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, MARCH 7, 1888. NO. 26.

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 orders 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.

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 Nov. 20th, 1887.

NORTHWARD.	410 Pass.ex. Sunday.	No. 444. mixed ex. Sun.	442. mixed ex. Sun.
Lv. Lexington	7 20 a m	1 20 p m	
" Staunton	9 28 a m	4 35 p m	5 30 p m
" Harrisonburg	10 32 a m	6 45 p m	6 00 p m
" Mt. Jackson	11 30 a m	8 29 p m	
" Woodstock	11 58 a m	9 19 p m	
" Strasburg	12 26 a m	10 08 p m	
" Capon Road	12 36 p m	11 24 p m	
" Winchester	1 27 p m	11 59 a m	
" Stephenson	1 37 p m	1 06 a m	
" Charlestown	2 16 p m	1 45 a m	
Ar. Harper's Ferry	2 40 p m		
" Washington	5 15 p m		
" Baltimore	6 30 p m		
" Wilmington	9 20 p m		
" Philadelphia	10 00 p m		

SOUTHWARD.	409 Pass. ex. Sun.	No. 441. Pass mixed. ex. Sun.	443 mixed ex. Sun.
Lv. Philadelphia			
" Wilmington			
" Baltimore	7 20 a m		
" Washington	8 40 a m		
" Harper's Ferry	11 10 a m		1 20 a m
" Charlestown	11 31 a m		2 24 a m
" Stephenson	12 06 a m		3 27 a m
" Winchester	12 20 p m		3 54 a m
" Capon Road	1 08 p m		5 03 a m
" Strasburg	1 18 p m		5 14 a m
" Woodstock	1 48 p m		6 07 a m
" Mt. Jackson	2 16 p m		6 51 a m
" Harrisonburg	3 24 p m	5 00 a m	9 20 a m
" Staunton	4 30 p m	7 15 a m	11 30 a m
Ar. Lexington	6 25 p m	10 40 a m	

CONNECTIONS.

Train No 410 connects at Harper's Ferry with Fast Limited Express Train leaving at 4:04 p. m., arriving at Cincinnati at 7:45 a. m., St. Louis at 6:30 p. m., and Chicago at 6:40 p. m.

With train leaving at 10:21 p. m., arriving at Pittsburg at 6:30 a.m. Also with train leaving at 11:21 p. m., arriving at Cincinnati at 5:30 p. m., St. Louis at 7:00 a. m. and Chicago at 5:40 a m.

Connects at Weverton with train arriving at Hagerstown at 8:30 p. m. and at Washington Junction with train arriving at Frederick at 3:55 p. m.

B. & O. Palace Sleeping Cars are run through to Pittsburg, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Columbus and Chicago. All fast trains run through to above points without change of cars.

For tickets and further information apply to B. & O. Agents, or to
C. E. DUDROW, Traveling Pass. Agt., Staunton, Va.
C. K. LORD, Gen'l Passenger Agent,
W. M. CLEMENTS, Manager.

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

GEO. S. LIGHTNER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, STAUNTON, VA.
References:—Gen. Joseph B. Seth, Hon. J. Frank Turner, A. A. Pascault, Esq., Easton, Maryland.
Office—In the room now occupied by Hon. Edward Echols, and adjoining the office of Craig & Paul. dec 14 '87

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—1y

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

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

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

DR. JAMES JOHNSTON. DENTIST. MAIN STREET, STAUNTON, VA.
OFFICE:—Over Turner & Harman's Grocery Store. dec 21—tf

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

DR. CHAS. T. LINDSEY, Surgeon Dentist, STAUNTON, VA.
☞OFFICE:—Post Office Building. sept. 21—6m

J. SAMUEL McCUE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Public Square,
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.
Practice in State and Federal Courts, and regularly in Albemarle, Augusta and Nelson counties, Va.
☞ Make a *Specialty of Collections* and guarantee prompt attention to all matters entrusted to me. nov 23—1y

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.

WANTED TO BUY

At my new stand, THE LAST BUILDING ON RAILROAD ROW, and the same heretofore used as my fertilizer warehouse:

New Corn in Ear,
Wheat,
Oats,
Clover Seed,
Hay, Straw.

For the prompt delivery of these articles, I will pay the highest market price in CASH.

Notice the change in my place of business and call and see me in my new quarters as soon as you can. JAS. H. BLACKLEY.
6—4m.—Vin and V. V. copy.

Chesapeake and Ohio Ry.

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.
Schedule in Effect Nov. 13, 1887.

WESTWARD.	No. 3. Daily.	No. 1. Daily. Ex. Sun.
Lve Norfolk	2 35 p m	7 00 a m
Lve Old Point C'f't	3 10 p m	7 45 a m
Lve Newport News	3 40 p m	8 10 a m
Lve Richmond	6 25 p m	11 05 a m
ve Gordonsville	9 06 p m	2 23 p m
Arr Charlottesville	9 55 p m	3 25 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 10 p m	3 45 p m
Lve WaynesboroJc	11 15 p m	4 59 p m
Lve Staunton	11 50 p m	5 35 p m
Arr Clifton Forge	2 15 a m	8 10 p m
Lve Clifton Forge	2 20 a m	8 30 p m
Lve Alleghany	3 30 a m	9 45 p m
Lve White Sulphur		10 00 p m
Lve Hinton	5 18 a m	11 55 p m
Lve Kanawha Falls	8 00 a m	3 00 a m
Lve Cannelton	8 18 a m	3 30 a m
Lve Charleston	9 05 a m	4 36 a m
Lve Huntington	9 45 a m	8 20 a m
Arr Ashland	10 21 a m	7 07 a m
Lve Ashland	5 35 p m	8 47 a m
Arr Columbus	11 17 p m	3 00 p m
Lve Ashland	10 21 a m	7 07 a m
Arr Mt. Sterling	1 55 p m	11 30 a m
Arr Winchester	2 30 p m	12 00 n'n
Arr Lexington	3 20 p m	1 20 p m
Arr Louisville	7 15 p m	7 15 p m
Arr Cincinnati	6 00 p m	6 00 p m

