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Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY,
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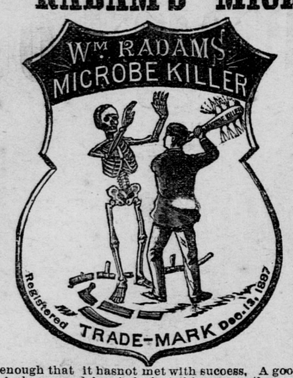

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Do you suffer with Catarrh?
Have you inherited Consumption.
Have you any Kidney Disease?
Are you afflicted with rheumatism?
Have you any disease that causes you anxiety or inconvenience?
Have you any disease that your doctor has pronounced incurable?

Give the Microbe Killer A TRIAL.

It is no experiment nor untried remedy. Hundreds of persons in this city have used or are now using this medicine, and the cures effected in many cases are miracles.

It has cured thousands who have been pronounced incurable. Sold only in one gallon jugs. Price three (3) dollars. A small investment when life and health can be obtained.

Beware of fraudulent imitations. They are usually cheaper, as they use that method of imposing on the public. One of them held their price at $2.50 per gallon for nearly two years. Not being able to get their medicine in at that, they have reduced it to $1.50, which is evidence enough that it has not met with success. A good medicine sustains itself in all communities. A cheap medicine is the last thing on earth a suffering man wants. The genuine sold only by N. WAYT & BRO., Druggists, Sole Agents, Staunton, Va.

☞ Send for free pamphlet, "History of the Microbe Killer."

THE SONG OF THE SEA.

The mermaids and mermen below the sea
A wonderful organ made;
With the tenderest care and loving art
Its every part was laid.
Wood they brought from the wrecks below,
And gold where the ships went down;
They used no nails, but fastened it well
With threads from a baby's gown.

One pipe gave the sound of a song so sweet
That was sung by a beautiful girl;
A mermaid caught it, and kept it safe,
Wrapt round with a golden curl.
The next pipe's note was the sound of a kiss
That a mother gave her son.
As he stood on the deck of a noble ship
That went down ere the day was done.

This pipe gave forth the sound of a prayer
That was heard when the storm was high;
And next was the laugh of some children dear
Who saw the danger nigh.
A strong man's voice was heard in the next,
And it was firm and clear,
He said, "God bless you dear," to his wife,
When he saw that death was near.

So the mermaids and mermen gathered all
Of the voices hid in the deep;
They placed them in the pipes and reeds,
To be roused once more from sleep.
But the beautiful organ displeased the one
Who rules the winds and waves,
For the sounds that were placed in the organ's pipes
Belonged to the ocean's caves.

So he placed them back in the silent depths,
In the caves or south and north,
For the voices lost in the sea must stay
Until he calls them forth.
But if you listen you hear them all
Come up from the sounding sea—
The prayer, the song, the kiss, the laugh,
That some time shall be free.

—Boston True Flag.

ON THE STAIRWAY.

Alone on the stairway we sat that night,
While the music throbbed and died,
And the hum of voices and laughter light
Floated round us on every side.

The strains on the waltz were bewitchingly sweet
As they rose and fell on the air;
In a dreamy fashion the time she beat
With her slippered foot on the stair.

She played with her fan, she lifted her eyes,
She pulled her red roses apart,
She looked up amazed in a sweet surprise
When I laid at her feet my heart.

'Twas a bold and daring thing to do,
But she seemed to like it well,
And, besides, 'twas rare good fortune to woo
The ballroom's reigning belle.

I can see those eyes so dark and bright,
I can feel that self-same thrill
That shook me from head to foot that night
When two lips said softly "I will."

Ah, there she goes now in that shimmering gown
And the silky, yellow hair,
Yes, she jilted me for a man in town
Who is three times a millionaire.

—Nona P. Brown in Philadelphia Times.

DAWN AND DUSK.

Apollo's shaft of radiant flame,
Shattered against the sea's blue shield,
On myraid ripples dance and gleam,
Gold stars strewn o'er an azure field.

Upon the shining sands they stand
In morn of day and morn of life,
Together stand, hand clasped in hand,
A bridegroom fond, a happy wife.

