very thin fraud. Suppose I should sit down to dinner at an upper-class white man's table—why I wouldn't eat half enough for the reason that I should feel so much out of place, and I know a white man at my table wouldn't eat half enough, for he'd spend most of his time peering out at the door lest some other white man should come along and see *him* out of place. That social equality talk is all foolishness.

But they tell that the negro is kept down by the white man. Foolishness again. If the negro stays down he keeps himself down. He has every chance to get rich and go up as the white man has. Look at the worthy President of this meeting here at my right. He is as black as they ever make them, and yet he has never been kept down He owns property enough that it would take several hours to walk around it, and no one ever tried to prevent him from getting it, either. He went to work and built himself up like a man, but you who are always murmuring about being kept down make what little efforts at going up you do make by trying to climb somebody else. You try to pull up instead of trying to build up. The pull up plan never succeeds. Build up is the word. There is, I assure you, just as much room at the top for the negro as there is for the white man, and if he don't occupy some of that room the fault is all his own, and he has nobody but himself to blame for it. You must have something here (slapping his pocket) to be up—you must have money, and you can't have it unless you make and save it.

THANKSGIVING-DAY.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S PROCLAMATION NAMING THE 24TH OF NOVEMBER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 25.—The following proclamation was issued late this afternoon.

A Proclamation—By the President of the United States:

The goodness and mercy of God which have followed the American people during all the days of the past year claim their grateful recognition and humble acknowledgment. By His omnipotent power He has protected us from war and pestilence and from every national calamity; by His gracious favor the earth has yielded a generous return to the labor of the husbandman, and every path of honest toil has led to comfort and contentment; by His loving kindness the hearts of our people have been replenished with fraternal sentiment and patriotic endeavor; and by His unerring guidance we have been directed in the way of national prosperity.

To the end that we may with one accord testify our gratitude for all these blessings, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the 24th day of November, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed by all the people of the land.

On that day let all secular work and employment be suspended, and let our people assemble in their accustomed places of worship, and with prayer and songs and praise give thanks to our Heavenly Father for all that He has done for us, while we humbly implore the forgiveness of our sins and the continuance of His mercy. Let families and kindred be reunited on that day and let their hearts be filled with kindly cheer, and affectionate reminiscence be turned in thankfulness to the source of all their pleasure, and the Giver of All that makes the day glad and joyous.

And in the midst of our worship and our happiness let us remember the poor, needy and unfortunate, and by our gifts of charity and ready benevolence let us increase the number of those who with grateful hearts shall join in our thanksgiving.

In witness whereof I have set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be hereunto affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this 24th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1887, and of the Independence of the United States the 11th.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

By the President:
Thomas F. Bayard, Secretary of State.

A perfect specific—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowser.

Five days ago Mr. Bowser was brought home with a sprained ankle. He got it by a mis-step off the sidewalk. I had the doctor come up to look at the limb to see that no bones were broken, and he went away assuring Mr. Bowser that he would be able to walk out in four or five days. He had scarcely gone when the patient asked me in a pitiful voice if I thought he was going to die?

"Going to die, Mr. Bowser! Why, what nonsense! What put that idea in your head?"

"I have a presentiment. I—I think I ought to draw up my will."

"It's all folly. You've got nothing but a simple sprain."

"Simple! I tell you this is a terrible thing, and if I live two days it will be a great wonder to me. The Bowser men die hard, but they have to die as well as other folks. Do I look like a man struck with death?"

"Not a bit of it. I never saw you look more healthy."

"Mrs. Bowser, don't you deceive me! Deceiving a dying husband is an awful crime. Has the door-bell been muffled and the girl told that no callers are admitted?"

"Certainly not."

"And aren't you going to send the baby over to mother's until you see whether I die or get well?"

"Not a bit of it. Don't be a booby, Mr. Bowser. When I broke two ribs last fall you simply remarked that I ought to know better than to fall against a board."

"Ah! I see how it is," he wailed, "you want me out of the way so you can marry again and get a dude for a husband. Well, I am helpless. Please do not cut my throat or poison me, but let me die of this hurt!"

I tucked him up and patted his head and he cried. He wanted me to hold his hand and I sat and held it until he fell asleep.—Then I went up stairs to do a little work, and hadn't been gone over fifteen minutes when I heard him shouting at the top of his voice. I ran down and he thundered at me;

"Is this your love for your crippled and dying husband?"