EASTWARD.	No. 4. Daily.	No. 2. Except Sunday.
Lve Cincinnati	8 00 p m	8 30 a m
Lve Louisville	7 00 p m	6 50 a m
Lve Lexington	11 35 p m	11 50 a m
Lve Winchester	11 20 p m	1 00 p m
Lve Columbus	5 30 p m	11 25 a m
Lve Ashland	3 27 a m	6 05 p m
Lve Huntington	5 20 a m	9 00 p m
Arr Charleston	6 45 a m	10 03 p m
Arr Cannelton	7 32 a m	11 05 p m
Arr Kanawha Falls	7 50 a m	11 31 p m
Arr Hinton	10 15 a m	2 35 a m
Arr White Sulphur		5 00 a m
Arr Clifton Forge	1 10 p m	6 30 a m
Arr Staunton	3 40 p m	9 23 a m
Arr WaynesboroJc	4 10 p m	9 58 a m
Arr Charlottesville	5 10 p m	11 10 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 Charlottesvile	5 30 p m	11 20 a m
Arr Richmond	9 00 p m	3 10 p m
Lve Richmond	8 00 a m	3 20 p m
Arr Newport News	10 35 a m	5 55 p m
Arr Old Point C'f't	11 00 a m	6 20 p m
Arr Norfolk	11 40 a m	7 00 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 Clifton Forge. The train leaving Old Point Saturday morning, runs only to Huntington.

No. 2, daily except Sunday. The train leaving Louisville and Cincinnati on Saturday runs only to Clifton Forge, where it lays over until Monday morning.

No. 5 leaves Clifton Forge daily at 7:00 a. m. for Ashland, Ky.

No. 6 leaves Ashland daily at 7.10 a. m. for Clifton Forge.

Pullman Sleeping Cars on all through trains.

Old Dominion Steamships leave Norfolk Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 6:30 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, Receiver. H. W. FULLER, Gen'l Pass'r Agent

SHENANDOAH VALLEY RAILROAD
S. F. Tyler, Receiver.
Time Table in effect JUNE 19, 1887.

SOUTHWARD. Standard Time, 75th Meridian.	DAILY. 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	11.34 "	5.49 "
Milnes	12.22 P. M.	6.25 "
Waynesboro Junc	2.05 "	7.57 "
Natural Bridge	4.17 "	10.17 "
Roanoke	6.00 "	12.00night
ARRIVE.		
Bristol	12.15 A. M.	9.05 A. M.
Cleveland	7.40 A. M.	4.15 P. M.
Memphis	9.15 P. M.	6.10 A. M.
Atlanta	3.30 P. M.	
Montgomery	7.10 P. M.	
New Orleans	7.20 A. M.	

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

No. 1 has through connection from Philadelphia via Harrisburg and C. V. Railroad, and 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. Standard Time, 75th Meridian.	DAILY. 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	8.46 "	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 Westbound trains.

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

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

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, Superintendent. Roanoke, Va.
C. M. FUTTERER, Pass. Agent, Hagerstown, Md. je22

RIVERTON MILLS CO., Limited, Manufacturers of Flour, Feed, etc. Riverton, Va., Jan. 31st, 1888.
MR. CHAS. E. MANOR, Sands, P. O., Va.,
Dear Sir:—The George T. Smith Centrifugal and the Scalper of same make which you placed in our mills a few months since, are working to our entire satisfaction.
We are pleased to commend the workmanlike execution of the alterations and improvements in our establishment entrusted to you, and are gratified at the results obtained.
Yours truly,
GEO. WM. CONE, Treas'r and Manager.
jan 11—1y

NOTICE. At the request of Stockholders holding more than one-tenth of the capital stock of the Virginia Iron and Steel Company, a general meeting of the Stockholders of said Company will be held at the office of Sheffey & Bumgardner, in the city of Staunton, on Saturday, March 10th, 1888.
feb 15—4t HENRY J. ROGERS, Secretary.

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

A SPECIFIC FOR

WOMAN'S DISEASES

—SUCH AS—

Painful Profuse Suppressed Scanty and Irregular MENSTRUATION or MONTHLY SICKNESS.

If taken during the CHANGE OF LIFE, great suffering and danger will be avoided. ☞Send for book "MESSAGE TO WOMEN," mailed free.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION.
Over a Million Distributed.

Capital Prize $300,000.

L.S.L.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY COMPANY.

Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868, for educational and charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place Monthly, and the Quarterly Drawings regularly every three months, March, June, September and December.

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

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

We the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in The Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

J. H. OGLESBY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank
PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank

GRAND QUARTERLY DRAWING

In the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, March 13, 1888.

CAPITAL PRIZE $300,000.

100,000 Tickets at Twenty Dollars each. Halves $10; Quarters $5; Tenths $2; Twentieths $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE	OF $300,000 is	$300,000
1 PRIZE	OF 100,000 is	100,000
1 PRIZE	OF 50,000 is	50,000
1 PRIZE	OF 25,000 is	25,000
2 PRIZES	OF 10,000 are	20,000
5 PRIZES	OF 5,000 are	25,000
25 PRIZES	OF 1,000 are	25,000
100 PRISES	OF 500 are	50,000
200 PRIZES	OF 300 are	60,000
500 PRIZES	OF 200 are	100,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

100 Prizes of $500 approximating to $300,000 Prize are	50,000
100 Prizes of $300 approximating to $100,000 Prize are	30,000
100 Prizes of $200 approximating to $50,000 Prize are	20,000

TERMINAL PRIZES.

