Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY, Editor and Proprietor.

$2.00 A YEAR.

If discontinued before payment, the rate of $3 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 27, 1889. NO. 28.

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	2.80 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 Westbound 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.

O. 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 Ap. 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

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 R'Y CO.

Through Express Trains —WITH— PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPING CARS —FOR— Washington, Richmond, Va., and Old Point Comfort,

Connecting in same Depot in Washington for BALTIMORE, PHILADELPHIA, AND NEW YORK.

Short line for Lynchburg, Danville, Va. Greensboro, Charlotte, N. C., and all points in North and South Carolina.

Schedule in Effect Feb'y 10, 1889.

EASTWARD	No. 4. Fst time Daily.	No. 2. Local Express.
Lve Cincinnati	8 30 p m	10 45 a m
Lve Huntington	5 28 a m	8 10 p m
Arr White Sulph'r Springs		4 39 a m
Arr Clifton Forge	1 18 p m	6 30 a m
Arr Staunton	3 40 p m	9 10 a m
Arr Waynesboro Junc.	4 15 p m	9 48 a m
Arr Charlottesvill	5 15 p m	10 55 a m
Arr Washington	9 40 p m	5 40 p m
Arr Baltimore	11 35 p m	7 40 p m
Arr Philadelphia	3 00 a m	11 00 p m
Arr New York	6 20 a m	6 20 a m
Arr Richmond	9 00 p m	3 15 p m
Ar. Newport News	11 20 a m	6 05 p m
Ar. Old Point Comfort	11 45 a m	6 35 p m
Arr Norfolk	12 25 n'n	7 10 p m

No. 2 is daily between Clifton Forge and Old Point, but daily, except Sunday, west of Clifton Forge.

No. 6 daily, leaves Huntington 8.45 a. m., arrive Clifton Forge 7.30 p. m.

C. & O. trains run into Central Union Depot, Cincinnati, and Union Depot, Louisville, avoiding transfers and making direct connection for Indianapolis, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, and all cities

West and SouthWest.

Schedule in effect Feb. 10, 1889.

WESTWARD.	No. 3. Fst Time Daily.	No. 1. Local Express.
Lve Staunton	2 03 a m	5 45 p m
Arr Clifton Forge	4 10 a m	8 25 p m
Arr Charleston	10 48 a m	4 12 a m
Arr Huntington	12 15 n'n	6 10 a m
Arr Portsmouth, Ohio	1 35 p m	7 22 a m
Arr Maysville	3 15 p m	9 35 a m
Arr Cincinnati	6 45 p m	12 50 n'n
Arr Indianapolis	10 40 p m	4 55 p m
Arr Chicago	6 50 a m	6 50 a m
Arr St. Louis	7 05 a m	7 05 a m
Lve Huntington	11 25 a m	6 10 a m
Arr Lexington	5 00 p m	12 45 p m
Arr Louisville	8 35 p m	4 50 p m

No. 1 runs daily between Old Point Comfort and Clifton Forge, but leaves Clifton Forge daily, except Saturday, for the West, arriving at Cincinnati daily, except Sunday.

No. 5 leaves Clifton Forge daily 7 00 a m., arrive Huntington 5 40 p. m.

Through tickets and baggage checked to any destination. Apply to any C. & O. Ticket Agt for full information and tickets.

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 30 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.

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.

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

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

Tutt's Pills

To purge the bowels does not make them regular but leaves them in worse condition than before. The liver is the the seat of trouble, and

THE REMEDY

must act on it. Tutt's Liver Pills act directly on that organ, causing a free flow of bile, without which, the bowels are always constipated. Price, 25c.

Sold Everywhere. Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

SALESMEN WANTED.

To handle our Specialties and Ornamental stock. Steady work at good pay. No experience necessary. Any man not afraid to work can succeed with us. Salary and expenses paid to good men, the year round. Success guaranteed. Write for terms.

E. C. SELOVER & CO., NURSERYMEN. Geneva, N. Y. feb 13—4m

PATIENCE WITH THE LIVING.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrade or from neighbor;
Passed all the strife the toil, the care,
And done with all the sighing,
What tender ruth shall we have gained,
Alas, by simply dying?

Then lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall no defect discover.
Then hands that would not lift a stone
Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep hill path will scatter flowers
Above our pillowed slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I,
Ere love is most forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home:
Be patient with the living.
To-day's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears to-morrow;
Then patience, e'en when keenest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow!

