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, MAY 2, 1888. NO. 34.

Staunton Spectator.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

ADVERTISEMENTS are inserted at the rate o 12½ cents per line, for the first, and 6¼ cent 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 o 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 a 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 29 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. Lou is 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 p. 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 o 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

DR. F. L. HENKEL, 24 E. Main Street, STAUNTON, VA.
OFFICE HOURS.—Morning—begin at 9 and end at 10. Afternoon—begin at 2 and end at 3. Night—begin at 7 and end at 8. feb 29—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.

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

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
Lve 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
LveCincinnati	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
ArrKanawha 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 Waynesboro Jc	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 Charlottesville	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 March 25, 1888.

SOUTHWARD.	DAILY.	
Standard Time, 75th Meridian.	Express. No. 3.	Express. No. 1.
LEAVE.		
Hagerstown	7.25 A. M.	2.00 P. M.
Antietam	7.56 "	2.33 "
Shepherdstown	8.04 "	2.39 "
Shen. Junction	8.17 "	2.55 "
Charlestown	8.30 "	3.08 "
Riverton	9.41 "	4.23 "
Luray	10.53 "	5.55 "
Milnes	11.42 "	6.45 "
Waynesboro June	1.17 P. M.	8.11 "
Natural Bridge	3.20 "	10.22 "
Buchanan	4.00 "	11.00 "
Roanoke	5.05 "	12.00 "
ARRIVE.		
Bristol	10.50 P. M.	9 05 A. M.
Cleveland	6.10 A. M.	4.15 P. M.
Memphis	7.30 P. M.	6.10 A. M.
Atlanta	5.45 P. M.	2.00 P. M.
Montgomery	6.05 P. M.	7 10 A. M.
New Orleans	6.10 A. M.	7.20 P. 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. Daily except Sunday.

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	12.45P. M.	2.10 A. M.
Buchanan	1.45 "	3.03 "
Natural Bridge	2.23 "	3.35 "
Loch Laird	2.51 "	4.02 "
Waynesboro Junc	4.13 "	5.35 "
Milnes	5.43 "	6.58 "
Luray	6.50 "	7.55 "
Riverton	7.58 "	9.13 "
Berryville	8.40 "	10.02 "
Charlestown	9.07 "	10.30 "
Shen. Junction	9.19 "	10.43 "
Shepherdstown	9.33 "	11 00 "
Antietam	9.40 "	11.00 "
Hagerstown	10.10 "	11.40 "
Ar. Washington B. & O. R. R.		2.25 P. M.
Ar. Baltimore, B. & O. R. R.		3.25 P. M.
Ar. Baltimore, W. M. R. R.		2.40 P. M.
Le. Hagerstown	10.15 P. M.	12.00 M.
Ar. Harrisburg, C. V. R. R.	12.40 A. M.	3.00 P. M.
Ar. Philadelphia P. R. R.	4.25 A. M.	6.50 P. M.
Ar. New York	7.10 A. M.	9 35 P. M.

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.

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

RICHLY Rewarded are those who read this and act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland Maine. dec7 87-1y

100 CHOICE FLOWERING PLANTS BY EXPRESS 100
FOR $3.00.
Send 10 cents for one each a Tuberose and Gladiolus bulb, and Babylonian Willow (upon which the harps were hung, see the Bible.) Free by mail.
50,000 PLANTS AT LOW RATES.
Price List Ready.
M. R. CATLIN, Green Houses 723 Laurel St., RICHMOND, VA.
feb 1—3m

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 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

LOVE
BUTTON-HOLE AND SEWING MACHINE.
In addition to doing any kind of work possible on any other machine, makes perfect
Button-Holes
on any kind of goods, Overseams and sews with two needles at one operation, making two rows of stitching, either zig-zag or straight.
Aside from its special features, the machine will do Hemming, Felling, Braiding, Tucking, Ruffling, Cording, etc., etc., fully equal to the same class of work done by any other machine
Prices as low as any other first-class Machine. The public are invited to call, examine and see the workings of this new candidate for public favor. For sale at
Olivier's Book Store
feb1 102 East Main Stree

NEW FIRM.
Mr. Fitzhugh Elder has this day been admitted to an interest in my business, which will hereafter be conducted under the name of
WELLER & ELDER.
During the last month quite a large quantity of goods have been disposed of at our *slaughter* prices. Sales at these *marked-down* prices will be continued during the present month; and those who fail to take advantage of them will miss most desirable bargains.
Those indebted to me on past dealings are requested to settle without delay.
C. L. WELLER.
From the foregoing, it will be seen that I am now interested in the business of Mr. C. L. Weller, and I respectfully request my friends and the public to bestow on the new firm a liberal patronage. It will certainly be my endeavor to make the house worthy of whatever favor it may receive at the hands of the public.
mar16 FITZHUGH ELDER.