1,000 Prizes of $100 decided by...$300,000 Prize are	100,000
1,000 Prizes of $100 decided by...$100,000 Prize are	100,000
3,136 Prizes amounting to	$1,055,000

For Club Rates, or any further information apply to the undersigned. Your handwriting must be distinct and Signature plain. More rapid return mail delivery will be assured by your enclosing an Envelope bearing your full address.

Send **POSTAL NOTES**, Express Money Orders, or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed to—

M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.
or **M. A. DAUPHIN,** Washington, D. C.

Address Registered Letters to—

NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity, that the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what number will draw a Prize.

REMEMBER That the payment of all Prizes is **GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS** of New Orleans, and the Tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest Courts; therefore, beware of any imitations or anonymous schemes. feb 8—4t

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
ELY'S CREAM BALM
CATARRH
CURES COLD IN HEAD
ROSE-COLD
HAY-FEVER
DEAFNESS
HEADACHE
PRICE 50 CENTS
ELY BRO'S, OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.
EASY TO USE
HAY-FEVER

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 troublesome 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

THE AMERICAN FARMER

Over Forty Years Under the Same Management.

Devoted to Farming, Stock Raising, Fruit Growing, Market Gardening, the Dairy, The Poultry Yard, etc., etc.

Special attention is paid to FERTILIZERS and MANURES, including those of commerce and the farm.

Reports of Representative Farmers' Clubs are a notable feature of its issues.

Its HOME DEPARTMENT is filled with charming reading and practical suggestions for the ladies of the farm household.

The most competent, successful and experienced men and women have charge of the several departments.

No farmer in the Atlantic States, from Delaware to Georgia, *can afford to be without* this old and reliable adviser and guide on farm work.

THE AMERICAN FARMER is published *twice every month*, (on the 1st and 15th.) It is beautifully printed on fine white paper, in clear type, $1.00 a year. To any one sending a club of five, an extra copy will be sent free.

SAM'L SANDS & SON, Publishers, Baltimore, Md.

DEEP **Sea Wonders** exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed. dec 7 '87—1y

COMBINATION FENCE MACHINES

can be furnished to DEALERS, SAW-MILL MEN, AND FARMERS, by J. M. HENKLE & CO. Gen. Agents for Va. Farmers can form clubs of 5 or 6 and buy one jointly. It only weighs 500 lbs. and can easily be moved from farm to farm. Parties can see the machine and how it works, and get any further particulars by calling on J. M. Henkle or LYNN & CO., Staunton, Va.
V & V Ve

WHERE?

And where has the robin gone,
With his breast-plate dipped in burnished red?
He had his home in the leafy bed,
Till the trees began to moan;
Then he flew where summer's living green
Would hide his nest with a foliage green—
And there has the robin flown!

And what has the blackbird known
Since he piped aloud in maple-tops,
And saw the golden wheat-eared crops
And tasseled corn cut down? [pale,
He watched when the flowers were turning
When the roses chilled 'neath the frosty veil,
And the grass was turning brown.

And why did the swallow fly?
He flitted about the hawthorn hedge,
And lived where the honeysuckle's edge
Trimmed his home in porch-top high;
With the summer sweets he flew away,
Where the perfumed air will always stay,
In balm of a southern sky.

Oh, birdie blue! you, too, have gone,
And wren and thrush and cooing dove!
And the flowers fade there in the land of love,
And die out one by one?
Thro' the wind-swept trees no birdlings mate;
Do you come where bluer skies await,
When back to us you have flown?
—*Inda Barton Hays in Cricket on the Hearth.*

"Grandmothers and Grandchildren."

GOOD WOMEN WHOSE TOMBSTONES WERE PLANTED IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ARE MORE ALIVE FOR GOOD IN THE NINETEENTH.

OLD WOMEN SUSPICOUSLY SILENT ABOUT OLD TIMES.

THOSE TIMES WERE WORSE THAN OURS.

AMONG OUR FIRST QUESTIONS IN HEAVEN—"WHERE IS GRANDMOTHER."

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON, SUNDAY, FEB. 26.

BROOKLYN, February 26.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., preached in the Brooklyn Tabernacle to-day the eighth of his series of "Sermons to the Women of America, with Important Hints to Men." The subject was: "The Grandmother and Her Grandchildren." A vast congregation was present. The opening hymn begins:

"Give to the wind thy fears,
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head."

Dr. Talmage's text was from II. Timothy, i., 5: "The unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois." The eloquent preacher said:

In this love letter which Paul, the old minister, is writing to Timothy, the young minister, the family record is brought out. Paul practically says: "Timothy, what a good grandmother you had. You ought to be better than most folks, because not only was your mother good, but your grandmother. Two preceding generations of piety ought to give you a mighty push in the right direction." The fact was that Timothy needed encouragement. He was in poor health, having a weak stomach, and was dyspeptic, and Paul prescribed for him a tonic—"a little wine for thy stomach's sake"—not much wine, but a little wine, and only as a medicine. And if the wine then had been as much adulterated with logwood and strychnine as our modern wines, he would not have prescribed any.

