Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY,
Editor and Proprietor.

$2.00 A YEAR.

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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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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 1—tf

MILLINERY.

MADAMES SHEPHERD & FAGAN, No. 7 N. New Street, STAUNTON, VA., keep constantly in stock a full line of the most

Fashionable Millinery.

They are regularly receiving new supplies of the latest importations.

Notions in Great Variety.

Call on them for *Bargains* in the most stylish goods. Mrs. SHEPHERD & FAGAN,
no26-tf No. 7 N. New Street.

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LIVERY EQUIPMENT

Cannot be Surpassed in the State.

His horses are of the best quality—gentle and handsome—and his rolling stock of all kinds of the best patterns and most attractive appearance. Call at his Livery, on South Augusta street, when you want either a riding or driving turnout.

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I have established a branch office in Waynesboro, and supplied the stables with a full equipment of horses, buggies, carriages, phetons, &c., to accommodate the public.

ALEX. HARMAN.

SAVE 25 TO 50 PER CENT.

—BY USING—

Crushed Connellsville Coke

FOR DOMESTIC PURPOSES.

A GIVEN WEIGHT WILL BURN LONGER AND GIVE MORE HEAT THAN ANY OTHER FUEL.

For domestic purposes, it is

Cleaner and More Economical

than anthracite or bituminous coals, and from a sanitary standpoint is a more healthful fuel, and it is entirely

FREE FROM GASSES AND ODORS

That are so obnoxious in the use of coals. Can be used in the self-feeding stoves, ranges or grates.

We also sell the

New River Red Ash Coal

—AND—

ANTHRACITE COAL,

ALL SIZES

KINNEY & TERRY,
Sole Agents for Connellsville Coke.

OFFICE:—No. 21 Main Street. Phone 16—
oct 2-tf.

SEE TO YOUR EYES

Waldo M. Allen,

CHEMIST AND OPTICIAN

No. 19 East Main Street,
Will test the sight FREE OF CHARGE to all person calling on him.

Sight Correctly Tested With the Optomere.

SOLE AGENT FOR

GEO. ELLIOTT & CO.,

—AQUA CRYSTAL—

EYE-GLASSES AND SPECTACLES.

Call and get book, treatise on the eye, free
apr 30—1yr

PHOTO-ENGRAVING.

IT PAYS TO ILLUSTRATE YOUR BUSINESS.

Portraits, and cuts of colleges, hotels, factories, machinery, &c., made to order from photographs.

Prices Low—Send stamp for specimen sheets.

Metropolitan Press Agency,
New York City.

KNIGHT'S

Blood Cure.

A standard household remedy in successful use more than 40 years. A positive cure for Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Nervous Prostration, Constipation and all diseases of the Blood, Stomach and Liver.

Unequaled for Producing a Clear Complexion.

A botanical compound, put up in packages and sent by mail at *one-third the cost* of ordinary medicine. Large packages, sufficient for 3 quarts, $1.00; half-size packages, sufficient for 3 pints, 50c.; sample packages, 25c.

A reliable Agent wanted in this locality.

KNIGHT BOTANICAL CO., 252 Broadway, N.Y.

W. TALLEY, Buena Vista, Va. C. G. HARNSBERGER, Elkton, Va.

TALLEY & HARNSBERGER,

Real Estate Agents,

Elkton, Va.

Correspondence Solicited.

C. G. HARNSBERGER, Notary Public.

References.—Banks of Lexington and Buena Vista, Va.; Board of Directors of Buena Vista Company and Elkton Company.
oct 2—3m

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.

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

SALARY, 25 DOLLARS PER WEEK.

WANTED:—Good agents to sell our general line of merchandise. No peddling. Above salary will be paid to "live" agents. For further information, address,

CHICAGO GENERAL SUPPLY CO.,
No. 178 West Van Buren St.,
mr18-1y Chicago, Ill.

Do You Want to Save 25 to 50 Per Cent on EVERY DOLLAR YOU SPEND?

If so, write for our Illustrated Catalogue, containing illustrations and prices of everything manufactured in the United States, at manufacturers' prices. 10,000 illustrations, all lines represented. Catalogue mailed free on application. Address,

CHICAGO GENERAL SUPPLY CO.,
No. 178 West Van Buren St.,
Chicago, Ill.

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.

SPRING & SUMMER DRESS GOODS

—FOR—

GENTLEMEN AND YOUTHS.

I would most respectfully invite the attention of my customers and friends and the public generally to my new fine stock of SPRING and SUMMER DRESS GOODS, which will please all tastes. In

Variety and Quality of Goods

my present stock has never been excelled by any which I have ever heretofore had. Now is the time to get tasteful and useful suits in the latest styles.

