Staunton Spectator.

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

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PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

The Best Remedy in this world, says J. Hofherr of Syracuse, N. Y., is Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, because my son, who was partially paralyzed three years ago and attacked by fits, has not had any symptoms of them since he took one bottle of the remedy. I most heartily thank for it.

Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness, and Weakness.

WEST BROUGHTON, Quebec, Oct. 1, '90.

The Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I ordered was for a young lady of my household, who was almost useless to herself and others, owing to nervous prostration, sleeplessness, weakness, &c., &c. To-day there is quite a change. The young person is much better, stronger, and less nervous. She will continue to use your medicine. I think it is very good. REV. P. SARVIE.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

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PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant Relief and is an Infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples Free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2125, New York City.

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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

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Use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Cough, Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Pain, Take in time. 50 cts.

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A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing How to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, sent free. Address MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

GOOD ENOUGH.

Dear boys, I want to give you
A motto safe and good,
"Twill make your lives successful,
If you heed it as you should,
Obey it in the spirit,
Obey it in the letter—
Don't say a thing is "good enough"
Till it can be no better.

And whether at your lessons,
Or at your daily work,
Don't be a half way dabbler—
Don't slip, and slide, and shirk,
And think it doesn't matter
That such talk is "trash" and "stuff"—
For until your task is perfect,
It is never "good enough."

If your work is in the school room,
Make every lesson tell;
No matter what you mean to be,
Build your foundation well.
Every knotty point and problem,
That you bravely master now
Will increase your skill to labor
With the pen or with the plow.

If you sweep a store or stable,
Be sure you go behind
Every box and bale and counter;
It will pay, you'll always find,
To be careful, patient, thorough,
Though the work be hard and rough;
And when you've done your very best,
'T will then be "good enough."

So you'd better take my motto,
If you ever mean to work
To any station higher
Than a stable boy or clerk.
It will make you independent,
It will make you no man's debtor;
Then never say "it's good enough"
Till it can be no better.

—[M. E. Sandford, in Golden Days.

IN DREAMS.

Dear love, if only in my dreams
I might be once again with thee,
The long, dark night would turn to day;
The day would change to night for me.

Since thou art gone away, dear love.
Both day and night are dark to me;
And when the shades of evening fall
I pray that I may dream of thee.

Yet, tho' twould be to my sad heart
As to the desert, cooling streams,
Thou dost not come; and still I pray;
"Oh, love, come to me in my dreams!"

I could get thro' the weary days
If but I knew at eventide
When my sad eyes were slumber-locked
Thou wouldst be ever at my side.

Oh death! this world would be so fair,
Didst thou not come on sable wing
To shadow o'er our happiness—
To cast thy blight on everything.

Dear God, if thou wouldst let him come!
If I might clasp him to my heart
And tell him I but wait the day
Until we meet—no more to part;

If I could lay my aching head
Once more upon his loving breast,
E'en tho' 'twere only in my dream,
Methinks 'twould bring me peace and rest

LIFE'S BETTER INFLUENCES.

Better the song and the smile, my dear,
Better the song and the smile.
Brief is the time we may linger here,
Little avails either sigh or tear;
Better the song and the smile, my dear,
Better the song and the smile.

Better the laugh and the jest, my dear,
Better the laugh and the jest,
Sunshine of heart and of merry cheer,
Chasing the shadows that oft appear;
Better the laugh and the jest, my dear,
Better the laugh and the jest.

Better the word that is kind, my dear,
Better the word that is kind,
Speech that is cold and perchance severe
Well may be spared as we journey here;
Better the word that is kind, my dear,
Better the word that is kind.

Life's but a day at the best, my dear,
Life's but a day at the best.
Be your endeavor to brighten each year,
Making less frequent the sigh and the tear;
Life's but a day at the best, my dear,
Life's but a day at the best.

A STRANGE MARRIAGE.

Si Collins was out of work. In common with many others, for reasons not necessary to enter upon, he had been idle for some time. He was almost out of money—fifty cents is not much. But he was not out of hope. He was so determined to put his shoulder to the wheel that he could not believe that there would not soon be a wheel to shoulder.