LIVERY! LIVERY!
Having purchased the excellent Livery of S T. Thornburg, I shall continue to offer to the citizens of Staunton and traveling public splendid double and single teams.
Fine rolling stock of all kinds and splendid riding horses.
MR. GEO. H. PLATT, so well and favorably known to the public in connection with the business, will continue with me.
Very respectfully,
ALEXANDER HARMAN.
In thanking the public for the liberal patronage extended me, I ask a continuance of their favor to my successor, feeling assured that he fully deserves them. Respectfully,
feb 3, '88—tf S. T. THORNBURG.

CURED OF SICK HEADACHE.
W. D. Edwards, Palmyra, O., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from Costiveness and Sick Headache, and have tried many medicines, but
Tutt's Pills
is the only one that gave me relief. I find that one pill acts better than three of any other kind, and does not weaken or gripe." Elegantly sugar coated. Dose small. Price, 25 cents.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.

OLD STATEN ISLAND
DYEING AND CLEANSING
ESTABLISHMENT.
Goods received at New York prices. FREE of express charges, by
W. H. WELLER,
Dealer in Dry Goods and Notions,
Adjoining Opera House, Staunton, Va.
mar 28—1y.

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

1888. PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN 1888.
The Weekly New York Herald,
Containing an impartial epitome each week of the movements of all political parties, will be mailed to any address in the United States or Canada, from JUNE 6th until after the Presidential Election for 40 cents.
Address,
JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
apr 4 New York City

1853. stablished 1853.
WM. F. AST,
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
Fresh and Cured Meats, Sausage, &c.
Highest Prices paid for Live Stoc suitable for market supplies.
No. 12 North Augusta Street,
jan14-1y STAUNTON, VA

FERTILIZERS FOR SPRING CROPS.
Blood, Bone and Flesh
-FERTILIZERS-
ARE THE BEST ON THE MARKET,
Manufactured by
REEVES CATT,
Office: 19 North Augusta St.
KAINIT ON HAND.
Call on him. apr 4—1m

N. B. SCHMITT,
WOODSTOCK, VA.,
AGENT FOR

Columbia Bicyles and Tricyles,
Springfield Roadster
BICYCLE,
Cycling Sundries and Repair Parts.
Catalogue free. Correspondence invited. mar 28—6w*

FLEURON, The Imported French Coach Stallion. This celebrated horse which has been exhibited to the Augusta people and so universally admired, will stand at Lexington.
TERMS:—$25 insurance. Club rates for fifteen or more, $20 each.

DECOYER, 5426, A Hambletonian Standard Trotting Stallion, will stand at Lexington.
TERMS:—$50. For pedigree of both above-named horses and information, address,
STERRETTS & THOMPSON,
mar 28—3m Lexington, Va.

SPRING FERTILIZERS
FOR
CORN & OATS
J. E. GRAHAM,
apr 4—1m Staunton, Va.

HEAVENLY REST.

They built'em a church up in Probityville,
'Twar finished 'bout two year ago,
It sorter peeps down from the top of a hill
On the village that cuddles below.
It's got a peak roof an' a tidy white frame
An' a cup'la whar swallers do nest,
An' it 'pears just like it war desarvin the name
The "Church of the Heavenly Rest."

Maria's a member; we hain't got no hoss,
But she did'nt mind walkin', she said,
When it come to git help for to lighten her cross
An' rations 'o spirit'al bread,
An' sartin as Sund'y come 'round she was thar
An' she allers cum hum seemin' blest
With a song in her heart for her season o' pra'
At the "Church of the Heavenly Rest."

One Chris'mas she took me along, an' I vum
Ef my sinful ol' heart didn't fill
To the brim when they told of the Savior that come
To crown us with peace an' good-will,
An' then when the organ rolled out with a 's'am
That I'd hearn mother sing, why it jest
Seemed to mellow my soul an' I felt a sweet ca'm
In the "Church of the Heavenly Rest."

I went right along arter that, for the a'r
Seemed the same for the poor an' the rich,
For allers they'd beg the Good Father to spar'
From envy an' malice an' sich;
An' when they'd be singin' 'bout blessin the ties
That boun' them in love, I confessed
Ef thar was a sweet haven on earth to my eyes
'Twar the "Church of the Heavenly Rest."

It's strange how original sin took a holt
On that flock, but it certainly did;
It seemed pretty soon like a frisky young colt
Thro' thar Garden of Eden had rid;
Sister Guile got offended at Sister Ferdun
For something—it couldn't be suggested—
And both started factions detarmined to run
That "Church of Heavenly Rest."

They fit at the start in a mild sort o' way,
Still smilin' an' prayin' the same,
But each of 'em strivin', hows'ever, to lay
Some plan 'gainst the t'other one's aim,
The one wanted this, an' the t'other one that,
An' twixt 'em they worked sich a pest
That the Spirit o' Evil just come an' sat
On the "Church of the Heavenly Rest."

