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"I have suffered for twenty years with heart disease, and for months with indigestion. I lost twenty five pounds of flesh in two months. My family and friends became uneasy about me. About the middle of July last I began using Dr. King's Royal Germetuer. After taking six bottles I am glad to state that I regard myself entirely cured of heart trouble, palpitation and indigestion. I can eat and digest any kind of food. My health is restored, and I gladly recommend Dr. King's Royal Germetuer to the afflicted."

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For the Spectator.

WHEN THE GREEE LEAVES TURN RED AND FALL.

BY WILLIAM W. LONG.

Sweet when the green leaves turn red and fall,
And the roses are dead on the lea, [north,
And winds of autumn blow cold from the
Then I will come, my darling to thee.
I told you, blue eyes, when going away, [red,
I would come when the green leaves turned
And out to the farm we'd ramble again,
And the path to the stile we wouldst tread.

CHORUS.

Sweet, when the green leaves turn red and fall,
And the roses are dead on the lea, [north,
And the winds of autumn blow cold from the
Then I will come, my darling, to thee.

You must not be sad, but merry and gay,
For the days and the weeks will go by;
And when the green leaves turn red and fall,
In the orchard we'll roam, you and I.
We'll ramble again to the silver spring,
When the ferns grow so green in the glen;
Your brow I will cover with a garland of love,
And I never will leave you again.

There's love in my heart and faith in my soul,
So my sweet blue eyes, only be true;
And when the green leaves turn red and fall,
With fond love I am coming to you.
Let the world say its worst, laugh if it will,
If love's trust in your heart dwells for me;
For when the green leaves turn red and fall,
In my arms safe from harm you will be.

HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL.

A NOBLE GIRL SAVED A MAN, THOUGH HE LOVED ANOTHER.

A Pretty Story of a Kind that Has Been Paralleled in Real Life with an Unexpected Ending.

[Lillian M. Leslie in the Boston Globe.]

"Oh, Mel, don't do it again—don't!"

Melvin Stewart looked down into the little pleader's face, with a half bitter, half amused smile hovering about his mouth.

"Don't do what, Dulce?"

"You know what I mean, Mel. Don't come home again as you did last night.—Give up—drinking. That's what I mean."

His cool indifference and the good-humored smile stung her to the quick.

A remarkable change crept over her dark southern face. Proudly defiant one moment, now all passion and warmth. The rosy lips were tremulous and the eyes uplifted to his were deeply thrilling in their strange, wistful earnestness. Hers was a nature that could expand only under smiles and loving caresses.

The girl's eyes were dewy with tears, and her earnest, pitiful appeal seemed to awake an answering chord, for his face gradually softened, and it lost the amused, careless smiles.

"Why so earnest. Dulce? Would you care if I was swept on the downward path?"

"Care—care, Mel!" With a swift, impulsive movement, both round arms were outheld to him; then, as quickly, they dropped to her side. "Would I care? Don't ask me. Care! Melvin Stewart, if you were to lie at my feet this moment, a hopeless wreck of what you are to-day, I would shed the bitterest tears of my life.—But, even then, I would not despair, for I would stand by you to the end."

I believe you, Dulce."

His answer was quiet and simple, but he was evidently touched by the girl's passionate, intensely earnest avowal.

"And will you promise me that you will strive to give it up?" she asked, with quivering lips. "You will not repeat—you will not come home again—that way?" She spoke brokenly but eagerly.

"I will promise, Dulce, if it pleases you."

"But, Mel, would it please Hazel Sheldon if she saw you in the condition that I did last night? Would she love you just the same—just as much?"

A deep flush mantled his clear brow, and a pained, troubled expression crept into his eyes.

"What a brute I am! What have I been thinking of? Dulce, little sister, I thank you for warning me in time," he exclaimed hoarsely, and pressing his lips to her clasped hands he left her.

With a pitiful, longing cry, Dulce Lockhart pressed her warm lips to the spot that his had touched. The red rose nestling at her bosom rose and fell under the tumult of emotions that convulsed her form.

