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. 66. STAUNTON, VA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1888. NO. 1.

Staunton Spectator.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

LOCAL NOTICES are inserted at the rate of 2 cents per line for the first, and 10 cents for each subsequent insertion.

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

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

Obituaries, Announcements of Candidate for office, and all communications of a personal or private character, will be charged for 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 Apr. 29th, 1888.

NORTHWARD.	410 Pass. ex. Sunday.	No. 444. mixed ex. Sun.	442. mixed ex. Sun.
Lv. Lexington	5 55 a m	1 00 p m	
" Staunton	8 50 a m	4 17 p m	
" Harrisonburg	9 55 a m	6 30 p m	3 15 p m
" Mt. Jackson	10 54 a m	8 10 p m	4 17 p m
" Woodstock	11 22 a m	8 57 p m	
" Strasburg	11 50 a m	9 48 p m	
" Capon Road	12 00 m	10 04 p m	
" Winchester	12 49 p m	11 24 a m	
" Stephenson	12 59 p m	11 40 a m	
" Charlestown	1 39 p m	12 43 a m	
Ar. Harper's Ferry	2 04 p m	1 21 a m	
" Washington	4 15 p m		
" Baltimore	5 30 p m		
" Wilmington	8 50 p m		
" Philadelphia	9 30 p m		

SOUTHWARD.	409 Pass. ex. Sun.	No. 441. Pass mixed. ex. Sun.	443 mixed ex. Sun.
Lv. Philadelphia	7 00 a m		
" Wilmington	7 40 a m		
" Baltimore	9 00 a m		
" Washington	10 10 a m		
" Harper's Ferry	12 30 a m		1 00 a m
" Charlestown	12 54 a m		2 14 a m
" Stephenson	1 38 p m		3 17 a m
" Winchester	1 52 p m		3 41 a m
" Capon Road	2 32 p m		4 51 a m
" Strasburg	2 41 p m		5 02 a m
" Woodstock	3 09 p m		5 54 a m
" Mt. Jackson	3 37 p m		6 40 a m
" Harrisonburg	4 42 p m	5 45 a m	9 00 a m
" Staunton	5 42 p m	7 00 a m	11 15 a m
Ar. Lexington	7 35 p m	10 15 a m	

CONNECTIONS.

Train No 410 connects at Harper's Ferry with Fast Limited Express Train leaving at 4:28 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 10:48 p. m., arriving at Pittsburg at 6:30 a.m. Also with train leaving at 11:30 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 4:45 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.,
CHAS. O. SCULL, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
W. M. CLEMENTS, Gen'l Manager.

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.

DR. H. M. PATTERSON offers his professional services to the citizens of Staunton. OFFICE, No. 14 East Main Street. Entrance one door east of Gladke's store.

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

ton. 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. SHE TZER,
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

E. S. SUBLETT,
Attorney-at-Law,
Prompt and careful attention given to business.
Office in County Building next to the jail.
July 11—

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

H. H. FULTZ,
Real Estate Agent,
Room No. 6 1-2 Court House Street.

Will give his entire time to selling and renting farms and city property.

He respectfully solicits the patronage of those who have property for sale or rent.
aug 8—tf.

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* an guarantee prompt attention to all matters e trusted to me.
nov 23—1y

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

F. H. DEANE & CO.,
DEALERS IN
Grain, Hay, Mill-Feed, &c., and Commission Merchants,
O. Box 223, RICHMOND, VA.
apr 75—tf

NEWPORT NEWS & MISSISSIPPI VALLEY COMPANY.

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO ROUTE.
VIA
WASHINGTON,
TO
BALTIMORE,
PHILADELPHIA,
AND NEW YORK.

THE ONLY LINE WITH PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS
Louisville, Cincinnati and Lexington
TO
WASHINGTON
Without change.

Schedule in Effect June 17, 1888.

EASTWARD	No. 4. Daily.	No. 2. Except Sunday	No. 6 Daily except Sun
LveCincinnati	8 25 p m	8 30 a m	
Lve Louisville	7 00 p m	6 50 a m	
Lve Lexington	10 40 p m	11 55 a m	
Ar. Winchester	11 20 p m	12 40 p m	
Ar. Mt. Sterling	12 15 a m	1 50 p m	
Lve Columbus	7 10 a m	11 25 a m	
Lve Ashland	3 34 a m	5 53 p m	8 20 a m
Lve Huntington	5 28 a m	8 10 p m	10 50 a m
Lve Charleston	6 53 a m	10 03 p m	12 52 p m
Lve Kanawha F'l's	8 20 a m	11 31 p m	3 05 p m
Lve White Sulphu	11 56 a m	5 30 a m	8 40 p m
Lve Clifton Forge	1 38 p m	7 20 a m	10 25 p m
Lve Staunton	3 40 p m	9 43 a m	12 55 a m
Lve Charlottesvill	5 40 p m	11 48 a m	4 20 a m
Arr Richmond	8 50 p m	3 50 p m	8 30 a m
Lve Richmond	8 55 p m	4 00 p m	8 45 a m
Ar. Newport News		6 35 p m	11 20 a m
Ar. Old Point C'f't	11 15 p m	7 00 p m	11 45 a m
Arr Norfolk	12 25 p m	7 40 p m	12 25 p m
Lve Charlottesvile	5 30 p m	3 20 p m	4 25 a m
Ar Washington	9 40 p m	7 35 p m	8 10 a m
Ar Philadelphia	3 00 a m	3 00 a m	12 35 p m
Arr New York	6 20 a m	6 20 a m	3 20 p m