Now on this Saturday afternoon, with everything at a standstill, he knew that there would be no use in standing before closed doors or of loitering in empty yards, so he made up his mind to have a holiday, and all that sweet, sunny afternoon to pretend to himself that he had nothing to worry about.

There was music in the park; there were seats to sit upon.

A man could eat five cents worth of soda crackers as well there as elsewhere. In fact, they made quite a neat little lunch.

On Sunday he would buy a paper and get every item in the columns headed 'Help Wanted—Males' by heart, but this afternoon his programme was the park.

Accordingly, he went home, climbed the top floor of a tenement house, where he had hired a hall bedroom of a washer-woman, who did not need all the rooms at her end of the flat; and dressed himself in his Sunday suit.

The suit was not a fine one at best, and it was by no means new, but Si was a handsome man, and there is a good deal in that.

He blacked his boots, turned his cuffs, thanked fortune he still had a clean collar, and set off parkward. He was just in time for the music.

The sky was blue, the grass was green, the park was just as much his as it was anybody's, and after the crowd had dispersed and the musicians descended from their pavilion, he bethought him to walk about a while, and took his way toward the reservoir.

There was not a soul there, and he began to saunter about the brink, eating his crackers, when his attention was attracted to the singular conduct of a young girl, who was creeping along toward the reservoir, looking over her shoulder as though she expected to be followed.

Now and then she lifted to her eyes a handkerchief that she held crushed up in one hand, and it was evident that she was crying.

'What can she be doing?' Si asked himself. In a minute more it flashed upon him that she intended to drown herself.

He was about to spring forward to seize her, when he reflected that until he was sure that she was actually a would-be suicide it would hardly do to lay hands upon her, and so, concealing himself as best he could, he waited.

And now he observed the girl more closely. She was young, she was small, and her features were pretty. She had that peculiar attenuated look that comes to most women with worry and poverty, but her clothes were not ragged, and she had a very respectable air. She wore one kid glove, he noticed. At first she stood behind a stone parapet that guards the edge of the reservoir, crying and looking over.

Then she folded her hands and put her face upon them, and Si fancied that she prayed. After this, by dint of scrambling, she perched upon the stones and sat there. Si drew nearer.

At last she arose to her feet, and Si was there below her, though she did not dream of it.

'Good by, you dear, pretty world,' he heard her say. 'I wonder where I am going to,' and she made preparations to jump into the water.

Instead of accomplishing this she was lifted landward by two big hands, and as she touched ground she began to sob.

'Oh, why couldn't you let me?' she said, 'And now you'll put me in prison, I suppose, for being too unhappy to live.'

'I'm not a policeman,' said Si

'Oh, thank goodness!' said the girl, 'you'll let me go, then?'

'Not yet, said Si. 'You see, although I'm not a policeman, I'm a man, and that makes it my duty to take care of the women folk when they need it. You seem to.'——

'You mean to be very kind,' said the girl; but you are not. I suppose you have no idea what it is to be all alone in a big city without money and without work.'

'Oh,' said Si, 'but I haven't had any work for three weeks, and this is my cash in hand.

And he exhibited his half dollar.

'Oh,' she said, with an air of greater confidence. 'Well, yes, you do know something about it, only you are not a woman.'

'No,' said Si. 'Of course that makes it worse for you. But tell me, what drove you to that cowardly act?'

'It is a very brave act,' said the girl.

'Not a bit of it,' said Si. 'It's brave to live and fight as long as you can—that's my idea.'

'I can't; I've nothing to fight with,' said the girl. 'Oh, if you knew'——

'Tell me,' said Si.

'My father died,' said the girl. 'My stepmother hated me. She married again, and her second husband turned me out of the house. Pa had left her all his money, I had nothing. I came to New York and got sewing to do. One day the woman that employed me asked me if I'd make her a wall pocket for her papers. The kind I mean is made out of old steels from extenders. You knit worsted over them, you know.'

Si did not know, but he looked as wise as possible.

'I was to make it as a favor, not for pay,' the girl went on, 'and at home, evenings. I liked doing it; but the steels were too long. I had to break most of them, and it gave me a felon on my thumb. I can't use it yet to sew with, and I can't do anything but sew. That woman knew how I got it, but she never offered to help me at all. She dismissed me and took another girl in my place. Then I couldn't pay my board and they turned me out. I went to a hospital. The doctor said my finger wasn't bad enough to allow them to admit me; he said it would be all right in a month. Well, I have not even anywhere to sleep to-night. I shall have to starve or beg—I will not beg. Now you see that you had better go away and let me finish what I began.'