SUITS OR PIECE ARTICLES OF CLOTHING made up in the most approved styles, and warranted to give satisfaction. Goods also sold to be made elsewhere, if desired.

All I ask is a call, knowing that any taste can be pleased.

J. A. HUTCHESON,
ma 26— No. 124 W. Main Street.

STUART'S DRAFT, VA.

Having lost or mislaid certificate of stock No. 268 in North Side Land Co., of Richmond, Va., this is to notify the general public not to buy or negotiate for the same as I have applied to the Company for a duplicate.

mr25-3t* E. C. HARNSBERGER.

HUGH F. LYLE & CO.

[Successors to Jacob A. Hanger.]

—Dealers in—

Engines, Saw Mills, Vibrator

THRESHERS, CLOVER HULLERS,
HAY BALERS, BALE TIES,

—AND BELTING.—

Wagons, Plows & Implements

Generally. Farmers will find our house headquarters for Plows and Plow Repairs for all the leading plows in use. Call on us. Opposite Virginia Hotel. January 28 tf.

THE VESUVIUS PLOW WORKS,

Hugh F. Lyle & Co., Prop'rs.

—VESUVIUS, VA.—

Manufacturers of and Wholesale Dealers in

PLOWS,

And Plow Repairs of various kinds, patterns and sizes—including Hillside Plows, our Duplicate O. C. Plows and all repairs for the O. C. Plows, such as Points, Shares, Landsides, Mouldboards, Standards, Wheels, Bolts, Handles, Beams, Clevises, etc. Discounts to dealers. Write us for catalogues, prices and terms.

January 28, tf

FOR SALE.—An established business, enjoying liberal city and country patronage. Splendid opportunity for one or more ladies who have small capital. For full information call at
mr18 3t SPECTATOR OFFICE.

HEADQUARTERS

FOR

Cement for Masonry and Cisterns, Calcined Plaster, Barrel and Bulk Lime. Contractors and Builders, see us before buying.

Choice Clover, Timothy, Red Top and Orchard Grass Seeds. Old Hickory Wagons and Road Carts, Bissell Chilled Plows and Repairs, Eureka Spring Tooth Harrows.

T. C. Williams' and Dick Reynold's Tobaccos,

"May Apple," "Nosegay," "Mattaponi," "Big Foot," "Dixie," "8-oz Double Thick," "R. J. R." "Reynold's Level Best," and "Black Oak"—Alliances favorite.

Pure Linseed Oil, Spirits Turpentine, and Superior Mixed Paints—in large and small quantities, Coal Oil, Harness Oil, Lubricating Oil, &c. Tire and Strap Iron, Steel and Iron Nails, Horse Shoes and Horse-shoe Nails, Sash, Doors and Builders Hardware.

GROCERIES.

Raw and Refined Sugar, Rice, New Orleans and Porto Rico Molasses, Syrups, Salt, Green and Roasted Coffee, Canned Goods, Chocolate, &c.

CRYSTAL FLOUR

will make beautiful bread, beautiful cake, &c. Every barrel guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or no sale. If you do not use it, now try it. Many use it and will not have any other.

Come to see us or write us.

BAKER & BROWN.

feb 18 6m

MOORE & HIBBERT,
Mining and Iron Ore Experts,
Mines and Mineral Lands Examined and Reported on.

MINES AND MINERAL LANDS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Assays of all Minerals made by a competent and skilled assayer.

Office and Labratory over Post Office, Main St. Staunton, Va.

REFERENCES.—A. S. Upson, President Upson Nut and Bolt Co., Unionville, Conn.; G. H. Gile, Treasurer Northern Chief Iron Company, Oshkosh, Wis.; Thomas Bardon, Real Estate, Ashland, Wis; W. C. Silverthorn, Secretary Northern Chief Iron Company, Wausau, Wis., C. F. Rand, Secretary Aurora Iron Mining Co., Cleveland, Ohio; Maj. S. M. Yost, Staunton, Va; Hon. John S. Haggart, Post Master Gen'l, Ottowa, Ont. may 28—tf

FOR THE SPECTATOR.

HE KEPT HER WISH.

The scene is in a London street,
Where dismal alleys chance to meet,
Where proverty, from sire to son,
Does in a long succession run,

The home, for we must call it so,
A garret is with ceilings low,
And very old and sooty walls,
Entered by narrow stairs and halls.

The family is rather small;
An only daughter—that is all,
And parents, growing very old,
And, Peter-like, in lack of gold.

The father is a gardener,
And, also, a rough carpenter,—
A "handy man," as it is said,
And diligent in gaining bread.