The choir, *of course*, gave the circus a lift
An' stirred up a terrible fuss,
The bass and the trebble they somehow got miffed
And the rest had their grudges to nuss.
They warbled right on, but shucks! Ef the style
Of thar feelin's in songs they'd expressed
They'd a-drawn the hull town about twenty-two mile
From the "Church of the Heavenly Rest."

The Dominie poured all the ile that he had
On the turbylent waves, so to speak,
But he might as well tried for to dove-tail a shad
With a boulder in Scuppernong creek.
The more he sought peace, why the more he found spleen,
Till at last he declared he'd be blessed
Ef he didn't think Satan had tuk out a lien
On the "Church of the Heavenly Rest."

It's sad, mighty sad! It's a sort of a smirch
On religion, they'll say, don't you see?
An' besides we'd been lookin' at that little church
As a sym'tom of what is to be.
But it's jest as Maria remarks—when we go
From this world, having acted our best,
The Lord won't permit us poor critters to know
That kind of a Heavenly Rest.
Wade Whipple in Richmond Dispath.

The Star Wormwood, or Brilliant Bitterness.

ATTILAS OF THE HOME, THE SOCIAL CIRCLE AND THE CHURCH.

SOME OF YOU ARE MORNING STARS.

ARE ANY OF YOU THE STAR WORMWOOD?

WHAT SORT OF A STAR ARE YOU, ANYHOW?

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON, SUNDAY, APR. 22.

BROOKLYN, April 22.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., preached this morning at the Tabernacle on the subject: "The Star Wormwood, or Brilliant Bitterness." The musical exercises were assisted by the organ and cornet. Thousands of voices in the auditorium and in the adjoining parlor and lecture-room and corridor joined in singing:

"We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise
While earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise."

Prof. Browan rendered Sonata No. 1 in D minor, by Guillmant. After Dr. Talmage had expounded the sarcasm of Elijah at the offering of the Baalites he spoke as follows:

Revelation viii., 10 and 11.—"There fell a great star from heaven, burning, as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood."

Patrick and Lowth, Thomas Scott, Matthew Henry, Albert Barnes, and all the other commentators agree in saying that the Star Wormwood of my text was Attila, King of the Huns. He was so called because he was brilliant as a star, and, like wormwood, he embittered everything he touched. We have studied the Star of Bethlehem, and the morning Star of the Revelation, and the Star of Peace, but my subject this hour calls us to gaze at the star Wormwood, and my theme might be called Brilliant Bitterness.

A more extraordinary character history does not furnish than this man referred to in my text, Attila, the King of the Huns. One day a wounded heifer came limping along through the fields, and a herdsman followed its bloody track on the grass to see where the heifer was wounded, and went on back, further and further, until he came to a sword fast in the earth, the point downward as though it had dropped from the heavens, and against the edges of this sword the heifer had been cut. The herdsman pulled up that sword and presented it to Attila. Attila said that sword must have dropped from the heavens from the grasp of the god Mars, and its being given to him meant that Attila should conquer and govern the whole earth. Other mighty men have been delighted at being called liberators or the Merciful or the Good, but Attila called himself and demanded that others call him the Scourge of God. At the head of seven hundred thousand troops, mounted on Cappadocian horses, he swept everything from the Adriatic to the Black Sea. He put his iron heel on Macedonia and Greece and Thrace. He made Milan and Pavia and Padua and Verona beg for mercy which he bestowed not. The Byzantine castles to meet his ruinous levy put up at auction massive silver tables and vases of solid gold. A city captured by him, the inhabitants were brought out and put into three classes: The first class, those who could bear arms, who must immediately enlist under Attila or be butchered; the second class, the beautiful women, who were made captives to the Huns; the third class, the aged men and women, who were robbed of everything and let go back to the city to pay heavy tax.

It was a common saying that the grass never grew again where the hoof of Attila's horse had trod. His armies reddened the waters of the Seine and the Moselle and the Rhine with carnage, and fought on the Catalonian plains the fiercest battle since the world stood, three hundred thousand dead left on the field. On and on until all those who could not oppose him with arms lay prostrate on their faces in prayer and, a cloud of dust seen in the distance, a bishop cried: "It is the aid of God;" and all the people took up the cry: "It is the aid of God." As the cloud of dust was blown aside the banners of reinforcing armies marched in to help against Attila, the scourge of God. The most unimportant occurrences he used as a supernatural resource, and after three months of failure to capture the city of Aquileia and his army had given up the siege the flight of a stork and her young from the tower of the city was taken by him as a sign that he was to capture the city, and his army inspired with the same occurrence resumed the siege and took the walls at a point from which the stork had emerged. So brilliant was the conqueror in attire that his enemies could not look at him, but shaded their eyes or turned their heads.

