Care of Chas. Pruffer

Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY,
Editor and Proprietor.

$2.00 A YEAR.

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Staunton Spectator.

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Staunton Spectator.

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

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F. F. V.

(Fast Flying Virginian.)

VESTIBULE LIMITED,

Solid, with Dining Car, between New York, Washington and Cincinnati.

VESTIBULE SLEEPER BETWEEN

WASHINGTON and LOUISVILLE,
—AND—
OLD POINT and CINCINNATI

Schedule in Effect March 2d, 1890.

WESTWARD.	No. 3. F. F. V. Vestib'le Daily	No. 1. Cincin Express Daily.
Lv New York	5 00 p m	12 15 n'gt
Lv Philadelphia	7 40 p m	7 20 a m
Lv Baltimore	10 10 p m	9 45 a m
Lv Washington	11 25 p m	11 24 a m
Ar Charlottesville	3 05 a m	3 15 p m
Lv Norfolk	3 40 p m	7 15 a m
Lv Old Point	4 00 p m	7 40 a m
Lv Newport News	4 40 p m	8 15 a m
Ar Richmond	6 55 p m	10 50 a m
Lv Richmond	10 45 p m	11 00 a m
Ar Charlottesville	3 15 a m	3 35 p m
Ar Waynesboro' J	4 16 a m	4 32 p m
Ar Staunton	4 44 a m	5 00 p m
Ar Clifton Forge	7 00 a m	7 15 p m
Ar Covington		7 44 p m
Ar Ronceverte	8 35 a m	9 00 p m
Ar Hinton	9 50 a m	10 25 p m
Ar Charleston	12 45 p m	1 48 a m
Ar Huntington	2 10 p m	3 30 a m
Ar Maysville	4 20 p m	5 33 a m
Ar Cincinnati	6 20 p m	7 30 a m
Ar Indianapolis	10 55 p m	10 00 a m
Ar Chicago	7 30 a m	5 00 p m
Ar St Louis	7 05 a m	6 00 p m
Ar Lexington	6 20 p m	
Ar Louisville	9 50 p m	11 35 a m
Ar Nashville	6 50 a m	5 00 p m
Ar Memphis	2 40 p m	5 15 a m
Ar New Orleans	7 00 a m	12 40 n'n

NOTE.—The arrival at Louisville and South for train No. 1 is via Cincinnati (Newport).

Trains from Lynchburg, Lexington, Va., Danville, Va., etc. connect at Clifton Forge.

EASTWARD	No. 4 F. F. V. Vestb'le	No. 2. Wash. & Old Pt Express
Lv Louisville	2 45 p m	
Lve Cincinnati	6 30 p m	7 50 a m
Lve Huntington	12 25 a m	2 50 p m
Ar Charleston	1 48 a m	4 28 p m
Ar Hinton	4 48 a m	5 55 p m
Ar Ronceverte	5 59 a m	9 30 p m
Ar Covington		10 52 p m
Ar Clifton Forge	7 33 a m	11 55 p m
Ar Staunton	9 36 a m	1 85 a m
Ar Waynesboro Ju	10 04 a m	2 07 a m
Ar Charlottesville	11 55 a m	3 09 a m
Ar Washington	2 35 p m	7 03 a m
Ar Baltimore	3 50 p m	8 20 a m
Ar Philadelphia	6 15 p m	10 47 a m
Ar New York	9 20 p m	1 20 p m
Lv Charlottesville	11 05 a m	3 50 a m
Ar Gordonsville	12 05 n'n	4 57 a m
Lv Richmond	3 00 p m	9 10 a m
Lv Newport News	6 00 p m	11 05 a m
Lv Old Point Com	6 35 p m	11 40 a m
Lv Norfolk	7 00 p m	12 05 n'n
Arr Lexington, Va	4 15 p m	
Ar Lynchburg	11 55 a m	
Ar Danville	8 20 p m	
Ar Greensboro	10 37 p m	

Nos. 3 and 4, daily, F.F.V. Limited, run solid between New York and Cincinnati with Vestibule Sleeper between Washington and Louisville and Old Point and Hinton.

Nos. 1 and 2 have Pullman Sleepers between Cincinnati and Washington. Solid train between Cincinnati and Old Point daily.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS.

RICHMOND DIVISION.—No. 7, daily except Sunday, leave Richmond 5 00 p. m. No. 8 except Sunday, leave Bothwell 6 25 p m. Arrive Richmond 7 25 p m.

HUNTINGTON DIVISION.—No. 13, leaves Clifton Forge daily 8 30 a m., arrive at Huntington 7 00 p m., arrive Clifton Forge 5 30 p m. No 15, daily except Sunday, leave East Sewell at 6 00 a m., arrive at Huntington 11 00 a m. No. 16, daily, except Sunday, leave Huntington at 3 00 p m, arrive East Sewell 8 05 p m.

CINCINNATI DIVISION.—No. 17 daily except Sunday, leave Russell (Ironton) 6 a m, arrive Cincinnati 11 30 a m. No. 18 daily except Sunday, leave Cincinnati 2 00 p m., arrive at Russell 7 30 p m. No. 19, daily except Sunday, leave Maysville 4 46 a m, arrive at Cincinnati 8 20 a m No. 20 daily except Sunday, leave Cincinnati 5 05 p m, arrive at Maysville 7 30 p. m.