WESTWARD.	No. 3. Daily.	No. 1. Daily. Ex. Sun.	No. 5. daily except Sun
Lve New York	10 00 p m	12 15 a m	
Lve Philadelphia	12 35 p m	7 20 a m	
Lve Washington	5 35 p m	11 24 a m	
Ar. Charlottesville	10 05 p m	3 20 p m	
Lve Norfolk	2 20 p m	7 10 a m	
Lve Old Point C'f't	3 05 p m	7 50 a m	
Lv Newport News	3 35 p m	8 15 a m	
Lve Richmond	6 20 p m	11 10 a m	10 30 p m
Ar Charlottesville	9 56 p m	3 10 p m	2 45 a m
Lv Charlottesville	10 25 p m	3 40 p m	3 10 a m
Lve Staunton	12 08 p m	5 45 p m	4 50 a m
Arr Clifton Forge	2 30 a m	8 25 p m	7 35 a m
LveWhite Sulphur	3 49 a m	10 00 p m	9 10 a m
Lv Kanawha Falls	8 05 a m	2 58 a m	2 20 p m
Lve Charleston	9 11 a m	4 36 a m	4 12 p m
Lve Huntington	9 45 a m	6 10 a m	5 35 p m
Arr Ashland	10 32 a m	7 00 a m	6 40 p m
Lve Ashland	5 35 p m	2 45 a m	9 05 a m
Arr Columbus	10 50 p m	8 30 a m	3 00 p m
Lve Ashland	10 32 a m	7 00 a m	6 40 p m
Ar. Olive Hill	12 00 n'n	9 00 a m	9 35 p m
Ar. Morehead	12 37 p m	9 41 a m	
Arr Mt. Sterling	1 50 p m	11 10 a m	
Arr Winchester	2 25 p m	11 32 a m	
Arr Lexington	3 20 p m	12 35 p m	
Arr Louisville	7 15 p m	4 45 p m	
Arr Cincinnati	6 00 p m	6 00 p m	

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. 4, daily from Louisville, Cincinnati and Lexington to Washington and the East and to Richmond and Old Point. Daily except Sunday from Richmond to Old Point. Solid trains and Pullman's finest Buffet sleeping cars.

No. 2, daily except Sunday. The Saturday train runs only as far as Clifton Forge. Daily except Sunday between Clifton Forge and Old Point.

No. 3, daily except Sunday to Washington. Leave Washington daily. Pullman Parlor Cars New York to Washington. New Pullman Buffet sleeping cars Washington to Louisville and Cincinnati, and from White Sulphur to St. Louis.

No. 1, daily except Sunday. Pullman Sleeping Cars to Washington. Pullman Sleepine cars without change, Clifton Forge and Whitg Sulphur to Lexington.

Nos. 5 and 6. Daily except Sunday. Through Pullman Service between Baltimore, Richmond, Old Point and White Sulphur. No. 6 daily from Ashland to Clifton Forge.

Old Dominion Steamships leave Norfolk Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday on arrival train 7 00 p m; arrive in New York next Saturday afternoon.

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 May 14th, 1888.

SOUTHWARD. Standard Time, 75th Meridian.	DAILY. Express. No. 3.	Express. No. 1.
LEAVE.		
Hagerstown	7.25 A. M.	6.15 P. M.
Antietam	7.56 "	6.46 "
Shepherdstown	8.04 "	6.52 "
Shen. Junction	8.18 "	7.05 "
Charlestown	8.32 "	7.17 "
Riverton	9.45 "	8.26 "
Luray	10.53 "	9.28 "
Milnes	11.42 "	10.12 "
Waynesboro Junc	1.12 P. M.	11.30 "
Natural Bridge	3.15 "	1.30 A. M.
Buchanan	3.15 "	2.05 "
Roanoke	5.00 "	3.00 "
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. Also makes connection at Waynesboro Junction with C. & O. R'y west-bound train.

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	12.45 P. M.	2.30 A. M.
Buchanan	1.45 "	3.27 "
Natural Bridge	2.18 "	3.58 "
Loch Laird	2.45 "	4.24 "
Waynesboro Junc.	4.13 "	5.54 "
Milnes	5.35 "	7.15 "
Luray	6.35 "	8.11 "
Riverton	7.42 "	9.17 "
Berryville	8.26 "	10.02 "
Charlestown	8.53 "	10.30 "
Shen. Junction	9.04 "	10.43 "
Shepherdstown	9.18 "	11.00 "
Antietam	9.24 "	11.07 "
Hagerstown	9.55 "	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 Hagerstown with the Western Maryland 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.

1853. Established 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.

Virginia Female Institute,
Staunton, Va.,
MRS. GEN. J. E. B. STUART, Principal.

The fall session will open Sept. 13th, 1888. Unusual advantages are offered in every department, there being superior and experienced teachers in charge of all classes.

RATES OF DAY PUPILS.

Tuition in Primary Department per term	$13.00
" " Academic " " "	18.00
" " Collegiate " " "	25.00
" " Calisthenics " " "	2.50
Contingent fee	1.00

Extra studies at regular rates. Tuition fees due in advance.

For catalogue or admission apply to
MRS. J. E. B. STUART,
aug 1—2m Staunton, Va.