The moon, a silver scimitar,
Severs the driving rack of cloud.
Far, far beyond the harbor bar
The surges moan, now low, now loud.

Alone upon the darksome strand,
The black wave lapping at her feet,
A widow stands; vanished the hand,
Silent the voice that made life sweet.

—Mary J. Safford in Belford's Magazine.

CAN MOTHER FORGET?

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

In one of the poorest and most overcrowded parts of poor and overcrowded London stands a little whitewashed house, differing from the squalid places round it only in its perfect cleanliness; for on entering nothing but the plainest and most necessary furnishings are to be found.

One bitter night early in February there sat, in the hardly furnished sitting-room, a young priest. He was evidently expecting some one, and some one he loved; for, from time to time, he stirred the fire and looked with something like a sigh at the meagre meal which was prepared on the table. "I must not put on coals," he said to himself; "for if the fire is really bright when he comes in, he will grudge himself the warmth. I dare not make ready a comfortable meal, for he will grudge himself the food. It is always so, for he thinks that he alone can do without rest, warmth, and comfort; for oh! how tender and thoughtful he is about every one else!"

As he sat down again the door opened to admit a tall, powerful man, looking weary beyond words and wet to the skin. It needed not his clerical dress to assure any who saw him what his calling was, for interesting as his face must have been under any circumstances it was rendered beautiful by the beauty of holiness, and the strength and sweetness mingled in it made it like the face of an angel.

"Dear brother," he said as he came in. "I can go out no more this night, for my body is so weary and my heart so sore that I feel helpless and dispirited as I have rarely felt before. The sin and the suffering, the wretchedness and poverty, and, above all, the cry of the children are breaking my heart. And if mine—Oh, Thou loving Shepherd! what must the suffering be to Thee, in Thy perfect purity and unequalled tenderness? How long, Oh, Lord, how long?"

He sank down on a chair and buried his face in his hands for a few moments, while the younger priest looked at him sadly and anxiously. It was so unusual for Father Warren's face to be clouded and so rare for his spirit to be despondent that he felt sure something was wrong, and that over-work and constant exposure were at last beginning to tell even on his magnificent health and frame. "Now, dear father," he said beseechingly, "do put on dry clothes and rest this evening and take a long, quiet sleep, for if you persist in this constant self-forgetfulness, you will have to give up work altogether, and I think no greater trouble could befall you and us than that."

"Well, truly," replied Father Warren, "I am resolved to go out no more this night, for though the spirit is willing the flesh is weak." He had hardly finished speaking when a ring was heard at the door, and the servant entering said, "Father, a lady desires to see you, and begs you will not refuse her."

"Let me go," said the young priest, jumping up. "It is too hard, this perpetual importunity. I will speak to her and tell her how unfit you are to do anything more or see any one this evening."

"Do so, my son," said Father Warren, "but let it be courteously and gently said, as befits those who speak in the name of a gentle and never weary Master."

The young man crossed himself and left the room. He turned, however, after a few minutes, with a disappointed and somewhat mortified air.

"She will have none of me, dear father, but desires to see you and you only; and in very truth I feel myself asking for her; her pleading is so touching and her longing so earnest that I have gone over to her side and can resist her wish no longer."

Father Warren rose briskly and said, "Do not let her wait a moment longer. I feel to blame that she has waited so long already. Bring her in at once, I pray you," and while the priest hastened to obey he placed a chair to the fire and muttering to himself, "Neither turneth a deaf ear to any poor man," he put the tea-pot on the table and prepared to receive cordially the unexpected visitor.

The door was gently opened by a tall lady dressed in black. She was exceedingly fair to see, beautiful in feature and carriage beyond most women; but there was an inexpressible charm far beyond even that—a dignity and perfection of manner and appearance such as Father Warren had never seen before.

Advancing toward him she said in a low, clear, and most melodious voice: "Forgive me, dear father, for disturbing you so late and on such a night, but no other could fulfil so well the mission which I ask you to undertake. Will you come with me to bring comfort and happiness to a departing and erring soul? and will you bring the holy sacrament with you, that having confessed and been absolved, he may go hence in peace?"