"I had some work to do."

"Work! can you think of work while I lay here suffering untold agonies! What is making up a darn old spare bed compared to the life of your husband? Are you in a hurry to see crape on the door?"

"Come, Mr. Bowser, don't be unreasonable. I will do everything for your comfort, but things around the house must be seen to."

There are certain facts and statistics which I find it best to jot down in pencil. I jotted some down during the first three hours Mr. Bowser was under my care with that accident, and here they are:

Looked at the ankle twenty-three times, and each time solemnly assured him it was no worse.

Bathed the ankle six times, although there was not the slightest need of more than two applications.

Patted him on the head and assured him he would live twenty-seven times

Turned his pillow over fourteen times.—This also included assuring him that his mishap would be mentioned in the papers, and that he would probably be referred to as the Hon. Bowser.

Made two sorts of gruel, one sort of soup, two sorts of tea, one sort of lemonade and assured him that in case the limb mortified I'd have it amputated in time to save his precious life

Lied to him seven times. Had to do it. Three different times when the door-bell rang and I went to the door and fired tramps off the steps I had to tell Mr. Bowser that prominent citizens had sent messengers up to ask after his situation and to say that he need worry about nothing.

When evening came Mr. Bowser had a slight fever and he grew more pettish. He wanted me to telegraph to his brother in Japan, his sister in California, and to telephone for the doctor. He also wanted a lawyer to draw up a will, a neighbor to come in and see about his life insurance, and cried several times as he thought of my marrying again and taking my second husband up to spit tobacco-juice on his grave. I put in an awful night with him. He heard cats and burglars and forty other noises, and he refused to go to sleep for fear he'd die without knowing it. At midnight, after I had helped him turn over about twenty times and had upset his pillow until the case was worn threadbare, he wanted me to telephone the doctor and ask if a sprained ankle ever struck to the heart. I rang up the central and the following conversation seemed to take place:

"Doctor, Mr. Bowser has grown steadily worse since you left and I don't believe he can live an hour longer. Yes, I have done as you told me. Oh, you knew he'd die before morning, eh? Oh, yes, I shall be pretty well fixed for a widow. About six hacks, I guess. I'm no hand to make a spread at a funeral. You might———"

"Mrs. Bowser!" yelled Mr. Bowser at the top of his voice, and when I ran into the bedroom he was sitting on the edge of the bed, hair on end and face pale as death.

"What do you want, dear?"

Well, the poor man actually fainted away in his nervousness, and when he came to I had to sit and hold his hands while he caught cat-naps. The swelling was nearly gone from his ankle in the morning, and he could dress himself and hobble about. He, however, drew up his will, had two or three mysterious conferences with parties he sent for, and I saw him looking over a lot of photographs of monuments and tombstones. I caught him weeping once, and when I stroked the back of his neck and called him my poor, crippled gazelle, he looked up in a pitiful way and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, it's awful hard to have to die at my age"

That was Mr. Bowser for the first two days. On the third day he went down town and on the fourth he gave up his cane. When he came home to dinner I was on the lounge with teeth and ears and eyes full of neuralgia.

"Now what!" he roared out.

"I'm dreadfully ill, Mr. Bowser."

"Bosh! A little neuralgia! Mrs. Bowser, you've got no more sand than a grasshopper. If I were as big a baby as you are I'd live on soothing syrup."

"But—when you had nothing but a sprained ankle, you—you—"

"When I fell fourteen feet, Mrs. Bowser, and cracked two ribs, upset my liver, turned my right leg clear around, knocked my elbow loose and brought on brain fever I lay here without a murmur or complaint, and you know it! You are a booby—a regular booby with No. 7 feet, and I'll go back down town for my dinner."

HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN AMERICA.—The highest mountain in the western hemisphere is Aconcagua, which rises 22,415 feet above the sea, and is in plain view from both Valparaiso and Santiago when the weather is clear. Chimborazo was until recently supposed to be the king of the Andes, and in geographies published thirty years age was described as the highest mountain in the world. No one has ever reached the summit of either monster, but by triangulation. Aconcagus has been determined to have an advantage of 2,000 feet over old "Chimbo" in stature.—Harper's Magazine

You'll find her smiling night and day,
Although at times she's not so gay.
And you wonder why you meet
This constant smile, regard her teeth.
She only laughs those gems to show,
Which SOZODONT makes white as snow.