WESLEYAN FEMALE INSTITUTE.
STAUNTON, VA.,

Opens its next session SEPT. 20th, 1888, with the highest collegiate advantages in Literature, Music and Art. Distinguished teachers have been recently added to the departments of Literature and Music. Terms moderate. For information, apply to

WM. A. HARRIS,
aug 22—4t President.

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

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 56 Warren St. oct 5—87

THE STAUNTON ART EMPORIUM.

The undersigned,

AD. HOVELLE, Photographic Artist,
—AND—
HARRY WAGNER, Artistic Painter.

take the honor to inform the public that at the Art Emporium,

No. 5 New Street,
Arthur Building,

They are now ready to do all kinds of work and will be glad to have the public give them a call and inspect their specimens.

AD. HOVELLE,
HARRY WAGNER.
june 13—3m

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 their 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, '86—tf S. T. THORNBURG.

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.,
V&VVe Staunton, Va

NOTICE OF PARTNERSHIP.

I have this day associated with me in the drug business Mr. W. C. SHELTON, a graduate of the Maryland College of Pharmacy, and an experienced druggist, who will have exclusive control of our prescription department. The business will be carried on at the old stand No. 19 E. Main Street, under the name and style of CHILD & SHELTON.

G. G. CHILD.

Having associated myself with Mr. G. G. Child in the Drug Business in Staunton, I desire to assure my friends that all business with which they may favor me will receive prompt attention, and respectfully solicit the patronage of the public generally.
sept 5-4m W. C. SHELTON.

LADIES USE PEERLESS DYES
Do Your Own Dyeing, at Home.

They will dye everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c. a package. They have no equal for Strength, Brightness, Amount in Packages or for Fastness of Color, or non-fading Qualities. They do not crock or smut; 40 colors. For sale by N. Wayt & Bro., Hughes & Robinson, G. G. Child, and W. M. Allen & Bro., Druggists.
may 9—1y

OLD STATEN ISLAND
DYEING AND CLEAN ING
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.

STONE BUILDING, EXCAVATING.
Digging, Cleaning and Repairing Wells, Grading, Removing Stone and Buildings, Making Cisterns, &c.

The undersigned respectfully offers his services for the execution of work as above described. He is prepared with all implements and machinery for undertaking such jobs, and having had long experience, is competent of giving in every case entire satisfaction,
July 25—3m JAS. L. ALMAND.
Staunnto, Va.

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. dec 7 87-1y

JAMES G. BLAINE'S SOLILOQUY.

Over the seas
In a favoring breeze,
With the Carnegies,
Came Blaine, of Maine,
Back again;
But the stain
Was still on his shield
And could not be concealed.

My banner I have unfurled
In all parts of the world,
I have drank from Lethe's fountains,
And climbed the loftiest mountains,
I have taxed my body and brain,
But alas! that fatal stain
Is still on my shield
And won't be concealed.

Well do I know
That at Chicago
It was the intention
Of my friends in convention
To run me again,
But for that stain
On my shield
So plainly revealed.

But I will not moan,
For yet, behind the throne
The sceptre I will wield
While I'm concealed,
And that fatal stain
Will cause no pain,
For Harrison's, and not my shield,
Will be revealed.

"With a sigh I resign
What I once thought was mine;"
But as Secretary of State,
I yet may be great,—
Greater, far by comparison
Than Benjamin Harrison,
But for the stain on my shield
Which can't be concealed.

But if I'm to be cussed
Because I favor the trust,
And damned as a fool
Because my interests I pool;
If I'm called Burchard again,
I'll wait for the next campaign, [shield
And let time wipe the stain from my
Now alas! too plainly revealed.

JNO. N. OPIE.

PLASTERS THAT WILL NOT STICK.

WHY DID GOD LET SIN COME INTO THE WORLD?

AN INTERESTING AND IMPORTANT QUESTION ANSWERED.

"AN ICEBERG REPROVING A HYACINTH FOR HAVING A DROP OF DEW IN ITS EYE."

CHEERING AND KIND WORDS FROM DR. TALMAGE.

EAST HAMPTON, N. Y., September 2.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., who spends a good part of his summer rest here, took for the subject of his vacation sermon of this date, "Plasters That will not stick." His text was, "Miserable comforters are ye all."—Job Ch. xvi, v. 2. Following is the sermon:

The man of Uz had a great many trials—the loss of his family, the loss of his property, the loss of his health; but the most exasperating thing that came upon him was the tantalizing talk of those who ought to have sympathized with him. Looking around upon them, and weighing what they had said, he utters the words of my text.