"Dear lady," answered Father Warren, "I have not eaten since the morning. My clothes are wet through and I am very weary. Another priest of God more wo thy than I shall go with you."

"Nay, she said, looking wistfully at him, "I pray you go with me yourself, for to you was I sent, and the time is very short. I beseech you to come with me and make no delay. By the love of the Blessed Mother for her Son, by the love of that Son for all His erring children, I implore you come with me, and come quickly."

She pleaded so earnestly and tenderly, and yet with something of authority in her tone, that the father yielded; and forgetting all but her anxiety and that some one had need of him, he hastily put on a cloak and left the house with her.

A strong, biting wind and sharp, sleety rain made walking difficult and conversation almost impossible, so he followed the lady silently as they sped quickly along the narrow streets. Father Warren could not but marvel exceedingly that the lady did not seem to be aware of wind nor rain nor anything round her, but with firm tread and head erect she walked calmly and quietly though very rapidly on.

She moved as one with a set purpose, while a smile of hope brightened her grave face.

At last, after walking thus for a considerable distance, they came to one of those quiet, old-fashioned squares, once the chosen residence of the wealthiest Londoners, but now deserted for places further from the crowded centre of the huge city.

She stopped at one of the houses, and, knocking firmly and decidedly at the door, she turned round to the priest and said: "I have shown you the place and told you of the sore need of one who lives there. I can do no more, and must go now. May the blessing of God the Father, the love of God the Son, and the help of God the Spirit go with you now."

She turned rapidly away and was quickly out of sight, leaving the priest a little bewildered at receiving so solemn a blessing from a lady and a stranger, and yet with the feeling that there was nothing unsuitable or unbecoming in her giving it.

Before, however, he had time to collect his thoughts or explain to himself what he really felt about it all the door was opened by a stout, comfortable, respectable servant, who seemed rather astonished at his appearance. "I have been summoned to a dying bed," he said; "pray take me at once to the room."

The woman looked perplexed and answered: "There ain't no dying beds here, nor hasn't been this long time. Thanks be to Heaven, we're all well in this house, sir!"

"There must be some mistake," replied Father Warren, "for I was conducted here by a lady who fetched me herself to the very door, and was in much anxiety and haste."

"There's no lady got no right to fetch any one here, and mistake there surely is," said the woman, rather testily; but looking at the priest and recognizing his holy character, she went on: "But you had better come in and explain it to the young master—for sure am I he wouldn't like a beggar turned from the door on a cruel night like this, let alone a holy man like you, as is well known to the poor and needy." So saying, she led the priest into a most comfortable room, where was seated alone a young man evidently waiting for his dinner, preparations for which were on the table before him.

"This reverend gentleman have been led astray, sir, by some visiting lady, and brought out of 'is ome, where better he would have been on a night like this, as rampaging the streets to come to a 'ouse where dying beds there is none, and nothing but health and comfort, the Lord be praised. But I knew as you would not wish him sent away, sir, for the sake of her as is gone, and perhaps you can put him in the way to find the right 'ouse."

The young man smiled, evidently well accustomed to the ways of his faithful old servant, and, rising courteously, led Father Warren to a seat by the blazing fire. "Why, you are wet through and through!" he said. "At least let me take off your cloak, and rest a little, while you tell me how I come to the honor of this visit."

The father could not withstand the genial greeting, and sitting down told the young man how he came there. As he tried to do this, however, he found himself quite at a loss to explain the impression the lady had made on him, and how powerless he felt to resist her importunity, or even to question her as to where she was leading him.

His host was grieved and concerned at the useless fatigue and exposure he had gone through, and said: "I fear you have in your ready self sacrifice given way too easily to some charitable lady, more zealous than judicious, who in her desire to do much has to-night at least done too much, and made a mistake in an address which we can neither of us now rectify."

Father Warren shook his head sadly, for he felt how completely he had failed to represent truly his calm and dignified visitor, and he sighed as he thought how, after all, her mission had failed.

"I shall not let you go out again till you are thoroughly warm and fed," said the young man, "and you must just console yourself by the thought of the kindness you are doing in sharing my lonely dinner, and in giving me the pleasure of your company on such a dismal night as this."

