Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY,
Editor and Proprietor.

$2.00 A YEAR.

I discontinued before payment, the rate of per annum will be charged.

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

Staunton Spectator.

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Staunton Spectator.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

ADVERTISEMENTS are inserted at the rate of 1½ cents per line, for the first, and 6¼ cts 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.

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NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS!

The reason RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER is the most wonderful medicine, is because it has never failed in any instance, no matter what the disease, from Leprosy to the simplest disease known to the human system.

The scientific men of to-day claim and prove that every disease is caused by Microbes, and

RADAM'S MICROBE-KILLER

exterminates the Microbes and drives them out of the system, and when that is done you cannot have an ache or pain. No matter what the disease, whether a simple case of Malarial Fever or a combination of diseases, we cure them all at the same time, as we treat all diseases constitutionally. ☞ Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Disease, Chills and Fever, Female Troubles in all its forms; and, in fact, every disease known to the human system.

Beware of Fraudulent Imitations.

Since the success of Radam's Microbe-Killer has been proven, no less than fourteen spurious imitations have been placed on the market, the proprietors of which expect to sell on the reputation of Radam's Microbe-Killer. They are called by various and sundry names, such as "Germicide," "Germeteur Germ Exterminator," Electro Germicide," "Microcide, "Micro," and various other names. They are self-marked counterfets, and it is hoped the public will not be deceived by them. These are the usual attempts to defraud the people by imitating a successful and meritorious article. We warn the public against all such. See that our trade mark (same as above) appears on each jug. Send for book "History of the Microbe Killer," given away by DR. N. WAYT & BRO., Sole Agents, Staunton, Va. july 2, '90—1y

SHENANDOAH VALLEY RAILROAD
S. F. Tyler, Receiver.

Time Table in effect June 2nd, 1890.

SOUTHWARD. Standard Time, 75th Meridian.	DAILY. Express. No. 3.	Express. No. 1.	Daily except Sunday Loc. Acc. No. 5.
—LEAVE—			
Hagerstown	7.25 A. M.	11.15 P. M.	4.15 P. M
Antietam	7.59 "	11.43 "	4.45 "
Shepherdstown	8.05 "	11.48 "	4.52 "
Shen. Junction	8.18 "	12.00 ng't	5.15 "
Charlestown	8.31 "	12.11 A. M.	5.27 "
Riverton	9.46 "	1.19 "	6.38 "
Luray	11.00 "	2.20 "	7.45 "
Shenandoah	11.45 "	3.05 "	8.25 "
Elkton	11.57 "	3.16 "	
Grottoes	12.45 P. M.	3.49 "	
Basic City	1.14 "	4.16 "	
Buena Vista	2.52 "	5.39 "	
Loch Laird	2.54 "	5.41 "	
Natural Bridge	3.25 "	6.08 "	
Buchanan	4.00 "	6.45 "	
Roanoke, Ar.	5.00 "	7.40 "	
—ARRIVE—			
Bristol	11.20 P. M.	12.40 noon	
Chattanooga	6.50 A. M.	7.40 P. M.	
Memphis	6.30 P. M.	6.35 A. M.	
Atlanta	12.30 P. M.	5.25 A. M.	
Montgomery	7.05 P. M.	3.00 A. M.	
Mobile	2.05 P. M.	8.10 A. M.	
New Orleans	7.00 A. M.	12.40 P. M.	

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 east and westbound trains.

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

No. 5 has connection from Baltimore and Washington at Shenandoah Junction via B. & O. R. R.