Why did God let sin come into the world? It is a question I often hear discussed, but never satisfactorily answered. God made the world fair and beautiful at the start. If our first parents had not sinned in Eden, they might have gone out of that garden, and found fifty paradises all around the earth—Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America—so many flower-gardens, or orchards of fruit, redolent and luscious. I suppose that when God poured out the Gihon and the Hiddekel, he poured out, at the same time, the Hudson and the Susquehanna; the whole earth was very fair and beautiful to look upon. Why did it not stay so? God had the power to keep back sin and woe. Why did he not keep them back? Why not every cloud roseate, and every step a joy, and every sound music, and all the ages a long jubilee of sinless men and sinless women? God can make a rose as easily as He can make a thorn. Why, then, the predominance of thorns? He can make good, fair, ripe fruit as well as gnarled and sour fruit. Why so much, then, that is gnarled and sour? He can make men robust in health. Why, then, are there so many invalids? Why not have for our whole race perpetual leisure instead of this tug and toil and tussel for a livelihood? I will tell you why God let sin come into the world—when I get on the other side of the River of Death. That is the place where such questions will be answered and such mysteries solved. He who this side that river attempts to answer the question, only illustrates his own ignorance and incompetency. All I know is one great fact, and that is, that a herd of woes have come upon us, trampling down everything fair and beautiful. A sword at the gate of Eden, and a sword at every gate. More people under the ground than on it. The grave-yards in vast majority. The six thousand winters have made more scars than the six thousand summers can cover up. Trouble has taken the tender heart of this world in its two rough hands, and pinched it until the nations wail with the agony. If all the mounds of graveyards that have been lifted were put side by side, you might step on them and on nothing else, going all around the world, and around again, and around again. These are the facts. And now I have to say that in a world like this, the grandest occupation is that of giving condolence. This holy science of imparting comfort to the troubled we ought all of us to study. There are many of you who could look around upon some of your very best friends who wish you well and are very intelligent, and yet be able truthfully to say to them in your days of trouble, "Miserable comforters are ye all."

I remark, in the first place, that very voluble people are incompetent for the work of giving comfort. Bildad and Eliphaz had the gift of language, and with their words almost bothered Job's life out. Alas for these voluble people that go among the houses of the afflicted and talk, and talk, and talk, and talk! They rehearse their own sorrows, and then they tell the poor sufferers that they feel badly now, but they will feel worse after awhile. Silence! Do you expect, with a thin court-plaster to heal a wound deep as the soul? Step very gently around about a broken heart. Talk very softly around those whom God has bereft. Then go your way. Deep sympathy has not much to say. A firm grasp of the hand, a compassionate look, just one word that means as much as a whole dictionary, and you have given, perhaps, all the comfort that a soul needs. A man has a terrible wound in his arm. The Surgeon comes and binds it up. "Now," he says, "carry that arm in a sling and be very careful of it. Let no one touch it." But the neighbors have heard of the accident, and they come in, and they say, "Let us see it." And the bandage is pulled off, and this one and that one must feel it, and see how much it is swollen; and there is irritation, and inflammation, and exasperation, where there ought to be healing and cooling. The surgeon comes in, and says: "What does all this mean? You have no business to touch those bandages. That wound will never heal unless you let it alone." So there are souls broken down in sorrow. What they most want is rest, or very careful and gentle treatment; but the neighbors have heard of the bereavement, or of the loss, and they come in to sympathize, and they say; "Show us now the wound. What were his last words? Rehearse now the whole scene. How did you feel when you found you were an orphan?" Tearing off the bandages here and pulling them off there, leaving a ghastly wound that the balm of God's grace had already begun to heal. Oh, let no loquaeious people with ever rattling tongues go into the homes of the distressed.

Again I remark, that all those persons are incompetent to give any kind of comfort who act merely as worldly philosophers. They come in and say, "Why, this is what you ought to have expected. The laws of nature must have their way;" and then they get eloquent over something they have seen in post-mortem examinations. Now, away with all human philosophy at such a time! What difference does it make to that father and mother what disease their son died of? He is dead, and it makes no difference whether the trouble was in the epigastric or hypogastric region. If the philosopher be of the stoical school he will come and say: "You ought to control your feelings. You must not cry so. You must cultivate a cooler temperament. You must have self-reliance, self-government, self-control:" an iceberg reproving a hyacinth for having a drop of dew in its eye. A violinist has his instrument, and he sweeps his fingers across the strings, now evoking strains of joy, and now strains of sadness. He cannot play all the tunes on one string. The human soul is an instrument of a thousand strings, and all sorts of emotions were made to play on it. Now an anthem, now a dirge. It is no evidence of weakness when one is overcome of sorrow. Edmund Burke was found in the pasture-field with his arms around a horse's neck, caressing him, and some one said, "Why, the great man has lost his mind!" No; that horse belonged to his son who had recently died, and his great heart broke over the grief. It is no sign of weakness that men are overcome by their sorrows. Thank God for the relief of tears. Have you never been in trouble when you could not weep, and you would have given anything for a good cry? David did well when he mourned for Absalom, Abraham did well when he bemoaned Sarah, Christ did well when he wept for Lazarus; and the last man I want to see come anywhere near me when I have any kind of trouble is a worldly philosopher.

Again, I remark, that those persons are incompetent for the work of comfort-bearing who have nothing but cant to offer.—There are those who have the idea that you must groan over the distressed and afflicted. There are times in grief when one cheerful face dawning upon a man's soul is worth a thousand dollars to him. Do not whine over the afflicted. Take the promises of the Gospel, and utter them in a manly tone. Do not be afraid to smile if you feel like it. Do not drive any more hearses through that poor soul. Do not tell him the trouble was foreordained; it will not be any comfort to know it was a million years coming. If you want to find splints for a broken bone do not take cast-iron. Do not tell them it is God's justice that weighs out grief. They want now to hear of God's tender mercy. In other words, do not give them aqua fortis when they need valerian.