But Timothy, not strong physically, is encouraged spiritually by the recital of grandmotherly excellence, Paul hinting to him, as I hint this day to you, that God sometimes gathers up as in a reservoir away back of the active generations of to-day a godly influence, and then in response to prayer lets down the power upon children and grandchildren and great grandchildren. The world is woefully in want of a table of statistics in regard to what is the protractedness and immensity of influence of one good woman in the Church and world. We have accounts of how much evil has been wrought by Margaret, the mother of criminals, who lived near a hundred years ago, and of how many hundreds of criminals her descendants furnished for the penitentiary and the gallows, and how many hundreds of thousands of dollars they cost this country in their arraignment and prison support as well as in the property they burglarised or destroyed. But will not some one come out with brain comprehensive enough and heart warm enough and pen keen enough to give us the facts in regard to some good woman of a hundred years ago, and let us know how many Christian men and women and reformers and useful people have been found among her descendants, and how many asylums and colleges and churches they built, and how many millions of dollars they contributed for humanitarian and Christian purposes?

The good women whose tombstones were planted in the eighteenth century are more alive for good in the nineteenth century than they were before, as the good women of this nineteenth century will be more alive for good in the twentieth century than now. Mark you, I have no idea that the grandmothers were any better than their granddaughters. You cannot get very old people to talk much about how things were when they were boys and girls. They have a reticence and a non-committalism which makes me think they feel themselves to be the custodians of the reputation of their early comrades. While our dear old folks are rehearsing the follies of the present, if you put them on the witness-stand and cross-examine them as to how things were seventy years ago the silence becomes oppressive.

A celebrated Frenchman by the name of Volney visited this country in 1796, and he says of woman's diet in those times: "If a premium was offered for a regimen most destructive to health, none could be devised more efficacious for these ends than that in use among these people." That eclipses our lobster salad at midnight. Everybody talks about the dissipations of modern society and how womanly health goes down under it, but it was worse a hundred years ago, for the chaplain of a French regiment in our revolutionary war wrote in 1782, in his book of American women, saying: "The are tall and well proportioned, their features are generally regular, their complexions are generally fair and without color. At twenty years of age the women have no longer the freshness of youth. At thirty or forty years they are decrepit." In 1812 a foreign consul wrote a book entitled "A sketch of the United States at the Commencement of the Present Century," and he says of the women of those times: "At the age of thirty all their charms have disappeared." One glance at the portraits of the women a hundred years ago and their style of dress makes us wonder how they ever got their breath. All this makes me think that the express rail train is no more an improvement on the canal boat, or the telegraph no more an improvement on the old-time saddlebags, than the women of our day are an improvement on the women of the last century.

But still, notwithstanding that those times were so much worse than ours, there was a glorious race of godly women, seventy and a hundred years ago, who held the world back from sin and lifted it toward virtue, and without their exalted and sanctified influence before this the last good influence would have perished from the earth. Indeed all over this land there are seated to-day—not so much in churches, for many of them are too feeble to come—a great many aged grandmother. They sometimes feel that the world has gone past them, and they have an idea they are of little account. Their head sometimes gets aching from the racket of the grandchildren down stairs or in the next room. They steady themselves by the banisters as they go up and down. When they get a cold it hangs on to them longer than it used to.—They cannot bear to have the grandchildren punished even when they deserve it, and have so relaxed their ideas of family discipline that they would spoil all the youngsters of the household by too great leniency. These old folks are the resort when great troubles come, and there is a calming and soothing power in the touch of an aged hand that is almost supernatural. They feel they are almost through with the journey of life, and read the old book more than they used to, hardly knowing which most they enjoy, the Old Testament or the New, and often stop and dwell tearfully over the family record half-way between. We hail them to-day, whether in the House of God or at the homestead. Blessed is that household that has in it a grandmother Lois.—Where she is angels are hovering round and God is in the room. May her last days be like those lovely autumnal days that we call Indian Summer. I never knew the joy of having a grandmother; that is the disadvantage of being the youngest child of the family. The elder members only have that benediction But though she went up out of this life before I began it, I have heard of her faith in God, that brought all her children into the kingdom and two of them into the ministry, and then brought all the grandchildren into the kingdom, myself the last and least worthy. Is it not time that you and I do two things, swing open a picture gallery of the wrinkled faces and stooped shoulders of the past, and call down from their heavenly thrones the godly grandmothers, to give them our thanks, and then persuade the mothers of to-day that they are living for all time, and that against the sides of every cradle in which a child is rocked beat the two eternities?