'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamor;
And easy to discern the best,
Through memory's mystic glamour
But wise it was for thee and me,
Ere love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home;
Be patient with the living.

—*Christian Advocate.*

QUESTIONING.

If the bird
Had no list'ner, wrapt, adoring—
If its songs in joyous soring
Fell upon the air unheard;
If no flower-lips entranced
Where the golden sunbeam glanced,
Drank the song the bird was flinging,
What would be the use of singing?

If the flower,
Lifting up its petaled crown
Where the sun comes flit'ring down,
Never felt the summer shower—
If no busy vagrant bees
Came to woo it with the breeze—
If no golden light was flooding
What would be the use of budding?

If the heart
Never felt the quick pulsation,
Never knew the sweet elation
That of faithful love is part—
If lips lacked the warmth of kissing,
If the tender words were missing
That true hearts delight in giving,
What would be the use in living?

—*Cora Fabbri in Mail and Express.*

THE GOD'S WRITING.

WHAT DId CHRIST WRITE ON THE GROUND.

CAN WE READ THAT WRITING TO-DAY?

THE PHARISEES DID NOT EXAMINE.

HYPOCRISY AND FORGIVENESS.

THE LITERATURE OF THE DUST.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON SUNDAY, FEB. 17.

BROOKLYN, February 17.—Dr. Talmage preached this morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle on the subject, "The Literature of the Dust." After explaining appropriate passages of Scripture concerning Christ he gave out the hymn:

Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Saviour shine.

Text: John viii., 6: "Jesus stooped down and wrote on the ground."

A Mohammedan mosque stands now where once stood Herod's temple, the scene of my text. Solomon's temple had stood there, but Nebuchadnezzar thundered it down. Zorobabel's temple had stood there, but that had been prostrated. Now we take our place in a temple that Herod built because he was fond of great architecture and he wanted the preceding temples to seem insignificant. Put eight or ten modern cathedrals together and they would not equal that structure. It covered nineteen acres. There were marble pillars supporting roofs of cedar, and silver tables on which stood golden cups, and there were carvings exquisite and inscriptions resplendent, glittering balustrades and ornamented gateways. The building of this temple kept ten thousand workmen busy forty-six years. In that stupendous pile of pomp and magnificence sat Christ, and a listening throng stood about him, when a wild disturbance took place. A group of men are pulling and pushing along a woman who had committed the worst crime against society. When they have brought her in front of Christ, they ask that he sentence her to death by stoning. They are a critical, merciless, disingenuous crowd. They want to get Christ into controversy and public reprehension. If he say "Let her die," they will charge him with being in complicity with wickedness. Whichever way he does, they should howl at him. Then occurs a scene which has not been sufficiently regarded. He leaves the lounge or bench on which he was sitting and goes down on one knee, or both knees, and with the fore-finger of his right hand he begins to write in the dust of the floor, word after word. But they were not to be diverted or hindered. They kept on demanding that he settle this case of trangression until he looked up and told them that they might themselves begin the woman's assassination, if the complainant who had never done anything wrong himself would open the fire. "Go ahead, but be sure that the man who flings the first missile is immaculate." Then he resumed writing with his finger in the dust of the floor, word after word. Instead of looking over his shoulder to see what he had written the scoundrels skulked away. Finelly, the whole place is clear of pursuers, antagonists and plaintiffs, and when Christ has finished this strange chirography in the dust, he looks up and finds the woman all alone. The prisoner is the only one of the court room left, the judges, the police, the prosecuting attorneys having cleared out. Christ is victor, and he says to the woman: "Where are the prosecutors in this case? Are they all gone? Then I discharge you; go and sin no more."

I have always wondered what Christ wrote on the ground. For do you realize that is the only time that he ever wrote at all? I know that Eusebius says that Christ once wrote a letter to Abgarus, the king of Edessa, but there is no good evidence of such a correspondence. The wisest being the world ever saw and the one who had more to say than any one who ever lived, never writing a book or a chapter, or a page or a paragraph, or a word on parchment. Nothing but this literature of the dust, and one sweep of a brush or one breath of a wind obliterated that forever. Among all the rolls of the volumes of the first library founded at Thebes there was not one scroll of Christ. Among the seven hundred thousand books of the Alexandrian library, which by the infamous decree of Caliph Omar were used as fuel to heat the four thousand baths of the city, not one sentence had Christ penned. Among all the infinitude of volumes now standing in the libraries of Edinburgh, the British Museum, or Berlin or Vienna, or the learned repositories of all nations, not one word written directly by the finger of Christ. All that he ever wrote he wrote in dust, uncertain, shifting, vanishing dust.