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

GEO. W. STEVENS, Gen. Supt. H. W. FULLER, Gen'l Pass'r Agent.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY RAILROAD

S. F. Tyler, Receiver.

Time Table in effect Feb. 9th, 1890.

SOUTHWARD. Standard Time, 75th Meridian.	DAILY. Express. No. 3.	DAILY. Express. No. 1.	Daily except Sunday. Loc. Acc. No. 5.
—LEAVE.—			
Hagerstown	7.25 A. M.	11.15 P. M.	
Antietam	7.59 "	11.43 "	
Shepherdstown	8.05 "	11.48 "	
Shen. Junction	8.18 "	12.00 ng't	
Charlestown	8.30 "	12.11 A. M.	
Riverton	9.43 "	1.14 "	
Luray	10.55 "	2.15 "	
Milnes	11.40 "	3.00 "	
Elkton	11.55 "	3.12 "	
Grottoes	12.27 P. M.	...	
Waynesboro June	1.15 "	4.15 "	
Buena Vista	2.52 "	5.39 "	
Loch Laird	2.54 "	5.41 "	
Natural Bridge	3.25 "	6.05 "	
Buchanan	4.00 "	6.37 "	
Roanoke	5.00 "	7.40 "	
—ARRIVE.—			
Bristol	11.20 P. M.	12.40noon	
Chattanooga	6.50 A. M.	7.40 P. M.	
Memphis	6.30 P. M.	6.35 A. M.	
Mobile	2.05 A. M.	3.10 A. M.	
Atlanta	12.30 P. M.	5.25 A. M.	
Montgomery	7.05 P. M.	3.00 A. M.	
New Orleans	7.00 A. M.	12.40noon	

No. 3 carries Pullman Palace Sleeping Car through from New York and Philadelphia via Harrisburg to Chattanooga and Memphis, without change.

Has connection at Hagerstown with fast mail from Baltimore.

Also makes close connection at Waynesboro Junction with C. & O. Railway westbound trains.

No. 1 has through connection from Philadelphia via Harrisburg and C. V. Railroad, also carries Pullman BuffetSleeping Car from Philadelphia, via Harrisburg, to New Orleans, without change.

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.

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.	DAILY. Express. No. 2.	Daily except Sunday
Leave Roanoke	7.05 P. M.	6.00 A. M.	
Buchanan	8.00 "	6.59 "	
Natural Bridge	8.32 "	7.30 "	
Loch Laird	8.58 "	7.56 "	
Buena Vista	9.00 "	7.58 "	
Waynesboro Junc	10.31 "	9.40 "	
Grottoes	11.01 "	10.11 "	
Elkton	11.37 "	10.52 "	
Milnes	11.55 "	11.10 "	
Luray	12.37 P.M.	11.53 "	
Riverton	1.46 "	12.56 P. M.	
Berryville	2.29 "	1.37 "	
Charlestown	2.58 "	2.04 "	
Shen. Junction	3.10 "	2.15 "	
Shepherdstown	3.23 "	2.28 "	
Antietam	3.31 "	2.35 "	
Hagerstown	4.05 "	3.10 "	
Ar. Washington B. & O. R. R.	7.10 A.M.	3.05 P. M.	
Ar. Baltimore, B. & O. R. R.	8.20 "	5.20 P. M.	
Ar. Baltimore, W. M. R. R.	11.10 "	6.30 P. M.	
Le. Hagerstown	4.15 A. M.	4.00 P. M.	
Ar. Harrisburg, C. V. R. R.	6 40 A. M.	7.00 P. M.	
Ar. Philadelphia P. R. R.	10.20 A. M.	10.55 P. M.	
Ar. New York	1.20 P. M.	3.50 A. M.	

No. 4 carries Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car through from Memphis to New York via Hagerstown and Harrisburg.

No. 2 makes through connection via Shenandoah Junction and B. & O. R. R. for Washington and Baltimore, and at Hagerstown with Western Maryland Railroad for Baltimore, and Cumberland Valley Railroad for Harrisburg and Philadelphia. Also carries Pullman Palace Buffet Sleeping Car from New Orleans to Philadelphia via Hagerstown and Harrisburg without change.

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

People Wonder

WHEN they find how rapidly health is restored by taking **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.** The reason is that this preparation contains only the purest and most powerful alteratives and tonics. To thousands yearly it proves a veritable elixir of life.

Mrs. Jos. Lake, Brockway Centre, Mich., writes: "Liver complaint and indigestion made my life a burden and came near ending my existence. For more than four years I suffered untold agony. I was reduced almost to a skeleton, and hardly had strength to drag myself about. All kinds of food distressed me, and only the most delicate could be digested at all. Within the time mentioned several physicians treated me without giving relief. Nothing that I took seemed to do any permanent good until I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has produced wonderful results. Soon after commencing to take the Sarsaparilla I could see an

Improvement

in my condition, my appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken, my strength improved each day, and after a few months of faithful attention to your directions, I found myself a well woman, able to attend to all household duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life, and I cannot thank you too much."

"We, the undersigned, citizens of Brockway Centre, Mich., hereby certify that the above statement, made by Mrs. Lake, is true in every particular and entitled to full credence."—O. P. Chamberlain, G. W. Waring, C. A. Wells, Druggist.

