Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY, Editor and Proprietor.

$2.00 A YEAR.

If discontinued before payment, the rate of $6 per annum will be charged.

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

Staunton Spectator.

VOL. 66. STAUNTON, VA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1889. NO. 27.

Staunton Spectator.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

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

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

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

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

SHENANDOAH VALLEY RAILROAD

S. F. Tyler, Receiver.

Time Table in effect Dec. 16th, 1888.

SOUTHWARD. Standard Time, 75th Meridian.	DAILY. Express. No. 3.	Express. No. 1.
LEAVE.		
Hagerstown	7.25 A. M.	2.40 P. M.
Antietam	7.56 "	3 13 "
Shepherdstown	8.04 "	3.20 "
Shen. Junction	8.18 "	3 33 "
Charlestown	8.32 "	3 46 "
Riverton	9.45 "	5 00 "
Luray	10.53 "	6.10 "
Milnes	11.42 "	6.56 "
Elkton	11.54 "	7.24 "
Waynesboro Junc	1.15 P. M.	8 37 "
Natural Bridge	3.15 "	10 52 "
Buchanan	3.55 "	11.30 "
Roanoke	5.00 "	12.25 A. M.
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	12.30 n't	2.30 P. M.
Montgomery	6.05 P. M.	7 10 A. M.
New Orleans	7.00 A. M.	7.20 P. M.

No. 3 has Pullman Buffet Sleeper New York to Chattanooga and Memphis 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.	2.35 A. M.
Buchanan	1.45 "	3.31 "
Natural Bridge	2.18 "	4.10 "
Loch Laird	2.45 "	4.27 "
Waynesboro Junc	4 15 "	5.59 "
Elkton	5.33 "	7.03 "
Milnes	5.51 "	7 20 "
Luray	6.35 "	8.04 "
Riverton	7.42 "	9.16 "
Berryville	8.26 "	10.02 "
Charlestown	8.53 "	10.30 "
Shen. Junction	9.04 "	10.43 "
Shepherdstown	9.18 "	10 57 "
Antietam	9.24 "	11.06 "
Hagerstown	9.55 "	11.40 "
Ar. Washington B. & O. R. R.		1.55 P. M.
Ar. Baltimore, B. & O. R. R.		2.55 P. M.
Ar. Baltimore, W. M. R. R.		2.40 P. M.
Le. Hagerstown	10.00 P. M.	12.00 M.
Ar. Harrisburg, C. V. R. R.	12.20 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 Memphis and 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.

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, Staunton, Va. feb17, '86-tf

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.

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. SMEITZER, 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

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

DR. F. L. HENKEL.
24 E. Main St., 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. dec 5—6 m*

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.

OLD STATEN ISLAND DYEING AND CLEANING 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.

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

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 Sept 16, 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	
Lve Huntington	5 28 a m	8 10 p m	
Lve Charleston	6 55 a m	0 00 p m	
Lve Kanawha F'l's	8 25 a m	11 30 p m	
Lve White Sulph		5 07 a m	
Lve Clifton Forge	1 18 p m	6 30 a m	
Lve Staunton	3 40 p m	9 15 a m	
Lve Charlottesvill	5 30 p m	11 10 a m	
Arr Richmond	9 00 p m	3 10 p m	
Lve Richmond	8 45 p m	3 20 p m	
Ar. Newport News	11 20 a m	6 10 p m	
Ar. Old Point C'f't	11 45 a m	6 35 p m	
Arr Norfolk	12 25 p m	7 45 p m	
Lve Charlottesville	5 30 p m	3 20 p m	
Ar Washington	9 40 p m	7 35 p m	
Ar Philadelphia	3 00 a m	3 03 a m	
Arr New York	6 20 a m	6 20 a 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 30 p m	11 24 a m	
Ar. Charlottesville	10 05 p m	3 20 p m	
Lve Norfolk	3 00 p m	7 10 a m	
Lve Old Point C'f't	3 30 p m	7 40 a m	
Lv Newport News	4 00 p m	8 20 a m	
Lve Richmond	6 20 p m	11 05 a m	
Ar Charlottesville	10 05 p m	3 10 p m	
Lv Charlottesville	10 25 p m	3 40 p m	
Lve Staunton	12 08 a m	5 45 p m	
Arr Clifton Forge	2 25 a m	8 25 p m	
LveWhite Sulphur		9 55 p m	
Lv Kanawha Falls	8 05 a m	3 00 a m	
Lve Charleston	9 11 a m	4 36 a m	
Lve Huntington	9 45 a m	6 10 a m	
Arr Ashland	10 32 a m	7 00 a m	
Lve Ashland	5 35 p m	2 45 a m	
Arr Columbus	10 50 p m	8 30 a m	
Lve Ashland	10 32 a m	7 00 a m	
Ar. Olive Hill	12 00 n'n	9 00 a m	
Ar. Morehead	12 37 p m	9 41 a m	
Arr Mt. Sterling	1 50 p m	11 00 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	

West of Huntington 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 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 and Richmond to Louisville and Cincinnati.