"Heaven help me to do right!" she murmured. "Oh! why was it my miserable fate to give him lifelong love unsought—unsought! Why did he give to golden-haired Hazel Sheldon what I would give my life to possess? Oh! I am nothing but a child to him. But, child or woman, I will save him—and for her. He loves her. Oh! God, help me to do it. Oh! Mel—Mel!" And, bowing her dusky head, the wildly unhappy girl wept as she never wept before.

Melvin Stewart, the son of a wealthy banker, was cashier in his father's bank.

He was tall and well-proportioned, with a proud, aristocratic face. The features were firm and well cut, the eyes, a dark hazel, looked at you frankly and boldly, and the fair, curling moustache covered a mouth usually curved in a mocking scornfulness, that was peculiarly becoming to his blonde style of beauty.

In character he was nobly upright and honest, but his was a nature yielding and strongly susceptible to surroundings.

It was as Dulce said, he had fought bravely, but had been conquered, and by the enemy drink.

It was the night before the opening of this story that he entered his home intoxicated for the first time in his life.

All had retired, excepting Dulce, and with her beautiful, starry eyes darkened with anxiety and pain, she awaited his coming.

It was past midnight when she heard the slow dragging footsteps; then the uncertain fumbling at the door knob.

She sprung up, flinging the hall door wide open, and the dimming light of the silver moon threw its soft radiance over the startled face of Melvin Stewart.

"Come, Mel," she said, in a voice that was strangely tender, yet so commanding that involuntarily he was compelled to obey her. "Your father and mother are asleep, so please step lightly. There—that's good."

It was a strange scene; the drunken man leaning heaving against the young girl, while she strove to lead him to his room.

Not until she closed the door on him did she dare to breathe freely once more; then a low moan of anguish escaped her.

Beautiful, helpless Dulce, born in the sunny South, was the daughter of Mrs. Stewart's dearest friends. Left an orphan, but independently rich at the age of fifteen, Mrs. Stewart opened her warm, compassionate heart and sent for the motherless girl to come North. Dulce did so, and the lovely southern face, the soft clinging ways had appealed to their hearts, and they could not part with her. So for five years Dulce had known no other home.

To fair haired Mel she had given the one great love of her life. But no one suspected it. Mel playfully called her "little sister," and little dreamed of the terrible, consuming pain that had shot through her heart or understood why her sunny face was so suddenly bereft of all its soft, blooming color one day when Mrs. Stewart had spoken of the loveliness of the golden-haired girl who was betrothed to Melvin Stewart. Dulce had turned to Mel, and he wondered vaguely at the pale face and the widely-dilated eyes, so full of longing pathos.

"And do you admire golden hair, Mel?" she asked, with a brave effort to steady her voice.

"Yes, Dulce, and I admire raven tresses also, little sister."

"As well as golden hair, Mel?"

"Well, no, not hardly; for golden hair crowns one of the fairest in the world."

EVERY SPARK OF HOPE.

Thus unconsciously he drove out every spark of hope that had ever dwelt in Dulce Lockhart's breast.

She had never seen the fair-haired heiress, and had often longed to see the girl who had won Melvin Stewart's love.

But to-day, when she had entreated him to swerve from the path he was following, and when she asked if his sweetheart would continue to love him in spite of everything, she did not think to be answered so soon. But so it was decreed.

It was late in the afternoon when Mrs. Stewart sought Dulce, her fair, proud face wreathed in smiles.

"Dulce, dear, I have just received a telegram from Hazel Sheldon. She is coming to-night and I am so glad. Why, child, what is the trouble?" and he sprang forward, alarmed at the white, agonized face of the listening girl.

Dulce raised one hand, passing it over her throbbing temple.

"To-night! Did you say she was coming to-night?" she asked slowly, as if dazed.

"Yes, and she wishes to surprise Melvin. You have never met her, Dulce, and I know you will become good friends, for who could resist her winsomeness?"