Once lived they in the country,
Where they breathed a pure and tonic air,
And could, at random, roam the fields,
And cull the sweet blooms nature yields,

Fond memories hung in clusters round
Their rural home and burying ground,
And round the parish chapel, where
They often met for praise and prayer.

In course of time, as nest of bird,
Their home-rest was most deeply stirred
And forth from their old haunts they went,
Not knowing where, in time of Lent.

Somehow in the removal thence,
Led by the hand of Providence,
They entered the Great City's whirl,
The parents and their daughter—Pearl.

Picture the maiden, young and fair,
Though sad of face from weight of care,
And reft of her own father dear,
Who had been dead for many a year.

She was just passing from her teens,
And, having very meagre means,
And, toiling far beyond her strength,
Became an invalid at length.

Her cheeks soon gave a fitful blush,
Which Doctors call the "hectic flush,"
Dread symptom of that dread disease
From which there seems no sure release.

Long time her mother wore the weeds
Of mourning for her husband's loss.
Then wed another—such her needs—
Who wished to bear the widow's cross.

As husband and stepfather, he
Had good and faithful proved to be.
Who furnished, as a poor man may,
Sufficient food from day to day.

To Bromwell Hospital, at last,
The daughter went—she sunk so fast,
Where, nursed so tenderly, she felt
It was a place where angels dwelt.

From day to day, she weaker grew;
Her pulse went down, her strength withdrew,
And, as the end did nearer come,
She sent this wish to those at home:—

"Please lay my wasted body down,
"Some fifty miles from London Town;
"In Little Horkesley let it lie,
"When I give up the ghost and die."

One day the maiden ceased to breathe,
The arms of God well underneath;
The soul, she to her Maker gave;
Her body, to the silent grave.

The parents, though so very poor,
The wolf forever at the door,
Resolved to keep her last request,
And let her form in "Horkesley" rest.

The father made a coffin rude,
And put some lining on the wood;
Then laid the lifeless corpse within,
And sealed the lid with screw and pin.

The slender form was neatly dressed,
And roses bloomed upon her breast;
The case was dark from umber stain,
And bore these words;—"She'll rise again."

Upon a barrow all was placed,
And toward the distant graveyard faced
And soon the poor man wheeled away,
Till fifty miles behind him lay.

Three days he rolled that precious dust,
Too weak to go, but felt he must;
Then dug the grave—no hand to aid—
And gently down the coffin laid.

He filled the vault, and arched the ground,
And strewed some wild-flowers on the mound,
His salt-tears falling on the loam,
As wearily he turned toward home.

Ah! noble and heroic deed!
And worthy of our highest meed,
Before it pale earth's Waterloos,
And grand exploits, we care not whose.

Ye bards, bring your best offering,
And let us this man's praises sing,
And tell to others, where we go,
His deed of love that all may know.

Longview, Texas. R. M. TUTTLE.

THE THIRD MAID.

It was on a wild October evening about a year ago that my wife and I arrived by train at a well known watering place in the north of England. The wind was howling and roaring with delight in its resistless power; the rain came hissing down in large drops.

Our hotel was situated on an eminence overlooking the town; and as we slowly ascended to it in our cab, we thought, "Well, we must not be surprised to find our intended abode for the night has vanished."

However, presently we stopped in front of a building which looked substantial enough to withstand anything, and in answer to our driver's application to the bell, the door was promptly opened by a smartly attired porter. He was closely followed by a person full of smiles and bows, who posted himself in the doorway ready to receive us.

All at once there was a terrific bang, as though a forty-pounder had been fired to welcome our arrival, and he of the smiles and bows was hurled headlong against the muddy wheel of our conveyance by the slamming to of the large door. My wife's bonnet blew off and tugged hard at its moorings; the light in the porch was extinguished, while the wind seemed to give a shriek of triumph at the jokes he was playing upon us. Here we were, then, in total darkness and exposed to the drenching rain. However, half an hour afterward all our discomforts were forgotten as we sat down to an excellent dinner a la carte.

Next morning I was abroad very early, looking for lodgings. Fortune seemed to smile upon me on this occasion, for scarcely had I proceeded fifty yards from my hotel when I came upon a very nice looking row of houses, and in the window of the first was "Lodgings to let." Knocking at the door, it was soon opened by a very neat looking maid.