Again I remark, that those persons are poor comforters who have never had any trouble themselves. A larkspur cannot lecture on the nature of a snow-flake—it never saw a snow-flake; and those people who have always lived in the summer of prosperity can not talk to those who are frozen in disaster. God keeps aged people in the world, I think, for this very work of sympathy. They have been through all these trials. They know all that which irritates and all that which soothes. If there are men and women here who have old people in the house, or near at hand so that they can easily reach them, I congratulate them. Some of us have had trials in life, and although we have had many friends around about us, we have wished that father and mother were still alive that we might go and tell them. Perhaps they could not say much, but it would have been such a comfort to have them around. These aged ones who have been all through the trials of life know how to give condolence. Cherish them; let them lean on your arm—these aged people. If, when you speak to them, they cannot hear just what you say the first time, and you have to say it a second time, when you say it a second time do not say it sharply. If you do you will be sorry for it on the day when you take the last look and brush back the silvery locks from the wrinkled brow just before they screw the lid on. Blessed be God for the old people! They may not have so much strength to go around, but they are God's appointed ministers of comfort to a broken heart.

People who have not had trial themselves cannot give comfort to others. They may talk very beautifully and they may give you a great deal of poetic sentiment; but while poetry is perfume that smells sweet, it makes a very poor salve. If you have a grave in your pathway, and somebody comes and covers it all over with flowers, it is a grave yet. Those who have not had grief themselves know not the mystery of a broken heart. They know not the meaning of childlessness, and the having no one to put to bed at night, or the standing in a room where every book and picture and door is full of memories—the door-mat where she sat, the cup out of which she drank—the place where she stood at the door and clapped her hands—the odd figures that she scribbled—the blocks she built into a house. Ah, no; you must have trouble yourself before you can comfort trouble in others. But come all ye who have been bereft and ye who have been comforted in your sorrows, and stand around these afflicted souls, and say to them, "I had that very sorrow myself.—God comforted me, and he will comfort you;" and that will go right to the spot.—In other words, to comfort others, we must have faith in God, practical experience, and good, sound common sense.

But there are three or four considerations that I will bring this morning to those who are sorrowful and distressed, and that we can always bring to them, knowing that they will effect a cure. And the first consideration is, that God sends our troubles in love. I often hear people in their troubles say, "Why, I wonder what God has against me!" They seem to think God has some grudge against them because trouble and misfortune have come. Oh no. Do you not remember that passage of Scripture, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth?" A child comes in with a very bad splinter in its hand, and you try to extract it. It is a very painful operation. The child draws back from you, but you persist. You are going to take that splinter out, so you take the child with a gentle but firm grasp; for although there may be pain in it, the splinter must come out. And it is love that dictates it and makes you persist. My friends, I really think that neally all our sorrows in this world are only the hand of our Father extracting some thorn. If all these sorrows were sent by enemies I would say arm yourselves against them; and, as in tropical climes, when a tiger comes down from the mountains and carries off a child from the village, the neighbors band together and go into the forest and hunt the monster, so I would have you, if I thought these misfortunes were sent by an enemy, go out and battle against them. But no; they come from a Father so kind, so loving, so gentle, that the prophet, speaking of His tenderness and mercy, drops the idea of a father, and says, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

Again I remark, there is comfort in the thought that God, by all this process, is going to make you useful. Do you know that those who accomplish the most for God and heaven have all been under the harrow? Show me a man that has done anything for Christ in this day, in a public or private place, who has no trouble and whose path has been smooth. Ah, no.

I once went through an axe-factory and I saw them take the bars of iron and thrust them into the terrible furnaces. Then besweated workmen with long tongs stirred the blaze. Then they brought out a bar of iron and put it into a crushing machine, and then they put it between jaws that bit it in twain. Then they put it on an anvil, and there were great hammers swung by machinery—each one a half ton in weight—that went thump! thump! thump! If that iron could have spoken it would have said, "Why all this beating? Why must I be pounded any more than any other iron?" The workmen would have said, "We want to make axes out of you, keen, sharp axes—axes with which to hew down the forest, and build the ship, and erect houses, and carry on a thousand enterprises of civilization. That's the reason we pound you."—Now, God puts a soul into the furnace of trial, and then it is brought out and run through the crushing-machine, and then it comes down on the anvil, and upon it blow after blow, blow after blow, and the soul cries out, "O Lord, what does all this mean?" God says, "I want to make something very useful out of you. You shall be something to hew with and something to build with. It is a practical process through which I am putting you." Yes, my Christian friends, we want more tools in the Church of God. Not more wedges to split with, we have enough of these.—Not more bores with which to drill, we have too many bores. What we really want is keen, sharp, well-tempered axes, and if there be any other way of making them than in the hot furnace, and on the hard anvil, and under the heavy hammer, I do not know what it is.

Remember that if God brings any kind of chastisement upon you it is only to make you useful. Do not sit down discouraged and say, "I have no more reason for living. I wish I were dead." Oh, there never was so much reason for your living as now! By this ordeal you have been consecrated a priest of the Most High God. Go out and do your whole work for the Master.

Again, there is comfort in the thought that all our troubles are a revelation. Have you ever thought of it in that connection? The man who has never been through chastisement is ignorant about a thousand things in his soul he ought to know. For instance, here is a man who prides himself on his cheerfulness of character. He has no patience with anybody who is depressed in spirits. Oh, it is easy for him to be cheerful, with his fine house, his filled wardrobe, and well-strung instruments of music, and tapestried parlor, and plenty of money in the bank waiting for some permanent investment. It is easy for him to be cheerful. But suppose his fortune goes to pieces, and his house goes down under the sheriff's hammer, and the banks will not have anything to do with his paper. Suppose those people who were once elegantly entertained at his table get so short-sighted that they cannot recognize him upon the street.—How then? Is it so easy to be cheerful? It is easy to be cheerful in the home, after the day's work is done and the gas is turned on, and the house is full of romping little ones. But suppose the piano is shut because the fingers that played on it will no more touchthe keys, and the childish voice that asked so many questions will ask no more. Then is it so easy? When a man wakes up and finds that his resources are all gone, he begins to rebel, and he says: "God is hard; God is outrageous. He had no business to do this to me." My friends, those of us who have been through trouble know what a sinful and rebellous heart we have, and how much God has to put up with, and how much we need pardon. It is only in the light of a flaming furnace that we can learn our own weakness and our own lack of moral resource.