Laughter Lends a Charm

To beauty when it discloses a pretty set of teeth. Whiteness, when nature has supplied this element of loveliness, may be retained through life by using the fragrant SOZODONT.

"SPALDING'S GLUE," mends furniture, toys, crockery, all ornamental work.

The President's Protegee.

HOW A LITTLE GIRL CAPTURED MR. CLEVELAND WITH A BUNCH OF FADED FLOWERS.

The proudest little girl in the city yesterday was diminutive six-year-old Florence Loux, who lives with her mother in modest apartments on Sixth street, opposite Washington Square, over one of the many in that long row of lawyers' offices. When little Florence went to school yesterday, her face was wreathed in smiles, and she breathlessly rushed up to her teacher, Miss Diamond, and proudly handed her a large envelope, on which was written: "Miss Florence Loux. Postmaster Harrity will please find." The envelope contained a portrait and an autograph of President Cleveland, and a little note from the President informing Florence that he had not forgotten her and thanking her for the bouquet she had given him.

When the President was here during the Constitutional Centennial, among his many callers was little Florence. It was on the afternoon of the last day, just after the President had returned to his room from the Hibernian dinner, that a pretty but plainly dressed little tot walked into the corridor of the Lafayette and asked Clerk Fryer if the President was in. She carried in her hand a little bunch of faded flowers, and asked the clerk if he would send them up to the distinguished guest.

Her manner was so earnest that the clerk sent her up to the President's room herself. Unhesitatingly she entered the room, which was fairly filled with rare flowers, and confidently advancing, offered the President her little faded bouquet. The President gravely accepted the gift and requested his little visitor to be seated.

He entered into conversation with her, and before she left she had confided all her little troubles to her sympathetic listener. Among other things she told him that when she was a wee little thing she had fallen out of a window and fractured her arm.—Her mother, she said, was poor, and was afraid if her arm was amputated she would never be able to support herself. She refused to permit the amputation and the child recovered. When she went away the President kissed her good-by and told her he would not forget her.

It has been two weeks since the President sent her his photograph. He had remembered her name, but forgotten her address, so he sent the letter to the postoffice, with instructions to Postmaster Harrity to find Florence. The postmaster instructed all his letter-carriers to make inquiry along their routes for the child and relate the circumstances about the broken arm, which the President sent in his letter to the postmaster. Yesterday morning the child was found. She is now busy composing an answer to the letter, which she will mail on the President's return to Washington.—*Philadelphia Times.*

WINTER CARE OF COWS.—The arrangement of the barn and yard should be such as to reduce the labor as much as possible. Excessive warmth is not conducive to robustness, health or profit. If a man's house is kept closed up and heated with stoves to a temperature of eighty degrees, and his food and drink are all taken hot with a view to preventing the effects of the cold and to insure more comfort, the dwellers in that house will become sick or diseased; the impure air will poison the blood; the warmth will relax the skin, dry it and open the pores, and the slightest draft will cause a fit of shivering and induce dangerous colds. It is in precisely such houses that sore throats, diphtheria, scarlet fever, and other diseases are so frequent, while in the house where the windows are thrown open to the breezes, and the cold, brisk, pure air is welcomed, and exercise and health give warmth, fed by the abundant oxygen of the fresh air coursing through the blood, there are health and vigor and comfort. It is the same in the dairy. Pleuro pneumonia invades those herds which are kept in close, warm, unwholesome stables, and the dreaded tuberculosis finds there its prey; while from the wide airy stable, well ventilated and filled with pure cold air, the well fed cows will emerge to frolic in the snow, and enjoy themselves in the bright sunshine and the crisp air, when the thermometer marks down nearly to zero. Except in stormy weather, the cows should spend at least three or four hours every day in the yard, picking some rough feed and getting water and exercise.—*American Agriculturist for November.*

AN INDEFATIGABLE LIAR.—As an illustration of the "colossal liars," of the West, General McCook ralates the following: He was traveling among the Rocky Mountains, and straying out one morning from the trail, stood for a moment entranced by the magnificent landscape spread out before him, when he was aroused from his meditations by the footsteps of one of the guides, who had followed him, lest he should lose his way.