No. 1, daily except Sunday. Pullman Sleeping Cars without change, Clifton Forge and White Sulphur to Lexington.

Nos. 5 and 6. Daily between Clifton Forge and Ashland.

Old Dominion Steamships leave Norfolk Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday on arrival train 6 30 p m; arrive in New York afternoon.

For Rates, Tickets, Baggage Checks, apply to any office of C. & O. R'y; or Depot or ticket Office of connecting lines.

J. T. ODELL, Gen. Manager. H. W. FULLER, Gen'l Pass'r Agent

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	6 55 a m	1 00 p m	
" Staunton	8 50 a m	4 17 p m	3 15 p m
" Harrisonburg	9 55 a m	6 39 p m	4 17 p m
" Mt. Jackson	10 54 a m	8 10 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.

"OLD RELIALE."

(ESTABLISHED 1819.)

THE AMERICAN FARMER.

Over 40 Years Under the Same Management.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE AMERICAN FARMER is published twice every month, (on the 1st and 15th). It is beautifully printed on fine white paper, in clear type, $1 00 a year. To any one sending a club of five an extra copy will be sent FREE.

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

PATENTS!

Patents Procured. Caveats Filed.
TRADE-MARKS & LABELS REGISTERED.
Rejected Applications Revived and Prosecuted
Preliminary Examinations made and Opinions furnished.

All work before the Patent Office carefully and promptly attended to. Charges moderate. Write for particulars.

CHAS. E. BROCK, Solicitor of Patents
925 F. St., N. W., Wash., D. C.
Correspondence in English and German

FOR SALE.—A thorough-bred JERSEY COW AND HEIFER CALF. feb 13—2ts. Apply to MRS. J. E. GUY.

Children Cry FOR PITCHER'S Castoria

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep **natural. Castoria** contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children." ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D., 1057 2d Ave., New York.

THE CENTAUR CO., 77 Murray St., N. Y.

dec 19, '88-2y

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION. Over a Million Distributed

L.S.L.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY COMPANY.

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

ITS MAMMOTH DRAWINGS take place semi-Annually, (June and December), and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place in each of the other ten months of the year, and are all drawn in public, at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

Famed for Twenty Years For Integrity of its Drawings, and Prompt Payment of Prizes, Attested as follows:

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

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

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

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana Nat Bank
PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank

GRAND MONTHLY DRAWING

In the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, March 12th, 1889.

CAPITAL PRIZE $300,000.

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

1 PRIZE	OF $300,000 is	$300,000
1 PRIZE	OF 100,000 is	100,000
1 PRIZE	OF 50,000 is	50,000
1 PRIZE	OF 25,000 is	25,000
2 PRIZES	OF 10,000 are	20,000
5 PRIZES	OF 5,000 are	25,000
25 PRIZES	OF 1,000 are	25,000
100 PRIZES	OF 500 are	50,000
200 PRIZES	OF 300 are	60,000
500 PRIZES	OF 200 are	100,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
100 Prizes	of $500 are	50,000
100 do	300 are	30,000
100 do	200 are	20,000
TERMINAL PRIZES.		
999 do	100 are	99,900
999 do	100 are	99,900
3,134 Prizes	amounting to	$1,054,800

NOTE.—Tickets drawing Capital Prizes are not entitled to terminal prizes.

For Club Rates, or any further information desired, write legibly to the undersigned, clearly stating your residence, with State, County, Street and Number More rapid return mail delivery will be assured by your enclosing an Envelope bearing your full address.

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

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

Address Registered Letters to—
NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, New Orleans, La.

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

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

ONE DOLLAR is the price of the smallest part or fraction of a ticket issued by us in any Drawing. Anything in our name offered for less than a dollar is a swindle. feb 13—4t

SOME CHEAP BOOKS

—AT—

OLIVIER'S BOOK-STORE.

The Maiden Widow, by Mrs. Southworth,	25c
Cruel as the Grave, " " "	25c
The Family Doom, " " "	25c
Tried for her Life, " " "	25c
Marcus Warland, " Mrs. Lee Hintz,	25c
Gun Maker of Moscow, by Sylvanus Cobb,	25c
Robert Elsmere, cloth, 50c; paper, 25c	
Green's History English People, cloth, $1 00.	
Stormonth's Dictionary, complete and unabridged, $1 75.	
The Hidden Hand, $1 75.	

Olivier's Bookstore, jan 16

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

NEW COAL YARD.

P. B. SUBLETT,

Constantly on hand a supply of NEW RIVER RED-ASH COAL, ANTHRACITE COAL, AND OAK AND PINE WOOD at my yard, corner of Lewis Street and Middlebrook Avenue. dec 12—3mos.

BETROTHED.

Mine, to the core of my heart, my beauty !
Mine, all mine, and for love, not duty ;
Love given willingly, full and free,
Love for love's sake—as mine to thee,
Duty's a slave that keeps the keys,
But love the master, goes in and out
Of his goodly chambers with song and shout,
Just as he please—just as he please.