"My brother, in England, was, for a long time, unable to attend to his occupation, by reason of sores on his foot. I sent him Ayer's Almanac and the testimonials it contained induced him to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using it a little while, he was cured, and is now a well man, working in a sugar mill at Brisbane, Queensland, Australia."—A. Attewell, Sharbot Lake, Ontario.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

sep18—1y

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

WHAT SCOTT'S EMULSION CURES

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SCROFULA
BRONCHITIS
COUGHS
COLDS
Wasting Diseases

Wonderful Flesh Producer.

Many have gained one pound per day by its use.

Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy. It contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased. It is used by Physicians all over the world.

PALATABLE AS MILK.

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ELY'S

Cream Balm

Cleanses the Nasal Passages.

Allays Pain and Inflammation.

Heals the Sores.

Restores the Sense of Taste and Smell.

TRY THE CURE.

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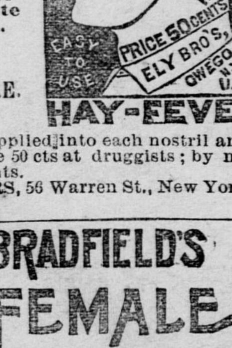

HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cts at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York
aug 7—

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

IS A SPECIFIC FOR PAINFUL PROFUSE SCANTY SUPPRESSED AND IRREGULAR

MENSTRUATION

OR MONTHLY SICKNESS

IF TAKEN DURING CHANGE OF LIFE GREAT DANGER AND SUFFERING WILL BE AVOIDED

BOOK TO "WOMAN" MAILED FREE

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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DYEING,

CLEANING AND REPAIRING.

You will save money by bringing your dirty clothes to be cleaned or dyed and repaired by me. Charges moderate. Work first-class.

☞ Gentlemen's and Boys' Second-hand clothing wanted. Highest cash price paid.

ISADORE COHEN,
9 South New St., Staunton, Va

THY SPIRIT'S EVERMORE AT REST.

There is a sacred spot on earth,
Bright scene, my heart holds ever dear;
Where dreams of hope as from my birth,
In visions hover o'er me here.

Bright are visions mem'ry brings
O'er the dreary waste of life,
Brighter yet from hope there springs
Joy beyond this world of strife.

Where is that scene to me so dear?
Where is the love my soul doth crave?
The voice that to my heart is near?
They linger at my mother's grave.

When twilight on the sacred hills,
In rays of glory gild the scene;
With incense it my mem'ry fills,
Of happy days that long have been.

When midnight's dark and stormy blast,
With dismal shieks upon the air,
Comes o'er the joys forever past,
My mind awakes with sad despair.

Thou art from earth forever gone,
Thy spirit's fled from worldly cares;
My mourning heart is left alone,
To mingle grief with burning tears.

Now in that bright celestial land,
Thy spirit's evermore at rest;
Amid the shining angel band,
In that fair region of the blest.

JAS. M. LEATH.

NO SHOW.

Joe Beal 'ud set upon a keg
Down to the grocery store, and throw
One leg right over 'tother leg,
An' swear he'd never had no show;
"Oh, no," said Joe,
"Hain't hed no show"—
Then shift his quid to 'tother jaw,
An' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw.

He said he got no start in life,
Didn't git no money from his dad,
The washin' took in by his wife
Earned all the funds he ever had;
"Oh, no," said Joe,
"Haint had no show"—
An' then he looked up at the clock,
An' talk, an' talk, an' talk, an talk.

"I've waited twenty year—le's see—
Yes, twenty-four, an' never struck,
Altho' I've sot roun' patiently,
The fust tarnashion streak er luck.
"Oh, no," said Joe,
"Hain't hed no show"—
Then stuck like mucilage to the spot,
An' sot, an' sot, an' sot, an sot.

"I've come down regeler ever' day
For twenty year's to Piper's store;
I've sot here in a patient way,
Say, hain't I Piper?" Piper swore,
"I tell ye, Joe,
Yer haint no show,
Yer too dern' patient"—ther hull raft
Jest laffed, an' laffed, an' laffed.

—S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

THE OLD LOVE,

or

A BLIND LOVER.

It was twenty-five years since Austin Robertson had lived in Eastdale. He came back from his wanderings a blind old man, to teach music in the seminary of his native town.

Here the Errington girls made his acquaintance, and as they were a musical family he was invited to the house, where their mother, a handsome widow, always gave him a welcome.

He soon became a great favorite with Winnifred, the youngest, and Matalie, the eldest, but he loved like a daughter little Lottie, who for seven years had been a helpless cripple. It must have been their infirmities which drew these two together.

One evening when the family were in the parlor he said:

"I would like to tell you my story, Miss Lottie, and how I came to leave Eastdale. I am nobody. Do you understand that? I was an almshouse waif, but I think I must have come from a music-loving family. When I was only ten years old I was taken for a gardener's boy in a wealthy man's family. He was a kind, good man, and discovering my love for music, had me educated, and even sent me abroad to complete my studies in Germany. I came back to Eastdale after an absence of five years, and my benefactor took me into his own family as his private secretary, and obtained for me the position of organist in the church here. I was intensely happy. I had free access to a splendid library, leisure to study my favorite art, and—oh, Lottie—I was in love. I loved my benefactor's only child, the fairest, sweetest woman I ever knew.