"Is not this magnificent, Bill?" exclaimed the General, anxious to show his delight.

"It's mighty purty, General," said the guide, "but I kin show you bigger sights nor this. Why one time Kansas Jim and me had been trampin' three days and nights, and we came to a plain, and right in the midst of it was a forest all turned to solid stun!"

"The General smiled and remarked: "I have heard of petrified trees before, Bill."

The guide expectorated without changing countenance and continued: "But that warn't all, General. That war a buffalo on that plain, and he war petrified on the clean jump, and his huffs had kicked up a bit of sod, and I'm blamed ef that warn' pertified in the air!"

The General turned an amused countenance on the narrator and said: "Why, Bill, the sod would have fallen to the ground by the force of gravity."

Without any hesitation Bill answered: "Well, by—, General, the gravity war petrified too!"—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

INFANT LOGIC.—"Mamma," said little Bobby, "can't I have another piece of pie?"

"No, my dear. You have had sufficient."

"But why can't I have more?"

"It might make you sick, and if you become sick you might die."

"Die just like Johnny Brown?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Everybody said he went to heaven, mamma."

"Yes, dear. He was a good little boy and always minded what his mamma told him."

"And people said, mamma, that he'd be ever so much happier in heaven than here."

"That is right, Bobby. So he would."

"Do all good little boys go to heaven, mamma?"

"Yes, dear"

"Am I a good little boy, mamma?"

"Yes. Bobby is a good little boy."

"Then why don't you let me have another piece of pie? Don't you want your little Bobby to be happy?"—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

What a Change!

A few short weeks ago that young girl was the personification of health, vigor and beauty. The blush upon her cheeks rivalled that of the rose; her step was light and buoyant, her every movement was a revelation of perfect physical health. Yet now she is pallid and haggard, and her superabundant vitality has given place to a strange dullness and lassitude. What has caused this change? Functional irregularities, which can be cured by Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," a remedy to which thousands of women to-day owe their lives. All druggists.

Here is the longest correct sentence of "thats" which we have yet seen: "I assert that that, that that 'that,' that that that that person told me contained, implied, has been misunderstood." It is a string of nine "thats" which may be easily "parsed" by a bright pupil.

THE QUEER OLD WOMAN.

BY MARIAN DOUGLASS.

How is it in the glass I see
A queer old woman look at me?
There are odd lines about her eyes,
And gray hair on her forehead lies;
Her cheek is wan and sharp her chin;
She does not seem to me akin;
And yet she says—it can't be true—
That "we are one instead of two."

I know we never shall agree;
She makes such rude remarks to me!
My bonnet with fresh garlands hung:
"Was costly folly; 'tis too young,"
I must not buy a white plumed hat:
"I have outlived the time for that;"
And this choicest gown of softest pink,
"Of my lost childhood" makes her think;
And if I'm vexed, she says, forsooth;
That she can only speak the truth."

I'm not old; yet if I were
I could forget it but for her.
Hope's May-time still about me seems;
I gather violets in my dreams;
But when I do, she shakes her head—
"Those flowers," she says, "long since have fled;
Life's golden rod and asters blue
Are all the blossoms left for you."

Oh, if this stranger face would pass
From out my haunted looking-glass,
And I again from it could see
My dear old self look back at me—
My pretty self, that used to wear
A wreath of roses in her hair,
And smile to hear the flatterers say;
'The face beneath was fair as they.
I might be happy. But, oh no!
The queer old woman will not go;
And since I'm forced with her to dwell,
We might be friends, perhaps, as well;
For I at last am sure 'tis true
That "we are one instead of two!"

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE—JACQUARD WOOLS VELVETS—EVENING COSTUMES OUT-DOOR WRAPS—MILLINERY—GIRDLES—TRIMMINGS—GLOVES.

[From our Female Fashion Correspondent.]