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.	Express. No. 2.	Daily except Sunday
Leave Roanoke	7.20 P. M.	5.45 A. M.	
Buchanan	8.20 "	6.45 "	
Natural Bridge	8.50 "	7.19 "	
Loch Laird	9.15 "	7.44 "	
Buena Vista	9.17 "	7.46 "	
Basic City	10.50 "	9.30 "	
Grottoes	11.18 "	10.00 "	
Elkton	12.10 A. M.	10.53 "	
Shenandoah	12.50 "	10.50 "	6.30 A. M.
Luray	1.50 "	11.50 "	7.10 "
Riverton	2.33 "	12.45 P. M.	8.16 "
Berryville	3.00 "	1.32 "	9.00 "
Charlestown	3.12 "	2.01 "	9.28 "
Shen. Junction	3.32 "	2.15 "	9.40 "
Shepherdstown	3.25 "	2.28 "	9.53 "
Antietam	3.33 "	2.35 "	10.00 "
Hagerstown	4.05 "	3.10 "	10.30 "
Ar. Washington B. & O. R. R.	7.10 A. M.	4.10 P. M.	11.45 A. M
Ar. Baltimore B. & O. R. R.	8.30 "	5.20 P. M.	1.00 P. M.
Ar. Baltimore W. M. R. R.	11.00 "	6.30 P. M.	
Le. Hagerstown, Ar. Harrisburg, C. V. R. R.	4.15 A. M.	4.00 P. M.	12.35 P. M
	6.40 A. M.	7.00 P. M.	3.20 "
Ar. Philadelphia P. R. R.	10.20 A. M.	10.55 P. M.	6.50 "
Ar. New York	1.20 P. M.	3.50 A. M.	9.35 "

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 Pulman Palace Buffet Sleeping Car from Roanoke to Philadelphia via Hagerstown and Harrisburg without change.

No. 6 makes close connection at Shenandoah Junction with B. & O. R. R. for Washington and Baltimore.

O. HOWARD ROYER,
Gen. Passenger Agent.

DAVID W. FLICKWIR,
Superintendent, Roanoke, Va.

C. M. FUTTERER,
Pass. Agent, Hagerstown, Md.

WITZ, LIGHTNER & CO

Can show you the

MOST COMPLETE
—STOCK OF—

SPRING GOODS

Ever Brought to Staunton,

CONSISTING OF

COLORED DRESS GOODS, VELVETS,

Surah Silks, Black Silks, Plaids, Mohairs, Henriettas,

—A FULL LINE OF—

—MOURNING GOODS NOTIONS—

CARPETS, MATTINGS, LACE CURTAINS
CORNICE POLES, OIL CLOTHS,
LINOLEUMS.

☞ A full line of house furnishings. All of the above goods will be sold at fair prices.

We guarantee satisfaction.

WITZ, LIGHTNER & CO.

jan —tf

STAUNTON

DYEING AND SCOURING

Establishment.

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,
No 6 South New St., Staunton, Va.

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—In all the world there is but one cure, Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and today believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St, Cincinnati

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RAILWAY.

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 July 20th, 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 00 p m	9 45 a m
Lv Washington	11 10 p m	11 24 a m
Ar Charlottesville	2 55 a m	3 20 p m
Lv Norfolk	4 20 p m	7 45 a m
Lv Old Point	4 45 p m	8 10 a m
Lv Newport News	5 15 p m	8 45 a m
Ar Richmond	7 45 p m	11 20 a m
	No. 5.	
Lv Richmond	8 30 p m	11 00 a m
Lv Charlottesville	2 50 p m	3 05 a m
Lv Basic City	4 01 p m	4 04 a m
Lv Waynesboro' J	4 08 p m	4 06 a m
Lv Staunton	4 32 p m	4 34 a m
Lv Goshen	5 50 p m	5 46 a m
Lv Clifton Forge	6 50 p m	5 45 a m
Lv Covington	.....	6 47 p m
Lv White Sulphur	.....	6 54 a m
Lv Ronceverte	.....	7 12 a m
Lv Hinton	.....	8 20 a m
Ar Charleston	.....	11 25 a m
Ar Huntington	.....	1 00 p m
Ar Maysville	.....	4 05 p m
Ar Cincinnati	.....	6 15 p m
Ar Indianapolis	.....	11 15 p m
Ar Chicago	.....	7 30 a m
Ar St Louis	.....	7 30 a m
Lv Lexington	.....	5 35 p m
Ar Louisville	.....	9 03 p m
Ar Nashville	.....	6 50 a m
Ar Memphis	.....	2 40 p m
Ar New Orleans	.....	7 00 a m

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.