Now in my darkness, the memory of her face is to me a sunshine of my heart. I can never see it grow old. Always, for me, will her form be slender and erect, her face fresh and lovely, her hair golden. I never knew if she loved me. She was very kind, and although I was twelve years older than herself, we were congenial companions. But, in my folly, I told my benefactor of my love. Very kindly, but very firmly, he forbade its mention to his daughter. She was very young, only eighteen, and would be very wealthy. I was an almshouse waif, with not even a name save the one given me by charity. He was right. I had no claim to happiness. And I would not trouble her with declaring my hopeless passion, and so went away—away into the world. I was very successful in my profession, but being alone, not very prudent with my money, I lived well, moved in pleasant art circles of society, went abroad. But ever there was in my heart the craving to see my love—my only love—until I became blind. Then I was glad I had not spoken, glad I was sent away, glad my lost eyes would not grieve her gentle heart. When I came to Eastdale I meant to hide from her; but I was told her father was dead, and she had married and lived abroad. So she will never know how one blind man carries her face in his heart, and will love her till he dies."

"It is very sad," Lottie said softly.

But instead of answering, the musician groped his way to the piano and began to play. Every hand dropped its work. They tried to breathe more softly, to listen to the wondrous music that awakened under those slender fingers. It was sad—very sad—at first; a strain of melody, slow and mournful; but as he played the measure became majestic, as of a soul triumping over pain and sorrow, rising above earth's tribulations to a sublime resignation and hope.

I cannot describe it as it deserves; for music has a language mere words can never translate.

When the hands fell from the keys there was a moment of silence, and then Mrs. Errington spoke.

"Many years ago Charlotte Mayberry lived in Eastdale, a loving, warm-hearted girl, if no more."

Three earnest faces were lifted, and eyes full of eager interest scanned the mother's face. But the blind musician's head drooped lower and lower.

"She was an only child, greatly beloved by her father, but motherless from infancy. When she was yet a child she learned to love a man, full of noble impulse, generous of heart and with an intellect that commanded her reverence. She loved him with her whole heart, never knowing whether her love was returned, asking no greater happiness than to hear his voice, or see his eyes bent kindly upon her. But she was very young, and did not know what love was. So she did not deem it strange that her lover was silent, and did not question her heart or his, until one day he left her. Then she knew what her life might have been had he stayed. She drooped, as young life will, in the blight of a wounded love, and her father took her abroad.

"To please her father, she married one who had loved her long and who knew she could give him only respect and esteem. But they were happy, and for ten years lived in Europe, until Mr. Mayberry died, and only a few weeks later his child was widowed. With her double grief came, too, a sore homesickness, and she brought her children and returned to Eastdale, to the house where she had passed through the great joy and the great sorrow of her life.

"Years passed away. Her babies grew to be fair, sweet maidens; her life was tranquil and content, until one day she heard that her dear friend, the lover of her girlhood, was near her, poor, suffering, and shut out from the earth's glad sunshine.

"She was no longer young, but she was a woman, a mother. He had never told her that he loved her; he had left her to believe her own love slighted and scorned for years. But it stirred her heart with a strange pleasure to see him, with a deep pain to know him so near her, yet so far from her. Until one glad day she heard him tell his love, and then—Austin!"

She rose and went close to where the blind musician sat, his head bowed on his breast, his hands clasped before him.

"Austin," she said, tenderly, "will you come into our home—into our love? Will you be my cherished husband, my children's father?"

Then the bowed head was lifted, the blind eyes straining as if great love must conquer their darkness. Only one word, in accents of deepest love, did he speak, as Mrs. Errington folded him close in her arms.

"Charlotte!"

That was all. They needed no more; but the girls were there, and one came softly and kissed the patient face, and whispered, "Father," and another softly pressed the withered hands, while Lottie fairly sobbed: "Oh, mother, we will all love him!"

McKinley Prices and Hard Times.

Manufacturers who go to Congress for "protection" and get it are not sentimentalists. They mean business. Their object is to increase their profits. By getting a high duty put on imported articles such as they themselves produce they exclude foreign competition. Having done this they raise their prices. As a rule they add the duty to the price they would sell at if there were no tariff. If, for example, the price of an unprotected article in the home market is $5 per dozen, the price of the same article, after a 50 per cent. duty is imposed, will be $7.50, or more. It will be as much more as the profits of importers and jobbers on her competing foreign article amount to. This is the charm of protection in the eyes of the practical protectionist, that it enables him to advance his prices, increase his profits and get a big income on a small capital invested, perhaps, in old and obsolete machinery. To the masses of the people the system is objectionable for the very reason that its beneficiaries like it. They object, it is true, to an excessive enhancement of the cost of imported articles, but they object a great deal more to the rigging of the home market made possible by the tariff, because it effects their pockets a great deal more. For the custom-house tax is the least of the evils complained of. The tribute exacted by the factories is the greater burden. Some six or seven dollars, it is estimated, are lost by the people in the purchase of home-made wares at prices enhanced by the tariff for every dollar the government gets at the custom-houses on imported wares. In the year 1889 the revenue from customs that went to the treasury at Washington was $223,832,741, but the revenue that went to protected manufacturers in the shape of excess of price due to the tariff rates was not less than $1,350,000,000. In the case of articles upon which the tariff is low the proportion of revenue obtained by the treasury would, of course, be large, but where the tariff rate is high little will be imported, and the protected manufacturers will get almost the whole proceeds of the tariff tax. Right here it is that the tariff becomes unequivocally an odious tax on the people. One may say that he does not care how much revenue the government gets out of people who buy foreign articles, because the revenue is for a public purpose. That would not be a very rational position to take, as many things necessary to our comfort—tin-plate for example—must be imported. But when the rate is put so high that it prohibits the importation of needed articles, with the object and result of depriving the government of revenue and giving the whole tax to the manufacturers, everybody must cry out at the injustice of the thing. Especially exasperating does such a tariff become when we see it utilized by the manufacturers in the formation of trusts and other combinations to prevent the arrival of the era of low prices promised by protectionist orators as the ultimate result of their system. With the tariff as a means of making their prices artificially high and their trusts to keep them high, the protected class has, it is felt, an unfair advantage of the rest of the community. The farmers are not the only sufferers from this legalized plundering, though, as being the largest distinct class of sufferers, they are oftenest appealed to act. Every citizen is equally concerned. City people may, indeed, be said to be more interested than the farmer. They suffer first and most from increased cost of living. They must pay promptly in cash for all they buy, while the farmer, even if he gets little money, gets at least a living out of his farm. The farmer, can, if he chooses, raise his own bread, meat and material for clothing. If he earns enough to pay his taxes he can, for a year or two at least, keep his head above water. Not so the city man. Every day he must buy something, and if the McKinley bill puts up the price of clothing, carpets, tinware, food, &c., he will feel it at the end of the week in a deficiency of income. As our city populations now constitute nearly half of the entire population of the country, it is clear that Mr. McKinley is about to injure an important section of the body politic. That his proposed increase of the cost of living, through higher taxes, is not dictated by an empty treasury, but by a small class of selfish tariff lords, adds to the unpopularity of his scheme. November will show him how odious it is. —*Baltimore Sun.*