Mine, from the dear head's crown, brown golden
To the silken foot that's scarce beholden ;
Give to the friends hand or smile,
Like a generous lady, now and awhile.
But the sanctuary heart that none dare win
Keep holiest of holiest, evermore ;
The crowd in the aisle may watch the door,
The high-priest only enters in.

Mine, my own, without doubts or terrors,
With all thy goodness and all thy errors,
Unto me, and me alone, revealed
"A spring shut up, a fountain sealed."
Many may praise thee, praise mine as thine,
Many may love thee—I'll love them, too;
But thy heart of hearts, pure, faithful and true,
Must be mine, mine wholly, and only mine.

Mine! God, I thank Thee that Thou hast given
Something all mine on this side heaven ;
Something as much myself to be
As this, my soul, which I left to Thee ;
Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone ;
Life of my life, whom Thou dost make
Two to the world, for the world's work's sake—
But each unto each, as in Thy sight, one.

Dinah Mulock-Craik.

MY WIFE AND I.

Around her throat and wrists she wears
Most dainty bits of lace ;
A tender light is in her eyes,
A smile is on her face.

The house is always neatly kept,
The children always clean—
And that is why our lives go by
Just like a summer dream.

We are not rich in worldly goods,
And yet we do not care,
For love can change our urgent need
To trifles light as air.

Oh, I am very fond of her,
And spare her all I can ;
I could not do much less than that
And still be quite a man.

—Frank H. Stauffer in Detroit Free Press.

"OUR OWN GENERATION."

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

THE GRINDERS OF THE FACE OF THE POOR.

WHAT IS THE GREATEST BATTLE-FIELD?

LET US TAKE ANOTHER LOOK TO SEE HOW WE CAN SERVE OUR GENERATION.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON SUNDAY, FEB. 10.

BROOKLYN, February 10.—Before an audience gathered from all parts of the earth, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., expounded passages of Scripture descriptive of stirring scenes in David's life. Led by organ and cornet the multitude joined in singing:

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was "Our Own Generation," and his text, Acts xiii., 36: "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

That is a text which has for a long time been running through my mind, but not until now has it been fully revealed to me. Sermons have a time to be born as well as a time to die, a cradle as well as a grave. David, cowboy and stone slinger and fighter and czar and dramatist and blank verse writer and prophet, did his best for the people of his time and then went and laid down on the southern hill of Jerusalem in that sound slumber which nothing but an archangelic blast can startle. "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

It was his own generation that he had served; that is, the people living at the time he lived. And have you ever thought that our responsibilities are chiefly with the people now walking abreast of us? There are about four generations to a century now, but in olden time life was longer and there was, perhaps only one generation to a century. Taking these facts into the calculation, I make a rough guess and say that there have been at least one hundred and eighty generations of the human family. With reference to them we have no responsibility. We cannot teach them, we cannot correct their mistakes, we cannot soothe their sorrows, we cannot heal their wounds Their sepulchres are deaf and dumb to anything we might say to them. The last regiment of that great army has passed out of sight. We might halloo as loud as we could, not one of them would avert his head to see what we wanted.

SHE COULD NOT LEAVE HIM OUT.

I admit that I am in sympathy with the child whose father had suddenly died and who in her little evening prayer wanted to continue to pray for her father, although he had gone into heaven and no more needed her prayers, and looking up into her mother's face said: 'O, mother, I cannot leave him all out. Let me say, 'Thank God, that I had a good father once so I can keep him in my prayers.' " But the one hundred and eighty generations have passed off Passed up. Passed down. Gone forever. Then there are generations to come after our earthly existence has ceased, perhaps a hundred and eighty generations more. Perhaps a thousand generations more we shall not see them, we shall not hear any of their voices, we will take no part in their convocations, their elections, their revolutions, their catastrophes, their triumphs We will in nowise affect the one hundred and eighty generations gone, or the one hundred and eighty generations to come, except as from the galleries of heaven the former generations look down and rejoice at our victories, or as we may by our behavior start influences, good or bad that shall roll on through the advancing ages. But our business is, like David, to serve our own generation, the people now living, those whose lungs now breathe and whose hearts now beat. And mark you, it is not a silent procession, but moving. It is a "forced march" at twenty-four miles a day, each hour being a mile. Going with that celerity, it has got to be a quick service on our part, or no service at all. We not only cannot teach the one hundred and eight generations past and will not see the one hundred generations to come, but this generation now on the stage will soon be off and we ourselves will be off with them The fact is that you and I will have to start very soon for our work or it will be ironical and sarcastic for any one after our exit to say of us, as it was said of David, "After he had served his own generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep."