'That can't be done,' said Si.

Every one who knew Si called him queer. If acting differently from other people under given circumstances is being queer, he certainly was.

As he looked down upon this pale, pretty and assuredly innocent girl, and knew that if he went away and left her she would surely jump into the water, his heart softened toward her as women's do to crying babies. What a dear little thing she was! he thought. What a shame that fate should have used her so! It seemed his duty to take care of her.

'Oh, hang it! I'll get a job on Monday,' he said; 'and everybody tells me that it is as easy for two to live as one. I'll do it.'

Then he turned to the girl and said:

Circumstances alter cases. It's a queer kind of courtship, but I like you. I guess you could like me if you tried. Will you marry me? I'll get work on Monday, I'm sure. I've got half a dollar. Come to the minister with me, and be married and I'll take care of you after this.'

What the girl said was:

'Oh, my! Why, I never heard of such a thing. What would people say?'

'People will not know—it's our own business. I think you'll make a good wife,' returned Si. 'You need taking care of the worst way. Think about it."

He left her alone and walked up and down. She looked at him—and Si was handsome. He looked at her and thought again that she was the sweetest little thing he had ever seen. He smiled and really, she smiled too. He went back and sat down beside her,

'Guess we'll go to the minister,' he said.

'Well, you don't know the least thing about me,' she said, and I can't see how you can like me enough.'

'I can't see either,' he admitted, 'but I do like you better than I ever liked any other girl.'

'I feel that way to you,' she said.

And then they walked to the house of the minister, who was willing to take his fee in thanks and give them his blessing into the bargain.

And Si and Annie were husband and wife.

On Monday Si Collins went forth to search for work, rather more anxiously than before, and I am sorry to say he found none.

He remained away all day and returned home in very low spirits.

Annie had prepared supper. She had cooked two red herrings at Mrs. Romey's fire, and set the candle stand with a cloth, on which he had placed two wooden pie plates and two tin cups. The bread was sliced nicely and a 'drawing of tea, had been made in a pitcher.'

The room was tidy, the window shone, and Annie looked happy.

Si began to be cheerful again.

'To be sure I have not had luck to-day but it will come to-morrow,' he said, as he sat down to supper.

Annie looked very pretty on the other side of the tiny table.

'If only a man could be sure of a good living,' Si thought, 'he would be much happier married than single.

After tea Annie cleared away the things, and Si went out on the stair-case with his pipe while she did so. He believed that women disliked smoke, but knew that Annie would never admit the fact.

As he sat there, wondering where he should go to look for work the next day, a gentleman came stumbling up the dark stairs.

'I am looking for a Mr. Si Collins,' he said.

'That's my name,' said Si.

'You are a married man, sir?' asked the gentleman.

'Yes, sir,' said Si. 'I've been married about two days, if that will do.'

'Ah—you are the right man, and its your wife I want, said the gentleman.

Si's heart sank.

'What do you want her for?' he asked, thinking only of misfortune.

'To ask a few questions,' said the gentleman.

'We have very small quarters,' said Si; 'but come in.'

He pushed open the door of the tiny room, but before he could speak Annie ran forward with outstretched hands.

'Mr. Cummings!' she cried.

'Yes, Mr. Cummings, Annie,' said the gentleman. 'I've been looking for you for six months. I really began to believe you dead, when I met an old friend of mine, a clergyman, and happening to speak of my fruitless mission, he told me that he had married a young lady of your name on Saturday. Farewell is not a common name, though Annie is, and as the Rev. Mr. Darrow had learned your husband's place of residence, I came here to see if the bride were by any chance my lost heiress. I find that she is.'

'Ash eiress!' cried Annie.

'Yes, my dear,' said Mr. Cummings. 'Your stepmother represented you as having been sent to boarding school, and it was only on taking the property in charge again at her death, which occurred six months ago, that we discovered how you had been hsed. You should have come at once to your father's lawyers. The rights of your stepmother in the property ended with her life. And though she gave a good deal of cash to her second husband, you are still very rich, and have only to take possession of your property in regular form.