The worn-out, hungry man yielded to the cordiality and heartiness of the bright youth's manner, and soon they were together as though they were old friends.—They seemed drawn toward each other in some mysterious way, and their hearts were opened, and they spoke as neither had done for years.

"I once belonged to your Church," said the lad in rather sad, regretful tones; "but I belong to no Church now. Since my dear mother died, nothing seems of real interest, and I feel that if she were, indeed, living in any State she would find some way to communicate with me, for Heaven itself could bring no joy to her if I were shut outside. And, indeed, it is much the same with me, for I have tried every kind of life to forget my loneliness, but everything becomes dreariness without her, and I have found no one to fill her place."

"Nay, not so, dear boy," said Father Warren, very gently, you have not tried everything—not faith and patience and perfect submission, with forgetfulness of self, the only things that can bring you peace and content."

"I do not want peace," replied the boy—for he was little more in his impetuous, loving heart—"I want happiness, I want my mother, I want my old full life back again. It cannot be true that she is living anywhere, in any condition, and has forgotten her only child, her boy, her companion, and her friend. My father died suddenly of heart disease before I was born, and my mother and I were all in all to each other; we had not a thought apart. No! she is dead, indeed! gone forever! Dust and ashes! and the sooner I am the same, the sooner will the aching of my heart be stopped and a useless life be over!"

Father Warren was deeply moved by the passionate outcry and evident sincerity of the lad's grief. His mother had been dead for three years, and he had not allowed anything to be touched or altered in the old house. He could not bear any change in her arrangements, and her books and work lay about as if she were still a living presence there.

As they talked together it became evident that the young man had drifted into disbelief of all kinds, and was tossed about on that dreary sea, forlorn and hopless.

It would not become me to try and repeat the powerful arguments and loving pleadings by the faithful servant of his Master to win back this lost soul.

The life of the priest was well known to the lad, and he remembered in what terms his mother had always spoken of him, how she had told of rank and wealth put aside by him that he might the better bring comfort and hope to the poor, neglected people among whom he lived, and his heart burned within him as the holy man pleaded with him more and more strongly to return to the fold he had left, but where his place was always kept ready for him.

"Come back, come back," he said, "to the faith and the Church which made your mother what she was—what she is. It is you who by unbelief and waywardness have raised the barrier between you. It is you who have closed the door so that her holy angel cannot come to you. Return to the Church of God. Confess your sins and receive absolution, remembering that there is more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just men that need no repentance. Open your ears and your heart now, so that through my poor lips you may hear your angel mother pleading with you for your soul's salvation—for another triumph for the blessed Saviour's cross."

I know not what further words he used, nor dare I venture to describe the feelings of the youth as he listened; but, after awhile, his better nature conquered entirely, and kneeling before the priest he cried: "Receive me back again. I pray you, and bless me, even me also, O my Father."

Father Warren, however, replied thoughtfully: "I think it wiser and better, my son, that you should take this solemn step when you are calmer and have fully considered it with prayer, for surely a second backsliding would be far more grievous than a first. I will leave you now and return again, tomorrow."

"Now, I beseech you, dear father, do not leave me so, unabsolved: but if in your wisdom you think it well that I should reflect further alone, then go into my library and take there the rest you so much need for a few hours, while I remain here and think of all you have said."

To this Father Warren assented, and passed into the adjoining room, leaving the young man alone.

He looked around him before sitting down, and found in the books, magazines, little works of art, and pictures, further evidences of the refinement and intelligence which had been so marked in everything he had seen in the house. But what arrested his attention most, and fascinated while it startled him, was the picture of a beautiful lady in full evening dress which hung over an old bureau, and beneath which was a vase of white flowers, evidently placed there by some loving hand.

"Where have I seen that face before?" he thought. "It seems fresh in my memory, and yet I have seen none such for many years." He took up a book and sat down before the fire trying to rest. Tired as he was he could not sleep, for the picture seemed to haunt and disturb him. Again and again he rose to look at it, till suddenly it flashed across him. "The lady that brought me here to-night! How like, and yet how different!"