"I shall love her, auntie, because you do, and because some day she will become Mel's wife," and the loving girl placed both arms around the elder woman's neck.

Mrs. Stewart looked at her in wonderment. The dark eyes gazing into hers were wildly despairing, and it seemed as if the young face grew suddenly old and tired—eloquently expressive of patient, hopeless misery. Mrs. Stewart clasped her hands, then bent and kissed the mouth quivering with pain. A faint, weary smile passed over Dulce's face.

"What time will she come, auntie?"

"The train is due at 5 o'clock. Melvin will arrive an hour later. What a happy surprise it will be!" And the fond mother little dreamed of the bitter anguish the unhappy girl was enduring because of her thoughtless words.

The minute-hands on the great marble clock moved on until they pointed to past 5. In the spacious parlor Dulce was restlessly walking the floor. She had never looked more radiantly beautiful than at this moment, while she waited her rival's coming. Her eyes were fastened on the door in feverish impatience.

"Oh, I must not steel my heart against her!" she prayed. "Heaven teach me to love her. At last!"

The door was thrown open, and Mrs. Stewart entered, followed by a young girl, whose presence seemed to flood the room with sunshine. A petite form, robed in a travelling suit of soft, dark plush. A proud little face in which the lily and the rose were charmingly blended; and around which clustered a halo of short, golden curls. Large expressive blue eyes, that were raised in shy wonder as they rested on Dulce Lockhart's wonderful, imperious beauty.

The two girls whose lives were so curiously interwoven clasped hands. Dulce drank in every detail of the proud, exquisite face and dainty figure, then impulsively bent and kissed the uplifted face.

Hazel's blue eyes wandered about the room half expectantly.

"When will Melvin arrive, Miss Lockhart?" she asked simply.

"It is time for him now. But do not call me Miss Lockhart. Call me Dulce.—Let me be your friend."

The fair-haired girl hesitated one moment, marvelling at the tall, queenly form and the lovely, wistful face, and a swift, jealous pang shot through her.

"Yes, we will be friends, Dulce, and you are Mel's friend also, are you not?"

Not a quiver passed over the face of the tortured girl.

"Yes, indeed, I am. I value his friendship even as you must value his love."

The minutes had lengthened into hours, and still Melvin Stewart had not returned.

Soon after Hazel's arrival Banker Stewart had sent his wife word that he had been called out of town on business. So, thinking that Mel was remaining at the bank in his father's place, the unsuspecting mother retired, leaving the two girls to await his coming.

"What can detain him, Dulce?" Hazel asked, impatiently. "And just see what time it is!"

Dulce looked up and said that it was fast nearing 12 o'clock.

"Hazel, forgive me for the liberty I am taking, but tell me, do you love Melvin Stewart with your whole heart?" and she eagerly scanned the fair face.

"Yes, Dulce."

HAZEL, BE TRUE.

"And will you love him always, regardless of what may happen? Oh, you must, dear, for he loves you so well! It will break his heart if you desert him! He loves these golden tresses," and she laid her hand gently on the curly head, "because he says they crown the sweetest face in the world. Oh, Hazel, be true!"

Hazel was silent. The torrent of hot, passionate words took her by storm, startling her with their wild impetuosity and their thrilling earnestness. But before she could utter a word Dulce held up her hand warningly.

"Hush, I hear his steps."

And so they waited; Hazel, half frightened but eager to greet her lover, and Dulce with blanched face and a heart like lead. She clasped one of Hazel's hands, and like a guardian angel she stood there as if ready to shield her from approaching evil.

They heard the slow, halting step as he passed through the hall. A moment's pause and the parlor door was opened. The next, and Melvin Stewart, with widely dishevelled hair and blood-shot eyes, stood before them.

"Mel," and Dulce stepped forward in front of Hazel. "I am glad you have come." Her tone was as ever, gently kind and soothing.