A Sad Condition.

I suffered for five years with the worst form of Blood Poison, during which time I was attended by the very best physicians I could find, and tried numbers of proprietary medicines without any beneficial results. I continued to grow worse all this time, until my whole system was destroyed by the vile disease; my tongue and throat having great holes caused by it. I then commenced taking Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) and in a few months I was entirely cured, and to this great medicine do I attribute my recovery. This was over two years ago, and I have had no return, or any effects of the disease since, and my skin to-day is as smooth and clean as anybody's,

WM. SOWERS,
Covington, Ohio.

BOILS ALL OVER HIS BODY.

Six bottles of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) cured me of a horrible attack of boils that had broken out all over my body, and from which could get no relief. I feel that if it was not for your great medicine I would be in my grave to-day. W. J. MITCHELL, Marion, Ala.

☞ Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

DIDN'T LET HIM FINISH.—Greenbagge—Never touch a case, my boy, that your conscience will not permit you to advocate and——

Briefless (interrupting)—Why, look here, I heard you defending Hungry Mike, the burglar, only the other day!

Greenbagge—And, as I was about to say, you might as well abandon your profession. —*Life.*

The First Symptoms of Death.

Tired feeling, dull headache, pains in various parts of the body, sinking at the pit of the stomach, loss of appetite, feverishness, pimples or sores, are all positive evidences of poisoned blood. No matter how it became poisoned it *must* be purified to avoid death. Dr. Acker's English Blood Elixir has *never* failed to remove scrofulous or syphilitic poisons. Sold under positive guarantee by P.T. Allen, Druggist, Staunton, Va

ALFRED WILKINSON.

He Captures the Daughter of the Confederacy.

MISS WINNIE DAVIS BETROTHED—A STATES-RIGHTS' DEMOCRAT, AS HIS FATHER AND GRANDFATHER WERE.

Atlanta Constitution.

"That's his picture, is it?"

"That's—yes, I know hers."

"He aint so bad."

"He'll sorter do."

"Yes, that's a good face."

A group of ex-Confederate soldiers were standing in the business office of the Constitution yesterday, examining with great interest a couple of photographs.

One was a picture of Miss Winnie Davis.

The other was that of a young man between twenty five and thirty, with as pleasant and handsome a face as one meets nowadays.

The young man, whose picture is given, is Mr. Alfred Wilkinson, of Syracuse, N.Y., to whom Miss Davis is engaged.

"Look here, young man," remarked one of the group, addressing the picture of the young man, "we're going to keep an eye on you, and you've got to make her a good husband, or I'm going to know why. You hear?"

"Why," put in another, "we'd get up a regiment down here and capture her back if he didn't."

"I'd go in that crowd—"

"Me too! Me too!" was the echo.

"I suppose," remarked another, "that every old soldier in the South feels like a godfather to that girl."

"And the women like godmothers."

They had each a good look at the young man's picture, and there was something like a feeling of relief visible in their face as they passed it around, and finally handed it back over the counter.

The verdict was a favorable one.

"They tell me, though," said one veteran, rather dubiously, "that his grandfather was a terrible old Abolitionist."

"Don't make a bit of difference," said another one quickly. "My grandfather was an Abolitionist, too."

"I think mine was, sorter," supplemented another. "I know my father was. Then, it don't make any difference what his grandfather was if he's all right. Just so he treats her right—that's all I care about."

This was evidently the accepted view, so far as that crowd went.

During the day the picture was shown to a number of others, and it was curious to see the keen personal interest shown. Invariably, too, the verdict was favorable. The face was attractive, somehow or other, and inspired confidence.

A STATES RIGHTS' DEMOCRAT.

Major Sidney Root, of Atlanta, is an intimate friend of the Davis family, but the Major was surprised, like other folks, when the announcement was published.

"No," said he yesterday, in reply to the question, "I never saw the young man. I rely upon what Mrs. Davis says of him—that he is a States rights' Democrat, as his father and his grandfather were before him, and generally a very estimable young man.