'It is like a dream,' said Annie. 'I am glad papa did not forget me; that was the worst thought I had to bear.'

'And I shouldn't wonder if this fortune was acceptable just now,' said Mr. Cummings, as he took his leave.

But Si stood silent after he had gone, and his face was very grave. At last he said:

'Well, Annie, are you sorry that you married me now? I had no idea I was a fortune-hunter.'

'Si,' cried Annie, 'I should be lying dead if it were not for you. Or, if I had been saved and sent to prison, perhaps Mr. Cummings never would have found me. It all came about because you were so generous to poor little me, whom most men would have suspected of being a very wicked girl; and all my life I shall spend in trying to repay you. Sorry? Oh, no, Si. Already, though I have been your wife such a little while, I care a great deal more for you than I could for any fortune, and we shall be so happy on the old place, with plenty to live upon.'

They were.—*Family Story Paper.*

A boy stood on the burning deck,
Unwisely, too, 'tis said.
For, with the fast approaching flame,
His elders quickly fled,
So, many how in peril stand,
Unmindful of their fate,
Till, step by step, Grim Death comes on
And then, alas! too late!
Far wiser, surely, would it seem,
When his approach we see,
With "Pierce's Pellets" well in hand
To vanquish old "G. D."

Pierce's Pleasant Pellets have remarkable power to correct all physical derangements, thus warding off disease that would surely follow. Purely vegetable, pleasant to take, perfectly harmless! With a little forethought, they'll be a present help in time of need—cheating the doctor and robbing the grave! As a Liver Pill, they are unequaled. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One a dose as a laxative, three or four as a cathartic. Tiny, sugar-coated granules, in vials; 25 cents.

For the SPECTATOR.

Rest And Unrest.

There are few phases of civilized life more eccentric than the untiring and ceaseless hum of bustle which is the outward and audible expression of the industry which we are taught to reverence. From the very beginning the turmoil of life, as we have made it, strikes upon our ears. As it is in the beginning, so is it later on, and as it continues to be until it is time for these same sounds of the age to pipe us out of the world with a requiem that differs not a jot from the cheerful orchestra which welcomed us into it.

A certain measure of activity is wholly natural. The savage had to hunt for his supper; kill other savages to save himself from being killed; and fight his brethren in order to secure for himself the wife whom they also were eager to place upon their respective hearths as the jewel of their cave establishments. But there is a profound difference between this occasional activity of the savage and the methodical, unresting activity of the average man of our day. His was brisk movement toward a goal, for the attainment of which he had to exercise his bodily faculties in a way that educated them with amazing celerity. With us it is much otherwise. Machinery has no little to answer for, as a clog of arrest of the development of some of the best of our faculties. A century ago the average citizen was surely a man of more stalwart mind than his descendant of to-day.—That this falling off in one direction commensurates with progress in another direction, is inevitable. The wealth of the nation is greater; the individual's sense of individuality and personal strength in strife with the world is less.

It is with no intention of prefering an indictment of a capital kind against the inventors of modern machinery that we make this statement. He who runs may read the merits as well as the demerits of such inventions. But it is too much the fashion with those good, easy, conventional moralists, who have the ear of the public, to insist upon the merits and to disregard the defects. It were honester to consider the other side of the question; and it were also better for those of us who are interested in this rivalry of animated iron and steel, and who are unconscious of the mental decadence with which we are in consequence threatened. There are school boards, it may be protested, to check this menace of degradation. But such education is really of an erratic kind, and does not make atonement in the right direction.

Which is the nobler kind of man: he who, for eight or nine hours a day, feeds the maw of a machine, that it may do the work which formerly came from human hands and the human intelligence; or he, who, far from the whirr of wheels and the screech of steam whistles, tends his own small flock, shears his sheep, milks his kine, makes his own bread and butter, and vestments, and cultivates his small, but adequate patch of grain-land, owns a boat and wrestles with the sea for its own treasures; who builds his own house, keeps it in repair, and rears within its homely walls four or five offsprings as sturdy and independent as himself? Can there be any doubt as to the verdict?