While he was still standing and looking, his new friend entered and said quickly, "You are looking at the portrait of my mother! It is very like her. Is she not beautiful? Can you not feel now how I must miss her sweet company every hour of the day? Is it not strange that I feel nearer her to-night than at any time since she died and left me alone? Indeed, I feel now as if she were not really dead—as if we must meet again. Will you receive my confession now, father, and give me absolution before I sleep, and then I think I shall feel as if the black wall between us had been broken down for ever."

"Willingly, my son," answered the good priest.

Into that solemn interview and subsequent conversation it is not for us to intrude, but it was very late before they parted for the night, and it was arranged that they should meet again at the 7 o'clock service in the mission-room chapel the following morning.

Imagine, then the disappointment of Father Warren when the service began and ended and his young friend did not appear.

He was very sad. Accustomed as he was to disappointments of this kind, he had never felt one so keenly as this before. He had been so confident of the lad's earnestness, of the strength of his resolve, that he would not give up hope. "I will go and see him," he thought, "before I return home or break my fast. Holy Mother, go with me, I beseech thee!"

He hastened away, and not without some difficulty found the house again. He was not surprised to find the blinds down and no sign of life, for it was not yet 8 o'clock. "Ah! here is the explanation," he exclaimed cheerfully. "Unaccustomed to such early hours, both servants and master are still probably asleep," and he knocked loudly at the door.

It was quickly opened by the same servant as the evening before. But oh! how changed in her appearance. Her eyes were streaming with tears, and she looked ten years older. In a voice broken by sobs she said: "He is dead; he is gone. Passed away in the night in his sleep; no sound, no cry. The best master that ever lived. He told my husband to call him very early, and when he went to do so he found him lying calm and quiet, like a marble image." Father Warren passed by her silently into the room, and there, indeed, he found him lying calm and quiet and very peaceful, but with such a look of bright happiness on his beautiful young face as showed plainly that he had felt neither solitude nor fear when the Angel of Death came to fetch him away.

"Who can doubt that it was his mother who came to me last night?" said the priest to himself, "for can a mother ever forget, even in Heaven, the child of her love on earth."

349½ VILLERE ST., NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 22, 1889.

Wm. Radam, Esq.:

Dear Sir—I wish the afflicted and suffering to know that I positively assert that for twenty-nine years I have constantly suffered intense agony with that terrible disease known as hemorrhoids, or piles, in their very worst form. I have tried every available prescription, but to no curative end. I have taken one jug (which contained one gallon) of Microbe Killer, and it has completely cured me. It now feels like a dream that I ever suffered with that disease. It also has cured me of my insatiate thirst, which I have had all my life. Go try it, all mankind, and do not let your prejudice blind you against this world renowned medicine. If I possessed the means I would give all the afflicted all and as many jugs as they need to bring about a cure. This testimonial ought to show the Microbe Killer's efficacy. I consider the Microbe Killer paramount.

I remain, most respectfully,
MRS. E. E. D. WATSON.

☞For sale by N. Wayt & Bro., Staunton, Va.

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

WAR ON THE FARMER.

REPUBLICAN METHODS SHOWN UP BY MR. DANIEL.

HOW THE REPUBLICAN TARIFF CRUSHES THE AGRICULTURAL INTERESTS—PROTECTION NO PROTECTION AT ALL.

The following are extracts from a speech of Hon. John W. Daniel in the United States Senate, August 9th, which we hope none will fail to read:—

TOBACCO TAXED BY THE REVENUE.

I turn next to tobacco. It is the single object of agriculture which is the subject of a direct tax by internal revenue system. Two years ago in this hall a law passed, and in the house it was the same, upon which both parties were united in the proposition that the tobacco-tax should be repealed.

In the State which I have the honor in part here to represent we had, pending the election, a *coterie* of distinguished Republican orators who addressed our people. I was present on some occasions when they made their speeches and when they said: "Why, the Democratic party is trifling with you about the tobacco-tax. Did not Mr. Cleveland in his message show his disinclination to repeal it? Just let the Republicans be elected and elect their State candidates and the tobacco-tax will be gone."