"Miss Winnie met him for the first time, I believe, about three years ago, in Syracuse. The papers have published, I see, something of the circumstances under which the meeting took place. While she was in Syracuse a very foolish exhibition of hostility was shown by some people, and something like an attempt at ostracism was made. He very gallantly came to her rescue. I almost wish he hadn't—you know how girls are. I'm a Yankee myself, born in Massachusetts, but —oh, well, though. It's her choice, and I'm sure she's one of the most sensible girls on earth. No doubt it's all for the best.

"Mr. Davis knew of the matter some time before his death, Mrs. Davis writes, and on more than one occasion invited him to visit Beauvoir.

"I have a sort of implicit confidence in his judgment, and if he approved it we ought to feel satisfied. He was, all things considered, the greatest man I ever saw. I have seen and known quite a number of great men, too, in this country and in Europe. He was the greatest of all.

"Miss Winnie is a worthy daughter—not a pretty or beautiful woman, but a queenly, womanly woman. She is a type of all that is good and true in southern womanhood. What her father was among men she is amongst women.

"No, he isn't a rich man. Mrs. Davis says, however, that he is in comfortable circumstances, and quite well able by his own efforts to take care of Miss Winnie.

"He is twenty-eight. Miss Winnie was born in June, 1864."

"WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR GIRLS?" The New York *Evening World* lately offered a prize of $20 in gold for the best brief answer to the old but very practical question: "What shall we do with our girls?"

Among the many answer sent in to the above question, the twenty dollar prize was awarded to the writer of the following brief essay, from the pen of Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

"The foundation of society rests on its homes. The success of our homes rests on the wives. Therefore, first of all, teach our girls how to be successful wives. Begin in their infancy to develop their characters. Teach them that jealousy is an immorality and gossip a vice. Train them to keep the smallest promise as sacredly as an oath, and to speak of people only as they would speak to them. Teach them to look for the best quality in every one they meet, and to notice other people's faults only to avoid them. Train them to do small things well and to delight in helping others, and instill constantly into their minds the necessity for sacrifice for others' pleasure as a means of soul development. Once given a firm foundation of character like this, which the poorest as well as the richest can give to their girls, and no matter what necessity arises they will be able to rise above it."

HOW TO CURE A HEADACHE.—Dyspeptic or bilious headache is very common, and, it seems to me, it is the headache which is most easily traceable to its cause and most readily avoided without medicine.

Every one who has ever suffered from it knows, as well as I can tell them, the cause and remedy. It is the old story of appetite, indulgence and punishment.

If you wish to know my advice as to curing bilious headache, I say—*Don't* get it. Eat such food as agrees with you; be temperate in all things, and be as regular as clock-work about your habits. In the case of young people this headache can *always* be traced to some error in diet—as rich food in immoderate quantity, eating at unreasonable or unusual hours, drinking wine or beer, etc., etc.—and it readily gives way to an emetic and sleep. Almost any emetic will do—ipecac or sulphate of zinc. In the case of elderly persons, however, the headaches, although less acute, are apt to be more tedious and more exhausting. Rest in bed, cold applications to the head, and some purgative medicine taken so as to operate in the morning, will usually effect a cure.—DR. MACHENRY, in *Ladies' Home Journal.*

MORE STORMS.—Terrific wind storms in Kansas, Missouri, Ohio and Pennsylvania did great damage to property Saturday and caused the loss of a number of lives. Many buildings were wrecked and people hurt at Akron, Ohio. During a trip over the storm paths 19 dwellings in Akron, were counted that are either ripped into kindling wood or so badly wrecked that they cannot be occupied. The wind, it is said, blew at the rate of 4 miles a minute.

Do Not Suffer Any Longer.

Knowing that a cough can be checked in a day, and the first stages of consumption broken in a week, we hereby guarantee Dr. Acker's English Cough Remedy, and will refund the money to all who buy, take it as per directions, and do not find our statements correct. For sale by Philip T. Allen, Staunton, Va.

Cleveland to the Farmers.

WHY TARIFF REFORM IS A VITAL QUESTION TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Mr. J. A. Hill, corresponding secretary of Oak Grove Lodge, No. 22, Farmers' Alliance, near Steubenville, Ohio, a short time ago wrote to ex-President Cleveland, inclosing a copy of the declaration of purposes of the alliance, and asking for Mr. Cleveland's views thereon. Following are the declaration of purposes and Mr. Cleveland's reply:—

Declaration of Purposes.—Profoundly impressed that we, the Farmers' Alliance, united by the strong and faithful ties of financial and home interests, should set forth our declaration of intentions, we therefore resolve:

To strive to secure the establishment of right and justice to ourselves and our posterity.

To labor for the education of the agricultural classes in the science of economical government in a strictly non-partisan spirit.

To indorse the motto, "In things essential, unity; in all things, charity."

To secure purity of the elective franchise and to induce all voters to intelligently exercise it for the enactment and execution of laws which will express the most advanced public sentiment upon all questions involving the interests of laborers and farmers.

To develop a better state, mentally, morally, socially and financially.

To constantly strive to secure entire harmony and good-will among all mankind, and brotherly love among ourselves.

To suppress personal, local, sectional and national prejudices; all unhealthful rivalry and all selfish ambition.