There is also a great deal of comfort in the fact that there will be a family reconstruction in a better place. From Scotland, or England, or Ireland, a child emigrates to this country. It is very hard parting, but he comes, after awhile writing home as to what a good land it is. Another brother comes, a sister comes, and another, and after a while the mother comes, and after a while the father comes; and now they are all here, and they have a time of great congratulation and a very pleasant reunion. Well, it is just so with our families; they are emigrating to a better land. Now one goes out. Oh, how hard it is to part with him! Another goes. Oh, how hard it is to part with her! And another, and another, and we ourselves will after awhile go over, and then we will be together. Oh, what a reunion! Do you believe that?

"Yes," you say. You do not! You do not believe it as you believe other things. If you did, and with the same emphasis, why, it would take nine-tenths of your trouble off your heart. The fact is, heaven to many of us is a great fog. It is away off somewhere, filled with an uncertain and indefinite population. That is the kind of heaven that many of us dream about; but it is the most tremendous fact in all the universe—this heaven of the Gospel. Our departed friends are not afloat. The residence in which you live is not so real as the residence in which they stay. You are afloat; you do not know in the morning what will happen before night. They are housed and safe forever. Do not, therefore, pity your departed friends who have died in Christ. They do not need any of your pity. You might as well send a letter of condolence to Queen Victoria on her obscurity, or to the Rothchilds on their poverty, as to pity those who have won the palm. Do not say of those who are departed, "Poor child!" "Poor father!" "Poor mother!" They are not poor. You are poor—you whose homes have been shattered—not they. You do not dwell much with your families in this world. All day long you are off to business. Will it not be pleasant when you can be together all the while? If you have had four children and one is gone, and anybody asks how many children you have, do not be so infidel as to say three. Say four—one in heaven. Do not think that the grave is unfriendly. You go into your room and dress for some grand entertainment, and you come forth beautifully appareled; and the grave is only the place where we go to dress for the glorious resurrection, and we will come out radiant, radiant, mortality having become immortality. Oh, how much condolence there is in this thought: I expect to see my kindred in heaven; I expect to see them as certainly as I expect to go home to-day. Ay, I shall more certainly see them. Eight or ten will come up from the grave-yard back of Somerville; and one will come up from the mountains back of Amoy, China and another will come up from the sea off Cape Hatteras; and thirty will come up from Greenwood; and I shall know them better than I ever knew them here. And your friends—they may be across the sea, but the trumpet that sounds here will sound there. You will come up on just the same day. Some morning you have overslept yourself, and you open your eyes and see that the sun is high in the heavens, and you say, "I have overslept, and I must be up and off." So you will open your eyes on the morning of the resurrection, in the full blaze of God's light, and you will say, "I must be up and away." Oh yes, you will come up, and there will be a reunion, a reconstruction of your family. I like what Halburton—I think it was good old Mr. Halburton—said in his last moments, "I thank God that I ever lived, and that I have a father in heaven, and a mother in heaven, and brothers in heaven, and sisters in heaven, and I am now going up to see them."

I remark once more: Our troubles in this world are preparative to glory. What a transition it was for Paul—from the slippery deck of a foundering ship to the calm presence of Jesus! What a transition it was for Latimer—from the stake to a throne! What a transition it was for Robert Hall—from insanity to glory! What a transition it was for Richard Baxter—from the dropsy to the "saint's everlasting rest!" And what a transition it will be for you—from a world of sorrow to a world of joy! John Holland, when he was dying, said: "What means this brightness in the room? Have you lighted the candles?" "No," they replied, "we have not lighted any candles." Then said he, "Welcome, heaven!" the light already beaming upon his pillow. O ye who are persecuted in this world! your enemies will get off the track after awhile, and all will speak well of you among the thrones. Ho! ye who are sick now, no medicines to take there. One breath of the eternal hills will thrill you with immortal vigor. And ye who are lonesome now, there will be a thousand spirits to welcome you into their companionship. O ye bereft souls! there will be no grave-digger's spade that will cleave the side of that hill, and there will be no dirge waiting from that temple. The river of God, deep as the joy of heaven, will roll on between banks odorous with balm, and over depths bright with jewels, and under skies roseate with gladness, argosies of light going down the stream to the stroke of glittering oar and the song of angels! Not one sigh in the wind; not one tear mingling with the waters.

"There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

A MAIDEN'S RUSE;

OR,

HOW A WARD BECAME HER GUARDIAN'S WIFE.

"I am getting homesick for Orford Hall," said Col. Orford, looking out of the hotel parlor on the city street. "The lawn and the garden must be lovely now, and Ethel is there, too, with her tangled hair and big black eyes. She must be quite a lady by this time. Mary, how old it makes me feel when I think it was nine years ago I packed her off to boarding school. Yes, I must run down and see what my little ward looks like, but not before I have laid my fate at Esther Howard's feet, my beautiful queen! Esther will be good to the little orphan, I know, I have resolved to ask her to be the lady of Orford Hall."