"What—glad to see me? he exclaimed huskily. "Then kiss me—why!"

A low, piteous cry broke from the girl Dulce had been hiding from view.

"That—Mel?" she cried in horror. "No, no!"

"Hazel—you?" and the drunken man reeled forward.

But she recoiled from him, and with widely-opened, terrified eyes she faced Dulce.

"Dulce! Dulce! Am I dreaming? Oh, merciful Heaven, can it be Mel—my lover?"

"Yes, dear, it is Mel," and Dulce threw her arms around the swaying girl. "Be pitiful."

"Pitiful! I cannot! No, don't dare touch me, Melvin Stewart!"

She pulled her dress from his grasp, while an irrepressible shudder shook her slight form.

"I HATE YOU."

A lurid fire burned in his wild eyes and he, who had so degraded his manhood, raised his clenched fist.

Hazel shrank back, clinging to Dulce.

"Mel!" and his uplifted arm was clasped gently. "Mel, you would not do that!" Dulce's soft eyes gazed into his.

He looked at her a moment, and gradually the angry fire burned out. She smiled quietly,

"Remember it is Hazel."

"Hazel!" and he turned to the girl regarding him so coldly.

"Do not come near me!" she cried, angrily, "for I hate you—hate you as I loved you once"

"Hazel, you cannot mean that. He will be penitent to-morrow, then all will be well. Be true."

"I cannot, Dulce—never!" and Melvin Stewart's bethrothed swept from the room.

With pitying tenderness, Dulce led the fallen man to the sofa. He sank down. Then, with a last, long, yearning look she left him.

The morning dawned bright and clear, but none of its sunny brightness seemed to pervade the Stewart household. Hazel Sheldon had announced her intention of returning home on that day. Mrs. Stewart was astonished and bewildered; Dulce tearful and entreating.

"Hazel, forgive him! Save him—don't ruin his life?" she pleaded.

The proud young beauty lifted her head haughtily.

"Dulce, I can never marry a drunkard."

Then, utterly hopeless and despairing, Dulce sought the man she loved better than her life.

She found him in the parlor, pacing to and fro. In one hand she held a piece of dainty note-paper. The mute, tearless misery she saw depicted in his pale face was terrible to witness.

"Mel," and taking both his restless hands, she gently pulled him to the sofa; then she placed his head in her lap, where it lay buried, and quietly stroking his fair hair, as a mother might that of a tired child, she allowed him to weep—such tears, hot and burning, that come only from a strong suffering man.

Not until the torrent had somewhat subsided did she utter a word; then she pressed her warm lips to his forehead.

"Mel, brother, I am sorry! If I could only help you. I—Mel—" and her voice trembled piteously.

No answer from the bowed head, only a tighter clasping around the little hand.

"Hazel has not gone, Mel. Appeal to her. I believe she loves you yet."

"Loves me!" and he lifted his head angrily. "Loves me, and yet she could pen these few lines—these cold, scornful words! She refused to see me—still you say she loves me. Bah, I scorn such love!" And he tore the dainty-perfumed note into shreds.

"But think of last night! Can you blame her very much?" she ventured timidly.

"No, Dulce, no. I am to blame—the miserable guilty wretch that I am! But you, Dulce," and his voice grew husky, "you did not turn from me, while she, my betrothed wife, recoiled from me in horror and contempt! Dulce, what made you so kind?"

SAVED HIM.

"I could never be otherwise to you," she answered, simply.

"God bless you, Dulce. You have been my guardian angel through all, and I will repay you. Never from this hour shall the accursed stuff pass my lips. You have saved me; your dear, guiding hand has snatched me from ruin. I cannot understand it, Dulce, when I am nothing to you, only a——"

"Nothing, nothing—oh, Mel!" and his name died away in a low, piteous moan, while he looked at her in amazement, a faint hope kindling in his eyes. She flung out both her arms despairingly, and the longing, passionate cry that escaped her lips thrilled him through and through.

"Mel—Mel! Why won't you love me?"