GENERAL STANDARD TIME: West of Clifton Forge.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME: East of Clifton Forge.

EASTWARD	No. 4 F. F. V. Vestib'le	No. 2. Wash., & Old Pt Express.
Lv Louisville	.....	2 45 p m
Lv Cincinnati	.....	6 30 p m
Lv Huntington	.....	11 25 p m
Ar Charleston	.....	12 50 a m
Ar Hinton	.....	3 55 a m
Ar Ronceverte	.....	5 07 a m
Ar White Sulphur	.....	5 30 a m
	No. 6.	
Ar Covington	.....	.....
Ar Clifton Forge	6 35 a m	9 43 p m
Ar Staunton	9 00 a m	10 15 p m
Ar Waynesboro Ju	9 28 a m	1 30 a m
Ar Charlottesville	10 35 am	2 00 a m
Ar Washington	.....	10 55 a m
Ar Baltimore	.....	2 48 p m
Ar Philadelphia	.....	6 53 p m
Ar New York	.....	9 20 p m
Lv Charlottesville	.....	11 10 a m
Ar Gordonsville	.....	12 04 n'n
Lv Richmond	.....	3 20 p m
Ar Newport News	.....	5 55 p m
Ar Old Point Com	.....	6 30 p m
Ar Norfolk	.....	6 55 p m
Arr Lexington, Va	.....	12 01 n'n
Ar Lynchburg	.....	11 55 a m
Ar Danville	.....	2 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 4 30 p. m. No. 8 except Sunday, leave Charlottesville 5 40 p. m. Arrive Richmond 9 15 p. m.

HUNTINGTON DIVISION.—No. 13, leaves Clifton Forge daily 8 30 a. m., arrive at Huntington 6 30 pm., No. 14, daily except Sunday, leave Huntington 6 00 a. m. arrive Clifton Forge 4 30 p. m. No. 15, daily, except Sunday, leave East Sewell at 5 00 a. m., arrive at Huntington 10 00 am. No. 16, daily, except Sunday, leave Huntington at 2 00 pm, arrive East Sewell 7 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 3 00 p m., arrive at Russell 8 30 p m. Nos. 19, daily except Sunday, leave Maysville 5 45 a m, arrive at Cincinnati 9 20 a m. No. 20 daily except Sunday, leave Cincinnati 5 00 p m, arrive at Maysville 7 45 p. m.

Trains at short intervals between Cincinnati and Dayton.

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

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

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. ROBINSON, M.D., 1057 2d Ave., New York.

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

dec 19, '88-2y

OPIUM and Whiskey Habits cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. B.M. WOOLLEY, M.D. Atlanta, Ga. Office 10½ Whitehall St.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you'll find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
From mouth of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is the battlefield.

No marshaling troops, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave!
But oh, these battles, they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

The TWILIGHT OF THANKSGIVING.

The day has lengthened into eve,
And over all the meadows
The twilight's silent shuttles weave
Their sombre web of shadows;
With northern lights the cloudless skies
Are faintly phosphorescent,
And just above yon wooded rise
The new moon shows her crescent.

Before the evening lamps are lit,
While day and night commingle,
The sire and matron come and sit
Beside the cozy ingle;
And softly speak of the delight
Within their bosoms swelling,
Because beneath their roof to-night
Their dear ones all are dwelling.

And when around the cheerful blaze
The young folks take their places,
What blissful dreams of other days
Light-up their aged faces!
The past returns with all its joys,
And they again are living
The years in which, as girls and boys,
Their children kept Thanksgiving.

The stalwart son recalls the time
When, urged to the endeavor,
He tried the well-greased pole to climb,
And failed of fame forever.
The daughter tells of her emprise
When as a new beginner,
She helped her mother make the pies.
For the Thanksgiving dinner.