My text says he stooped down and wrote on the ground. Standing straight up a man might write on the ground with a staff, but if with his fingers he would write in the dust, he must bend clear over. Aye, he must get at least on one knee or he cannot write on the ground. Be not surprised that he stooped down. His whole life was a stooping down. Stooping down from castle to barn. Stooping down from celestial homage to mobocratic jeer. From residence above the stars to where a star had to fall to designate his landing place. From heaven's front door to the world's back gate. From writing in round and silvered letters of constellation and galaxy on the blue scroll of heaven, to writing on the ground in the dust, which the feet of the crowd had left in Herod's temple. If in January you have ever stepped out of a prince's conservatory that had Mexican cactus and magnolias in full bloom, into the outside air 10 degrees below zero, you may get some idea of Christ's change of atmosphere from celestial to terrestrial. How many heavens there are I know not, but there are at least three, for Paul was "caught up into the third heaven." Christ came down from highest heaven to the second heaven, and down from second heaven to first heaven, down swifter than meteors ever fell, down amidst stellar splendors that himself eclipsed, down through clouds, through atmospheres, through appalling space, down to where there was no lower depth. From being waited on at the banquet of the skies to the boiling of fish for his own breakfast on the banks of the lake. From emblazoned chariots of eternity to the saddle of a mule's back. The homage cherubic, archangelic, to the paying of sixty-two and a half cents of tax to Cæsar. the deathless country to a tomb, built to hide human dissolution. The uplifted wave of Galilee was high, but he had to come down before, with his feet, he could touch it, and the whirlwind that rose above the billow was higher yet. but he had to come down before, with his lip, he could kiss it into quiet. Bethlehem a stooping down. Nazareth a stooping down. Death between two burglars a stooping down. Yes, it was in consonance with humiliations that had gone before and with self-abnegations that came after, when on that memorable day in Herod's temple he stooped down and wrote on the ground.

Whether the words he was writing were in Greek, or Latin, or Hebrew, I cannot say: for he knew all those languages. But he is still stooping down and with his finger writing on the ground; in the winter in letters of crystals, in the spring in letters of flowers, in summer in golden letters of harvest, in autumn in letters of fire on fallen leaves. How it would sweeten up and enrich and emblazon this world could we see Christ's caligraphy all over it. This world was not flung out into space thousands of years ago and then left to look out for itself. It is still under the divine care. Christ never for a half second takes his hand off of it, or it would soon be a shipwrecked world, a defunct world, an obsolete world, an abandoned world, a dead world. "Let there be light" was said at the beginning. And Christ stands under the wintry skies and says, Let there be snowflakes to enrich the earth; and under the clouds of spring and says, Come ye blossoms and make redolent the orchards; and in September, dips the branches into the vat of beautiful colors and swings them in the hazy air. No whim of mine is this. "Without him was not anything made that was made." Christ writing on the ground. If we could see his hand in all the passing seasons, how it would illumine the world! All verdure and foliage would be allegoric, and again we would hear Him say as of old, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow;" and we would not hear the whistle of a quail or the cawing of a raven or the roundelay of a brownthresher, without saying, "Behold the fowls of the air, they gather not into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them;" and a Dominio hen of the barnyard could not cluck for her brood, yet we would hear Christ saying as of old, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathered her chickens under her wings;" and through the redolent hedges we would hear Christ saying, "I am the rose of Sharon;" we could not dip the seasoning from the salt cellar without thinking of the divine suggestion, "Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt have lost its savor, it is fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men." Let us wake up from our stupidity and take the whole world as a parable. Then if with gun and pack of hounds we start off before dawn and see the morning coming down off the hills to meet us, we would cry out with the evangelist, "The day spring from on high hath visited us;" or caught in a snow storm, while struggling home, eyebrows and beard and apparel all covered with the whirling flakes, we would cry out with David, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." In a picture gallery of Europe, there is on the ceiling an exquisite fresco, but people having to look straight up, it wearied and dizzied them, and bent their necks almost beyond endurance, so a great looking glass was put near the floor and now visitors only need to look easily down into this mirror and they see the fresco at their feet. And so much of all the heaven of God's truth is reflected in this world as in a mirror, and the things that are above are copied by things all around us. What right have we to throw away one of God's Bibles, aye, the first Bible He ever gave the race? We talk about the Old Testament and the New Testament, but the oldest Testament contains the lessons of the natural world.—Some people like the New Testament so well they discard the Old Testament. Shall we like the New Testament and the Old Testament so well as to depreciate the oldest—namely, that which was written before Moses was put afloat on the boat of leaves which was coated with asphaltum; or reject the Genesis and the Revelation that were written centuries before Adam lost a rib and gained a wife? No, no; when Deity stoops down and writes on the ground, let us read it. I would have no less appreciation of the Bible on paper that comes out of the paper mill, but I would urge appreciation of the Bible in the grass, the Bible in the sand hill, the Bible in the geranium, the Bible in the asphodel, the Bible in the dust. Some one asked an ancient king whether he had seen the eclipse of the sun. "No," said he, "I have so much to do on earth, I have no time to look at heaven." And if our faculties were all awake in the study of God, we would not have time to go much further than the first grass blade. I have no fear that natural religion will ever contradict what we call revealed religion. I have no sympathy with the followers of Aristotle, who after the telescope was invented, would not look through it, lest it contradict some of the theories of their great master. I shall be glad to put against one lid of the Bible the microscope, and against the other lid of the Bible the telescope.