One swift bound, and she was clasped in his arms, and the beautiful southern face was buried on his breast.

"Dulce, darling! is it true. Do you love me?"

The round arm clung closer.

He bowed his head reverently, and only three tremulous words fell from his lips:

"My guardian angel!"

A WORD TO THE BOYS.—If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am now writing, and I ask you if you don't want to become one of them? No, of course you don't!

Well, I have a plan that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow. It never failed, it never will fail, and it is worth knowing. Never touch liquor in any form. That is the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but it worth putting into practice

I know you don't drink now, and it seems to you as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it will probably come this way. You will find yourself some time with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice, and very likely they will look upon you as a milk shop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? Will you say, "No, no! none of that stuff for me!" Or will you take the glass, with your common sense protesting and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go off with a hot head and skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself and will keep doing so during all its life? Boys, do not become drunkards.—Dr. Holland.

MORE ABOUT WOMEN.—A writer in the Detroit Free Press has made some new discoveries in the ways of woman.

She will marry a man to "reform" him and though clothed in rags declares she is happy with the brute.

She can't throw a stone because she isn't built that way, but she can fire a world of pathos into an appeal for a new dress that will burst the toughest purse-string asunder.

She is usually more adept in making matches than at striking them, and while she may not know how to sharpen a knife, she can in two minutes hone up her tongue in a way that will make it a two-edged sword.

She may not be able to jump a four-rail fence, but she jumps to conclusions, and nine times out of ten she gets there while a man is reasoning it all out.

She can quicken a man's mental faculties by giving him pieces of her mind. She doesn't seem to feel the loss, either.

True, she spends much time before the glass; and so does a man, only his too often has a head on it.

According to some, she was called woman because she brought woe to man. This interpretation, however, is not only scriptural, but is not borne out by the facts.

She is called a conundrum; but we will never give her up—never.

With all her faults, we love her still.

HE WAS RIGHT.—"Have you any photographs of your children, Mr. Peck?" asked a friend of the Hon. Alpheus Peck.

"I should say I had," answered Mr. Peck, "I've about a bushel of them."

"Why, Alpheus!" exclaimed his wife.

"Well, haven't we? Haven't we photographs of all four of them, and don't four peaks make a bushel?"—Detroit Free Press.

A SUGGESTION.—Strawber—Hello! For the first time in my life my laundry has been returned promptly. What shall I do to celebrate the event?

Singerly—You might put on a clean collar.—Clothier and Furnisher.

AN ANXIOUS QUESTION.—A.—Just imagine, fraulein, I dreamt last night that I went with you on the ice. We skated together. All at once you stumbled, but I caught you in my arms and gave you a kiss.

Young Lady—Was—was anybody looking?—Der Schalk.

Every parent who permits his or her child to smoke cigarettes countenances that which is quite likely to prove the death of the latter. If you cannot prevent the boy smoking, counsel him against the danger in cigarettes. At Johnstown, Pennsylvania, Stephen McClellan, who has smoked cigarettes for several years, has become insane. He is but twenty-one years of age. Two boys died suddenly near Milwaukee, after excessive smoking of cigarettes. Their stomachs were subjected to a medical analysis and the presence of phosphorus was discovered.

The symptoms indicated death by this poisoning substance, combined with nicotine and the arsenical solution used in preparing paper and wrapper for the ordinary cigarette. These are the instances brought to light in only one day. Will parents heed the warning?—*Charleston (W. Va.) Star.*

A cow is more modest than some people one meets. No matter how much milk she gives, she never blows her own horns.—Danville (Va.) Register.

A PRAYER.