I inquired if I could see the proprietor, but was told that Miss G—— was not yet down. I said I would wait, and was shown into a very comfortable dining room. Soon Miss G—— appeared, and proved to be a pretty brunette of about five and twenty, whose dark eyes during our short interview were every now and then fixed on me with an intentness that seemed to be trying to read what kind of a person I was; while her manner, though decidedly pleasing, had a certain restlessness in it which I could not help observing. Her father and mother being both dead she kept the lodging house herself. I asked her if she had a good cook, to which she replied she was responsible for most of that difficult part of the menage herself, keeping two maids to assist in the house and parlor work. She went on to say that her drawing room was "dissected;" a term common among north country lodging house keepers, and meant to express that it was undergoing its autumn cleaning, but she would have it put straight if I wished. I told her that we should be quite contented with the dining room, provided we had a good bedroom. This she at once showed me, and soon coming to terms I returned to the hotel.

After breakfast I went to the bureau to ask for my account. While it was being made out, I observed casually that I had taken lodgings at Miss G——'s, on Cliff terrace, upon which the accountant looked quickly up and said, "Oh, Miss G——'s," and then as quickly went on with my bill. I hardly noticed this at the moment, though I thought of it afterward.

Eleven o'clock saw us comfortably ensconced in our room. After lunch we took a delightful expedition, the weather having greatly moderated. We found that night, at dinner, that Miss G—— was a first rate cook, and we retired to rest much pleased with our quarters.

We soon made the acquaintance of the two maids—Jane, who waited on us, and Mary, the housemaid; and two very pleasant and obliging young women we found them.

About the third morning of our stay, on going up to my bedroom after breakfast, I was surprised to find a strange maid in the room. She was standing by the bed, smoothing down the bedclothes with both hands and appeared to take no notice of me, but continued gazing steadily in front of her, while her hands went mechanically on smoothing the clothes. I could not help being struck with her pale face, which wore a look of pain, and the fixed and almost stony expression of her eyes. I left her in exactly the same position as I found her. On coming down I said to my wife: "I did not know Miss G—— employed three servants. There certainly is another making the bed in our room." I am short-sighted, and my wife would have it that I had made a mistake, but I felt quite certain I had not. Later on, while Jane was laying the lunch, I said to her, "I thought that you and Mary were the only two servants in the house."

"Yes, sir; only me and Mary," was Jane's reply, as she left the room.

"There," said my wife, "I told you that you were mistaken." And I did not pursue the subject further.

Two or three days slipped away in pleasant occupations, such as driving, boating, etc., and we had forgotten all about the third maid. We saw but little of Miss G——, though her handiwork was pleasantly apparent in the cuisine.

On the sixth morning of our stay, which was the day before we were to leave, my wife after breakfast said she would go up and do a little packing while I made out our route for the following day in the "Bradshaw," but was soon interrupted by the return of my wife with a rather scared look on her face.

"Well," she said, "you were right after all, for there is another maid, and she is now in our bedroom, and apparently engaged in much the same occupation as when you saw her there. She took no notice of me, but stood there with her body slightly bent over the bed, looking straight in front of her, her hands smoothing the bedclothes." She described her as having dark hair, her face very pale, and her mouth very firmly set. My curiosity was now so much awakened that I determined to question Miss G—— on the subject. But our carriage was now at the door waiting for us to start on an expedition that would engage us all day.

On my return, late in the afternoon, meeting Miss G—— in the passage, I said to her, "Who is the third servant that Mrs. K—— and myself have seen once or twice in our bedroom?"

Miss G—— looked, I thought, rather scared, and murmuring something that I could not catch turned and went hurriedly down the stairs into the kitchen.

An hour afterward, as we were sitting for our dinner, Jane brought a note from Miss—— inclosing her account, and saying that she had just had a telegram summoning her to the sick bed of a relation, that in all probability she would not be back till after our departure, but that she had left directions with the servants, and hoped they would make us quite comfortable, and that we would excuse her hurried departure.

A few minutes after a cab drove up to the door, into which, from our window, we saw Miss G—— get, and drive rapidly away.

Later on in the evening, while Jane was clearing away the dinner things, I said to her, "By the by, Jane, who is the third maid?" She was just going to leave the room as I spoke. Instead of replying she turned round with such a scared look on her face that I felt quite alarmed; then, hurriedly catching up her tray, she left the room. Thinking that further inquiry would be very disagreeable to her I forbore again mentioning the subject. Next day, our week being up, we departed for fresh woods and pastures new.

Our tour led us considerably further north, but a month later saw us homeward bound. The nearest route by rail led us by X——. As we drew up at the station we noticed on the platform a parson, in whom we recognized one of the clergy of X—— whose church we had been to. Presently the door of our compartment was opened and he put in a lady, wished her good-by, the guard's whistle blew and we were off. After a short time we fell into conversation with the lady, and found her to be the clergyman's wife. Among other things, we asked after Miss G——.

