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Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS, $2.00 A YEAR.

If discontinued before payment, the rate of $3 per annum will be charged.

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# Staunton Spectator.

VOL. 69. STAUNTON, VA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1892. NO. 31.

Staunton Spectator.

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

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## CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Trinity Episcopal church, Main street, between Lewis and Church streets. Services at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Rector, Rev. W. Q. Hullhen.

United Brethren church, Lewis street, between Main and Johnson streets. Services at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Pastor, Rev. J. D. Donovan.

Methodist church, Lewis street, between Main and Frederick streets. Services at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Pastor, Rev. J. T. Williams.

Christ Evangelical Lutheran church, Lewis street, between Main and Frederick streets. Services at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Pastor, Rev. H. F. Shealy.

Baptist church, corner Main and Washington streets. Services at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Pastor, Rev. W. J. E. Cox.

Second Presbyterian church corner Frederick and Lewis streets. Services at 11 a. m., and 7.30, Pastor, Rev. Wm. Cumming.

St. Francis Roman Catholic, North Augusta street, Mass at 7 and 10.30 a. m. Vespers and benediction of Most Blessed Sacrament at 4 p. m. Pastor, Rev. Father McVerry.

Young Men's Christian Association, corner Main and Water streets. Services at 4 p. m. Sunday.

## DIRECTORY OF LODGES.

MASONIC LODGE.

Staunton Lodge No. 13, A. F. and A. M., meets every second and last Friday night in each month, in Masonic Temple, Main street. Jas. M. Lickliter, W. M; B. A. Eskridge, Sec'y.

UNION ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER.

No. 2, meets third Friday in every month, in Masonic Temple, on Main street. W. W. McGuffin, High Priest; A. A. Eskridge, Sec'y.

ODD FELLOWS' LODGE.

Staunton Lodge, No. 45, I. O. O. F. meets every Thursday night in Odd Fellows' Hall, over Wayt's drug store, on Main street. John C. Fretwell, Noble Grand; C. A. Crafton, Sec'y.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR LODGE.

Staunton Lodge, No. 756, Knights of Honor, meets every first and third Tuesday in each month, in Pythian Hall, Main street. W. L. Olivier, Dictator; W. A. Burnett, Recorder.

MOUNTAIN CITY LODGE.

No. 116, I. O. G. T., meets every Friday night in their lodge room over Wayt's drug store, on Main street. Jas. Blackburn, Chief Templar; F. B. Kennedy, Sec'y.

DISTRICT LODGE.

No. 22, I. O. G. T., meets every three months. J. W. Campbell, D. C. T.; Geo. H. Baker, District Secretary.

ROYAL ARCANUM.

Augusta Council, No. 490, Royal Arcanum, meets every second and fourth Tuesday in the month, at Pythian Hall, Main street. W. W. Robertson, Regent; Jos. B. Woodward, Secretary.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Charity Division, M. A., Sons of Temperance, meets every Monday night at Odd Fellows' Hall. W. A. Rapp, Worthy Patriarch; John B. Coffelt, Sec'y.

UNIFORMED RANK, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

J. E. B. Stuart Division, No. 10, meets second and fourth Mondays each month at Pythian Hall. Sir Knight Captain, F. B. Berkley; Sir Knight Recorder, S. H. Rosenbaum.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Valley Lodge, No. 18, K. of P., meets every Monday night at Castle Hall, on West Main street, over Dr. Wayt's drug store. J. T. Long, Chancellor Commander; Albest Shultz, Keeper of Records and Seal.

KNIGHT TEMPLARS.

Staunton Commandery, No. 8, Knights Templar, meets first Friday night in every month, in Masonic Temple, on Main street. W. B. McChesney, Eminent Commander; A. A. Eskridge, Recorder.

REMOVAL OF THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN'S RESTAURANT!

The undersigned have removed their Ladies and Gentlemen's Restaurant to the Hurley Building on the corner of Main and Lewis Streets, where they hope their old patrons will call upon them as heretofore, as they will be better prepared to accommodate them. They will take regular boarders, to a number of whom they can furnish lodging or rent rooms as well as board at cheap rates. Remember the place—Hurley Building, second story, corner Main and Lewis Streets.
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feb 3rd

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Act Directly on the Liver.
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They cure all diseases like magic. Get the right kind. SELLERS' LIVER PILLS. Sold by druggists. Send for circular.
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CURES HEADACHE. CURES HEADACHE. CURES HEADACHE.