But when Christ stooped down and wrote on the ground, what did he write? The Pharisees did not stop to examine. The cowards, whipped of their own consciences, fled pel-mell. Nothing will flay a man like an aroused conscience. Dr. Stevens, in his "History of Methodism," says that when Rev. Benjamin Abbott of olden times was preaching, he exclaimed: "For aught I know there may be a murderer in this house," and a man rose in the assemblage and started for the door and bawled aloud, confessing to a murder he had committed fifteen years before. And no wonder these Pharisees, reminded of their sins, took to their heels. But what did Christ white on the ground? The Bible does not state.—Yet as Christ never wrote anything except that once, you cannot blame us for wanting to know what he really did write. But I am certain he wrote nothing trivial or nothing unimportant. And will you allow me to say that I think I know what He wrote on the ground? I judge from the circumstances. He might have written other things, b[illegible] there in the temple, surround[illegible] by a pack of hypocrites, who were a [illegible]f-appointed constabulary, and having [illegible] presence a persecuted woman [illegible]dently was very penitent for he[illegible] sure He wrote two words, both c[illegible]aphic and tremendous and rever[illegible] And the one word was Hypo[illegible] the other word was Forgiveness. [illegible] way these Pharisees and scri[illegible] the premises and got out into [illegible] air, as Christ, with just one iro[illegible]ce, unmasked them, I know the firstclass hypocrites. It was then as it is now. The more faults and inconsistencies people have of their own, the more severe and censorious are they about the faults of others. Here they are—twenty stout men arresting and arraigning one weak woman. Magnificent business to be engaged in. They wanted the fun of seeing her faint away under a heavy judicial sentence from Christ, and then after she had been taken outside the city and fastened at the foot of a precipice, the Scribes and Pharisees wanted the satisfaction of each coming and dropping a big stone on her head, for that was the style of capital punishment that they asked for. Some people have taken the responsibility of saying that Christ never laughed. But I think as He saw those men drop everything, chagrined, mortified, exposed, and go out quicker than they came in He must have laughed. At any rate, it makes me laugh to read of it. All of these libertines, dramatising indignation against impurity.—Blind bats lecturing on optics. A flock of crows on their way up from a carcass, denouncing carrion. Yes. I think that one word written on the ground that day by the finger of Christ was the awful word Hypocrisy. But I am sure there was another word in that dust. From her entire manner I am sure that arraigned woman was repentant. She made no apology, and Christ in no wise belittled her sin. But her supplicatory behavior and her tears moved Him, and when He stooped down to write on the ground, He wrote that mighty, that imperial word Forgiveness. When on Sinai God wrote the law, He wrote it with finger of lightning on tables of stone, each word cut as by a chisel into the hard granite surface. But when He writes the offense of this woman He writes it in dust so that it can be easily rubbed out, and when she repents of it, oh, he was a merciful Christ! I was reading of a legend that is told in the far east about Him. He was walking through the streets of a city and He saw a crowd around a dead dog. And one man said: "What a loathsome object is that dog!" "Yes," said another, "his ears are mauled and bleeding." "Yes," said another, "even his hide would not be of any use to the tanner." "Yes," said another, "the odor of his carcass is dreadful." Then Christ, standing there, said: "But pearls cannot equal the whiteness of his teeth." Then the people, moved by the idea that any one could find anything pleasant concerning a dead dog, said: "Why, this must be Jesus of Nazareth."—Reproved and convicted, they went away. Surely this legend of Christ is good enough to be true. Kindness in all His words and ways and habits. Forgiveness. Word of eleven letters, and some of them thrones and some of them palm branches. Better have Christ write close to our names that one word, though He wrote it in dust, than to have our name cut into monumental granite with the letters that the storms of a thousand years cannot obliterate.—Bishop Babington had a book of only three leaves. The first leaf was black, the second leaf red, the third leaf white. The black leaf suggested sin; the red leaf atonement; the white leaf purification. That is the whole story. God will abundantly pardon.