From these remarks it may be inferred that Caril Orford was in love. Yes, desperately so. The soldier and the traveler had found an object in life at last.

Miss Howard was idling over some embroidery work in Mrs. D'Orsay's parlors that beautiful summer morning, stopping a few minutes to look out of the window as if she half expected some one.

"Dreaming again, Essie?" laughed Mrs. D'Orsay. "I'm afraid I can guess the reason, my dear."

The girl colored. "I was wondering if"—

"Col. Orford would call. No need to speculate further, for there is his familiar ring now. Certainly you cannot complain for want of attention," and she slipped away laughingly as the Colonel entered.

"He has a proposal in his eye," said Mrs. D'Orsay to herself. "I wonder what Essie will say to him?"

Miss Essie did not say no.

"Then you will let me take you back to the old Hall with me, dearest Essie," Carll said, tenderly prisoning the soft little hand in his. "It is nine years since I have crossed its threshold now. And"—

He paused abruptly, remarking that he had not told Essie of his ward.

"My ward is there now—little Ethel Lyttleton, just returned from Mme. de la Vanier's boarding school. You will love her too, Essie?"

There was a slight shadow on Essie Howard's brow that felt like ice across Caril's heart, as she withdrew her hand.

"Is your ward to reside with you?"

"Most certainly, Essie, I pledged my word to her father on his dying bed."

"I do not approve of any such arrangement as that. Cannot you send her away?"

"Send her away? A homeless orphan?"

"She might teach school or go as a governess, or even take the situation as a companion."

Caril Orford bit his lips until the blood started.

"Essie, this is a subject on which my resolution cannot be altered, even by your wish. Ethel Lyttleton is a sacred bequest to me—her happiness and interests are my life's study. While I have a home Ethel must share it: while my arm can ward off life's storms she shall never feel their bitterness. Essie, will you take her to your heart also?"

But Essie's beautiful lips were compressed like carved coral.

"You must choose between me and this Miss Lyttleton. I take no divided allegiance."

"Then it is made. Essie, I love you more than my faltering tongue can tell, but I cannot forget my duty as a christian—my honor as a gentleman. Essie, once more I plead my cause—this time on bended knee. Will you not relent?"

"I have told you that your choice lay between me and your ward."

"Then, farewell."

He spoke the words in a strange, stifled voice, as though the syllables choked him—bowed over her hand and went out, a rejected man.

"Well," mused Col. Orford, as he carelessly threw cologne bottles, dressing cases, rare European engravings and patent leather boots into one conglomerate mess into his trunk, "that dream is over! The waking was rather rough, but I suppose it is just as well. My beautiful Essie! Oh, my lost love!"

For a moment he bowed his head on his two hands with all the stifled anguish of a strong man's grief, and then went on with his occupation. He smiled bitterly as he took up a velvet case containing a set of red sparkling garnets that he had purchased in Paris for his ward.

"She will be glad to have them, dear little Ethel! Perhaps some day, when the first bitterness of this grief is over, she may become like a dear and cherished daughter. At all events, I have not swerved from the promise I made to Mark Lyttleton on his death-bed."

The next evening's sunset was purpling all the horrizon when Caril Orford walked up the broad graveled sweep of the lawn, and the perfumed honeysuckle trails hung perfectly motionless on the balmy air. Home again! but oh, what a heavy heart.

Mrs. Tudor, the old housekeeper, came forward, courtesying, in a stiff, black silk dress and gold spectacles.

"Welcome home once more, Mr. Caril. Miss Lyttleton has only been here a few hours.

"Only just arrived?"

"That's all, sir. She is in the rose garden, Mr. Carll."

"I may as well go and speak to her at once, and have it over with," thought Orford, as he turned abruptly around, dust and travel soil to the contrary notwithstanding. For what was Ethel but a child?

As he lost himself among the crimson wildernesses of the delicious June roses a slender figure, all in white, glided out from the fragrant thickets—a figure with heavy blue-black curls and deep sultana eyes.

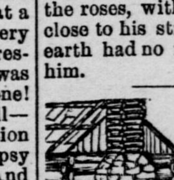
"Essie Howard!"

"No, dearest guardian; Ethel Lyttleton! You were true to me—true as a knight of old—and I have come to you, bearing my heart in my hand. Will you take it now, Carll?"

"Essie, am I dreaming?"

"Ethel, if you please, sir! No, you are not dreaming. But I was very lonely, and my heart was filled with doubts and fears, and I wanted to see what you were like, and so—I behaved like the heroines in novels, and played an incognita part. I could not endure the idea that you would sacrifice me to other hopes and loves and plans! Dearest Carll, Essie Howard is quite willing that you should love poor Ethel Lyttleton just a little!"

And Carll Orford, standing there among the roses, with his dark-eyed love clasped close to his strong, true heart, felt that earth had no more of happiness to give him.



Warner's Log Cabin remedies—"Sarsaparilla," "Cough and Consumption Remedy," "Hops and Buchu," "Extract," "Hair Tonic." "Liver Pills,"—"Plasters," (Porous Electrical), "Rose Cream," for Catarrh. They are, like Warner's "Tippecanoe," the simple, effective remedies of the old Log Cabin days.