Here we have an untried, undiscussed, and unexplored subject. You often hear about your influence upon your own children—I am not talking about that. What about your influence upon the twentieth century, upon the thirtieth century, upon the fortieth century, upon the year two thousand, upon the year four thousand, if the world lasts so long? The world stood four thousand years before Christ came; it is not unreasonable to suppose that it may stand four thousand years after his arrival. Four thousand years the world swung off in sin, four thousand years it may be swinging back into righteousness. By the ordinary rate of multiplication of the world's population in a century your descendants will be over six hundred, and by two centuries at least over a hundred thousand, perhaps two hundred thousand, and upon every one of them you, the mother of to-day, will have an influence for good or evil. And if in two centuries your descendants shall have with their names filled a scroll of hundreds of thousands, will some angel from Heaven to whom is given the capacity to calculate the number of the stars of heaven and the sands of the seashore, step down and tell us how many descendants you will have in the four thousandth year of the world's possible continuance? Do not let the grandmothers any longer think that they are retired, and sit clear back out of sight from the world, feeling that they have no relation to it. The mothers of the last century are to-day in the senates, the parliaments, the palaces, the pulpits, the banking houses, the professional chair, the prisons, the almshouses, the company of midnight brigands, the cellars, the ditches of this century. You have been thinking about the importance of having the right influence upon one nursery. You have been thinking of the importance of getting those two little feet on the right path. You have been thinking of your child's destiny for the next eighty years, if it should pass on to be an octogenarian. That is well, but my subject sweeps a thousand years, a million years, a quadrillion of years. I cannot stop at one cradle, I am looking at the cradles that reach all round the world and across all time. I am not talking of mother Eunice, I am talking of Grandmother Lois. The only way you can tell the force of a current is by sailing up stream; or the force of an ocean wave, by running the ship against it. Running along with it we cannot appreciate the force. In estimating maternal influence we generally run along with it down the stream of time, and so we don't understand the force. Let us come up to it from the eternity side, after it has been working on for centuries, and see all the good it has done and all the evil it has accomplished multiplied in magnificent or appalling compound interest. The difference between that mother's influence on her children now and the influence when it has been multiplied in hundreds of thousands of lives, is the difference between the Mississippi river way up at the top of the continent starting from the little lake Itasca, seven miles long and one wide, and its mouth at the Gulf of Mexico, where navies might ride. Between the birth of that river and its burial in the sea the Missouri pours in, and the Ohio pours in, and the Arkansas pours in, and the Red and White and Yazoo rivers pour in, and all the States and Territories between the Alleghany and Rocky mountains make contribution. Now, in order to test the power of a mother's influence, we need to come in off of the ocean of eternity and sail up toward the one cradle and we will find ten thousand tributaries of influence pouring in and pouring down. But it is after all one great river of power rolling on and rolling forever. Who can fathom it? Who can bridge it? Who can stop it? Had not mothers better be intensifying their prayers? Had they not better be elevating their example? Had they not better be rousing themselves with the consideration that by their faithfulness or neglect they are starting an influence which will be stupendous after the last mountain of earth is flat, and the last sea has been dried up, and the last flake of the ashes of a consumed world shall have been blown away, and all the telescopes of other worlds directed to the track around which our world once swung shall discover not so much as a cinder of the burned down and swept-off planet? In Ceylon there is a granite column thirty-six square feet in size, which is thought by the natives to decide the world's continuance. An angel with robe spun from zephyrs is once a century to descend and sweep the hem of that robe across the granite, and when by that attrition the column is worn away they say time will end. But by that process that granite column would be worn out of existence before mother's influence will begin to give away.

If a mother tells a child he is not good, some bugaboo will come and catch him, the fear excited may make the child a coward, and the fact that he finds that there is no bugaboo may make him a liar, and the echo of that false alarm may be heard after fifteen generations have been born and have expired. If a mother promise a child a reward for good behavior and after the good behavior forgets to give the reward, the cheat may crop out in some faithlessness half a thousand years further on. If a mother culture a child's vanity and eulogise his curls and extol the night-black or sky-blue or nut-brown of the child's eyes, and call out in his presence the admiration of spectators, pride and arrogance may be prolonged after half a dozen family records have been obliterated. It a mother express doubt about some statement of the Holy Bible in a child's presence, long after the gates of this historical era have closed and the gates of another era have opened, the result may be seen in a champion blasphemer. But on the other hand, if a mother walking with a child see a suffering one by the wayside and says: "My child, give that ten-cent piece to that lame boy," the result may be seen on the other side of the following century in some George Muller building a whole village of orphanages. If a mother sit almost every evening by the trundle bed of a child and teach it lessons of a Saviour's love and a Saviour's example, of the importance of truth and the horror of a lie, and the virtues of industry and kindness and sympathy and self-sacrifice, long after the mother has gone and the child has gone and the lettering on both the tombstones shall have been washed out by the storms of innumerable winters, there may be standing as a result of those trundle-bed lessons, flaming evangels, world-moving reformers, circulating Summerfields, weeping Paysons, thundering Whitefields, emancipating Washingtons.

Good or bad influence may skip one generation or two generations, but it will be sure to land in the third or fourth generation, just as the Ten Commandments, speaking of the visitation of God on families, says nothing about the second generation, but entirely skips the second and speaks of the third and fourth generation: "Visiting the iniquities of the father upon the third and fourth generations of them that hate me." Parental influence, right and wrong, may jump over a generation, but it will come down further on as sure as you sit there and I stand here. Timothy's ministry was projected by his grandmother Lois. There are men and women here, the sons and daughters of the Christian Church, who are such as a result of the consecration of great-great-grandmothers. Why, whom do you think the Lord is? You talk as though His memory was weak. He can no easier remember a prayer five minutes than he can five centuries. This explains what we often see—some man or woman distinguished for benevolence when the father and mother were distinguished penuriousness, or you see some young man or woman with a bad father and a hard mother come out gloriously for Christ and make the church sob and shout and sing under his exhortations. We stand in corners of the vestry and whisper over the matter and say: "How is this, such great piety in sons and daughters of such parental worldliness and sin?" I will explain it to you if you will fetch me the old family Bible containing the full record. Let some septuagenarian look with me clear upon the page of births and marriages, and tell me who that woman was with the old-fashioned name of Jemima or Betsy or Mehitabel. Ah, there she is, the old grandmother or the great-grandmother, who had enough religion to saturate a century.

There she is, the dear old soul, Grandmother Lois. In our beautiful Greenwood (may we all sleep there when our work is done, for when I get up in the resurrection morning I want my congregation all about me)—in Greenwood there is the resting-place of George W. Bethune, once a minister of Brooklyn Heights, his name never spoken among intelligent Americans without suggesting two things—eloquence and evangelism. In the same tomb sleeps his grandmother, Isabella Graham, who was the chief inspiration of his ministry. You are not surprised at the poetry and pathos and pulpit power of the grandson when you read of the faith and devotion of his wonderful ancestress. When you read this letter, in which she poured out her widowed soul in longings for a son's salvation, you will not wonder that succeeding generations have been blessed:

"NEW YORK, May 20, 1791.