And thus with laugh and jest and song,
And tender recollections,
Love speeds the happy hours along,
And fosters fond affections,
While Fanny, listening to the mirth,
And dreaming pleasant fictions,
Imagines through the winds on earth
That Heaven breathes benedictions.

—W. D. Kelley, in Ladies' Home Journal.

For the SPECTATOR.

WITHERED FLOWERS.

BY W. W. LONG.

Before me lies a bunch of withered flowers.
How bright and beautiful they once were.
What sweet visions of by-gone spring times
they bring back—glorious and witching days—
and then their dying odors bring to me incense
breaths from the far spice islands and sun-
bathed seas, and memory wanders back to the
days of childhood, happy, careless, childhood,
roaming through the woods and fields, I gathered
violets in the meadows and lilies by the
streams. Oh! what a beautiful thing childhood
is—rich with glorious dreams of the future, and
bright with the sunshine of hope. There is
many a glorious link twined around one's early
home, a charm that never comes in after
years. Mrs. Hemans has truthfully said:—

"And what is home, and where, but with the
loving?
Happy thou art that so canst gaze on thine,
My spirit feels but in its weary roving,
That with the dead, where ere they be, is
mine."

I do not mean to lay claim to the sentiment
of the last line, but I do feel sometimes as if
there was no real rest and peace on earth.

"Answer me, winds, and say
If in the grave be rest—
For, oh, life's little day
Is a weary one at best—
Speak to me, winds, and say
If death will give me rest?"

How much need there is for rest on earth.—
How soothing and sweet it is to think of death
of the low, green grave, where—

"Life's fitful fever ended, man sleeps well."

Oh, how early the shadows sometimes fall
over our life-paths, bringing mildew and
blight. There has sprung up in my life a fount-
ain of bitter waters, turbulent waves that hu-
man hand cannot quell; that can only be hush-
ed into silence by that wondrous voice, that
while on earth murmured softly over the wave-
washed Sea of Galilee the beautiful words,
"Peace, be still." But not until the death-
wave surges over this life, will the heart-sea
be calmed, for rest sleeps on the River of Death
still as the folded wings of an angel, and be-
yond there! eternal peace.

A REWARD FOR BRAVERY.

Are you nearly ready for school Georgie? his mother called.

Very nearly, mother, came the answer, and in another instant a sturdy, rosy cheeked lad looked in at the kitchen door.

Georgie, poor old Mrs. Hagg has just been in to say that if you see her little brown terrier down the lane would you send him home? She thinks some boys she saw passing this morning have enticed him away.

All right, mother, I'll see if I can find him for her—good bye, and swinging his satchel over his shoulder, Georgie ran out of the cottage door and was soon hastening along the dusty road toward the village, whistling as he went.

Poor old Mrs. Hagg! I hope she will find Tiny again, George said to himself, for she must be very dull, living as she does all alone; and then as he marched along he began thinking of how glad he was that his schooling days would soon be over now, and he would be earning money to help his widowed mother; but all the same George wished he were a bigger boy, because people, when he asked for work, would think him too small to be worth much.

George was a small lad for thirteen, but he had a big determination to get on, which, after all, is more than half the battle. He was as fond of his books as most boys, but what he loved best of all was the holiday time in harvest, when one of the farmers used to give him work, and George led and drove the wagon horses as they ploughed along with the heavy loads of golden grain.

George did not forget to keep a lookout for Tiny as he went along, but no Tiny was to be seen until he got into the village, when he caught sight of a small crowd of urchins running and shouting, and the very next instant he saw the small brown dog Tiny with a canister fastened to his tail, taking shelter on a door step, where he was immediately pelted with a shower of mud and gravel from the roadway.

With flashing eyes and face scarlet with anger George dropped his satchel and hastily making his way forward, shouted:

Hi! you fellows, leave that dog alone!

Who are you I should like to know? asked a big, bullying sort of a boy, stepping forward.