The one man is an automaton. His wife, if he have a wife, is in several essential particulars a better man than he.—Her work, unlike his, is of a kind that tests the abilities, and through the test enlarges them. He is but the subordinate of a machine. She is a responsible entity, who is taught by experience that her actions are of more moment than his. His work wearies, but does not teach him. She grows wiser and more capable every day.

The slave of the machine, when he rests, does but take breath that he may subsequently the better perform the behests of his tyrannical master. But the countryman is never thus idle. He goes from his kine to his flocks, from his boat to his barns; and his every diverse employment is, at the same time, a repose and a development.

As we grow wiser and richer—it is to be hoped our progress in wealth and wisdom will be a parallel progress—it is probable that we shall come to view this need of perfect rest seriously. Among the myriad other institutions which our benevolence and the complexity of our civilization will are long have raised in our midst, we shall then, it may be, include "Houses of Rest for Faded Minds." Why should it not be so? We provide cabmen, who are already the proprietors of rainproof cabs, with shelter; and dogs, who much prefer a life of unconstrained vagabondage, with luxurious asylums. Is not the nations' mind of more import than cabmen and discontented dogs? And truly it is no very great exaggeration to say that the national intellect is likely to be menaced with a sort of paralysis, an actual enfeeblement, by the pace it has to run, and the variety of contortions it has to suffer in its course.

For the rich there are already a multitude of resources akin to this remedy suggested for the national benefit. Hydropathic and other establishments do good work in their way, and a thousand watering places recreate their hundreds of thousands. But for the millions, whose purses sigh at the impossibility of more than a day's holiday, or more than two or three days' abstention from labor, what resource is there?

Perhaps after awhile it may occur to us to take this matter in hand. Worse schemes have been set before the public, and have been received with approbation.

NAIRNE.

With health and beauty laden,
A rich and priceless thing,
To woman, pale and wasted,
My precious gift I bring.

Such the object and such the mission of woman's valued friend, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Don't let unreasonable prejudice prevent you from sharing the health and beauty proffered, in good faith, by this most excellent Remedy! None of the almost countless weaknesses and diseases peculiar to women, but that readily yield to its magical power! Manufactured, recommended, sold through druggists, and *guaranteed* by the world's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., to give satisfaction, in every case, or money paid for it cheerfully refunded.

GIGANITC MONSTERS

A Most Wonderful Collection of Prehistoric Animals

SECURED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

MINES OF HUGE FOSSILS FOUND IN THE WEST. WHY THE GOVERNMENT HAS DUG THEM OUT—TO GO TO WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, July 9.—Three weeks from now will be started for Washington the most extraordinary procession of animals ever seen upon the face of the earth, upon which the ghosts of Barnum and Forepaugh might gaze with as wide-eyed astonishment as ever the spectacle of their united shows excited in the innocent minds of rural adolescence. In this wonderful procession will be gigantic reptiles as big as goodsized houses, some of them 100 feet in length, flying dragons with a 25-foot spread of wings, huge birds with teeth, mammals two or three times as great in size as elephants, sharks as large as the hugest whales, other fishes clad in mighty plates of armor and countless specimens more of equal strangeness and enormous dimensions, such as actually inhabited the world before man arrived in it. For nine years past the government has been digging up and putting together the skeletons of these strange creatures, and now the vast collection at present stored in New Haven, Conn., is being got ready for shipment by rail to the national museum. The whole of it would occupy fully one-half of that institution's building here, so only a portion is to be immediately forwarded, the rest to follow as soon as quarters have been established by congress for its accommodation.

The business of digging for these tremendous fossils is carried on pretty much like any other mining. In various parts of the west there are great deposits of them, into which the scientific enthusiasts eagerly delve for relics of an epoch thousands of centuries old. One of their chosen hunting grounds is the region between the Rockies and the Wasatch mountains. Ages ago the upheaval of these hills by geologic action cut off the portion of what had been sea between these ranges from the ocean, and the water thus shut away formed many big lakes. A typical one of this sort existed in Wyoming, and around it the mighty antediluvian mammals gathered in herds to crop the succulent and luxuriant vegetation of what was then a tropical climate in that region. They died natural deaths, or became mired in the mud when they went to drink, and the sediment slowly deposited in the water covered up their bones and preserved them from decay. This sediment reached a mile in thickness, holding between its layers these ancient skeletons, distributed like currants through a cake. At length the water, draining off, left the land dry, and, in the case of the Wyoming lake referred to subsequent floods washed away much of the sediment previously deposited, leaving what are now called "Bad Lands," picturesque with cliffs, peaks and columns carved out in fantastic shapes and of variegated coloring.