"This day my only son left me in bitter wringings of heart; he is again launched on the ocean, God's ocean. The Lord saved him from shipwreck, brought him to my home, and allowed me once more to indulge my affections over him. He has been with me but a short time, and ill have I improved it; he is gone from my sight and my heart bursts with tumulous grief. Lord have mercy on the widow's son, 'the only son of his mother.'

"I ask nothing in all this world for him; I repeat my petition, save his soul alive, give him salvation from sin. It is not the danger of the seas that distresses me; it is not the hardships he must undergo; it is not the dread of never seeing him more in this world; it is because I cannot discern the fulfilment of the promise in him. I cannot discern the new birth nor its fruit, but every sympton of captivity to satan, the world and self-will. This, this is what distresses me; and in connection with this his being shut out from ordinances at a distance from Christians; shut up with those who forget God, profane His name and break His Sabbaths; men who often live and die like beasts, yet are accountable creatures, who must answer for every moment of time and every word, thought and action. O Lord, many wonders hast thou shown me: Thy ways of dealing with me and mine have not been common ones; add this wonder to the rest. Call, convert, regenerate and establish a sailor in the faith. Lord, all things are possible with Thee; glorify Thy son and extend His kingdom by sea and land; take the prey from the strong. I roll him over upon Thee. Many friends try to comfort me; miserable comforters are they all. Thou art the God of consolation; only confirm to me Thy precious word, on which thou causedst me to hope in the day when Thou saidst me to hope in the day when Thou saidst to me, 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive.' Only let this life be a spiritual life and I put a blank in thy hand as to all temporal things.

"I wait for thy salvation. Amen."

With such a grandmother, would you not have a right to expect a George W. Bethune? and all the thousands converted through his ministry may date the saving power back to Isabella Graham.

God fill the earth and the heavens with such grandmothers; we must some day go up and thank these dear old souls. Surely God will let us go up and tell them of the results of their influence. Among our first questions in heaven will be, "Where is grandmother?" They will point her out, for we would hardly know her even if we had seen her on earth, so bent over with years once and there so straight, so dim of eye through the blinding of earthly tears and now her eye as clear as heaven, so full of aches and pains once and now so agile with celestial health, the wrinkles blooming into carnation roses, and her step like the roe on the mountains. Yes, I must see her, my grandmother on my father's side, Mary McCoy, descendant of the Scotch. When I first spoke to an audience in Glasgow, Scotland, and felt somewhat diffident, being a stranger, I began by telling them my grandmother was a Scotch woman, and then there went up a shout of welcome which made me feel as easy as I do here. I must see her.

You must see those women of the early nineteenth century and of the eighteenth century, the answer of whose prayers is in your welfare to day. God bless all the aged women up and down the land and in all lands! What a happy thing for Pomponius Atticus to say when making the funeral address to his mother: "Though I have resided with her sixty-seven years I was never once reconciled to her, because there never happened the least discord between us, and consequently there was no need of reconciliation." Make it as easy for the old folks as you can. When they are sick get for them the best doctors. Give them your arm when the streets are slippery.—Stay with them all the time you can. Go home and see the old folks. Find the place for them in the hymn-book. Never be ashamed if they prefer styles of apparel a little antiquated. Never say anything that implies that they are in the way. Make the road for the last mile as smooth as you can. Oh, my! how you will miss her when she is gone. I would give the house from over my head to see mother. I have so many things I would like to tell her, things that have happened in the twenty-four years since she went away. Morning, noon, and night let us thank God for the good influences that have come down from good mothers all the way back. Timothy, don't forget your mother Eunice, and don't forget your grandmother Lois. And hand down to others this patrimony of blessing. Pass along the coronets. Make religion an heirloom from generation to generation.—Mothers of America, consecrate yourselves to God and you will help consecrate all the ages following! Do not dwell so much on your hardships that you miss your chance of wielding an influence that shall look down upon you from the towers of an endless future. I know Martin Luther was right when he consoled his wife over the death of their daughter by saying: "Don't take on so, wife; remember that this is a hard world for girls." Yes; I go further and say: It is a hard world for women.—Aye, I go further and say: It is a hard world for men. But for all women and men who trust their bodies and souls in the hand of Christ the shining gates will soon swing open. Don't you see the sickly pallor on the sky? That is the pallor on the cold cheek of the dying night. Don't you see the brightening of the clouds? That is the flush on the warm forehead of the morning. Cheer up, you are coming within sight of the Celestial City.

Cairo, capital of Egypt, was called "City of Victory." Athens, capital of Greece, was called "City of the Violet Crown;" Baalbeck was called "City of the Sun;" London was called "The City of Masts." Lucian's imaginary metropolis beyond the zodiac was called "The City of Lanterns." But the city to which you journey hath all these in one, the victory, the crowns, the masts of those that have been harbored after the storm. Aye, all but the lanterns and the sun, because they have no need of any other light, since the Lamb is the light thereof.

TOO LATE.

A TRUE STORY—ITS PERUSAL SHOULD MAKE US MORE CHARITABLE.

"Mamma, mamma," wailed a tiny, feeble voice, "tum take baby."

It was a lonely tenement room, utterly bare of anything like cosy home comfort. A dilapidated bedstead and furnishings stood in one corner, a rusty stove, a basket with a few lonesome lumps of fuel in it, a rickety old chair with one broken rocker, were the principal furniture.

In this chair a little girl, whose pinched white face showed plainly the effects of close air and semi-starvation, sat in it rocking as far as the broken rocker would allow, and crooning a dismal little ditty in time to her fast-falling tears.