"Oh, Miss G——," she replied; "she is very well, but I hear, poor thing, she has not had a very good season."

"I am sorry to hear that," I replied; "why is it?" She was silent for a minute, and then related to us the following facts.

At the beginning of the season a rather untoward event occurred at Miss G——'s lodgings.

An elderly lady took one of the flats for a month. She had with her an attendant of about thirty. Before long Miss G—— observed that they were not on very good terms, and one morning the old lady was found dead in her bed.

A doctor was at once called in, who, on viewing the body, found there were very suspicious marks round the neck and throat, as if a person's fingers had been tightly pressed upon them. The maid on hearing this at once became very restless, and going to her bedroom, which was at the top of the house, packed a small bag, and, having put on her things, was about to descend the stairs when, from hurry or agitation, she missed her footing, and falling to the bottom broke her neck.

But not the least extraordinary part of the business was that not the slightest clew could be obtained as to who the lady was, the linen of herself and her maid having only initials marked on it. The police did their best by advertising and inquiry, but all they could find out was that they had come straight to X——from Liverpool, where they had arrived from America. There they were traced to the Fifth Avenue hotel in New York, where they had been only known by the number of their room, and to which they had come from no one knew whither. Enough money was found in the lady's box to pay the expenses of their funerals. An open verdict was returned at the inquests which were held. The police took possession of their belongings, and have them, no doubt, at the present moment.

At this point the train stopped, the lady wished us "Good morning" and left the carriage; and we, as we steamed south, were left to meditate on this strange but perfectly true story, and to solve as we best could the still unanswered question of, "Who was the third maid?"—*Argosy.*

A DAINTY EASTER BONNET.—A bonnet that is a very dream in violet has a crown of open gold lace that is outlined about the face and around the top with small violets, the gold lace showing plainly between the two rows of violets. Just in front are two tiny, white love birds, that seem to nestle among the pale blossoms, while at the back are loops of white ribbon from among which comes up a white aigrette. The ties, descending from under these loops, are also of white ribbon, and are fastened in a prim little bow just in front. A bonnet of this design made of lace straw, the very yellow shade, will be in vogue and can, of course, be trimmed to suit one's fancy as well as to look well with one's gowns.—*The Ladies' Home Journal.*

No doctor's bills presented to the families who use Simmons Liver Regulator.

Southward the Course of Industrial Activity Takes Its Way.

The *Manufacturers' Record* of March 21, says:

"When the failure of the Barings caused a panic in Europe and America the *Manufacturers' Record* immediately claimed that while its temperary effect would be the breaking up of many negotiations then pending for large enterprises in the South, the final result would be to attract still greater attention to this section as the safest and most profitable investment field in the world. These predictions are already being verified. The strength of the South's financial position through such a crisis has astonished the whole country, and, though some great undertakings have for the time been checked in securing the capital promised, yet the tendency of foreign and Northern investors to look Southward was never more pronounced than to-day. From every direction enquiries are coming as to the opportunities for locating in the South and for the establishment of manufactures there. The Southern people themselves are pressing forward the great work of development, and activity is seen from Maryland to Texas. Iron works, cotton mills, wood-working enterprises, phosphate mining and manufacturing companies, flour mills, coal mining companies, electric light and water companies are rapidly being organized, while those previously projected are being pushed forward by active work of construction During the week a $1,000,000 company was chartered at Atlanta to improve an extensive water-power property, engage in manufacturing, &c.; Roanoke, Va., voted $420,000 for public improvements, and the Norfolk & Western Railroad will, it is said, expend $400,000 on improvements in the same place; work on the $500,000 government dry-dock at Port Royal is to be started at once; Front Royal, Va., has organized a $50,000 water works company and also an electric light company; Texas a $100,000 cotton mill, a $30,000 water-works company, a $30,000 electric light and power company; a $40,000 ore mining company has been organized at Cedartown, Ga.; a $50 000 oil mill company at Vicksburg, Miss.; a cotton factory company in North Carolina; a $25,000 cooperage company in Kentucky; a $20,000 agricultural implement company at Rock Hill, S. C.; a $50,000 flour mill company in Virginia; a $100,000 wood-working company in Staunton; $50 000 machinery company at Norfolk, $15,000 fertilizer company in South Carolina; a $20,000 knitting mill company at Anderson, S. C.; a $100,000 company will build new gas works at Americus, Ga.; at Danville, Va., a $50,000 land company has been organized; at Macon, Ga., a $50,000 manufacturing company, and in Georgia a $75,000 land company. The enthusiastic activity and tireless work which pushed Alabama, Virginia and Tennessee so rapidly to the front has spread to West Virginia, to the Carolinas, Florida, Texas and elsewhere, while Georgia, which was the first of the Southern States to begin much industrial development after the war, presses forward with unabated energy.