I must not forget to say that as Christ, stooping down, with his finger wrote on the ground, it is evident that his sympathies are with this penitent woman, and that he has no sympathy with her hypocritical pursuers. Just opposite to that is the world's habit. Why didn't these unclean Pharisees bring one of their own number to Christ for excoriation and capital punishment? No, no; they overlook that in a man which they damnate in a woman. And so the world has had for offending women scourges and objurgation, and for just one offence she becomes an outcast, while for men whose lives have been sodomic for twenty years, the world swings open its doors of brilliant welcome, and they may sit in legislatures and senates and parliaments or on throne. Unlike the Christ of my text, the world writes a man's misdemeanor in dust, but chisels a woman's offence with great capitals upon ineffaceable marble. For foreign lords and princes, whose names cannot even be mentioned in respectable circles abroad because they are walking lazarettos of abomination, our American princesses of fortune wait, and at the first beck sail out with them into the blackness of darkness forever. And in what are called higher circles of society there is now not only the imitation of foreign dress and foreign manners, but an imitation of foreign dissoluteness. I like an Englishman and I like an American, but the sickest creature on earth is an American playing the Englishman. Society needs to be reconstructed on this subject. Treat them alike, masculine crime and feminine crime. If you cut the one in granite, cut them both in granite. If you write the one in dust, write the other in dust. No, no, says the world, let woman go down and let man go up. What is that I hear plashing into the East river at midnight, and then there is a gurgle as of strangulation, and all is still. Never mind. It is only a wowan too discouraged to live. Let the mills of the cruel world grink right on.

But while I speak of Christ of the text, his stooping down writing in the dust, do not think I underrate the literature of the dust. It is the most solemn and tremendous of all literature. It is the greatest of all libraries. When Layard exhumed Nineveh he was only opening the door of its mighty dust. The excavations of Pompeii have only been the unclasping of the lids of a volume of a nation's dust. When Admiral Farragut and his friends, a few years ago, visited that resurrected city, the house of Balbo, who had been one of its chief citizens in its prosperous days, was opened and a table was spread in that house which eighteen hundred and ten years has been buried by volcanic eruption, and Farragut and his guests walked over the exquisite mosaics and under the beautiful fresco, and it almost seemed like being entertained by those who eighteen centuries ago had turned to dust. Oh, this mighty literature of the dust. Where are the remains of Sennacherib and Attila and Epaminondas and Tameriane and Trajan and Philip of Macedon and Julius Cæsar? Dust! Where are the heroes who fought on both sides at Chœronea, at Hastings, at Marathon, at Cressy, of the 110,000 men who fought at Agincourt, of the 250,000 men who faced death at Jena, of the 400 000 whose armor glittered in the sun at Wagram, of the 1,000,000 men under Darius at Arbella, of the 2,641,600 men under Xerxes at Thermopylæ? Dust!

Where are the guests who danced the floors of the Alhambra, or the Persian palaces of Ahasuerus? Dust! Where are the musicians who played and the orators who spoke, and the sculptors who chiseled, and the architects who built in all the centuries except our own? Dust! The greatest library of the world, that which has the widest shelves and the longest aisles and the most multitudinous volumes and the vastest wealth, is the underground library. It is the royal library, the continental library, the hemispheric library, the planetary library, the library of the dust. And all these library cases will re-opened, and all these scrolls unrolled and all these volumes unclasped and as easily as in your library or mine we take up a book, blow the dust off of it, and turn over its pages, so easily will the Lord of the Resurrection pick up out of this library of dust every volume of human life and open it and read it and display it. And the volume will be rebound, to be set in the royal library of the King's palace or the prison library of the self-destroyed. Oh, this mighty literature of the dust! It is not so wonderful after all that Christ chose, in stead of an inkstand, the impressionable sand on the floor of an ancient temple, and, instead of a hard pen, put forth his forefinger with the same kind of nerve, and muscle, and bone, and flesh, as that which makes up our own forefinger, and wrote the awful doom of hypocrisy and full and complete forgiveness for repentant sinners, even the worst.