A baby lay back in her arms, a golden haired little creature with great blue eyes, which under happier circumstances—fresh air, warmth and proper food—would have been beautiful; but now, its pinched face, staring eyes, and wan, deathly look, were enough to melt a heart of stone to pity.

The child moaned on its pitiful wail for "mamma, mamma," and the little girl sang on amid her tears, while the otherwise deathly quiet of the room was broken by an occasional footstep stumbling up or down the long staircase without, varied by sounds of quarreling children in the other rooms, sounds of blows and screams of pain, for the ill-smelling tenement house was swarming with occupants of all ages and all degrees of misery.

Once a drunken man stumbled along the narrow passage swearing and cursing, and weeping little Jane clasped the wailing baby closer to her beating heart, but she had taken the precaution to turn the key in the rusty lock, and after trying the door and giving it a kick, the man shuffled on to his own wretched room.

Meantime the mother rubbed away on a washing she was doing in a wealthy home on Beacon street, with a heart as heavy as lead, while the tears stole down her cheeks and mingled with the foam of the suds.

She had stayed at her home for two whole days already, days that meant little short of starvation for the little family; but the babe was so sick she could not resist its pitiful pleadings for her care.

To-day, however, her work was in a place where she well knew her failure to appear would cause the certain loss of future work, and she tore herself away from the baby, though it strained her very heart-strings to do so.

Mrs. Chauncey had no intention of being a hard woman, and would have been surprised had any one ventured to tell her she was so, but she was certainly unsympathetic. The sorrows of the poor were nothing to her, and in her employment of them, if one failed in any particular, she discharged them and filled the vacant place with another as unconcernedly as she would supply a missing cog in any of her kitchen machinery.

There was a sad history preceding this chapter in the washerwoman's experience.

She had once been a happy bride, giving her heart and hand with the blind devotion with which woman bestows upon the man of her choice; a long vista of happy years stretched out before her in anticipation, in which husband, home, and the little children were the central figures.

True she knew that her husband occasionally accepted a treat from his friends, just one glass once in a while, but she thought nothing of it. Compared with many others, he was a model of temperance and good principles. She did not know of the inherited taste which lay lurking in his nature, waiting for a supply of liquid fire to warm it into a never-dying flame, but she found it out afterward, when the husband no longer waited for a treat, but stepped into the ever-ready saloon and supplied the craving which was beginning to dominate him.

It was when little Jane was born that he came home *drunk* for the first time in consequence of the absurd custom of celebrating such events by unlimited treating, and the wife suffered keener anguish than that of the birth throes, when he stumbled into her presence in his maudlin condition.

After that his downward course was rapid; from their neat cottage they went to tenement rooms, from rooms to one room, the miserable shelter where little Jane is rocking the baby.

In a saloon brawl two years ago he had killed a man, and for this had been sent up for life, and the worse than widow had set about making a living for herself and the child.

Death is a terrible thing, but there are living deaths which are infinitely far more tragical, more pathetic than the grass-covered grave in the green cemetery.

Then came the baby, born amid tears, poverty and disgrace; no cap-crowned nurse greeted her advent into the world, not even a physician, and little Jane, aided and advised by a kind neighbor, who was even poorer than they, took the scanty care of the mother and child which they received.

The mother had almost resented the very thought of another mouth to feed, another form to clothe in her destitution, but the mother love came with the blue-eyed baby, and much as she loved little Jane, this little one, born amid such adverse circumstances, crept into heart as no other living thing had ever done, and became the very idol of her lonely heart.

Plain print dresses had seemed good enough for little Jane's babyhood, but white—pure white—seemed the only suitable wear for the smiling, goldened-haired visitor, and many a night she sat up after her day's toil for others was done, to wash and iron the one fine white and embroidered robe which was left of Jane's infant wardrobe, that her darling might be fresh and sweet through the day.

Little Jane shared this idolizing love for the fair little blossom in the dingy room, and together they worked and made sacrifices uncomplainingly that the little one might be shielded from the hardships of their lot, while she laughed and crowed and contributed her share of sunshine to alleviate the sorrows she knew so little of, until the sickness came, the result of poverty and privation, blanching the cheek and dimming the blue eyes of the little comforter.

It seemed to the mother that the wash had never been so large at Mrs. Chauncey's as she hurried through the monotonous rub, suds and rinse, and nothing but the thought of the money she would receive, and which she needed so sorely, upheld her aching heart during the anxious day. She was nearly done now and Mrs. Chauncey came into the wash-room; she was not in a pleasant humor to-day. Her dressmaker had disappointed her, and Mr. Chauncey had refused her the new style sealskin cloak she had asked him for, on the plea of hard times, and she spoke to the tired and sorrowing woman coldly and fretfully: "It seems to me, Mrs. Dunlap, the washing has dragged unusually to-day."

"An' sure, mim, it's unusually large," said the cook, who chanced to be in the room, pointing to the great basket of clothes ready for the line.

She was as near being a privileged character in Mr. Chauncey's household as any one in it, for her place could not be easily supplied, as she well knew.

"Is it, indeed," replied Mrs. Chauncey, coldly. "I was not aware of it, but I came in, Mrs. Dunlap, to say that I haven't the money to pay you to-day; you may come on Friday and do the ironing, and I will pay you then," and she turned and sailed loftily from the room.

"Are yees going to faint, waman?" cried the cook in alarm, as the poor mother stood looking after her with a face from which every vestige of color had fled, and bringing a chair, the kind-hearted woman seated her in it with gentle force.