I'm George Stock, as you know, Ben Rogers.

And is that dawg yourn? the other asked.

No, he's not; he belongs to Mrs. Hagg, and I'm going to send him back home; saying which, George walked toward the helpless shivering terrier, intending to unfasten and free the poor animal from the tin canister that hung to it, but Ben stepped between him and the creature, and doubling his fists, said angrily:

Look here, George Stock, if you interfere with our game I'll tan yer, so there!

Well, tan me then, George answered, and pushing past, before Ben could prevent, he had cut away the canister, and was about to lift up the frightened Tiny and carry him off, when a stinging blow from the bigger boy made him alter his mind, and in another moment the two youths, with clenched fists, stood facing one another in the roadway. They eyed each other for a space, while you might count twenty, and then closed in an unscientific scuffle, loudly applauded by the crowd of youthful onlookers.

Now, as I have already told you, George was small and Ben was big, so that it was a foregone conclusion as to which would win the day, and I am sorry to have to say that the victory was Ben's, and that he finally walked off mightily pleased with himself and covered with dust and glory, leaving our hero to bathe his swollen and muddy face in the horse trough.

George put a brave face on his defeat, which, after all, had done some good, for during the excitement of the scuffle Tiny had escaped home, so our hero tried to feel satisfied, knowing he had not been beaten by much and that he would be even with Ben Rogers yet. Then he picked up his satchel and made the best of his way into school.

Now there had been somebody looking on at the fight whom neither of the boys noticed—a very small somebody, too—no other, in fact, than Master Cyril, the Squire's six-year-old son. He was taking a morning ride on his little Shetland pony, in charge of one of his father's grooms, when suddenly they had come upon the scene.

Cyril had asked Trace, the groom, to interfere, but Trace said:

Why, Master Cyril, boys will be boys; a bit of fist cuffing more or less is what they delight in. Don't go for to spoil sport, sir, and so Cyril waited to see the end and then rode on.

But all the same he could not forget George's brave interference, and after riding silently along for some while he turned to Trace and said:

I say, Trace, I think that small boy was the brave one, don't you?

Dunno, sir; t'other got the best of it.

Yes, so he did; he was much bigger, but the little one looked brave even after he was beaten, Cyril said thoughtfully; and my father's been a soldier, you know, Trace, and he said it's much harder to bear defeat bravely than to win a great victory. Now I think that little boy won his defeat very bravely.

Maybe, sir, maybe, answered the groom, only half understanding, and on they rode.

Now two or three weeks after this there was a cub hunt in the woods near the village. Cubs are baby foxes, and these are found by the hounds, and dug out of their holes and taken away, because otherwise they would grow up and eat all the geese and chickens belonging to the farmers, and so set these good folk grumbling more than ever.

Among the people looking on at the sport was the Squire, riding his big gray horse, and close at his heels, following his father's footsteps wherever he moved, rode Cyril, his tiny gaitered legs gripping hard the fat sides of his rough maned pony, his pretty face flushed with heat and excitement, watching anxiously for the unearthing of the cubs.

Suddenly one of the gamekeepers who was digging called;

Here they be, sir, snug as dormice.

Oh, father, mayn't I get off Browney and have a look? asked Cyril.

Yes, if you like, his father answered. Here, one of you boys catch hold of this pony.

Two boys out of the small gathering collected on the edge of the coppice, stepped forward at the 'Squire's word, and the smaller boy was the first to reach the rein, when the other roughly snatched it from him and stood at Browney's head. Now this rough boy was Ben.

Here, stand back there, the squire said, angrily; the little chap was first, let him hold it; so Ben, looking very sheep faced, let go, and Georgie, for it was he, held on to Browney's bridle, feeling as proud as possible to be doing a service for the young squire.

When Cyril had satisfied his curiosity regarding the cubs he came back and mounted; then looking at George, he said:

Why, father, this is the brave boy I was telling you about who fought for the dog, and I do declare if that isn't the same boy who was wanting to pelt it with mud, hearing which, Ben hung his head and grew very red in the face.