Well, now, let us look around earnestly, prayerfully and in a common sense way and see what we can do for our own generation. First of all let us see to it that, as far as we can, they have enough to eat. The human body is so constituted that three times a day the body needs food as much as a lamp needs oil, as much as a locomotive needs fuel. To meet this want God has girdled the earth with apple orchards, orange groves, wheat fields and oceans full of fish and prairies full of cattle. And notwithstanding this, I will undertake to say that the vast majority of the human family are suffering either for lack of food or the right kind of food. Our civilization is all askew on this subject and God only can set it right.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

Many of the greatest estates of to-day have been built out of the blood and bones of unrequited toil. In olden times, for the building of forts and towers, the inhabitants of Ispaham had to contribute 70,000 human skulls, and Baglad 90,000 human skulls, and that number of people were slain so as to furnish the skulls. But these two contributions added together made only 160,000 skulls, while into the tower of the world's wealth and pomp and magnificence have been wrought the skeletons of uncounted numbers of the half fed populations of the earth, millions of skulls.

Don't sit down at your table with five or six courses of abundant supply and think nothing of that family in the next street who would take any one of those five courses between soup and almond nuts and feel they were in heaven. The lack of the right kind of food is the cause of much of the drunkenness After drinking what many of our grocers call coffee, sweetened with what many call sugar, and eating what many of our butchers call meat, and chewing what many of our bakers call bread, many of the laboring classes feel so miserable they are tempted to put into their nasty pipes what the tobacconist calls tobacco, or go into the drinking saloons for what the rum sellers call beer. Good coffee would do much in driving out bad rum. Adulteration of food has got to be an evil against which all the health officers and all the doctors and all the ministers and all the reformers and all the Christians need to set themselves in battle array. How can we serve our generation with enough to eat? By sitting down in embroidered slippers and lounging back in an arm chair, our mouth puckered up around a Havana of the best brand and through clouds of luxuriant smoke reading about political economy and the philosophy of strikes? No! No! By finding out who in Brooklyn has been living on gristle and sending them a tenderloin beefsteak. Seek out some family who through sickness or conjunction of misfortune have not enough to eat and do for them what Christ did for the hungry multitudes of Asia Minor, multiplying the loaves and the fishes. Let us quit the surfeiting of ourselves until we cannot choke down another crumb of cake and begin the supply of others' necessities.

We often see on a small scale of recklessness about the welfare of others which a great warrior expressed on a large scale, when his officers were dissuading him from a certain campaign, saying: "It would cost two hundred thousand lives," replying with a diabolism that can never be forgotten, "What are two hundred thousand lives to me?"

So far from helping appease the world's hunger, there are those whom Isaiah describes as grinding the faces of the poor. You have seen a farmer or a mechanic put a scythe or an ax on a grindstone, while some one was turning it round and round, and the man holding the ax bore on it harder and harder while the water dropped from the grindstone, and the edge of the ax, from being round and dull, got keener and keener, and the mechanic lifted the ax, glistening and sharp, and with edge so keen he must cautiously run his finger along lest while examining the implement he cut his hand to the bone. So I have seen men who were put against the grindstone of hardship, and while one turned the crank another would press the unfortunate harder down and harder down until he was ground away thinner and thinner, his comforts thinner, his prospects thinner and his face thinner. And Isaiah shrieks out: "What mean ye that ye grind the faces of the poor?" It is an awful thing to be hungry. It is an easy thing for us to be in good humor with all the world when we have no lack. But let hunger take full possession of us and we would all turn into barbarians and cannibals and fiends.

I am glad to know that the time is coming, God hasten it, when every family in the round world will sit down at a full table, and it will be only a question between lamb and venison, or between partridge and quail on toast, and out of spoons made out of Nevada silver or California gold, the pastries will drop on tongues thrilling with thankfulness because they have full enough. I have no idea God is going to let the human race stay in its present predicament. If the world winds up as it now is it will be an awful failure of a world. The barren places will be irrigated. The pomologists, helped of God, will urge on the fruits. The botanists, inspired of the Lord, will help on the gardens. The raisers of stock will send enough animals fit for human food to the markets, and the last earthquake that rends the world will upset a banqueting table at which are seated the entire human race. Meanwhile, suppose that some of the energy we are expending in useless and unavailing talk about the bread question should be expended in merciful alleviations.

THE GREATEST BATTLEFIELD.

I have read that the battlefield on which more troops met than on any other in the world's history was the battlefield of Leipsic, 100,000 men under Napoleon, 250,000 men under Schwarzeberg. No, no. The greatest and most terrific battle is now being fought all the world over. It is the struggle for food. The ground tone of the finest passage in one of the great musical masterpieces, the artist says, was suggested to him by the cry of the hungry populace of Vienna as the King rode through and they shouted, "Bread Give us bread!" And all through the great harmonies of musical academy and cathedral I hear the pathos, the ground tone, the tragedy of uncounted multitudes, who with streaming eyes and wan cheeks and broken hearts in behalf of themselves and their families, are pleading for bread.