The kindly touch unlocked the fountain of the mother's grief, and amid her sobs of distress told the friendly cook the story of her troubles.

"I'll lind ye the money mesilf," cried the woman, wiping her eyes with her apron, her warm Irish heart responding at once to the sad story; she had had children herself, and knew the depths of the mother love. "Put on your things an' hurry home as quick as iver ye can, an' I'll hang the clothes to dry, an' clane up the wash-room." Mrs. Dunlap looked up in grateful surprise. "An' here's a fine, fat orange I bought for me sister's little by, but it'll do the poor sick baby more good," and she tucked the fruit into Mrs. Dunlap's pocket as the spoke.

The mother gladly took advantage of the kind offer, and while she was hurrying on her poor, thin shawl and shabby bonnet, the cook was making up a parcel of cold victuals, luxuries to her in her penury, but unavailable in Mrs. Chauncey's lururious kitchen.

She hurried home, only stopping to purchase a few necessities with the money the cook had lent her, and ascended the long, dark staircase with an anxious heart.

Little Jane met her at the door. "Oh, I am so glad you have come, mamma," she said, in a hushed voice. "Baby has mourned for you all day, but she is asleep now."

The mother approached the wretched bed where the baby lay, the little hands crossed peacefully over her breast, the golden hair, which the mother loved so much to curl and fondle, lying in disordered rings upon the strained, white forehead, the blue eyes closed and oh, so still.

There was no need for little Jane to speak in low tones, and it seemed as if the stricken mother was turned to stone as she stood there, a living statue of dumb, unspeakable anguish; the baby was *dead*.

MRS. F. M. HOWARD.

"Nibbling."

Some of our grocerymen complain of a species of biped who infest stores and are constantly nibbling around, taking a chew of tobacco, a bit of cheese, a lump of sugar, an apple or a handful of berries, or anything to which they take a fancy. Four or five of these nibblers could easily destroy the net profits. It is very annoying, to say the least of it, even though some regard it mere thoughtlessness.

This disposition to nibble we regard a mild species of kleptomania, with which nearly everybody is afflicted to a greater or less degree. Grocers undoubtedly suffer more from it than any class of tradesmen, as they deal in articles which every person is disposed to eat, and in order to sell their wares must expose them to sight. At one time, the custom provelled of covering up barrels or boxes with wire netting, through which customers could see but not taste; but this plan seems to be generally abandoned. Perhaps it is on the principle that "stolen fruit is always the sweetest," that the lump of sugar, the piece of cheese, the peach, the bunch of raisins, or whatever it may be, which is "tasted" is always better than the package, of which it is a sample, when it is delivered at home. There are many persons who are conscientious in this respect and never touch an article until it is weighed out, but they usually have to taste it before it is tied up and they know it is always better than when the package is opened at home. Those little tastes are almost a matter of necessity, and the man who never permits himself to indulge in them carries with him through life a very heavy cross.

If it were only the regular customer, one whose trade is worth something, who indulged in these little pickings, the grocer might remedy it by adding a small percentage in adjusting his ratio of profits to expenses. Some have suggested that to the nibbler's bill should be added now and then an item—

Nibbling to date......................$3 75

Very few persons have much idea of the extent of this tax upon the dealers in a city like this. We recently asked a retail grocer what nibbling cost him and he said at first, a dollar a day, but upon a second thought he said it was more. It probably amounts to fully $500 a year—almost the cost of a clerk—and taking the whole city together, it will amount to fully $150,000 to $200,000 a year. This seems like a large sum, but an estimate can readily be made which will support it, especially if it includes the nibbling of clerks or their takings of cigars, etc.

We have heard of a lounger who was cured of whittling a tailor's counter by having a corner of his coat tail cut off by the tailor's shears; but this will not put an end to the nibbling. In some cases, some such remedy is necessary, and a grocer must estimate whether he will gain or lose by offending a customer who is an inveterate and persistent nibbler. In the main, however, he must make calculations upon a large amount to be lost by nibbling and which amount belongs to the invisible shrinkages which are responsible for many a bad balance sheet.

It is a passion of human nature which must be met, and, like many other evils, nibbling must be kept in check as much as possible, but it can never be done away with entirely.—*American Grocer*.

THINGS SHE NEVER WILL ACKNOWLEDGE.—There are a round dozen things that you can never get a lady to plead guilty of, be she old or young:

That she laces tight.
That her shoes are too small.
That she is tired at a ball.
That she uses anything but powder.
That it takes her long to dress.
That she has kept you waiting.
That she blushed when you mentioned a particular gentleman's name.
That she says what she doesn't mean
That she is fond of scandal.
That she ever flirted.
That she cannot keep a secret.
That she is—in love.

To have good health medicine is necessary occasionally. As a family medicine we can recommend Laxador, the great regulator, and advise all to have a package constantly on hand for cases of necessity.

We request all mothers to stop using laudanum for their babies, and use Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, a safe medicine. It contains nothing injurious.

FATALLY INJURED.—One day last week Mr. Charles Snead, an employe of the Albemarle Soapstone Quarries, was caught in the machinery at that place and his arm severely crushed. Physicians were summoned and amputation performed, but after great suffering he died on Saturday morning. He was about 30 years old and is highly spoken of by his employers and neighbors. He married a daughter of Mr. S. S. Herndon, who survives him, several years ago.—*Scottsville Courier.*

You can't afford to laugh, dear girls,
Unless your teeth are white as pearls—
Unless your mouth is pink and sweet,
And your two lips in rosebuds meet;
And you cannot supply this want,
But through the use of SOZODONT.

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," is like wit: a good thing well applied.

There is nothing better than an old friend, unless it is a young friend of the opposite sex.