However, Mr. President, here is the Republican House, here is the Republican Senate, and here is the tobacco-tax—reduced, it is true, but still preserved when you do not need the revenue, and when you proclaim you have brought a bill to reduce it.

* * * * * * *

SHAM PROTECTION OF OATS, RYE, AND WHEAT.

I was referring to the family group of taxed articles in which rice appears, paragraph 244. I find oats, on which its proposed to put a tariff protective duty of 15 cents a bushel. The tax on oats now is 10 cents per bushel. We import into the United States but 22,324 bushels, at a valuation of $10,000, paying a duty of $3,346.44.

Why have you increased the duty on oats? It is because and only because it is imagined by the authors of this bill that they can feed a few tariff oats to ignorant voters, and make American oats-producers believe that they are protecting them when we do not import enough to amount to a drop in the bucket.

The next item is oatmeal, which is now taxed 1 cent per pound. The House proposed to increase the tax on oatmeal to 1½ cents per pound, and the Senate has reduced it in its proposition to 1 cent a pound. In that I think the Senate is right, but I do not see why in an attempt to equalize it should increase it on oats and leave it on oatmeal as it is.

Paragraph 247 is rye. Rye is now taxed 10 cents per bushel. It is claimed to be a protective tax for the benefit of rye-producers. The quantity of rye which we imported in 1889 was sixteen bushels at a valuation of $24. The tax was $1.60.

Mr. President, does the Republican party imagine that it can woo the coy maiden of agriculture "Comin' through the rye" with the enormous protection of $1.60 on the whole rye crop of the United States?

The next proposition, Mr. President, is rye flour. It is now taxed a half a cent a pound, and this magnificent protective duty of one-half a cent is carefully preserved! Our importations of rye flour amount to the enormous sum of 500 pounds, and the tax amounts to $20.

The next proposition is wheat. It is taxed now 20 per cent. It is proposed, in order to give the specious disguise of protection and float that flag over the farmer's head marked "See how we are protecting you!" to increase the tax on imported wheat to twenty five cents a bushel. We imported last year, Mr. President, 1,900 bushels of wheat. Its value was $3,000 and some odd, and we derived the magnificent duty of $389.35. Meantime we were exporting 40,000,000 bushels.

Now, Mr. President, this fact appears clear in this little glimpse at the agricultural schedule. We are exporting wheat by the million bushels. This so called protective tax does not protect wheat to the value of one mill to all the farmers in any one county of the United States. But a great outcry is made, from the mere structure of the bill, under the delusive promise to protect wheat, when in the same class of products you are taking off the protection of those articles of agricultural produce that are really protected. In other words, Mr. President, for the American farmer in this bill there is protection wherever it will not protect, and there is no protection where it will.

NO PROTECTION ON HIDES.

I go a little further, Mr. President, to where hides are put upon the free list. Why are hides put upon the free list in this so-called protection bill? The price of beef has declined in the market. The statistician of the Agricultural Department informed the country that there has been an overproduction of our meat products. No longer flourishing in the raising of cattle, and needing protection when it will do him any good, why is it that you have selected from the great industry of cattle-raising the article which is to be shot at with your fatal shaft of free trade?

The Senator from Vermont (Mr. Edmunds) said a few days ago that for the time he was a free trader. If anybody on this side of the chamber had called him a free trader it would have brought on his head the maledictions of the Senator from Vermont and all of his companions. But in this bill, Mr. President, the Republican party is for free trade in nearly everything that will injure the farmer of the United States.

We are importing hides from South America, and that is the field which is pointed out to us as the great field for future reciprocity with the United States. Why is it, Mr. President, that when we have a proposition of reciprocity with South America we should, in advance of it, preserve upon the free list and for free trade that article in which South America is our rival? There is a reason for it. The hide is a product of agriculture. It is wanted free by certain manufacturers. Yes, Mr. President, there are some manufacturers in this country who see that neither they nor the farmer are protected by the devious devices of Republican legislation, and as they have asked for free trade the Republican party is down upon its knees before them with an armful of free trade to help them with at the expense of the agriculture of the United States. * * * *

OUR FARMERS IN COMPETITION WITH THE PAUPER LABOR OF OTHER LANDS.