Let us take another look around to see how we may serve our generation. Let us see as far as possible that they have enough to wear. God looks on the human race and knows just how many inhabitants the world has. The statistics of the world's population are carefully taken in civilized lands, and every few years officers of the Government go through the land and count how many people there are in the United States or England and great accuracy is reached. But when people tell us how many inhabitants there are in Asia or Africa, at best it must be a wild guess. Yet God knows the exact number of people on our planet and He has made enough apparel for each, and if there be fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen people, then there is enough apparel for fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen. Not slouchy apparel, not ragged apparel, not insufficient apparel, but appropriate apparel At least two suits for every being on the earth, a summer suit and a winter suit. A good pair of shoes for every living mortal A good coat, a good hat or a good bonnet and a good shawl, and a complete masculine or feminine outfit of apparel. A wardrobe for all nations adapted to all climes, and not a string or a button or a pin or a hook or an eye wanting. But, alas! where are the good clothes for three fourths of the human race? The other one fourth have appropriated them The fact is, there needs to be and will be a redistribution. Not by anarchistic violence. If outlawry had its way, it would rend and tear and diminish until instead of three-fourths of the world not properly attired, four fourths would be in rags. I let you know how the redistribution will take place. By generosity on the part of those who have a surplus and increased industry on the part of those suffering from deficit. Not all, but the large majority of cases of poverty in this country are a result of idleness or drunkenness, either on the part of the present sufferers or their ancestors. In most cases the rum jug is the maelstrom that has swallowed down the livelihood of those who are in rags. But things will change, and by generosity on the part of the crowded wardrobes, and industry and society on the part of the empty wardrobes, there will be enough for all to wear. God has done His part toward the dressing of the human race. He grows a surplus of wool on the sheep's back, and flocks roam the mountains and valleys with a burden of warmth intended for transference to human comfort, when the shuttles of the factories reaching all the way from the Chattahoochee to the Merrimac shall have spun and woven it. And here come forth the Rocky Mountain goat and the cashmere and the beaver. Here are the merino sheep, their origin traced back to the flocks of Abrahamic and Davidic times. In white letters of snowy fleece God has been writing for a thousand years his wish that there might be warmth for all nations. While others are discussing the effect of high or low tariff or no tariff at all on wool, you and I had better see if in our wardrobes we have nothing that we can spare for the shivering, or pick out some poor lad of the street and take him down to a clothing store and fit him out for the winter. Don't think that God has forgotten to send ice and snow, because of this wonderfully mild January and February. We shall yet have deep snows and so much frost on the window pane that in the morning you cannot see through it; and whole flocks of blizzards, for God long ago declared that winter as well as summer shall not cease, and between this and the spring crocus we may all have reason to cry out with the psalmist: "Who can stand before this cold?"

HOW MAY WE SERVE OUR GENERATION?

Again, let us look around and see how we may serve our generation. What short-sighted mortals we would be if we were anxious to clothe and feed only the most insignificant part of a man, namely, his body, while we put forth no effort to clothe and feed and save his soul. Time is a little piece broken off a great eternity. What are we doing for the souls of this present generation? Let me say it is a generation worth saving. Most magnificent men and women are in it. We make a great ado about the improvements in navigation, and in locomotion, and in art and machinery. We remark what wonders of telegraph and telephone, and stethoscope. What improvement is electric light over a tallow candle! But all these improvements are insignificant compared with the improvement in the human race. In olden times, once in awhile, a great and good man or woman would come up and the world has made a great fuss about it ever since, but now they are so numerous we scarcely speak about them. We put a halo about the people of the past, but I think if the times demanded them it would be found we have now living in this year 1889 fifty Martin Luthers, fifty George Washingtons, fifty Lady Huntingtons, fifty Elizabeth Frys. During our civil war more splendid warriors in North and South were developed in four years than the whole world developed in the previous twenty years. I challenge the four thousand years before the flood and the eighteen centuries after the flood, to show me the equal of charity on a large scale of George Peabody. This generation of men and women is more worth saving than any of the one hundred and eighty generations that have passed off.

But where shall we begin? With ourselves. That is the pillar from which we must start. Prescott, the blind historian, tells us how Pizzarro saved his army for the right when they were about deserting him. With his sword he made a long mark on the ground. He said: "My men, on the north side are desertion and death, on the south side is victory; on the north side, Panama and poverty; on the south side, Peru with all its riches. Choose for yourselves; for my part I go to the south." Stepping across the line one by one, his troops followed, and finally his whole army. The sword of God's truth draws the dividing line to-day. On one side of it are sin and ruin and death, on the other side are pardon and usefulness and happiness and heaven. You cross from the wrong side to the right side and your family will cross with you and your friends and your associates. The way you go they will go. If we are not saved, we will never save any one else. How to get saved? Be willing to accept Christ, and then accept him instantaneously and forever. Get on the Rock first and then you will be able to help others upon the same Rock. Men and women have been saved quicker than I have been talking about it. What, without a prayer? Yes. What, without time deliberately to think it over? Yes. What, without a tear? Yes, believe! That is all. Believe what? That Jesus died to save you from sin and death and hell. Will you. Do you? You have. Something makes me think you have. New light has come into your countenances. Welcome! Welcome! Hail! Hail! Saved yourselves, how are you going to save others? By testimony. Tell it to your family. Tell it to your business associates. Tell it everywhere. We will successfully preach no more religion and will successfully talk no more religion than we ourselves have.