To assuage the sufferings of a brother and sister, bury the dead, care for the widows and educate the orphans; to exercise charity toward offenders; to construe words and purposes in their most favorable light, granting honesty of purpose and good intentions to others, and to protect the principles of the alliance unto death.

Mr. Cleveland's reply was:

New York, March 24, 1890.—J. A. Hill, Corresponding Secretary, &c.—Dear Sir: I have received your letter accompanied by a copy of the declaration of principles of the Farmers' Alliance. I see nothing in this declaration that cannot be fully indorsed by any man who loves his country, who believes that the object of our government should be the freedom, prosperity and happiness of all our people, and who believes that justice and fairness to all are necessary conditions to its useful administration.

It has always seemed to me that the farmers of the country were especially interested in an equitable adjustment of our tariff system. The indifference they have shown to that question, and the ease with which they have been led away from a sober consideration of their needs and their rights as related to this subject, have excited my surprise. Struggle as they may, our farmers must continue to be purchasers and consumers of numberless things enhanced in cost by tariff regulations. Surely they have the right to say that this cost shall not be increased for the purpose of collecting unnecessary revenue, or to give undue advantage to domestic manufacturers. The plea that our infant industries need the protection which thus impoverishes the farmer and consumer is, in view of our natural advantages and the skill and ingenuity of our people, a hollow pretext.

Struggle as they may, our farmers cannot escape the conditions which fix the price of what they produce and sell, according to the rates which prevail in foreign markets, flooded with the competition of countries enjoying freer exchange of trade than we. The plausible presentation of the blessings of a home market should not deceive our depressed and impoverished agriculturists. There is no home market for them which does not take its instructions from the seaboard, and the seaboard transmits the word of the foreign markets.

Because my conviction that there should be a modification of our tariff laws arose principally from an appreciation of the wants of the vast army of consumers, comprising our farmers, our artisans and our workingmen, and because their condition has led me to protest against the present imposition, I am especially glad to see these sections of my fellow-countrymen arousing themselves to the importance of tariff reform. Yours, very truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

Thare iz a time for all things; there is a time tew pray, and there is a time to say amen, roll up your sleeves and pitch in.

"Reform! Reform!" This is too often the watchword of mere charlatans.

There are very few men whose wisdum lasts them their lives out.

There are hipokrits in vice az well az in virtew; I have seen men affect the rake and the roue, whoze best holt waz the katekism

It iz hard work fur us tew luv a man who haz no faults nor failings.

He who sues for suckcess don't git it so often as he who demands it.

Suckcess is a coquet, and a bashful lover never wins her.

No woman yet waz ever satisfied to be a prude, who could be a suckcessful coquet.

Flattery iz just like cheeze, or anything else we deal in—the supply is alwus regelated bi the demand.

If all the vanity should leave this world, half the virtew would go with it. Thare iz no telling how menny ov us are simply proud ov our various virtews.

Blood ain't nuthin; munny or clothes iz what tells.

The things in this world that are the best done show the least signs ov labor, yet they are the most difficult to do. The reason ov this iz, bekauze they are the most natral. —New York Weekly.

WHAT IS A GOOD BOOK?—A good book is one that interests you.

One in which the bright rather than the dark side of life is shown.

One that makes you see how mean are the small vices of life and how despicable are the great sins.

One that glorifies virtue in woman and honor in man.

One in which the good are rewarded and the wicked are made to suffer—suffering, by the by, that may be of the conscience—or in a more material way, a reward given either on earth, or promised for the future.

One which convinces you that this world is filled with good men and good women.

One that breathes forth the goodness of a Creator, and respects His all-governing laws.

One that makes you feel you are meeting real people—people who elevate your thoughts as you associate with them.

A good book is one that you remember with pleasure, that when the dull hours come you can think of with interest and feel that there are people with whom you have a most interesting acquaintance, who are yet only characters of the imagination.

A good book is one that tells, in good English, the story it has to; sees no necessity for using foreign words and does not quote from the Arabic or the Sancrit as if the author had written it with an Encyclopædia Britannica beside him.

A good book is the one that we want when weary of the people of the world; that we can read out aloud and discuss; that we can hand to our daughters that it may give them pleasure, and which will only be a stepping stone on the road of taste, not only to better and nobler books, but a better and nobler life.

That is a good book—and, my friends, there are hundreds of them.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

If there wasn't so much money in the world there would be more religion.—Indianapolis Ram's Horn.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

COMMENCEMENT GOWNS — WAISTCOATS — GLOVES—SHOES—NOTES AND ANSWERS.

[From our Female Fashion Reporter.]

The numerous white wools in market afford unusual range for choice in commencement dresses and notable changes in making require special comment. The surplice dress or Academic gown as it is also called, is the most remarkable innovation on old ideas and as the name would imply, is a reproduction of the garb peculiar to choristers, being worn over a full, plain skirt. The favorite trimming is Greek key bordering in gilt or silk and the same garniture is used with particular appropriateness in dresses partaking more or less of classic outlines. Given the foregoing, and the Empire dress is almost an understood thing since its simple contour falls in with prevalent thought, and it is moreover the gown best adapted to youthful figures. Belts and sashes are important accessories and here as in costumes, buckles are employed to an extraordinary extent. They were never so fashionable and come in sizes ranging from eight to two inches and show every manner of device in gilt, steel, enamel or rhinestone to say nothing of precious metal when it can be afforded. Imitation of the men is not confined to Academic gowns.