One other inquiry, Mr. President, before I cease my humble plea in behalf of the American agricultural workingmen. They come in competition with the pauper labor of other lands, but they are never dignified here, either by being classed amongst our workingmen or by attention being paid to the fact that they are coming in competition with the pauper labor of other countries. If the cry which Republicanism makes so often, that it is ready, willing, and glad to interpose the arm of a protective tax between the pauper labor of other lands and the free labor of America, were not "sound and fury, signifying nothing," why, let me ask you preachers of the creed, why will you not put a protective tax on cotton to place it between the toiling millions of your southern countrymen and the ryots of India, who are their chief competitors in cotton production?

ALL AGRICULTURISTS UNPROTECTED.

I will tell you why, Mr. President, and the farmers of this country north, south, east and west can tell you why. It is because they are simply agricultural laborers in your eyes, hewers of wood and drawers of water, and such you wish them to remain.

There are no importations to this country (except such trivial amounts to which might apply the legal maxim, *De minimus non curat lex*) of either wheat, oats, rye, or corn, and yet you hasten to put in a deceitful protective tax.

THE IMPORTATION OF RAW COTTON INCREASING.

Now there are importations into our country of raw cotton, and if you will but look at the statistics of our cotton trade you will find that that importation is increasing. I read, Mr. President, from page 89 of the Statistical Abstracts of the United States for 1889, the twelfth number. Here we have a statement of the importations of unmanufactured cotton.

In 1880 there was a valuation of $591,120; in 1881, $757,309; 1882, $789,844; 1883, $690,552; 1884, $1,379,860; 1885, $954,760; 1886, $572,502; 1887, $338,928; 1888, $744,806; 1889, $1,144,505.

If it is much larger than your importation of these articles which you are pretending to protect, why, let me ask the distinguished chairman who has framed this bill—why, let me ask any one who claims to be the friend of the American farmer—why is it that when you were framing this schedule you increased the tax on wheat, you increased the tax on other articles, and put cotton on the free-list, when you see that its importations into the United States are increasing?

MAKING THE RICH RICHER.

I will tell you why, Mr. President. You have recently passed through the Senate here a bill to subsidize and enrich shipping lines by giving them a bonus on transportation of produce to foreign shores. Almost simultaneously with the passage of that bill I see it announced in the newspapers that there are arrangements made to bring the cheap cotton of India on shipping lines into New England to supply her manufacturers with the raw cotton for her factories. Cotton is an agricultural product, and although the same country (India) which has now become the rival of the United States in the product of wheat and has taken from us a large share of that trade which was a source of so much revenue to our farmers, is casting her eyes on the American market for her cotton, which protection only protect; therefore none the authors of this bill, for the benefit of the cotton-fields of the [illegible]

Some Home Suggestions.

When the rubber rollers of a wringer become sticky, as they very often do after wringing flannels, wash with kerosene and wipe dry, and they will be nice and smooth.

Jelly bags should be of white flannel. When washed they must be well boiled to get out all the grease of [illegible]

Always keep carbolic acid convenient for use. It is one of the best disinfectants and insect destroyers. A small quantity need only be applied at a time.

To keep green vegetables for a day or two sprinkle with water and then place on a cellar floor. Fruit should not be kept in the cellar, but put out singly and stored in a dark, dry, cool place.

Corn salad is a small green leaf, which resembles that of the sown lettuce, and served with a simple French dressing, wilts quickly, consequently must not be dressed until serving time.

Javelle water, used to remove tea, coffee, grass and fruit stains from linen, is made thus: Mix well in an earthen vessel one pound of sal soda, five cents' worth of caustic lime, and two quarts of soft water.

To prevent tin from rusting rub fresh lard over every part of the dish, then put it into a hot oven and heat it thoroughly. Thus treated any tinware may be used in water constantly and it will remain bright and free from rust.

Many a cake and batch of bread are ruined by slamming the open door. A maker of celebrated sponge cake will not allow any one to touch the stove or walk heavily across the kitchen floor while the sensitive compound is boiling.