BEHAVE WELL YOURSELVES.

The most of that which you do to benefit the souls of this generation, you will effect through your own behavior. Go wrong, and that will induce others to go wrong.—Go right, and that will induce others to go right. When the great centennial exhibition was being held in Philadelphia, the question came up among the directors as to whether they could keep the exposition open on Sundays, when a director, who was a man of the world, from Nevada, arose and said, his voice trembling with emotion and tears running down his cheeks: "I feel like a returned prodigal. Twenty years ago I went West and into a region where we had no Sabbath, but to-day old memories come back to me, and I remember what my glorified mother taught me about keeping Sunday, and I seem to hear her voice again and I feel as I did when every evening I knelt by her side in prayer. Gentlemen, I vote for the observance of the Christian Sabbath." And he carried everything by storm, and when the question was put, "Shall we open the exhibition on Sabbath?" it was almost unanimous, "No," "No" What one man can do if he does right, boldly right, emphatically right.

What if we could get this whole generation saved! These people who are living with us the same year and amid the same stupendous events and flying toward the future swifter than eagles to their prey.—We cannot stop. We think we can stop.—We say, "Come now, my friend, let us stop and discuss this subject," but we do not stop. The year does not stop, the day does not stop, the hour does not stop. The year is a great wheel and there is a band on that wheel that keeps it revolving, and as that wheel turns, it turns three hundred and sixty-five smaller wheels, which are the days, and then each of these three hundred and sixty-five wheels turn twenty-four smaller wheels, which are the hours, and these twenty-four smaller wheels turn sixty smaller wheels which are the minutes, and these sixty smaller wheels turn sixty more smaller wheels, which are the seconds, and they keep rolling, rolling, rolling, mounting, mounting, mounting, mounting, and swiftening, swiftening, swiftening. Oh, God! if our generation is going like that and we are going with them, waken us to the short but tremendous opportunity. I confess to you that my one wish is to serve this generation, not to antagonize it, not to damage it, not to rule it, but to serve it. I would like to do something toward helping unstrap its load, to stop its tears, to balsam its wounds and to induce it to put foot on the upward road that has at its terminus acclamation rapturous and gates pearline, and garlands amaranthine and fountains rainbowed and dominions enthroned and coroneted, for I cannot forget that lullaby in the closing words of my text: "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

And what a lovely sleep it was! Unfilial Absalom did not trouble it. Ambitious Adonijah did not worry it. Persecuting Saul did not harrow it. Exile did not fill it with nightmare. Since a red-headed boy amid his father's flocks at night, he had not had such a good sleep. At seventy years of age he lay down to it. He has had many a troubled sleep, as in the caverns of Adulham or in the palace at the time his enemies were attempting his capture. But this was a peaceful sleep, a calm sleep, a restful sleep, a glorious sleep. "After he had served his generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep." Oh, what a good thing is sleep after a hard day's work! It takes all the aching out of the head, and all of the weariness out of the limbs, and all the smarting out of the eyes. From it we rise in the morning and it is a new world. And if we, like David, serve our generation, we will at life's close have most desirable and refreshing sleep. In it will vanish our last fatigue of body, our last worriment of mind, our last sorrow of soul. To the Christian's body that was hot with raging fevers so that the attendants must by sheer force keep on the blankets, it will be the cool sleep. To those who are thin-blooded and shivering with agues it will be the warm sleep. To those who, because of physical disorders, were terrified with night visions, it will be the dreamless sleep. To nurses and doctors and mothers who were awakened almost every hour of the night by those to whom they ministered, or over whom they watched, it will be the undisturbed sleep. To those who could not get to bed till late at night and must rise early in the morning and before getting rested, it will be the long sleep.

AWAY WITH IT.

Away with all your gloomy talk about departure from this world. If you have served our generation it will not be putting out into the breakers, it will not be the flight with the King of Terrors; it will be going to sleep. A friend writing me from Illinois says that Rev. Dr. Wingate, president of Wake Forest College, North Carolina, after a most useful life, found his last day on earth his happiest day, and that in his last moments he seemed to be personally talking with Christ, as friend with friend, saying: "Oh, how delightful it is. I knew you would be with me when the time came, and I knew it would be sweet, but I did not know it would be as sweet as it is." The fact was he had served his generation in the Gospel ministry, and by the will of God he fell on sleep. When in Africa, Majwara, the servant, looked into the tent of David Livingstone and found him on his knees, he stepped back, not wishing to disturb him in prayer, and some time after went in and found him in the same posture, and stepped back again, but after a while went in and touched him, and lo! the great traveller had finished his last journey and he had died in the grandest and mightiest posture a man ever takes—on his knees.—He had served his generation by unrolling the scroll of a continent, and by the will of God fell on sleep. Grimshaw, the evangelist, when asked how he felt in his last moments, responded: "As happy as I can be on earth and as sure of glory as if I were in it. I have nothing to do but to step out of this bed into heaven." Having served his generation in successful evangelism by the will of God, he fell on sleep.