And now I can believe that which I read, how that a mother kept burning a candle in the window every night for ten years, and one night very late a poor waif of the street entered. The aged woman said to her, "Sit down by the fire," and the stranger said, "Why do you keep that light in the window?" The aged woman said: "That is to light my wayward daughter when she returns. Since she went away ten years ago, my hair has turned white. Folks blame me for worrying about her, but you see I am her mother, and sometimes, half a dozen times a night, I open the door and look out into the darkness and cry, 'Lizzie!' But I must not tell you any more about my trouble, for I guess, from the way you cry, you have trouble enough of your own. Why, how cold and sick you seem! Oh, my! can it be? Yes, you are Lizzie, my own lost child. Thank God that you are home again!" And what a time of rejoicing there was in that house that night! And Christ again stooped down, and in the ashes of that hearth, now lighted up not more by the great blazing logs than by the joy of a reunited household, wrote the same liberating words that he had written more than eighteen hundred years ago in the dust of the Jerusalem temple. Forgiveness! A word broad enough and high enough to let pass through it all the armies of heaven, a million abreast, on white horses, nostril to nostril, flank to flank.

A JEALOUS LOVER, or ACCIDENTALLY OVERHEARD.

If there ever was created a more capricious and vexing beauty than Diantha Drew, she is yet to be discovered. Watt Wemyss, who was engaged to her, was a dozen times on the point of breaking off the engagement, but she could be so charming when she wanted to that he always came back and kissed the rod.

One morning after Watt had been driven almost wild by her caprices he resolved to force the young lady to name the day at once or he would leave her forever.

Diantha lived with her Aunt Elinor, and when he arrived he was shown into the parlor to wait until Miss Drew was disengaged.

He had picked up a book and was glancing over it when the sound of voices arrested his attention. Then his jealousy rose to a fever heat, for he recognized Diantha's dulcet tones and the other voice was Ichabod Bligh's, impassioned and earnest like a lover's.

Watt had long suspected Ichabod of being none too good to seek to be his rival; but, good heavens! had it come to this? Had the villian presumed—

But Hark!

"Perhaps there is another? hoarsely queried the voice of Ichabod.

"No, let me assure you there is no other," answered hers with earnest warmth.

"Because," Ichabod furiously thundered, "if I thought that sneaking wretch whose name vile rumor links with yours h d but the smallest ground for hope, I'd —I'd"—

"Pray calm yourself; he is nothing—less than nothing—to me," Diantha hastened to interrupt.

There was something sepulchral In Ichabod's voice when next he spoke.

"My life hangs on the question I am about to ask! Do not, I entreat you, answer it lightly. Adorable creature, do you love me?

The answer came in a voice so still and small that Watt Wemys's ears, strained as they were to catch the slightest sound, failed to hear it. But the sequel made it easy to divine the purport.

"Your words have thrilled my soul with joy!" cried Ichabod, in ecstacy. "Come, darling, let me clasp you to this bosom, henceforth to be your resting place!"

Watt could bear to hear no more. His first impulse was to rush in and to throttle his supplanter with the faithless Diantha in his arms; but on reflecting that Ichabod was a strapping, brawny fellow, whose prowess had more than once been proved, he gave way to his discretion, and made a rapid advance homeward.

"No! I'll not let her drive me to despair and strychnine," Watt wisely concluded, after an hour's cool reflection in the quiet of his chamber. I'll bear it like a man, and let her see I do."

The next evening was that of Mrs. Blount's party. Everbody was invited, Watt Wemyss among the rest. He was to have been Diantha Drew's escort on the occasion; but that was out of the question now. Of course, Ich Bligh would supply his place. Still, he wasn't going to stay away. He would put on a stiff upper lip and go, if it was only to show Diantha how little he cared for her defection.

Watt Wemyss's get-up was something stunning; and there was a noticeable swagger in the air as he strode up and down Mrs. Blount's spacious parlors. Just let him see Diantha Drew; that was all! Wouldn't he freeze her with a stare! He had been keeping one on ice all day for her.

It was already late when Diantha made her appearanc. She didn't come with Ich Bligh, after all, but in company with her aunt, and looking anything but cheerful. Possibly she had been crying; at least her eyes looked red enough.