WAISTCOATS

are markedly man-like and are put on in an altogether manly way over a shirt front to which a standing linen collar and tie give completion. A jaunty little jacket is the proper outside garment and in view of a probable run on waistcoats, there is a remarkable variety in jackets which hitherto of cloth in black or stylish shades of tan, castor, fawn or Swede, are now brought out in white with black facings and large gilt buttons or in pale colors such as delicate green, blue or terra cotta with appropriate contrasts in garniture. Brocade in small designs or pique either white or colored are the materials selected for waistcoats. As time goes on, the prominence of draping about the corsage, becomes more apparent. A delightful liberty has arisen and entirely without rule or regard to precedent, each dressmaker may consult her own fancy in the winding of material about the form. Fastenings are more than ever obscure and even to a practised eye, it may become enigmatical as to how the waist of a dress is put on or off. As may be imagined, dress buttons are relegated to obscurity, the few which appear being inconspicuous.

GLOVES—SHOES.

Gloves are in tan or gray or occasionally match costumes and with the opening season, a supply of silk and taffeta in the same colors are shown. Letters from Paris say that two-button gloves are being worn, but at present on this side, four buttons are usual for street or morning wear.—Shoes are in tan or gray to match gloves, and often of undressed kid, but as many persons will not adopt these styles, there are varieties in black with adornment of buckles or beads. Sharp-pointed toes produce as much discomfort as ever, although of course there are broader shapes with lower heels for those who cannot or will not wear such narrow shapes. In answer to enquiry on the subject of a reliable dressing, the reply is strongly in favor of Button's Raven Gloss, because the finish it gives is soft and natural while other dressings crack the leather and render it hard.—Some dealers from interested motives, may be inclined to substitute other dressings, but the preservative qualities of Raven Gloss should recommend it to all those who have a just regard to the durability of their foot wear.

NOTES AND ANSWERS.

Some idea may be formed of the variety in handkerchiefs, by description of a group of five lately seen on a fashionable counter. The first was of fine linen lawn with fancy drawn work hem with floral embroidery in white and gold colored silk floss; the second was of pink lawn with white embroidered edge; the third was all white with broad hem and bestrewn with embroidered barrettes, large sprays on the hem giving completion; the fourth was of heliotrope silk mull finished with applique silk embroidery in a pattern of fern leaves and violets; the fifth of white China silk with crimson silk hem and adorned by a snow scene in etching.

A dress recently made for Mrs. Whitney, is of tan cloth with embroidered border in blue and tan silk and silver cord united with dark blue velvet. Cloth composes the back, full vest, puffs on sleeves and panels on the front of the skirt, the velvet forming the foundation skirt, jacket fronts, yoke, collar and lower portion of the sleeves.—The jacket fronts, yoke and cuffs are embroidered with silver cord. Hat of chip to match trimmed with blue and silver ribbon and blue ostrich tips.

"Mrs. K." Vandyke embroideries are exceedingly fashionable and in ecru would be eminently suitable for an India silk.—They are also largely used on ginghams and satines and in either case may be combined with velvet ribbon. Ecru embroidery is united with silk ribbon for India silk and it can be added that where bows are worn, silk ribbon is preferable to velvet, because the latter is apt to twist into strings and therefore is best employed in bands or panels. Lace flounces on silk are stylish and a dress lately worn by the Duchess of Marlborough, showed a narrow trimming around the skirt of point d'esprit in the inevitable Vandyke points.

"Miss R." Cloth capes are a rage and really the principal dependence where some protection is required, since wraps are chiefly of lace and ribbon, which though very pretty, do not afford warmth. Besides, they are quite expensive. Capes, however, are far better adapted to slender figures than the well developed, and the latter class find it difficult this season to obtain something suitable where purposes of utility are the consideration.

Unique effects in millinery are brought about by crowns of much darker and heavier material than the brims. This is especially true of shade hats where a stylish example shows a crown of black Milan with flaring brim of very thin fancy braid in yellow. A high bow of black net is placed on the crown and the brim is garnitured by a half spray of bright pink roses and green foliage, the other side displaying a trimming of old rose ribbon and double-faced velvet ribbon in a darker shade of the same color.

ROSALIND MAY.

SATISFIELD WITH HIS PEW.—"There's only one fault I have to find with Dr. Pulpit's sermons," said Mrs. Poots, whose pew is in the back part of a large and fashionable church.

"What's that?" asked Mr. P.

"I can't hear one word he says."

"Humph! That's just what I like about 'em," grunted Poots.—*Texas Siftings.*

THEY WOULD LEAVE AT ONCE.—Guest (in country hotel)—Say, there were bugs in the bed I slept in last night.

Proprietor—Is that so?

Guest—Yes, sir, but I can tell you how to get rid of them.

Proprietor—Go ahead.

Guest—Charge them the same price for a night's lodging as you have me.—*Hotel Mail.*

That Terrible Cough

In the morning, hurried or difficult breathing, raising phlegm, tightness in the chest, quickened pulse, chilliness in the evening or sweats at night, all or any of these things are the first stages of consumption. Dr. Acker's English Cough Remedy *will* cure these fearful symptoms, and is sold under a *positive* guarantee by Philip T. Allen, Staunton, Va.

ONE GIRL' GRIEF.—"What are you crying about, Susie?"

"The boys are teasing Alice."

"Well, I wouldn't cry about that."

"I'm not crying about that. I'm crying because they don't tease me."—Van Dorn's.

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