Through such a region the scientific explorer has gone with his eyes as wide open for fossils as the gold hunter keeps his for the shining metal. If from the face of some rocky cliff he chances to see a bone project, exposed by the action of water that has cut away the hillside, he sets a party of men to quarrying with drill, blast and pickaxe until whatever is there in the way of remains has been taken out. Possibly some great deposit of prehistoric monsters may be struck in this way, in which case the find is kept as secret as possible, being regarded by the discoverer as his private mine. If he give it away rival paleontologists would rush to the spot and dig out all the animals for their own study and glory. Professor O. C. Marsh, who directed the gathering of the government collection referred to has such mines of his own all over the west, from which he can draw to order the most astonishing variety of gigantic creatures. He made the remark the other day that there was one small valley he knew of where relics of the ancient mosasaurus were so plentiful that, passing through it recently, he noticed the skeletons of six of those mighty swimming lizards, each 80 feet in length, in sight at one time.

For years the government has been engaged in excavating these bones, which are now to make part of what is destined to be the greatest zoological show on earth.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

There are those who are morbidly anxious about their health, watching every symptom and dosing themselves on the slightest provocation. There are others who never give the matter a thought, but permit real symptoms to lapse into the certainties of disease. Between these two extremes the wise man steers—never unduly anxious, and yet not permitting genuine symptoms to develop. He knows that delays are dangerous, and he knows, moreover, that the medicine most likely to be effective is that which goes straight to the seats of disease, and tones up the digestive organs, strengthens the system and purifies the blood. He takes a few doses of S. S. S., and soon finds that all the symptoms have disappeared, and that he is in a better condition than ever. The great vegetable remedy has no rival.

[From the Lynchburg News.]

HOPE DARE

Continues Her Talks to Girls—Some Pertinent and Practical Suggestions.

Girls, now that you are out of the school room, the world's eye is on you, and there are those who will deny your rights, or at least try to keep you in ignorance as to what those rights really are. I want to enlighten you. In the first place each one of you holds the indisputable, inalienable right to be a lady; at all times and in all places a lady. If any one seeks to dispute this by making occasion, particularly in public places, for loud talking, boisterous laughter or heydeish manners, let them see at once that you intend to maintain your rights. "Modesty is a quality that highly adorns a woman," and this time-honored maxim may find expression elsewhere than in the copy books.

You have as much right to vigorous health and strength, nerve and muscle, as your brother has, just as much. The oxygen of the open air is as free to you as to him. Avail yourself of it. Learn to ride and climb, jump and run, wade and swim, just as he does. You can do all these things and yet not be a Tom-boy. Go fishing if you choose, only keep away from human pools. Catch as many mountain trout as you like, but let the men go free. They are as slippery as eels and may escape the hook, but even if they stick fast, how do you know you haven't caught a minnow or a sheep's head after all? In this wonderful, progressive nineteenth century *men are Scarce*, Plenty of shams who carry the name, plenty of good-for nothings, plenty of idlers, but men—made after the image and likeness of God—are few, few as the grapes of the vine after the vintage.

You have the right to take up some noble life work and pursue it to the end. Useful employment is not only a privilege but a duty.

Employment, employment, oh that is enjoyment,
There is nothing like something to do.
Heart and hand occupation is health and salvation,
A secret that's known but to few.

Never allow father's purse or mother's indulgence to be the excuse for neglect of this duty; and as a partner in business adopt system. You'll find it the most helpful and reliable partner you can possibly have. Indeed the absence of it in any undertaking brings only [illegible] and worry, [illegible] each golden h[illegible] [illegible] tion and ch[illegible]

At set of Sun,
You count the actions you have done

let each day show the record of some little service rendered to others—some little deed of kindness that like a sunbeam has strayed into another's life and brightened another's heart in His name.