The 'Squire grew much amused at Cyril's excitement, and speaking kindly to George, he asked his name, and whether he worked for anybody.

Not yet, sir, answered George.

Well, Trace wants a lad in the stables; perhaps he could find you something. He could be of some use to you, Trace?

Ay, sir, that he could; answered Trace; and he's got pluck besides, as Master Cyril here and me knows. I could soon make something of him.

And so it fell out that within a month there was no happier, prouder boy than George, and if you could only have seen him in his tight breeches and stiff shirt collar riding behind Master Cyril, you would have said so, too.

As for Ben, he looked on with envy, and for once in his life wished he was small and plucky instead of big and a bully, though we will hope he learned a lesson.

A DOCTOR'S CONFESSION.

HE DOESN'T TAKE MUCH MEDICINE AND ADVISES THE REPORTER NOT TO.

"Humbug? Of course it is. The so-called science of medicine is a humbug and has been from the time of Hippocrates to the present. Why the biggest crank in the Indian tribes is the medicine man."

"Very frank was the admission, especially so when it came from one of the biggest young physicians of the city, one whose practice is among the thousands, though he has been graduated but a few years," says the Buffalo *Courier*. "Very cozy was his office too, with its cheerful grate fire, its Queen Anne furniture, and its many lounges and easy-chairs. He stirred the fire lazily, lighted a fresh cigar, and went on."

"Take the prescriptions laid down in the books and what do you find? Poisons mainly, and nauseating stuffs that would make a healthy man an invalid. Why in the world science should go to poisons for its remedies I cannot tell, nor can I find anyone who can.

"How does a doctor know the effect of his medicine?" he asked. "He calls, prescribes, and goes away. The only way to judge would be to stand over the bed and watch the patient. This cannot be done. So, really, I don't know how he is to tell what good or hurt he does. Some time ago, you remember, the Boston *Globe* sent out a reporter with a stated set of symptoms. He went to eleven prominent physicians and brought back eleven different prescriptions. This just shows how much science there is in medicine."

There are local diseases of various characters for which nature provides positive remedies. They may not be included in the regular physician's list, perhaps, because of their simplicity, but the evidence of their curative power is beyond dispute.—Kidney disease is cured by Warner's Safe Cure, a strictly herbal remedy. Thousands of persons, every year, write as does H. J. Gardiner, of Pontiac, R. I., August 7, 1980:

"A few years ago I suffered more than probably ever will be known outside of myself, with kidney and liver complaint.—It is the old story—I visited doctor after doctor, but to no avail. I was at Newport, and Dr. Blackman recommended Warner's Safe Cure. I commenced the use of it, and found relief immediately. Altogether I took three bottles, and I truthfully state that it cured me."

Mrs. Blossom (to her husband, who has come home with a black eye)—That's what you get for riding a bicycle. Mr. Blossom (mournfully)—No, my dear, it's what I get for not being able to ride one.—[The Epoch.

Report of Hon. Absalom Koiner Chairman of the State Board of Agriculture.

THE SUBJECT OF IMMIGRATION AND OTHER QUESTIONS DISCUSSED.

The following extracts from the report of the Chairman of the State Board of Agriculture will be read with interest:—

"Immigration still continues," says the report, "to be a mixed and perplexing question in Virginia, with but little prospect of immediate solution. There are conflicting local interests giving rise to conflicting theories. For near twenty years the prevailing opinion has obtained that relief to our agricultural interests can be found in promoting increased foreign immigration to the State. At intervals immigration boards and societies have been organized to that end. Agents with publications have been sent to foreign lands to furnish information and induce immigration, but all have proven almost entire failures. In view of this, and for the purpose of procuring land purchasers rather than mere laborers, the Board on entering on its duties decided to direct the attention of the people of the States and of our own State to the variety of resources, not only agricultural, but otherwise, which may be developed into compensating values here under the public eye, and bordering on the wharves of domestic and foreign commerce.