Slain on the evening of his marriage by his bride, who was hired for the assassination, his followers bewailed him not with tears, but with blood, cutting themselves with knives and lances. He was put into three coffins, the first of iron, the second of silver, and the third of gold. He was buried by night, and into his grave were poured the most valuable coin and precious stones, amounting to the wealth of a kingdom. The grave-diggers and all those who assisted at the burial were massacred, so that it would never be known where so much wealth was entombed. The Roman Empire conquered the world, but Attila conquered the Roman Empire. He was right in calling himself a scourge, but instead of being the scourge of God, he was the scourge of hell. Because of his brilliancy and bitterness the commentators were right in believing him to be the star Wormwood of the text. As the regions he devastated were parts most opulent with fountains and streams and rivers, you see how graphic my text is: "There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters, and the name of the star is called Wormwood."

Have you ever thought how many embittered lives there are all about us, misanthropic, morbid, acrid, saturnine? The European plant from which wormwood is extracted, Artemisia Absinthium, is a perennial plant and all the year round it is ready to exude its oil. And in many human lives there is a perennial distillation of acrid experiences. Yea, there are some whose whole work is to shed a baleful influence on others. There are Attilas of the home, or Attilas of the social circle, or Attilas of the church, or Attilas of the State, and one third of the waters of all the world, if not two-thirds the waters, are poisoned by the falling of the star Wormwood. It is not complimentary to human nature that most men, as soon as they get great power, become overbearing. The more power men have the better, if their power be used for good The less power men have the better, if they use it for evil.

Birds circle round and round and round before they swoop upon that which they are aiming for. And if my discourse so far has been swinging round and round, this moment it drops straight on your heart and asks the question: Is your life to others a benediction or an embitterment, a blessing or a curse, a balsam or a wormwood?

Some of you, I know, are morning stars, and you are making the dawning life of your children bright with gracious influences, and you are beaming upon all the opening enterprises of philanthropic and Christian endeavor, and you are heralds of that day of gospelisation which will yet flood all the mountains and valleys of our sin-cursed earth. Hail, morning star! Keep on shining with encouragement and Christian hope.

Some of you are evening stars, and you are cheering the last days of old people, and though a cloud sometimes comes over you through the querulousness or unreasonableness of your old father and mother, it is only for a moment, and the star soon comes out clear again and is seen from all the balconies of the neighborhood. The old people will forgive your occasional short-comings, for they themselves several times lost their patience with you when you were young and slapped you when you did not deserve it.—Hail, evening star! Hang on the darkening sky your diamond coronet.

But are any of you the star Wormwood? Do you scold and growl from the thrones paternal or maternal? Are your children everlastingly pecked at? Are you always crying: "Hush!" to the merry voices and swift feet and their laughter, which occasionally trickles through at wrong times and is suppressed by them until they can hold it no longer and all the barriers burst into unlimited guffaw and cachinnation, as in high weather the water has trickled through a slight opening in the mill dam, but afterward makes wider and wider breach until it carries all before it with irresistible freshet. Do not be too much offended at the noise your children now make. It will be still enough when one of them is dead. Then you would give your right hand to hear one shout from their silent voices or one step from the still foot. You will not any of you have to wait very long before your house is stiller than you want it. Alas that there are so many homes not known to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, where children are put on the limits and whacked and cuffed and earpulled and senselessly called to order and answered sharp and suppressed until it is a wonder that under such processes they do not all turn out Modocs and Nana Sahibs.

What is your influence upon the neighborhood, the town or the city of your residence?

I will suppose that you are a star of wit. What kind of rays do you shoot forth? Do you use that splendid faculty to irradiate the world or to rankle it? I bless all the apostolic college of humorists. The man that makes me laugh is my benefactor. I do not thank anybody to make me cry. I can do that without any assistance. We all cry enough and have enough to cry about. God bless all skilful punsters, all reparteeists, all propounders of ingenious conundrums, all those who mirthfully surprise us with unusual juxtaposition of words. Thomas Hood and Charles Lamb and Sidney Smith had a divine mission, and so have their successors in these times. They stir into the acid beverage of life the saccharine. They make the cup of earthly existence, which is sometimes stale, effervesce and bubble. They placate animosities. They foster longevity. They slay follies and absurdities which all the sermons of all the pulpits cannot reach. They have for examples Elijah, who made fun of the Baalites when they called down fire and it did not come, suggesting that their heathen god had gone hunting or was off on a journey or was asleep and nothing but vociferation could wake him, saying! "Cry aloud for he is a god; either he is talking or pursuing or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked." They have an example in Christ, who with healthful sarcasm showed up the lying, hypocritical Pharisees by suggesting that such perfect people like themselves needed no improvements, saying: "The whole need not a physician but they that are sick."

But what use are you making of your wit? Is it besmirched with profanity and uncleanness? Do you employ it in amusement at physical defects for which the victims are not responsible? Are your powers of mimicry used to put religion in contempt? Is it a bunch of nettlesome invective? Is it a bolt of unjust scorn? Is it fun at other's misfortune? Is it glee at their disappointment and defeat? Is it bitterness put drop by drop into a cup? Is it like the squeezing of Artemisia Absinthium into a draught already distastefully pungent? Then you are the star Wormwood. Yours is the fun of a rattlesnake trying how well it can sting. It is the fun of a hawk trying how quick it can strike out the eye of a dove.