A ROMANCE RECALLED.—Mr. W. W. Longmoor, clerk of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, was stricken with paralysis Friday last whilst conversing with a member on the floor of the Constitutional Convention at Frankfort, and died in less than thirty minutes. His death recalls a romance of the war, in which he figured. Mr. Longmoor was an ex-Confederate soldier, who lost his right leg in an engagement near Cynthiana, Ky., about the close of the war. A Minie ball shattered the limb, necessitating amputation. Mr. Longmoor survived the operation, but he suffered from the injury more or less till his death. This accident had a strong influence upon his life. He was left on the battle-field with his terrible wound, but he fell into tender hands When he recovered consciousness he found himself under the ministering care of a lovely young lady The ladies of Cyhtniana had organized themselves into a relief association, and Mr. Longmoor had become the charge of Miss Adams. It was a fitting sequel that love should have followed their being brought together under such remarkable cirrumstances, and their union, which took place as soon as the young soldier was able to get about, was but the beginning of their happiness. It was a union which death alone could dissolve.—*Balt. Sun, March 24th.*

BIBLE PUZZLES EXPLAINED.—A day's journey was thirty-three and one fifth miles.

A cubit twenty-two inches, almost.

A hand's breadth was three and five eighth inches.

A finger's breadth was about one inch.

Ezekiel's reed was eleven feet long.

A shekel of silver was about fifty cents of our money.

A shekel of gold was $8.09.

A talent of silver was $516 32.

A talent of gold was $13,809.

A piece of silver was about thirteen cents.

A penny was the same as the piece.

A farthing was three cents.

A mite was about one and one-half cents.

A gerham was equal to about one cent.

A homer was a measure that would hold seventy-five gallons and five pints.

An omar was six pints.

A hin was one gallon and two pints.

SUGAR IN MORTAR.—Attention has recently been directed to the fact that the addition of small quantites of sugar or molasses to lime mortar increases not only its hardness, but its tenacity. A Vienna technical paper highly recommends the use of these substances, since they give common lime mortar a strength equal to cement.

Investigation and experiments have shown that the idea of thus using sugar or molasses is not new, but is as old as the ancient Indian fortifications at Madras. The mortar in the walls of that city was mixed with cane sugar, and it is said that when they were torn down the motar had acquired a strength and tenacity equal to the rock between which it was placed.

GOOD ROADS AND "YALLER DOGS."—These are two subjects of great practical importance to the State, and especially to the farming interest to which the Alliance would do well to turn its earnest attention.

If, in two or three years they can bring about reform in these two connections, the time and labor will be well spent.

We refer to the creation of a system of good roads and to the extermination of mean sheep killing dogs.

As to the last subject, it is absolutely beyond comprehension how a sensible people are content to go on year after year sacrificing a great industry in order that a comparatively small number of people may keep one, two, or a half dozen "yaller dogs."

This reform real y needs no argument. Nine-tenths or nineteen twentieths of the farmers, favor the sheep against the cur, but will they have the practical wisdom to concentrate and enforce the reform?

As to good county roads we are glad to note that great interest seems to have revived in them throughout the country. It would be a useless waste of time and space to bring forward arguments to enforce the advantages of good roads and the paralyzing effects of bad roads. On this question, opinion is practically unanimous.

The difficulty of the situation is to spur the people to the point of submitting to the necessary taxation. All want good roads, but many shrink from the inevitable price.

We throw out these fragmentary suggestions, in the hope that the Farmers' Alliance of Albemarle (which has often taken the lead of their brethren) may take the matter in hand, formulate a plan that will bring about a consummation so much to be wished for.—*Charlottesville Chronicle.*

The McKinley bill became a law because its honest advocates believed that it was a measure of protection to American citizens. What will they say when they find that it is a bill to protect Russian grain-growers and British cotton-planters at the expense of Americans?—European Edition Herald.

Road Agitation in the South.

A LETTER ON HIGHWAY IMPROVEMENT FROM HARRY H. HODGSON, OF NEW ORLEANS.

That the agitation in favor of the improvement of public roads is not confined to the north is shown by the letter given below, from Harry H. Hodgson, of New Orleans. Mr. Hodgson is thoroughly conversant with the execrable condition of country roads, and knows what the roads of the time should be. His remarks are therefore worth reading. He says:

"There is no subject which has attracted more public attention throughout the United States than that of improved public highways.