You have the right to devote as much time to reading and study as can be spared from household occupations and the legitimate claims of society, and you will find that a close intimacy with *the right sort of books* will open an exhaustless fountain of enjoyment for you and widen your field of knowledge in a measure of which you little dream. Books furnish a source of pleasure often when other sources are not available, therefore by all means cultivate a fondness for such books as bring you in contact with the greatest and best minds. The hours that girls waste now-a-days on the flippant, misguiding and often positively hurtful novels of the day is simply deplorable. It is like a child devouring sweets until all taste for wholesome food becomes vitiated. The mind, like the body, grows upon what it absorbs. Give it healthy food and it will grow and expand healthfully; give it low diet and it will become depraved and dwarfed accordingly. You have the right to consult your father and mother about every thing that concerns you. Few girls are Solomons in wisdom, and what a blessing to have those near you to whom your happiness is dear, and to whom you may go with all your little perplexities, confident of being guided in the right and safe direction. Believe me girls you cannot value the privilege too highly, and that girl is never safe who holds a secret from her mother.

In my next letter I will remind you of another important right—the right to marry.

CATARRH IN NEW ENGLAND.

Ely's Cream Balm gives satisfaction to every one using it for catarrhal troubles.—G. R. Mellor, Druggist, Worcester, Mass.

I believe Ely's Cream Balm is the best article for catarrh ever offered the public. Bush & Co., Druggists, Worcester, Mass.

An article of real merit.—C. P. Alden, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.

Those who use it speak highly of it.—Geo. A. Hill, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.

Cream Balm has given satisfactory results. W. P. Draper, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.

The Old Stonewall Brigade.

[The following appeared in the *Illustrated News*, published in Richmond in Confederate times, and was written before the opening of the campaign in the spring of 1863, and after the Stonewall Brigade had seen service in two campaigns.]

"*The Old Stonewall Brigade!* What a host of thoughts, memories and emotions do these words excite! How like a call to the charge sounds the simple mention of the famous band! These veterans have fought and bled and conquered on so many battle fields, that memory grows weary almost of recalling their glories. Gathering around Jackson in the old days of Patterson in the Valley, when Stuart had but a handful of cavalry to watch the whole border, and Ashby, our dead hero, was a simple captain,—they held in check an enemy twenty times their number, and were moulded by the hand of their great leader into that stern phalanx which no bayonet could break, and no odds intimidate. They were boys and old men, the humblest of the sons of toil, and the flower of the land—but united, trained, and looking with supreme confidence to their Commander.

"And then commenced their long career of glory—their wonderful marches over thousands of miles—their incessant combats against odds that seemed overpowering—their contempt of snow and rain, and cold and hunger, and want of rest. The soul of their leader seemed to have entered into every breast—and 'Stonewall's Band' became the terror of the enemy. To meet that enemy, was to conquer him, it might almost be said, so obstinately did the eagles of victory continue to perch upon the old battle-flag. The laws of the human body seemed to have been reversed for these men. They marched, and fought, and triumphed like war machines, which felt no need of rest, or food, or sleep.

"In one day they marched from Harper's Ferry to Strasburg, nearly fifty miles. On the advance to Romney they walked—many without shoes—over roads so slippery with ice that men were falling and their guns going off all along the column—and at night lay down, without blankets, on the snow, with no camp-fires and no food.

"At the first great battle of Manassas they were nearly starved, but fought with desperation. At the last battle there I saw them by the road side, where they had halted, and one of my friends, a brave young officer of the command, thanked me for a biscuit.

"The very rapidity of their marches separates them from all soldier comforts—often from their very blankets, however cold the weather; and any other troops but these and their Southern comrades would long since have mutinied and demanded bread and rest. But the shadow of disaffection never flitted over forehead in that command. Whatever discontent may be felt at times at the want of attention on the part of subordinate officers to their necessities, the 'long roll' has only to be beaten—they have only to see the man in the old faded uniform appear, and hunger, cold, fatigue are forgotten. The Old Brigade is ready—'Here!' is the answer to the roll call, all along the line—and though the eye is dull from want of food and rest, the arm is strong, and the bayonet is sharp and bright. Before those bayonets no foe shall stand—to pass them, is to advance over the bodies of dead heroes, grasping the trusty musket, even in death.