But I will change this, and I will suppose you are a star of worldly prosperity. Then you have large opportunity. You can encourage that artist by buying his picture. You can improve the fields, the stables, the highway by introducing higher style of fowl and horse and cow and sheep. You can bless the world with pomological achievement in the orchards. You can advance arboriculture and arrest this deathful iconoclasm of the American forests.—You can put a piece of sculpture into the niche of that public academy. You can endow a college. You can stocking a thousand bare feet from the winter frost.—You can build a church. You can put a missionary of Christ on that foreign shore. You can help ransom a world. A rich man with his heart right—can you tell me how much good a James Lennox or a George Peabody or a Peter Cooper or a William E. Dodge did while living or is doing now that he is dead? There is not a city, town or neighborhood that has not glorious specimens of consecrated wealth.

But suppose you grind the face of the poor. Suppose when a man's wages are due, you make him wait for them because he cannot help himself. Suppose that because his family is sick and he has had extra expenses he should politely ask you to raise his wages for this year and you roughly tell him if he wants a better place to go and get it. Suppose by your manner you act as though he were nothing and you were everything. Suppose you are selfish and overbearing and arrogant. Your first name ought to be Attila and your last name Attila, because you are the star Warmwood and you have embittered one-third, if not three-thirds, of the waters that roll past your employees and operatives and dependents and associates, and the long line of carriages which the undertaker orders for your funeral in order to make the occasion respectable, will be filled with twice as many dry, tearless eyes as there are persons occupying them. The clumsy pall-bearers may make the gates of your sepulchre quake by striking your silver-handled coffin against them, but the world will feel no jar as you go out of it.

There is an erroneous idea abroad that there are only a few geniuses. There are millions of them—that is, men and women who have especial adaptation and quickness for some one thing. It may be great, it may be small. The circle may be like the circumference of the earth, or no larger than a thimble. There are thousands of geniuses here this morning, and in some one thing you are a star. What kind of a star are you? You will be in this world but a few minutes. As compared with eternity the stay of the longest life on earth is not more than a minute. What are we doing with that minute? Are we embittering the domestic, or social or political fountains, or are we like Moses, who, when the Israelites in the wilderness complained that the waters of Lake Marah were bitter, and they could not drink them, their leader cut off the branch of a certain tree and threw that branch into the water, and it became sweet and slaked the thirst of the suffering host? Are we with a branch of the Tree of Life sweetening all the brackish fountains that we can touch? Dear Lord, send us all out on Thy mission. All around us embittered lives, embittered by persecution, embittered by hypercriticism, embittered by poverty, embittered by pain, embittered by injustice, embittered by sin. Why not go forth and sweeten them by smile, by inspiring words, by benefactions, by hearty counsel, by prayer, by gospelized behavior. Let us remember that if we are wormwood to others we are wormwood to ourselves, and our life will be bitter and our eternity bitter. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is the only sweetening power that is sufficient. It sweetens the disposition. It sweetens the manners. It sweetens life.—It sweetens mysterious Providences. It sweetens afflictions. It sweetens death.—It sweetens everything. I have heard people asked in social company, "If you could have three wishes gratified what would your three wishes be?" If I could have three wishes met this morning I tell you what they would be. First, more of the grace of God. Second, more of the grace of God. Third, more of the grace of God. In the door-yard of my brother John, missionary in Amoy, China, there is a tree called the Emperor tree, the two characteristics of which are that it always grows higher than its surroundings and its leaves take the form of a crown. If this emperor tree be planted by a rose bush it grows a little higher than the bush, and spreads out above in a crown. If it be planted by the side of another tree, it grows a little higher than that tree and spreads above it a crown. Would God that this religion of Christ, a more wonderful emperor tree, might overshadow all your lives; are you lowly in ambition or circumstance, putting over you its crown; are you high in talent and position, putting over you its crown. Oh, for more of the saccharine in our lives and less of the wormwood!

What is true of individuals is true of nations. God sets them up to revolve as stars but they may fall wormwood.

Tyre—the atmosphere of the desert fragrant with spices coming in caravans to her fairs; all seas cleft into foam by the keels of her laden merchantmen; her markets rich with horses and camels from Togarmah, her bazaars filled with upholstery from Dedan, with emeralds and coral and agate from Syria, with wines from Helbon, with embroidered work from Ashur and Chilmad. Where now the gleam of her towers, where the roar of her chariots, where the masts of her ships? Let the fishermen who dry their nets where once she stood, let the sea that rushes upon the barrenness where once she challenged the admiration of all nations, let the barbarians who set their rude tents where once her palaces glittered, answer the question.—She was a star, but by her own sin turned to wormwood and has fallen.