Lord, let me talk with thee of all I do,
All that I care for, all I wish for, too,
Lord, let me prove thy sympathy, thy power,
Thy loving oversight from hour to hour!
When I need counsel, let me ask of thee;
Whatever my perplexity may be,
It cannot be too trivial to bring
To one who marks the sparrow's drooping wing
Nor too terrestrial, since thou hast said
The very hairs are numbered on our head.
Do money troubles press? Thou canst resolve
The doubts and dangers such concerns involve.
Are those I love the cause of anxious care?
Thou canst unbind the burdens they may bear
Before the mysteries of thy Word or will,
Thy voice can gently bid my heart be still.
Since all that now is hard to understand
Shall be unraveled in yon heavenly land.
Do weakness, weariness, disease invade [made?
This earthly house, which thou thyself hast
Thou only, Lord, can touch the hidden spring
Of mischief, and attune the jarring string [give,
Would I be taught what thou wouldst have me
The needs of those less favored to relieve?
Thou canst so guide my hand that I shall be
A liberal, "cheerful giver," Lord, like thee.
Of my life's mission do I stand in doubt,
Thou knowest and canst clearly point it out.
Whither I go, do thou thyself decide,
And choose the friends and servants at my side.

The Church Fights.

Rev. John L. Scudder, pastor of the Jersey City Tabernacle, uttered words of wisdom Sunday, when he spoke of the trial of Dr. Briggs. He said:

"Once more the disciples of Christ are preparing to do battle with one another, and before this conflict is over I fear many people will be seriously damaged. It is with great misgiving that I look upon the coming trial of Dr. Briggs for heresy. This is a purely theological quarrel, a warfare of opinion which destined to increase the dissensions which already exist, if, indeed, it will not saver the denomination.

"There is little to be gained in such dogmatic conflicts. It is a poor recommendation for the gospel of love when the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus join in angry debate and exhibit a harsh, uncharitable controversial temper. Multitudes of people stand aloof and say with a sneer, 'You had better convert yourselves before you attempt to convert us.' Whether Dr. Briggs agrees or disagrees with certain statements in the Westminster Confession—which, itself, sadly needs revision in my judgment—the entire movement is a mistake and highly prejudicial to the interests of Christ's kingdom. In addition to the unwisdom of this anti-heresy movement I believe it will defeat the very purpose for which it was inaugurated, for it will give national notoriety to the principles of higher criticism for which he stands, and thus bring it down to the masses."

New York is all astir now over these theological fights. The interest is of the kind with which men watch contests, whether they be between horses or men. Unfortunately for the churches engaged in these controversies, the ministers hauled before the bar appear to the masses as persecuted; hence they have the popular sympathy—at least from the non-professing-Christian class, which class all churches endeavor to reach. If these alleged heterodox ministers were in unlawful callings, accused of swindling, immorality or other offences, the drift of public thought on the subject would be different, but they have been actively following their ministerial professions. They have all been working towards the same and main end. Their various modes of theological opinion are incidentals. Hence the attacks upon these ministers place them in the light of martyrs, according to popular comprehension, and weaken the churches.—*Richmond State.*

Reciprocity and the Farmer.