The campaigns of the Valley; the great flank movement of the Chickahominy; the masterly advance upon Manassas in the rear of Pope—these are the fadeless glories of the Old Brigade. Their path has been strewed all over with battles. Incredible have been their marches; countless their combats—almost always against overpowering numbers. The scythe of death has mown down whole ranks of them; but the Old Brigade still marches on, and fights and conquers. The war-worn veterans still confront the foe, though the thinned ranks tell the tale of their glories and their losses. Many brave souls have poured out their blood and fallen; but they are conquerors, and more than conquerors, in the world's great eye. The comrades of these heroes hold their memories sacred, and have offered bloody sacrifices to their manes.—'Steady! Close up!' were the last words echoed in the dying ears—and the aim of these survivors was only more steady, the charge with the bayonet more deadly.

"Those survivors may be pardoned if they tell their children, when the war is ended, that they fought under Jackson, in the 'Old Stonewall Brigade.' They may be pardoned even if they boast of their exploits—their wonderful marches—their constant and desperate combats—the skill and nerve which snatched victory from the jaws of defeat, and, even when they were retiring before overwhelming numbers, made it truly better that the foe had 'ne'er been born,' than meet their bayonet charge.

"In speaking of this veteran legion, 'praise is virtue.' Their history is blazoned all over with glory. They are 'happy names, beloved children'—the favorites of fame, if not of fortune. In their dingy uniforms, lying stretched beneath the pines, or by the roadside, they are the mark of many eyes which see them not—the absorbing thought in the breast of beauty, and the idols of the popular heart. In line before the enemy, with their bristling bayonets, they are the terror of the foe, and the lifeguard of their dear old mother, Virginia.

"The heart that does not thrill at sight of the worn veterans, is cold indeed. To him who writes, they present a spectacle noble and heroic; and their old tattered, ball-pierced flag is the sacred ensign of liberty.

"The [illegible] and all about them is familiar to me. I have seen them going into action—after fighting four battles in five days—with the regularity and well-dressed front of holiday soldiers on parade. There was no straggling, no lagging—every man stood at his work, and advanced with the steady tramp of the true soldier. The ranks were thin, and the faces travel-worn, but the old flag floated in the winds of the Potomac as defiantly as on the banks of the Shenandoah. The bullet-torn ensign might have been written all over, on both sides, with the names of battles—and the list have then been incomplete. Manassas, Winchester, Kernstown, Front Royal, Port Republic, Cold Harbour, Malvern Hill, Slaughter Mountain, Bristow Station, Groveton—Ox Hill, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, were to follow. And these were but the larger names upon the roll of their glory. The numberless engagements of minor character are omitted—but in these I have mentioned they appear to the world, and sufficiently vindicate their claim to the title of heroes.

"I seemed to see these great names as the Old Brigade advanced that day; and my whole heart went to greet them. Every heart that is true to our great cause, and loves its defenders, will do as much.

"For these men of the Old Stonewall Brigade have been brave among the bravest—with their noble comrades of Gen. Jackson's corps, they have turned the tide of battle upon many hard fought fields.

"They have 'done well for the Republic'—and let their names be honored. Let the public salutation greet them—salutation by the lip and pen, no less than by the heart—meet them and greet them, and call them glorious—children of glory marching on to the Pantheon of Fame, in a great and peaceful land!

When you feel uncomfortable about the stomach take Simmons Liver Regulator.

The Number Seven in the Bible.

On the seventh day God ended his work.
On the seventh month Noah's ark touched ground.
In seven days a dove was sent.
Abraham pleaded seven times for Sodom.
Jacob mourned seven days for Joseph.
Jacob served seven years for Rachel.
And yet another seven years more.
Jacob was pursued a seven days' journey by Laban.
A plenty of seven years and a famine of seven years were foretold in Pharaoh's dream by seven fat and seven lean beasts and seven ears of full and seven ears of blasted corn.
On the seventh day of the seventh month the children of Israel fasted seven days and remained in their tents.
Every seven years the land rested.
Every seventh year the law was read to the people.
In the destruction of Jericho, seven persons bore seven trumpets seven days. On the seventh day they surrounded the walls seven times