In the museum of Greenwich Hospital, England, there is a fragment of a book that was found in the Arctic regions amid the relics of Sir John Franklin, who had perished amid the snow and ice, and the leaf of that piece of book was turned down at the words: "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." Having served his generation in the cause of science and discovery, by the will of God, he fell on sleep.

Why will you keep us all so nervous talking about that which is only a dormitory and a pillowed slumberer, canopied by angels' wings? Sleep! Transporting sleep! And what a glorious awakening! You and I have sometimes been thoroughly bewildered after a long and fatiguing journey: we have stopped at a friend's house for the night, and after hours of complete unconsciousness we have opened our eyes, the high risen sun full in our faces, and, before we could fully collect our faculties, have said: "Where am I, whose house is this, and whose are these gardens?" And then it has flashed upon us in glad reality. And I should not wonder if, after we have served our generation, and, by the will of God, have fallen on sleep, the deep sleep, the restful sleep, we should awake in blissful bewilderment and for a little while say, Where am I? What palace is this? Who hung this upholstery? What fountains are these tossing in the light? Why, this looks like heaven! It is. It is. Why, there is a building grander than all the castles of earth heaved into a mountain of splendor, that must be the palace of Jesus. And, look there, at those walks lined with a foliage more beautiful than anything I ever saw before, and see those who are walking down those aisles of verdure. From what I have heard of them, those two arm in arm must be Moses and Joshua, him of Mount Sinai and him of the halting sun over Ajalon. And those two walking arm in arm must be John and Paul, the one so gentle and the other so mighty. And those two with the robes as brilliant as though made out of the cooled off flames of martyrdom, must be John Huss and Hugh Latimer.

A HOUSE NOT BUILT WITH HANDS.

But I must not look any longer at those gardens of beauty, but examine this building in which I have just awakened. I look out of the window this way and that and up and down, and I find it is a mansion of immense size in which I am stopping. All its windows of agate and its colonnades of porphyry and alabaster. Why, I wonder if this is not the house of "many mansions" of which I used to read? It is, it is. There must be many of my kindred and friends in this very mansion. Hark! whose are those voices, whose are those bounding feet? I open the door and see, and lo! they are coming through all the corridors and up and down all the stairs, our long absent kindred. Why, there is father, there is mother, there are the children. All well again. All young again. All of us together again. And as we embrace each other with the cry, "Never more to part! never more to part!" the arches, the alcoves, the hallways echo and re-echo the words, "Never more to part, Never more to part." Then our glorified friends say, "Come out with us and see heaven." And, some of them bounding ahead of us and some of them skipping beside us, we start down the ivory stairway. And we meet, coming up, one of the kings of ancient Israel, somewhat small of stature, but, having a countenance radiant with a thousand victories. And as all are making obeisance to this great one of heaven I cry out, "Who is He?" and the answer comes: "This is the greatest of all the kings of Israel. It is David, who after he had served his generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

She Broke the Engagement
because she saw that he had ceased to love her. Her beauty had faded, her former high spirits had given place to a dull lassitude. What had caused this change? Functional derangement; she was suffering from those ailments peculiar to her sex. And so their two young lives drifted apart. How needless, how cruel! Had she taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription she might have been restored to health and happiness. If any lady reader of these lines is similarly afflicted, let her lose no time in procuring the "Favorite Prescription." It will give her a new lease of life. Sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, of perfect satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

The American representatives of the Scotch-Irish people will hold a congress in Columbus, Tenn., in May next. A learned contemporary says that the influence of the Scotch-Irish race has been particularly marked upon American institutions. One has only to recall the names of Andrew Jackson, Horace Greeley, Robert Fulton, A. T Stewart and Robert Bonner as representatives to totally different callings to see that this is so. But more especially in the Southern States has the power of this race been felt. The population of many of these States is largely of Scotch-Irish parentage, as the names and customs of the people still bear ample proof. A meeting, therefore, of Scotch-Irish people, to be addressed by the Rev. Dr. John Hall and some of the most eminent scholars of the world will of necessity be a [illegible] of great historical and social [illegible]tance.—*Richmond Times.*

Don't hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Of druggists. 50cts.

[From the Washington Star.]

AMELIE RIVES' CHARACTERS.

A REPLY TO MISS ANNA L. DAWES' ARTICLE ENTITLED: "CONTRASTING MOTIVES IN SOUTHERN AND NORTHERN NOVELS."

Miss Dawes' assertions are based upon the mistaken assumption that Amelie Rives' characters are actual portraitures: from such false premises she must necessarily deduce false conclusions. It would seem scarcely worth while to answer such a priori reasoning, only that such wholesale misconception ought not to be allowed to stand unchallenged.