In view of the great stress laid upon the reciprocity idea it is in order to enquire why it should be restricted to Latin America and what class of American citizens are to be the beneficiaries. It will not require much investigation to disclose the fact that the interest of the manufacturers and not of the agriculturists is uppermost in the minds of the reciprocity advocates. The British Empire is by long odds the best customer for our farm products, our cotton, wheat, corn, beef and pork. The balance of trade between the United States and Great Britain is largely in our favor. The excess of our exports over imports from Great Britain reaches the enormous amount of $261,406,706 per annum. Our imports from England in 1891 were $186,488,956 and our exports $447,895,662. Our total exports for the year were $827,828,694, so that England bought more from us than all the rest of the world put together. What sense or justice is there in discriminating against our best customer? Will not England in a spirit of retaliation use every means to supply her wants from other quarters, from India, Egypt, Russia, South America and Australia? Let it be remembered that the bulk of our exports to England is made up of agricultural products. It is the market which the American farmer most highly prizes because it is most profitable to him. How is it with South America? The chief exports from this country to our Southern neighbors are the products of factories, shoes, fabrics, machinery and agricultural implements. From this it will appear that the reciprocity racket is worked for the benefit of the same favored class for which the protective tariff was enacted and as usual with Republican legislation the farmer is left out in the cold. It is stated on Republican authority that even now without reciprocity the American manufacturer can undersell his European competitor in the South American States ten or twenty per cent. If this be true, and we have no reason to doubt it, where is the special need of encouragement for the manufacturer? He ought at once to take possession of the market and drive his English, German and French rivals from the field. In this connection another question comes up. If the American manufacturer is so skilful, so expert, so industrious and so intelligent that he can produce a better article at a lower price than his European competitor and make a good profit while underselling him in Brazil and the Argentine Republic, how is it that he cannot hold his own here at home against the foreigner, without the artificial aid of a protective tariff? The truth is that the tariff enables the manufacturer to raise the price of his goods and levy a tribute on his fellow-citizens which he cannot impose on his foreign customers. We do not object to reciprocity with South America. On the contrary we are delighted with it because it is a good thing—because it will promote a trade which is mutually beneficial, but we do say if it is such a good thing, let us have more of it, and by all means let us extend its beneficent operation to our best customer. Tit for tat is a very good rule, and if England buys so largely of our farm products as to bring prosperity to American agriculture why should not the trade with England be encouraged, or at least not discouraged by putting up the barrier of the protective tariff?—*Lynchburg Advance.*

A NATURAL CONCLUSION.

It is natural that those who have been deceived by the various nostrums that are continually offered to the public should demand a more substantial testimonial than the simple declaration of those who are interested in the sale of medicine. Recognizing the justice of this demand, the Swift Specific (S. S. S.) Company, of Atlanta, have embodied in pamphlet form a few of the more noteworthy testimonials that have come to them unsolicited. This pamphlet, together with other interesting matter, they will take pleasure in sending to any address. Write to the S. S. S. Company, Drawer 3, Atlanta, Georgia.

There is a great deal of curiosity regarding Emma Howard Wight's novel "Passion Flowers and the Cross," which will be out now in a very short time. Report says that it is likely to create a sensation in the literary world.

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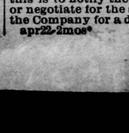

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R. S. TURK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Jan 21 STAUNTON, VA.

J. A. ALEXANDER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 6 Court-house Alley, STAUNTON, VA. Reference, by permission:—Hon. J. Randolph Tucker, Hon. Jacob Yost, Andrew Bowling, Esq., W. H. Sauffley, Esq. mar 12 tf

GEORGE G. SHEPHERD, Attorney-at-Law, STAUNTON, VIRGINIA, OFFICE No. 11 NEW COURT HOUSE STREET. References—Prof. John B. Minor, University of Virginia; Col. John L. Peyton and Major S. M. Yost, Staunton, Va. Special attention given to collections and the investigation of land titles. nov 5—6m*

J. M. QUARLES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, feb17, '86-tf Staunton, Va.

ROGER B. ATKINSON, Attorney-at-Law, 29 SOUTH AUGUSTA STREET, p 25—tf STAUNTON, VA.

THOMAS C. KINNEY, Attorney-at-Law, 22 SOUTH AUGUSTA STREET, STAUNTON, VA. Room No. 3, Up Stairs. ☞Collections will receive prompt attention sep 25—tf

J. L. S. KIRBY, Attorney-at-Law, STAUNTON, VA. OFFICE—COURT-HOUSE SQUARE. Will practice in the Courts of Staunton, Augusta county and in the Court of Appeals. REFERENCE—W. T. McCue, Esq.; H. C. Tinsley, Esq., Editor of "Vindicator;" Maj. Samuel M. Yost, of the "Valley Virginian;" Col. J. C. Shields, of the "Staunton Spectator;" M. N. Bradley, Esq.; Hon. Jacob Yost; Dr. J. St. P. Gibson, Prof. William H. Kable; W. W. Gibbs Esq., and Dr. J. N. Wayt & Bro.

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