"And no wonder," thought Watt Wemyss, if she has any conscience."

The frigid stare was thrown away on Diantha, who was swept into the crowd, and Watt saw her no more till some hours later.

At last there came a lull in the music and dancing, and word was passed to the guests that if they would assemble in the main parlor there was a little surprise in store for them.

When all had found places, a curtain at the father end was drawn up, revealing a miniature stage, with appropriate appointments, and a lady and gentleman entering from the wing.

Watt's heart, in spite of the discipline he had it put through, leaped to his mouth as the two performers turned to face the audience, and he recognized Diantha Drew and Ich Bligh. But judge of his surprise when he heard them repeat the very dialogue that had been such gall and wormwood to him the day before! He saw and heard but little of the play; for he hung his head, overwhelmed with confussion, and felt more like a donkey than he had ever done before.

He was too completely abashed to risk meeting Diantha in the presence of spectators, and took advantage of the rush to supper to steal away unobserved.

He made an early call next morning, though, and made a clean brest of how he had played the spy on Diantha's and Ich's rehearsal, and, taking it for real, had run away in a mad fit of jealousy. Then Diantha up and told how she had cried her eyes red because Watt hadn't come to take her to the party. Then they both laughed, and promised never to distrust each other again, and a month after wards they were married.

What to Call their Wives.

THE SUITABLE NAMES FOR PARTNERS OF MEN IN ALL PROFESSIONS,

Sexton's wife—Belle.
To get a wife—Marie.
Porter's wife—Carrie.
Jeweler's wife—Pearl.
A lawyer's wife—Sue.
Farmer's wife—Tillie.
A printer's wife—Em.
Pugilist's wife—Mollie.
Minister's wife—Grace.
Gambler's wife—Betty.
Gardner's wife—Rose.
Musician's wife—Viola.
A fat man's wife—Lena.
Undertaker's wife—Nell.
Fisherman's wife—Nettie.
Shoemaker's wife—Peggy.
Auctioneer's wife—Biddy.
Astronomer's wife—Stella.
Statesman's wife—Virginia.

$500 Reward for an incurable case of chronic Catarrh in the Head offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Sold by druggists, at 50 cts.

From the Catholic Mirror.

WHICH?

BY EMMA BOWARD WIGHT.

Sitting in my library one evening, I began to ponder over virtue and vice, and their influence upon one's life. Certainly there was a great deal of enjoyment in sinful pleasures, and a life of virtue and righteousness was at best but a dull one. As I thus sat pondering, a vague, dreamy feeling stole over me, the fire-lit room faded away, and I was standing in a wood with a grave-faced, venerable old man with snow-white hair and beard, and before us stretched two roads. Motioning for me to follow, the old man started along one. It was a wide, beautiful road, with flowers on every side, trees loaded with temptin-glooking fruit, clear running streams, and the sky above us was so blue, and the sun shone so warm and bright. I was immediately seized with a desire to pluck the flowers, to taste of the fruit, and to drink of the silvery, clear waters. My venerable companion seemed to fathom this desire, for he paused and said to me: "If you wish to indulge in these things, you are at liberty to do so." This permission filled me with delight, but all things around me were so tempting that I hardly knew where to begin my enjoyment of them. Finally I paused before a bush covered with lovely deep-red roses, whose fragrance filled the air. Stooping over I plucked one, but the next moment uttered a cry of pain and dropped it to the ground, for the stem was covered with sharp thorns which pierced my fingers. A little further on was another bush covered with roses equally fragrant and lovely, though of a pale pink in color. Though my fingers were still smarting from the wounds made by the thorns of the red rose, I could not resist stopping to gather one of these. I found there were no thorns to pierce my fingers, and with delight I inhaled the sweet perfume, when lo! the delicate leaves began to shrivel, and the rose lay in my hand a dead and withered thing. I next paused beneath a tree, the branches of which were hung with great golden pears. Eagerly I gathered one and placed it to my lips, but, to my utter disappointment, found it most sour and disagreeable to the taste. I then ran to another tree hung with lovely, luscious-looking peaches, and gathered one. Somewhat cautiously I tasted it, but found it most sweet and delicious, and was eating it with much enjoyment, when I saw it was filed with crawling worms, and with disgust and loathing I threw it from me. I then thought I would refresh myself from one of the clear running streams which appeared at intervals along the road, but when I stooped my lips to the water I found it bitter and nauseous. Timidly I tried another, and found the water sweet and cool, but though I drank and drank, it would not satisfy my thirst, only left me thirstier and more unsatisfied than before. Near one of the streams grew a bed of strange looking but exquisitely beautiful flowers, their many different hues making a gorgeous mass of color, while there arose from the hearts of the flowers a rich and intoxicating perfume. I rushed over, and stooping grasped eagerly at the flowers, but as I parted them I saw coiled about their roots numbers of hissing, writhing snakes, from which I fled in terror. I noticed as we went along that the flowers and fruit trees and running streams grew fewer and farther between; that the sun had ceased to shine, while the sky looked gray and dull. I did not stop to gather the flowers or taste of the fruits. Their beauty had palled upon me; or if anything more than usually lovely tempted me, past experience warned me off. For had I not found thorns and snakes about the loveliest flowers, or had they not faded as soon as gathered? Had not the most tempting-looking fruits proved sour or filled with worms, and the clearest water bitter or unsatisfying? I saw as we went along that the road was covered with numberless foot-prints, and the old man, seeing me regard these curiously, said: "Many have traveled this road before you, and many will travel it after you."