WHAT THE AGENT DID.

"An agent of business qualifications and ability, who had already made the subject a study and had experience in such society organizations, was employed to visit the best fields of operation and present the advantages of the State by public addresses and printed matter. He succeeded in awakening considerable enquiry and personal visits to the State. A system of reception and information committees for the several counties were designated by the agent to direct and protect the coming strangers from the grasp and imposition of sharpers, who had done the cause of immigration harm in the past, by taking advantage of the uninformed, who in most cases departed from the State with damaging report.

HOSTILE CRITICISM.

"This plan had fairly commenced when it was arrested by hostile criticism and potental influences, and finally it was abandoned and the agent discontinued. The old plan of publishing matter and sending it abroad by the mails and by newspaper publications was again adopted under the direction of the Committee of Immigration. Almost the entire funds, which could be spared from the working operations of the department, were devoted to this object—at the instance of those who still had confidence in this mode—upon the supposition that the publications should be numerous and very extended. There has not yet been sufficient time to make full proof of this work. The Commissioner reports that thus far the inquiries for land are less frequent and the visitors diminished.

A FORLORN HOPE.

"On the other hand, it is regarded almost a forlorn hope to attempt to work the foreign field with the small resources of the department, that it was better to direct our efforts in securing better handling of the most productive lands and secure the most profitable results from the expenditure made. In short, we need better farming rather than more attempts at farming.

"To the attainment of so desirable an end, all are agreed that more attention, study and education in the higher development of agriculture have become necessary to a successful prosecution of this great industry."

Under the head of Farmers' Institutes, Mr. Koiner says: "The States most advanced in agriculture have for some years been making liberal appropriations for the purpose of conducting in the various sections lectures and colloquies in the several branches of husbandry." Continuing the report says:

THOROUGH TRAINING FOR FARMERS.

"Nothing short of thorough training in the most approved methods, directed by discriminating judgment in the exercise of unflagging industry and economy, will secure successful results. It is folly to suppose that the thoughtless, slip shod routine of the past year will sustain the increasing demands upon the agriculture of the present. Though all live on the product of the soil, yet there is a deplorable disposition to neglect its intelligent cultivation.

"Under existing conditions it is unwise to attempt to cultivate the extensive area which was brought into cultivation with more and abundant and cheaper labor. The cultivation of the best portion will produce more than an attempt upon the whole. There must be a new departure—not only in the practice; but agriculture needs the fostering help of every legitimate support. The confident belief and urgent solicitations of many, to induce the Board to assist in holding farmers' institutes, had led to an experiment which resulted satisfactorily in instructing and arousing fresh interest among those who attended the meetings.

"Much of the discontent which has sprung up in agricultural circles," continues Mr. Koiner, "has grown out of the belief that this paramount industry has been neglected and disparaged, while other departments of learning have long since received the fostering care of the government.

The report suggests to the Legislature to take timely action in the matter of having Virginia properly represented at the Chicago Exposition.

THE TIMID LEGISLATOR.

This is what Chairman Koiner has to say about the way the legislator is controlled by the sportsmen:

"The birds are of very great advantage to the farmers, and should be protected by more stringent laws; but, alas, the voter, with his dog and gun, looks the timid legislator in the face and his 'heart fails him' altogether and the sheep and birds are abandoned to the tender mercies of the dogs and gun. Chivalrous Virginians 'would face a world in arms,' but have a deplorable weakness for sport at the sacrifice of important interests! Let us hope for better things soon."

The worst attacks of indigestion Simmons Liver Regulator never fails to relieve.

The Women Did It.

Speaker Reed faces the music very handsomely. In the dialect of "way daown East" he remarks of the recent election that it was "the biggest licking the republican party ever had."

That is true, and it is also a good natured way of announcing the fact.