Hundred gated Thebes—for all time to be the study of antiquarian and hieroglyphist, her stupendous ruins spread over twenty-seven miles; her sculptures presenting in figures of warrior and chariot the victories with which the now forgotten kings of Egypt shook the nations; her obelisks and columns; Carnac and Luxor, the stupendous temples of her pride. Who can imagine the greatness of Thebes in those days when the hippodrome rang with her sports and foreign royalty bowed at her shrines and her avenues roared with the wheels of processions in the wake of returning conquerors? What dashed down the vision of chariots and temples and thrones? What hands pulled upon the columns of her glory? What ruthlessness defaced her sculptured wall and broke obelisks and left her indescribable temples great skeletons of granite? What spirit of destruction spread the lair of wild beasts in her novel sepulchres, and taught the miserable cottagers of to-day to build huts in the courts of her temples, and sent desolation and ruin skulking behind the obelisks and dodging among the sarcophagi and leaning against the columns and stopping under the arches and weeping in the waters which go mournfully by as though they were carrying the tears of all ages? Let the mummies break their long silence and come up to shiver in the desolation, and point to fallen gates and shattered statues and defaced sculpture, responding: "Thebes built not one temple to God. Thebes hated righteousness and loved sin. Thebes was a star, but she turned to wormwood and has fallen."

Babylon, with her two hundred and fifty towers and her brazen gates and her embattled walls, the splendor of the earth gathered within her palaces, her hanging gardens built by Nebuchadnezzar to please his bride Amyitis, who had been brought up in a mountainous country and could not endure the flat country round Babylon, these hanging gardens built, terrace above terrace, till at the height of four hundred feet there were woods waving and fountains playing, the verdure, the foliage, the glory of looking as if a mountain were on the wing. On the tip-top a king walking with his queen, among statues snowy white, looking up at birds brought from distant lands, and drinking out of tankards of solid gold, or looking off over rivers and lakes upon nations subdued and tributary, crying: "Is not this great Babylon which I have built?" What battering ram smote the walls? What ploughshare upturned the gardens? What army shattered the brazen gates? What long, fierce blast of storm put out this light which illumined the world? What crash of discord drove down the music that poured from palace window and garden grove and called the banqueters to their revel and the dancers to their feet? I walk upon the scene of desolation to find an answer and pick up pieces of bitumen and brick and broken pottery, the remains of Babylon, and as in the silence of the night I hear the surging of that billow of desolation which rolls over the scene, I hear the wild waves saying: "Babylon was proud. Babylon was impure. Babylon was a star, but by sin she turned to wormwood and has fallen."

From the persecutions of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Huguenot in other lands God set upon these shores a nation. The council fires of the aborigines went out in the greater light of a free government. The sound of the war whoop was exchanged for the thousand wheels of enterprise and progress. The mild winters, the fruitful summers, the healthful skies charmed from other lands a race of hardy men who loved God and wanted to be free. Before the woodman's axe forests fell and rose again into ships' masts and churches' pillars. Cities on the bank of lakes begin to rival cities by the sea. The land quakes with the rush of the rail-car and the waters are churned white with the steamer's wheels. Fabulous bushels of western wheat meet on the way fabulous tons of eastern coal. Furs from the north pass on the rivers fruits from the south. And trading in the same market is Maine lumberman and South Carolina rice merchant and Ohio farmer and Alaska for dealer. And churches and schools and asylums scatter light and love and mercy and salvation upon sixty millions of people.

I pray that our nation may not copy the crimes of the nations that have perished, and our cup of blessing turn to wormwood and like them we go down. I am by nature and by grace an optimist, and I expect that this country will continue to advance until the world shall put on millennial era and that when Christ comes again he will set his throne somewhere between the Alleghanies and the Sierra Nevadas. But be not deceived! Our only safety is in righteousness toward God and justice toward man. If we forget the goodness of the Lord to this land and break his Sabbaths and improve not by the dire disasters that have again and again come to us as a people, and we learn saving lessons neither from civil war nor raging epidemic, nor drouth nor mildew nor scourge of locust and grasshopper, if the political corruption which has poisoned the fountains of public virtue and beslimed the high places of authority, making free government at times a hissing and a byword in all the earth, if the drunkenness and licentiousness that stagger and blaspheme in the streets of our great cities as though they were reaching after the fame of a Corinth and a Sodom are not repented of we will yet see the smoke of our nation's ruin; the pillars of our National and State capitals will fall more disastrously than when Sampson pulled down Dagon; and future historians will record upon the page bedewed with generous tears the story that the free nation of the West arose in splendor which made the world stare. It had magnificent possibilities. It forgot God. It hated justice. It hugged its crime. It halted on its high march. It reeled under the blow of calamity. It fell. And as it was going down all the despotisms of earth from the top of bloody thrones began to shout: "Aha, so would we have it!" while struggling and oppressed peoples looked out from dungeon bars with tears and groans and cries of untold agony, the scorn of those and the woe of these uniting in the exclamation: "Look yonder! There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood!"