The illegible reporter wrote, "The anthem, 'When Morning Purples All the Sky,' was beautifully rendered." The compositor rendered it, "When Morning Puppies Fill the Sky." Then the editor threw the blame on the proof reader, and there was war.

It is simply marvelous how quickly constipation, biliousness, sick headache, fever and ague, and malaria are cured by "Sellers' Liver Pills." August 15—

Leading Up to the Love of Books.

As the schools of all kinds reopen in the early days of September after the summer vacation, the pupils return to them, says the Balt. *Sun*, with varied feelings and purposes. Some resume their studies as a disagreeable task, some gladly because they enjoy intellectual exercise; others with a simple feeling of contentment because, though they do not enjoy their studies, they recognize the advantages to be derived therefrom, and are willing to make some sacrifices to obtain an education. If teachers could obtain information about the disposition of school children to return to their studies, and could make due discrimination for the prejudices or shortcomings of some of them, they would have a valuable guide for their own efficiency and usefulness. The teacher may make school studies a hard and disagreeable task or a pleasant diversion, and may inspire the pupils with a hearty desire for more knowledge, or leave them in utter ignorance of its advantages. The art of teaching, like other arts, can be taught only to a limited extent; something depends upon the talent and disposition of the subject. Hence the great value of a natural teacher who has also been well instructed. She will make the task of learning lessons so agreeable by frequent illustration of the usefulness of every advance, and by luminous explanation of each step in the process, that her pupils will enjoy being instructed, and be quite as eager to return to school after vacation as they were to go off to new scenes at the close of the school term. Far different will it be with pupils whose only remembrance of school is that of hard tasks required to be mechanically performed without proper understanding of either the process or the purpose of study. Like Shakespeare's schoolboy they will "creep, like snail, unwillingly to school," and if they continue under the same kind of instruction they will derive very little benefit from it, or less, at least, than they should. The mental capacity of the pupils has, of course, much to do with their dislike or appreciation of school. If they are mentally quick, with good memories and inquiring minds, they will naturally enjoy their school studies, even though their teacher should not be entirely competent to impart instruction in a pleasing and effective way. If, on the contrary, they are dull and slow of comprehension, they will find it a task to follow the best of teachers, and unless sustained by strong purpose to conquer difficulties, will become discouraged and return to their lessons with aversion. In a mixed school made up of pupils of every degree of intelligence and every grade of home associations, there will naturally be those who enjoy school attendance and those who continue their studies only on compulsion; but making allowance for this, a reflection of the qualities of the teacher may be found in the spirit and disposition of her pupils as they return to school after two months or more of vacation. All thoughtful people who have reached mature years, and who look back to their early school life, can probably remember teachers who made their studies hard tasks, and others who encouraged them in their efforts to learn, and by cheerful assistance to all the pupils made the school-room as pleasant as the play-ground. Remembering this, and also recognizing the great importance to a child of being encouraged in habits of study, they should look carefully after the education of their children, and secure for them, if possible, only those teachers who inspire their pupils with a desire to resume their studies after the summer's holidays. Learning is not or should not be a disagreeable task. Children seem to be naturally of an inquiring disposition; they want to learn and to know, and if, when the means of teaching are reduced to a system, this natural disposition is changed, and they seek to avoid acquiring knowledge, it is safe to assume that there is something wrong with the system or with the way in which it is administered, or with the teacher. Wherever the fault may be, it should be rooted out, that the children's inquiring dispositions may be preserved, their desire for increased knowledge continued through life, and their minds trained to habits of observation and study that will serve them long after their school days have ended. One way of attaining this purpose is to critically observe the children at the end of a vacation. If they cheerfully return to school it may be assumed that they are getting instruction in palatable form; if they look upon school as a place of punishment, from which they would gladly escape if they could, then they are in danger of losing that love for study and for advancing knowledge that all should have; there is fault somewhere, and the parents of such children should seek it out and remove it, if possible, or have their children transferred to other instructors more capable of inspiring them with a love for study and ambition to excel.

"PROTECTING" LABOR.—A working man writes the Philadelphia *Times* from Manayunk, Pa., that on Sunday last some fifty additional Pole laborers, aparently just fresh from Europe, were landed at the Pencoyd Iron Works of the Messrs. Roberts, in charge of their agent and interpreter, and they were escorted from the railroad to the Pencoyd works by a policeman. While passing along they were greeted from the sidewalk with "Protection to American labor" and like ejaculations from the disgusted workingmen who saw the fresh importation to reduce legitimate wages and give the profits of protection to labor only to employers.

This is the way the republican party with their high tariff "protects" American labor. They absolutely go abroad and import pauper labor from Europe because they can get it cheaper than they can the home supply. These facts should certainly open the eyes of the American workingman and teach him how to vote in November.

What makes the breath so fragrant, pure?
What makes the rosy gums endure?
What makes the gums so pearly white?
What makes the mouth a dear delight?
'Tis SOZODONT, that precious boon
Which none can use too late, too soon.

It is Never too Late

to cleanse the teeth, and render the breath oderiferous with fragrant SOZODONT, but it is the best to use this wonderful Vegetable Elixir before the teeth begin to fail, and the breath to lose its freshness.

"Spalding's" celebrated Glue, useful and true.

"You went out too soon," said a wife to her husband at a recent concert; "Patti responded to a third encore, and sung 'Coming Thro' the Rye.' It was simply divine. I fairly drank it in." "So did I," he answered, softly, with a slight suspicion of a hiccough; "and I can taste it yet.—Puck.