Human Nature.

[Chicago Mail.]

"There's a pretty good story they tell about a friend of mine," remarked one of a *coterie* of gentlemen the other day.

"It happened while Sam Jones was holding revivals down at Farwell Hall, and it's just leaked out. My friend's wife became greatly interested in the meetings, and one night when he got home he found a cold supper laid for himself, and on the table was this note:

"'Dear John,—The children are over at Mr. Brown's. I've gone to hear Sam Jones.'"

"Well, this wasn't very pleasant, but he ate the cold viands and said nothing. The next night he found the house dark as a pocket, and very little in the way of edibles—everything stone cold. He was naturally exasperated, and used a little strong language to himself, but still said nothing to his wife.

"Human nature is only human nature, boys, you know, and when the third night a dark, cheerless house and no supper at all greeted my friend, it was more than he could endure. But the climax was capped by this note that he found on the dining-room table:

"'Dear John,—I don't know where the children are. I've gone to hear Sam Jones.'"

"This did settle it. He swore both loud and long, raved, turned the chairs and table in unnatural positions, and inscribed the following to his wife:

"'Dear Mary,—Sam Jones be d—d. I've gone on a big drunk.'

"And the story goes that he told the truth. Any way, he didn't appear at home for ten days, and by that time Sam Jones had departed."

Recommends S.S.S. as a Spring Tonic.

I take pleasure in recommending Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) as a blood purifier, and general tonic. It has no equal for toning up the system, purifying the blood, and bracing up the flagging energies in the spring. Three bottles of this wonderful medicine made a new man of me.

JOHN L. HUFF,
Girard, Ill.

Scrofula Cured.

Mr. S. L. Brooks of Monticello, Ga., writes "When the best physicians failed to cure a case of Scrofula of two years' standing, a few bottles of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) did the work. Therefore I do not hesitate to pronounce S. S. S. the best blood purifier in the land. I cheerfully recommend it to all suffering from impure blood.

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

John I, of France, being advised to break a treaty he had lately formed, gave a right royal answer. "No," he said, "though sincerity and truth were abandoned by all mankind, they should still find an asylum in the breast of kings.

ADAIRSVILLE, KY., Dec. 23, 1889.

Radam's Microbe Killer Co.,
Nashville, Tenn.:

Gentlemen—This certifies that I have been a sufferer from asthma and catarrh for more than two years past, getting most of my sleep sitting up in bed or reclining in a chair. I have used one jug of Radam's Microbe Killer, and for the last three weeks have been sleeping naturally, soundly and sweetly as a child. I attribute my relief to the remedy, and heartily recommend it to any one suffering from asthmatic or catarrhal trouble.

Respectfully,
EDWIN R. MOORE,
Cashier in Bank of Adairsville.

For sale by N. Wayt & Bro., Staunton, Va.

Dr. Acker's English Pills

Are active, effective and pure. For sick headache, disordered stomach, loss of appetite, bad complexion and biliousness, they have never been equaled either in America or abroad. For sale by P. T. Allen, Staunton, Va.

A Fact

WORTH knowing is that blood diseases which all other remedies fail to cure, yield to **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.**

Fresh confirmation of this statement comes to hand daily. Even such deep-seated and stubborn complaints as Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, and the like, are thoroughly eradicated by the use of this wonderful alterative.

Mrs. H. Irving Dodge, 310 West 125th street, New York, certifies:—

"About two years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatic gout, being able to walk only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to take a trial of this medicine. I took it regularly for eight months, pleased to say that it effected a complete cure, and that I have been free from all the disease.

Mrs. I. [illegible] writes: "One [illegible] with rheumatism, [illegible] for some months, [illegible] sickness very much [illegible] appetite, and my system [illegible] every way. I commenced to take Sarsaparilla and began to improve at once, gaining in strength and soon recovering my usual health. I cannot say too much in praise of this well-known medicine."

"I have taken a great deal of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I felt its beneficial effects before I had quite finished one bottle, and I can freely testify that it is the best blood-medicine I know of." —L. W. Ward, Sr., Woodland, Texas.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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