Two Hundred People Engulfed.

AN EARTHQUAKE HORROR IN CHINA.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., April 23.—The steamer City of New York, which arrived yesterday from China, brings details of an earthquake in Yunnan. The Prefect of Linan, with Chi Hiens, of Ship Ping, and Kien Shui, under him, have jointly reported to the Governor of Yunnan as follows: From the second day of the twelfth month of last year till the third day of this year there were over ten shocks of earthquake, accompanied by noise like thunder. The Yamend in the cities of Ship Ping and Kien Shui were either knocked down or split right down, and the temples likewise. In Ship Ping eight or nine-tenths of the houses in the south are falling down, and half of those in the east; in the northwest a thousand being cracked or bent out of perpendicular; 200 people, and women, old and young, being crushed to death; wounded and injured, over 300. At Tung Hiang over 800 were crushed to death and about 700 or 800 wounded. At Nang Hiang there are over 200 dead and over 400 injured. At Si Hiang there are over 200 dead and over 500 injured.

At Peh Hiang about one hundred were killed and the same number injured. The four places last named are suburbs.

In the town and suburbs over four thousand people were either killed or wounded. Eight or nine-tenths of the houses have fallen down and the rest are leaning over.

At Kien Shui in the city seven were killed and many wounded. In the northwest suburb three hundred to four hundred houses were overturned, two hundred and forty-nine people killed and one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty wounded.

Such is Mahone and Mahoneism. Uncompromising, revengeful, dictatorial himself, it is no wonder that he should have adopted a policy of bossism in the management of his party. The masses have been thoroughly disciplined under the Mahone idea, and like the subservient subjects of the tyrants of old, they submit to the arbitary decrees of their leader, feeling that the king can do no wrong, and that it were an unpardonable sin to rebel. Robbed of the spoils of party, humiliated by repeated defeat, and yet gored by the tyranny of Mahone, it is not surprising that the leaders who knew the Mahone trick should have rebelled. But it is not so with the masses. They are too well trained. It is a crime for the colored man and brother to rebel against the 'publican party, and he is promptly excommunicated by his church when he commits this unpardonable offence. Under these circumstances, is not Mr. Wise's appeal to the alleged independence of the party a hollow mockery? Mahoneism has no dealing with independence and to appeal to this imaginary sentiment of the party is to appeal to the dumb beast not to be guided by the hand that holds the reins over his back.—*Lynchburg Virginian.*

THE PLEASANT-TIME CHURCH.—"Let's see, where do you attend church now?"

"I go now to the Sixteenth Denominational Church."

"Do you? And how do you like it?"

"Ever so much. We have delightful social parties every week, and then you should see what a splendid kitchen we have!"

"And what kind of a preacher is Mr. Selah?"

"H'm! Well, fact is, I've never heard him preach, but he's a real pleasant man to meet, and a splendid hand at getting up games, amateur theatricals and such things."

Keep sweet your breath—if maid or wife,
Or old or young, or large or small,
If you have any hope in life,—
If you have any friends at all,
Keep sweet your breath—and heed the warning,
Use Sozodont each night and morning.

Like the Perfume Wafted
from beds of flowers is the breath that has been rendered agreeably odorous with SOZODONT, which communicates to the teeth a marble whiteness, and to the gums a roseate tint. Use it, and beautify your mouth.

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

"What two beautiful children! Are they twins?" said an old bachelor to a young lady with two children. "Oh, yes, they are twins," replied the lady. "Excuse my curiosity, madam, but are you the mother of both of them?"

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

MILLINERY—GREENNESS—MATCHING AND CONTRASTING—NOTES.

[By our female fashion-reporter.]

Small flowers in millinery have established precedence, being massed in bouquet style, in coronet or occasionally outlining crowns, whilst expensive bonnets are made entirely of them. Medium-sized flowers are not excluded, however, and here the choice lies between roses and poppies, with a fair complement of crysanthemums and asters. In the way of material, net and tulle are lavishly used, and now and then small flowers look up from beneath a covering of one or the other of those sheer fabrics. No where, moreover, does the present rage for metal show more conspicuously than in millinery. Whole bonnets are made of glittering metal, laces or braids of like character; metal galoons confine sheer puffings of tulle or net; trimmings are caught by metal beads, insects or pins and metal foundations may support metalic garnitures. But ribbons are extremely fashionable; hats and bonnets are made of them, and in shorter loops than formerly, they form front trimmings to the exclusion of flowers or are placed in flat Alsatian and other bows of more or less pronounced contour.

GREENNESS.