It is a sad commentary that those really most concerned take so little interest in a matter so closely connected with comfort, business, increased value of lands, and rapid transit.

It should be given the attention of every class of people, from the banker to the laborer, and the driver of a coach and four is not more vitally interested than the farmer with his load of hay.

County boards are always willing to contribute toward building railroads, and large sums of money are annually contributed to this end, but never once have these same county boards contributed any large amount for the construction and maintenance of good highways. The useless waste of money by political rings has been one cause that has perverted the money from its object, and unintelligent methods have been another and very real trouble.

The roads of the United States are a disgrace. In many cases they are mere bogholes. What little work has been done, has been a waste of money and energy.

No science has been displayed in the construction of roads; no effort made to build them on modern and sensible plans.—The old laws should be repealed and present and future necessities met by framing laws to compel the building and maintenance of good highways and the placing of sign boards on cross roads, so that the farmer may market his products and the traveler accomplish his journey with the least expenditure and greatest speed possible.

The present system is no system at all.—A tree falls across a road. It is not cut out, but all drive around it. The most primitive methods are resorted to, and there is no concert of action. Every road takes care of itself, and if a little work is done it is to meet present and temporary emergencies with no regard for the future.

The working out of the road tax is a farce which cannot be too strongly condemned. Let such work as is done be completed on a basis that will make it count for something; let the unsatisfactory work of the past be at an end; let all future attempts at road building be such as will give us a system of highways which we can point to with pride, and our land values will be enhanced and our national prosperity increased.

There is no necessity for concealing the fact that our roads are in a deplorable condition. We have few roads to boast of and few are contemplated. Our methods are bad, and no action is being taken to get us out of the mud. We are no better off today than we were fifty years ago, and have practically nothing to show for the millions expended during the last half century.

Is this not a sad affair to contemplate? Can the intelligence and patriotism of the Americans be so dead that none will start this movement to urge an entire change of present methods and establish an intelligent and modern basis on which to commence a system of road building that will in time give us highways that we can point to with pride?

Our eyes are now being opened to the needs of the Union and we should be ashamed of our slow progress in road building.

Let the farmers in every State make it their aim to start a system of roads by adding a few miles each year to some important road in their vicinity, and let the work be done honestly and by improved methods. Let every cent count, use only good material, and always with a view to do well that work which is done.

Immigration will seek localities where good roads abound, for those localities denote an intelligent and energetic people.—A very wise man has said: "The road is that physical sign or symbol by which you may understand any age or people. If they have no roads they are savages, for the road is the creation of man and the type of civilized society." If such is the fact, how much above the savage is the average American farmer?

Something must be done. Our country is improving in all kinds of industries, our roads alone are neglected.

Let us blot out the past, let old times and its methods be forgotten, let us inaugurate modern and scientific methods, so that we will leave a monument behind more lasting than granite, so that future generations may know us as a civilized people.

HARRY H. HODGSON.

"In what class of scents does the odor of sanctity belong, Doctor?"

"Innocence," returned the D. D. blandly.

Importance of Good County Roads.

In an article on this subject, the Lynchburg *News*, in its issue of March 15th, says:

"The *News* described yesterday the great want of good county roads in Virginia and the almost complete lack of them. It may be said that with the exception of the McAdam road, which runs from Winchester up a portion of the Valley to Staunton, there is not really a substantial and navigable wagon road in any portion of the State. Of course all of our people are fully aware of these distressing facts, and in such a wretched winter as we now have everybody is most sensibly impressed with the great evils and disadvantages resulting from such a state of things to all classes of our people in country and town. But when good weather comes again, as it will in the spring, and the county roads become once more tolerably passable, too many of our country friends will forget their present want of good roads, and fail to apply any remedy until they are overtaken by another bad winter.

It may be remarked that our State is not the only one that is fearfully lacking in good roads, but we notice that many of them thus deficient have set earnestly to work to remedy the evil and repair the damage. Among them we find New Jersey ahead of all that have come under our observation. The new plan they have adopted of making good and lasting roads is called the Telford system, and is simply, as we remarked yesterday, making a sound, solid bottom to the road. Of course they cost more than a common mudpike, such as we have, but when once made they endure for years and cost little to keep them in splendid order. To show the great practical advantages of them to the farmer, we need only quote the following from Mr. Thos. Nevine, of Orange county, N. J., where such roads exist, and where their great value is already fully appreciated.—He says:

"Good roads mean everything to a community. In agricultural communities they mean the difference between prosperity and adversity; in towns they mean the difference between growth and stagnation. In the latter instance this is generally recognized, but the average farmer doesn't believe it. To the latter this little incident may prove an eye opener." My brother owns a farm of 123 acres in Union county, N. J. A few years ago he valued the land at from $50 to $75 an acre, but he was unable to sell even at that price. The farm was unprofitable. Bad roads made it difficult and expensive to get its produce to market, and the profits did not represent a fair rate of interest on the estimated value of the land. Every day that he owned the farm meant a dead loss to him. By and by the "road improvement craze" struck Union county. About sixty miles of good Telford highways were put down. What is the result? Well, my brother has within a few days refused $200 an acre for his land. And the cry that increased taxation more than eats up the increased valuation certainly does not hold good where the increase of valuation is $125 per acre. Moreover, the farm yields a good profit now.—And absolutely all of this has been brought about by the introduction of good roads."

That such roads can be made in Virginia as easily and cheaply as in New Jersey, and with the same profits, there can be no doubt. Not only do they enable farmers to transport more than double the amount of produce in a single wagon, and at much greater speed, and with less wear and tear, but they add five or ten times the value to their farm land in the county.

The subject should be specially brought to the careful attention of the next session of our legislature. The farmers of the State should press it with all their vigor."

IF YOUR BACK ACHES,

Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

How Dreadful.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, A GLEAMING KNIFE, A CARELESS HUSBAND.

She came into the room, where he sat alone, says the New York Mirror, with a glittering knife in her clinched hand amid the folds of her dress.

Her face was white and drawn and her eyes were wild and haggard looking.

He, the man whose name she bore, sat by the grate fire, deep in thought, and never heard the slippered footfall of the beautiful woman who now stood behind his chair with a strange, cold smile upon her lips.

Suddenly, with a gasp, she cast the knife from her toward the bed of glowing coals, but it sank silently into a divan at the other side of the room.

"I cannot," she moaned, wearily, "I cannot!" and she fell in a white heap upon the floor at his feet.

A pitying, Kelceyesque expression broke across the Gothic granite of his cheek and he murmured in deep, tender, Seventh Regiment tones: "What is it, my darling?"

But she spoke no word, only raised one white hand towards him, in which was clasped a lead-pencil.

She had been trying to sharpen it, poor girl!

The Hatfield-McCoy Entente.

The feuds of Scottish clans have been the theme of song and story and have enlisted the interest of the whole English-speaking world, thanks to the genius of Sir Walter Scott and other writers of romances, but the wars of the Hatfields and McCoys along the border line of Kentucky and West Virginia, though equally important and bloodier, are still without the glamour of a taking description. The attention of our romancers may perhaps be attracted to this promising field by the announcement just made that the Hatfield McCoy feud is now to be ended as it began, with a marriage. The vendetta which was initiated thirty years ago was given its chief vigor by a Hatfield killing a McCoy who had married a girl to whom the Hatfield was betrothed. The bad feeling thereby produced was not lessened by the fact that the bride was herself a McCoy, a cousin of the murdered man. Within the last few years the squabble has developed into open war between Wayne county, W. Va., and Pike county, Kentucky, with the result that some two hundred lives have been lost in battles, skirmishes, stand-up fights and ambuscades. "Assassination" and "murder" are the terms with which the modern world would describe most of these conflicts. "Street brawl" is perhaps the most dignified epithet it would apply to any of them, though it is doubtful whether the bloody doings of the Highland clans—now adorned in fine poetic phrase—were on a higher plane of refinement or humanity. So much does the historical aspect of the acts of half-civilized peoples depend upon the temperament and bias of the historiographer. But a wedding, it appears, is soon to end the state of war between the Hatfield and McCoy clans. Aaron Hatfield, a nephew of "Devil Anse," the head of the family, will in May marry a daughter of the McCoy clan. There will be a barbecue on the banks of the Big Sandy, in Wayne county, to celebrate the event, and to the barbecue will gather all the members of both families, with the object of formally ratifying the terms of a permanent peace. That this is the purpose of the parties to the feud is explicitly announced in a letter to the Wayne *News* from Cap Hatfield, who succeeded "Devil Anse" in the leadership when the latter was sent to prison. Cap declares with authority that "a general amnesty has been declared." The past is to be forgotten. 'I do not wish," he says, "to keep the old feud alive. I rejoice at the prospect of peace. I have devoted my life to arms. We have undergone the loss of lives and property. Now I propose to rest in a spirit of peace." This is reassuring. Kentucky and West Virginia will doubtless feel relieved at the subsidence of the disorder that has so long troubled their relations. It will, however, be well not to trust too much to "Cap's" peaceful declarations till after the wedding and barbecue have occurred. One dram too much of "old rye" at the proposed gathering might bring about a general interch