To the southerner it seems manifestly absurd to call Amelie Rives' novels or her creations peculiarly southern; or to affirm that, being tropical in their nature, they, therefore, correctly represent southern life. Neither southern life nor southern character is tropical, far from that, a strong sense of duty and of law is the governing principle of the southern nature. That, in ordinary matters, southerners may be more impulsive and unthinking than northerners, we are willing to admit; and, perhaps, more touchy on the point of honor; but, as a people, they are much more conservative and moderate. If they do not keep pace with the north in progress and development, neither do they rush from one radical extreme to the opposite. It was never the south that fostered free-love or anarchy or socialism, or, in fact, any doctrine of nihilistic tendencies. And if the negro element were non-existent, the statistics of crime would show that the north has far the greater proportion of deeds of violence. Southerners may be impulsive, even impetuous; they are rarely malignant or vindictive; indeed are almost too forgiving.

If all this may be asserted of the men, how much more of the women of the south. Amelie Rives does *not* truly depict southern girls; some of the traits of her heroines may pertain to southern character—though I have never met their prototypes—but that might be said with equal truth of the people of the north, or of any country. The north has set a stronger seal of approval upon these works than the south, for southern women almost unanimously condemn and disavow the sentiments they express, how great soever may be the talent displayed in them.

I shall utter no word against the northern girl, and readily concede her claim to greater classical and scientific attainments, while the southern girl is more apt to cultivate the graces and lighter accomplishments. Still, praise of the latter is in nowise intended as disparagement of the former, for it is a mistake to think that they are essentially unlike in character, the differences between them are mainly those of temperament, of manners, of style. If a girl is nice in one locality she would have been equally nice in any other.

But I repudiate with scorn the allegation that Amelie Rives' heroines are typical southern girls, or that the latter are generally passionate, or lurid, or unbridled in their impulses. I go further, and say that they scarcely ever are so. The typical southern girl is gentle, thoughtful, considerate, modest, unassuming, dignified, respectful to her elders, courteous to every one, home-loving, home keeping, well versed in domestic lore, of simple tastes and habits, deeply religious and warmly attached to her church and church work, of great purity and strength of moral character; in fine,

"A Spirit, yet a Woman, too!
Her household notions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food:
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.
"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light."

—LILIAN PIKE.

From the Catholic Mirror.

The Story of the Weeping-Willow.

BY EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

We did not always weep; once we held our heads as high as any of our brothers and sisters, rejoicing in the bright sun-light and wooing breezes. We were as happy as any of Nature's children, but that was long, long ago; for many years we have wept and mourned, and shall ever do so until time is no more. One day there paused beneath our shade, to rest, a party of men weary and footsore. In their midst was One with a face infinitely beautiful, infinitely sad, whom they called Master. With His mild, gentle eyes He looked up at our green branches, and we bent and spread over Him our thickest shade, and cooled with softest, freshest breezes His heated limbs, and feet sore and bleeding from many a weary mile over the hard stones and hot sand. Men believed not in Him; even out of the twelve who followed and loved and believed, one afterward betrayed and another denied Him. But though He stood under our branches, poor, humble, and sorrowful, we thrilled with rapture and adoration, for we knew him to be our Creator and our King. Some days after, a crowd of cruel, blasphemous men came and cut the longest and slenderest of us and then bound us tightly together. Then they carried us into the city, and in the midst of a jeering, shouting maddened multitude we again saw Him. Deserted, friendless, and alone He stood, and only the shadow of a great sorrow lay in His sad eyes. Then they bared His shoulders and with us they scourged Him until we were stained with His sacred blood; and though He made no moan, our hearts bled and brake. They led Him away, and we saw Him no more; but never again did we hold up our heads in the sunlight, and we weep always.

ANOTHER ROMANCE OF THE WAR.—Capt. Chas. Reese, of Charlestown, S. C., and Miss Mary Francis Grady, each somewhat past the meridian of life, met eighteen years ago. Yesterday afternoon they met for the second time at the Union depot by arrangement, and two hours later they were married. Capt. Reese was a guard at Libby prison during the civil war. Miss Grady's brother, a lieutenant in the confederate service, was Reese's mess-mate, and died away from his home and under his care. Ever since then Capt. Reese and Miss Grady have constantly corresponded, meeting but once during the twenty-five years intervening. By correspondence they agreed to meet at the union depot in this city and be married.

Yesterday afternoon Capt. Reese strolled to and fro on the Union depot platform seeking Miss Grady in the crowd. Suddenly a rather plump and pleasant looking woman hurried to him and said: "Isn't this Capt. Reese?" "Yes" he replied, but who are—why, it's Miss Grady isn't it?" He had his marriage license with him, and together they proceeded to the nearest justice, where they were married. The couple will probably reside in the future in Clay county, where the now Mrs. Reese is the owner of an extensive farm. Capt. Reese was wounded several times in the confederate service, and was on the Alabama when she was sunk off the coast of France. —*Kansas City Journal.*

The Republicans have always rolled their [illegible] heaven and emitted nasal whines [illegible] the sacredness of the ballot, even [illegible] they were handling floaters in blocks [illegible] and driving the unfortunate poor to [illegible] polls with Republican ballots in their hands by threats of starvation, and seating a President by fraud. The same whine is now heard from Charleston, where they are [illegible] to seat a Republican Governor [illegible] *Advertiser.*—Huntington