No feature stands out more prominently than greenness. In millinery green is most conspicuous; foliage is in extraordinary favor because of greenness; green is the favored combination with almost every color, appearing even beside blue, while the union of mahogany and green is a perpetual repetition,—mahogany, by the way, almost rivaling green. In every department, however, the eye encounters greenness. Windows of glove-stores reflect the omnipresent hue. In exhibitions of hosiery, green stockings even greet the passer-by; green parasols are no longer for the green, and from such minor indications, one can readily infer that green in dress goods is the color of the day. It must be borne in mind, however, that both green, mahogany and Gobelin blue, the third, leading color, are in so many different tones, and those tones so blended, that glaring effects are often done away with. One demurs some times, as to whether a gray be not a blue, while mahogany tints run from deep to pale, and green is not only in the different tones of olive, reseda or serpent, but in varieties of each from light to dark. An erroneous conception of millinery would be formed also, if due importance were not conceded to the copper shades. They stand forth noticeably, shedding a glare on unusually dark surroundings.

MATCHING.

The care taken that one article of dress shall match another, is only equaled by the boldness of contrast and reckless assemblage of colors in millinery and costumes. Nothing is too opposed to be placed together, and the strong antagonism of two colors in plain material has to a great extent taken the place of combination of plain and fancy fabrics. This, of course, is not novel; it has obtained since last summer, but it remains very noticeable and causes the putting together of two plain materials, formerly thought inadmissible. On the other hand, where plain and fancy goods are brought out with a view to combinations, colors are matched with the greatest care, and bonnets, gloves, minor details, and even hosiery are uniform. This fact must account for the green, blue or mahogany colored gloves and stockings seen, and it also gives the keynote to a free wearing of low shoes on the street, so soon as the weather will permit it. The stockings being of a color to match the costume, a deficiency of shoe leather is hardly observable, and dealers, in anticipation, are ordering large stocks of Newport ties, which still take precedence. Just here, too, let me add, in response to questions, that Button's Raven Gloss stands first as a shoe dressing, and ladies should insist on having that article and no other. The polish it imparts is not so high as other dressings, but it causes the boot or shoe to have the original look as when first taken from the shop, while it preserves the leather, and for that reason is, of course, economical.

NOTES.

The brown styles which lead in parasols, display careful adaptation to patterns and colors in dress goods. As plaids are extremely fashionable, so likewise are plaided parasols, eight ribs being the stylish number, with long ferrule and fancy handles of wood, which at times are ornamented with ivory inlaid or oxydized silver, the latter often quite covering the handle and wrought in many pretty devices. Striped parasols conform to dress materials and thus show shaded stripes, while all fashionable plain fabrics find exponents in silk.

Gloves are still heavy stitched, but not to the exclusion of delicate finish, but thick stitching stands first, even for silk. Tan or gray match costumes of the same colors or are worn with dresses of any character.

Bengaline and mohair as well are extremely popular; the former often taking the place of summer silks, while the latter in all gradations from black or changeable colors, to such as, on pale ground-work, show lovely sprays and blossoms, is a most favorite material. The last named mohairs frequently take the place of challies.

ROSALIND MAY.

SHERMAN REPUBLICANS IGNORING THE NEGRO.—The nomination of John S. Atwood for colored delegate at large from Ohio to the national republican convention was made by Walter S. Thomas, a colored member of the State convention. After eulogizing the character of Atwood, who was a soldier and a loyal Republican, and stating that whilst the negroes constituted one-fourth of the Republicans of Ohio, they only asked for one-fortieth of the Representation, the speech concluded as follows:—

"These colored republicans, representing, as they claim, one-fourth of the republican voters of Ohio, had been promised if they would unite on a man he should be sent as a delegate. They did unite, but ignoring the promise made by his friends, and in the face of the above appeal, Mr. John Sherman would not permit a colored man to be put on the delegation which is to stand by him at Chicago while he has a button on his coat. He passes sleepless nights because colored men in the South have no political recognition, but the negro vote in Ohio, without whose support he would not to-day be in the Senate, is not good enough to associate with the white republicans of his delegation to Chicago. After Mr. Sherman's convention had turned its back on the colored men, it added insult by throwing husks at their heads in the shape of designating two of them as alternates, political favors, always considered as of the cheapest possible character, not of as much account as a dry bone to a dog."

"How glad you must be that your husband has quit visiting saloons." "Yes, indeed, when he went into business for himself he promised me that he would never go inside of a saloon again, and he has kept his word. It must be a struggle for poor George, but he bears up heroically." What is his business now?" "He keeps a drug store."—Chicago Tribune.

Husband (in the early morning)—What are you going through my pockets for, my dear? Wife—A little change, John. Husband—Have you no money of your own? Wife—Yes; but it is so much easier to find a man's pocket, John, than a woman's.—Harper's Bazaar.

"An old smoker regards ring-making a vicious habit, as it detracts a man's mind and deprives him of all his sublimer joys of tobacco." This does not apply to the cigarette smoker, he has no mind to distract; and there is no tobacco in his cigarette to enjoy.—Norristown Herald.