Cold does not kill the triple alliance of last summer. Plaids, bars and stripes do not fall with the leaves but piled on counters, give evidence of coming influence.—Their last estate likewise is greater than their former, since rich velvet combinations succeed the thin outlines for warm weather and deep toned, varied wools replace cotton fabrics. Attractions are multiplied by the fine weavings of the Jacquard loom and these "Jacquard wools" as they are called, will be admirable at present and remembered in time to come, because of redundant richness. Simulated flowers in velvet pile are placed in columns and made thus stiffly to traverse expensive wool material, while flowers in equally natural and diversified colors, look up from beds depressed in velvet borderings. Similar ideas are also presented in monotones and are acceptable as a change or to those who prefer quiet colors, while in opposite style are wools bestrewn with mathematical, astronomical or lozenge and almond shaped figures. Many are quite large: stripes sometimes are very broad and plaids attain to hugeness. These things bring their opposites and plain wools come for combination—soft as their contrasts show boldness. Modes of uniting vary but a favorite idea of last summer will constantly now find repetition. Large plaids will compose the skirt with jersey waist, and jerseys therefore follow every fashionable fancy; being shirred on the shoulders, having yokes, drawn in plaits, etc.

VELVET

is conspicuously influenced by the craze for bars. Narrow silken lines are embedded in its pile so as to form squares of three inches and gold, a favorite choice for these stripes, looks up with pretty enough result. Narrow lines of silk are woven in checks within a large squares and smaller squares with wider outlines, vary velvet surfaces. Stripes though less novel in thought, are equally noticeable and every combination, within the above limits, of silk and velvet are shown, among which special beauty attaches to fabrics brought out as offsets, where very narrow velvet stripes are set close together on silken surface, while the shades are beautifully graduated from light to dark and dark to light; thus with the glancing light, producing a constantly changing picture. Velvet brocades form a large part of this year's importations and display the old time love for floral patterns: many of them reaching the acme of elegance but silk brocades are for the most part now replaced by moire which is extremely prominent. In evening goods, such thoughts are repeated in appropriate colors and even in fleecy gauzes, are seen unitings of similar character. Moire stripes alternate with those of semi-transparent fabric; so do floral weavings set in stripes, while velvet seems welcome everywhere: in stripes, flowers, squares and fleckings on silken gauze.

PLUSH

for out-door garments is again the success of the season and in view of an established supremacy, comes in a greater number of colors than formerly. For small shoulder wraps, it almost excludes everything else. Seal brown is still thought very handsome but some persons prefer lighter browns which run up to those showing golden shades will also find wearers. Elegant garments are in Gobelin blue, steel gray, crimson or green; the long cloaks in such colors being chiefly for carriage wear, but the beautiful and variously colored shoulder wraps will be freely worn on the street and give an excellent finish to a costume of any character. Two beautiful long cloaks were shown recently in Lord and Taylor's window, one of steel gray plush exquisitely embroidered in monotone designs reaching half way up the skirt and also on the sleeves and shoulders. The bordering was of white fur which ran up the front, around the neck and sleeves. The second was a deep shade of crimson embossed and with black fur border.

A LA MILITAIRE.

Young women have for several seasons striven in certain styles of dress, to imitate the men and this year again, they try it.—For such effort, a tailor-made suit is the first outlay, where if severity is departed from, it is in favor of military braiding. The greatest success is at the neck, which is as starched as any dignitary might wish while the hat shows absolute disregard for anything feminine. A high felt is trimmed with a plain band, flat bow and one or two stiff quill feathers and the Boulanger has with rolled brim, stiff ribbon loops and saucy cock's plumage, will also be a delight. Wide brimmed round hats with jaunty feathers are a change to something more feminine, and toques are without end. Embroidery is a marked feature in velvet dress bonnets and on bonnets of all kinds, trimming is now placed lower. Neck dressing is still so high that bonnet strings interfere. In consequence, the velvet bow without ends is yet liked and will be more so, when cloaks add thickness. Jet bead bonnets strung on wire, although no longer a leading style, are noticeable and in much the same shapes as formerly, so that those who have one on hand can wear it again. Green continues very fashionable in millinery.

GIRDLES

are quite the rage and besides the regulation silver, are of passementerie in links, cords, of beads and of seal fur. Crossing the back at the waist line they droop in front and are fastened low on the left side. Bead passementerics are a favorite trimming for black silk and black trimmings are now stylish on colored material; such as black fur, passementerie, cords or braids being most in favor. Gloves are in very bad taste this season, since the heavy stitching gives an awkward look to the hand. Tan is still most called for and undressed kid continues to lead. A new style has fancy very large gilt buttons yet for evening. These are extremely long gloves meeting the sleeve, but they do not wrinkle as formerly.

ROSALIND MAY.