But Mr. Reed says more than this—namely that "the women of the country" are responsible for this political landslide. That is gruesome, solemn and awful. And yet we rather think the Speaker is right when he adds: "It is the woman who do the shopping, who keep the run of prices, who have the keenest scent for increased cost."

Yes, yes. We have been taught, however, by McKinley that a high tariff would not increase household expenses, that the extra cost of goods would be shouldered by the importer or the manufacturer and that everything would be cheaper the moment the bill got into operation.

Now comes Speaker Reed admitting that the necessaries of life are so much dearer that the women have raised a terrible hullabaloo all over the country and forced their husbands to knock the republican party into a cocked hat, or words to that effect.

Thank the Lord for the women.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Perhaps no local disease has puzzled and baffled the medical profession more than nasal catarrh. While not immediately fatal it is among the most distressing and disgusting ills the flesh is heir to, and the records show very few or no cases of radical cure of chronic catarrh by any of the multitude of modes of treatment until the introduction of Ely's Cream Balm a few years ago. The success of this preparation has been most gratifying and surprising.

Dr. Talmage on Thanksgiving.

Only a few brief days and there will be a table spread across the top of the two great ranges of mountains which ridge this continent—a table reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific seas. It is the Thanksgiving table of the Nation. They come from the East and the West and the North and the South, and sit at it. On it will be smoking the products of all lands—birds of every aviary, cattle from every pasture, fish from every lake, feathered spoils from every farm. The fruit baskets will bend down under the products plucked from the peach fields of New Jersey, the apple orchards of western New York, the orange groves of Florida, the vineyards of Ohio and the nuts threshed from New England woods. The bread will be white from the wheat fields of Illinois and Michigan, the banqueters will be adorned with California gold, and the table will be a-gleam with Nevada silver, and the feast will be warmed with the fire grates heaped up with Pennsylvania coal. The halls will be spread with carpets from the Lowell mills, and when darkness comes with its heavy draperies, the lights will flash from bronzed brackets of Philadelphia manufacture. The fingers of Massachusetts' girls will have hung the embroidery; the music will be the drumming of ten thousand mills accompanied by the shouts of children let loose for play, and the gladness of harvesters driving barnward the loads of sheaves, and the thanksgivings of the nation which crowd the celestial gates with doxologies, until the oldest harper of Heaven will not be able to tell where the terrestrial song ends and the celestial song begins. Welcome, Thanksgiving Day!—T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D., in *Ladies' Home Journal.*

An Old Thanksgiving Dinner.

How well I remember that old Thanksgiving dinner! Father at one end, mother at the other end; the children between wondering if father will ever get done carving the turkey. Oh, that proud, strutting hero of the barnyard, upside down, his plumes gone and minus his gobble! Stuffed with that which he can never digest! The day before, at school, we had learned that Greece was south of Turkey, but at the table we found that turkey was bounded by grease. The brown surface waited for the fork to plunge astride the breast-bone, and with knife, sharpened on the jambs of the fireplace, lay bare the folds of white meat. Give to the boy disposed to be sentimental, the heart. Give to the one disposed to theological discussion, the "parson's nose." Then the pies! For the most part a lost art. What mince pies! in which you had all confidence, fashioned from all rich ingredients, instead of miscellaneous leavings which are only of glorified hash! No mince pies with profound mysteries of origin! But mother made them, sweetened them, flavored them, and laid the lower crust and the upper crust, with here and there a puncture by the fork to let you look through the light and flaky surface into the substance beneath. No brandy, for the old folks were stout for temperance, but cider about halfway between new and hard. Dear me! What a pie!—Dr. Talmage in Ladies' Home Journal.

How to Roast a Turkey

Select a large, fat, tender turkey, and have it nicely dressed, drawn, washed, wiped dry and well singed. Rub it all over, inside and outside, with pepper and salt.—Make a stuffing of the following ingredients: One pound of light bread-crumbs, half a pound of butter, a heaping tablespoonful of finely minced onion, salt and pepper, one raw egg and enough water to mix rather soft. Stuff the breast first, and sew it up