Suddenly the road abruptly ended, and we were standing before a large gate, dark, gloomy, and frowning. The old man went up to it and flung it open, and pointed with his finger beyond. And I saw a vast, gloomy desert, without a tree or a blade of grass, while a dark, lowering sky overshadowed it, and seemed to cast a pall over its bare desolation. Then the old man beckoned for me to come nearer, and I saw that upon the ground lay hundreds of human forms. Some were motionless, others writhing and distorted, but one and all expressed an utter abandonment of despair and woe, while the air was filled with shrieks and groans and moans. As I gazed, horror-struck, upon this scene, my venerable guide pointed to the beautiful road which in sharp contrast stretched behind us, and then to the tortured creatures beyond the gate. "They all came this road," he said. The next moment I found myself standing in the wood again, and the old man was motioning for me to follow him along the other road. It was a very straight and narrow road, and lined with briars which pierced my hands and limbs, and hard stones which cut my feet. Often I grew exhausted and stopped, and again and again I fell, but the old man always urged me on, or lifted me up with gentle, encouraging words. I noticed there were fewer footprints along this road, and that numerous little paths ran from it into the other. I had not noticed them from the other side, for the flowers and trees had almost concealed them, but they were plainly perceptible here, and again and again I felt tempted to rush from the hard, stony, wearying road to the one which looked so alluring and restful, but my guide's beckoning finger urged me on. Finally, when I was almost worn out, and my feet were sore and bleeding, the road began to grow less hard, the stones fewer, and the briars less sharp, and suddenly the same dark gate rose before us, and my guide flung it open. And I saw a beautiful garden, in which there were exquisite flowers and fruits which far surpassed any in the beautiful road, and clear, sparkling fountains. The songs of many beautifully plumaged birds filled the air with melody, and the air was soft and warm, perfumed with a thousand delicious odors, and the sky was one blaze of exquisite coloring, like a gorgeous sunset. And in this garden were numbers of human creatures, all beautiful and smiling, and with such happy, happy faces. Some had their hands and arms full of flowers, some had clusters on their breasts, and others had their brows bound with them. Then again, some were eating the delicious fruits, others drinking the beautiful, sparkling waters from the fountains. My guide pointed, as before, to the road behind us, and then to the lovely, joyous creatures beyond the gates, and again he said: "They all came this road."

Again the heavy gate swung to, and I was standing in the wood. The old man laid his hand upon my arm. "You have seen both," he said, and to what each leads. Which will you choose?" The next moment the wood and the old man were gone. I was in my old familiar room, shivering, for the fire was only a mass of gray ashes. 'Twas but a dream, but the[illegible] still echoed in my soul, "Which?"

"Never give up the ship, cried [illegible] He saved the ship, and he w[illegible] hero. So we say:—"Never [illegible] life when attacked b[illegible] [illegible]ou have tried Laxad[illegible]

What is t[illegible] b[illegible] for the baby? Dr. Bull's Lab[illegible] for it contains no opiates, and [illegible]ocent but effective. Sold by all druggi[illegible] Price 25 cent.

St Paul *Globe*, Dem.: The new constitution adopted in New Hampshire provides that no person shall be eligible to citizenship who cannot read the constitution in English and write his own name. Propositions of that sort in some of the Southern States have excited general indignation among the Republicans. Don't voters need these requirements as much in South Carolina as in New Hampshire?