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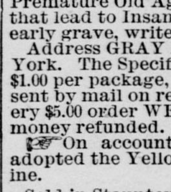


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IF YOU SUFFER from Nervous Debility, Weakness of Body and Mind, Spermatorrhea, and Impotency, and all diseases that arise from over indulgence and self-abuse, as Loss of Memory and Power, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and an early grave, write for our phamphlet.

Address GRAY MEDICINE CO., Buffalo, New York. The Specific is sold by all druggists at $1.00 per package, or six packages for $5.00, or sent by mail on receipt of money, and with every $5.00 order WE GUARANTEE a cure or money refunded.

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LOCAL AND INTERNAL TREATMENT.

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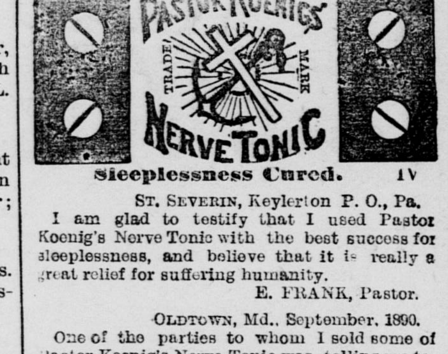


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I am glad to testify that I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with the best success for sleeplessness, and believe that it is really a great relief for suffering humanity.
E. FRANK, Pastor.

Oldtown, Md., September, 1890.
One of the parties to whom I sold some of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic was telling me today that he had suffered from great dizziness and pain through his whole body. After using one bottle he was entirely cured.
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My wife suffered for a number of years from violent nervousness and spent hundreds of dollars for doctors and medicine, but all to no avail. After taking only two bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic her trouble has subsided.
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## AUNTIE'S DIARY.

*Thomas Frost, in Harper's Bazar.*

Auntie Jane has got a story, written in a di'ry book,
Locked up in her saratogy. Yesterday I found a hook
And a key a-hangin' on it. She was driving out with dad,
So I went and read the story, and it's awful, awful sad!

If you give me that big marble, Joim, I'll tell you what I read;
But you mustn't talk about it, on'y when we go to bed.
Cross your thumbs and say you'll never tell Bill Marks, or Ted, or Sue,
'Cos if auntie heard about it, why, you know what dad 'ud do!

Well, she'd uster go a courtin', just like me and Polly Rand;
Her folks lived in Pennsylvania; he'd a farm in Maryland.
There was scarce a mile between em—them two States near disagreed,
'Cos ole Pennzy thought as Mar'land was a-goin' to secede.

Dave, he was so big and noble (prettier than you and I),
'Cos she says so in the story, and she wouldn't write a lie.
And he'd uster come and see her Saturday and We'nesday nights,
And they'd sit in grandpa's arbor, whisperin' in the soft moonlight.

There's a page that's awful scribble—bet she wrote it very fast—
And the on'y thing that's plain is, "Dear ole Dave's perposed at last!"
Then there comes a lot of crosses—meanin' kisses—fifty odd,
With a copy of a letter that I guess she sent to God.

Askin' Him to keep a-watchin', just to see he don't go wrong—
'Cos us men folks can't be faithful to a sweetheart very long—
Tellin' God she wouldn't swop him if the wide world she could search.
Oh, it starts out like a circus, but it ends up like a church!

Well, one day some Marylanders backs their ears and wants to bite,
And at Baltimore they killed some Fed'rals goin' to the fight.
Dave was just a-huggin' auntie when they heard tremenjus cheers
From some Mar'land chaps as come out plump for Sourthron volunteers.

"Dave," says auntie, "if you love me, and they's goin' to be a muss,
Course you won't fight in the wrong, dear, but will stay and fight with us."
Dave, he turns as white as Chris'mas, for just then a distant band
Plays so awful soft and pretty, "Maryland, my Maryland!"

Then he kissed her, oh, so offen, and he cried and said good-by;
But she says she was too proud to let him see *her* go and cry.
But they's somethin' on the pages—Jim, my throat's a-gettin' sore!
Hey! now you just stop that blubbin'; what are you a-cryin' for?

So next day he j'ined the rebels—went to fight just as he thought;
And our auntie stopped a-prayin'—didn't say 'em as she'd ought.
Guess she reckoned God might fancy, if for Dave she went and prayed,
That she wanted Him to look out for the rest of the brigade.

One hot day the Southron army crossed the border line so grand;
Forty milion trumpets playin' "Maryland, my Maryland!"
And a sojer told poor auntie, Dave had fallen in the fight,
And had sent her this last message, "True to what he thought the right!"

Then she started in a-prayin', just as if she'd never stop—
Prayed right down the hull Church Service then went back 'gin to the top.
And she actiwally prayed for blessin's on each Southron gun.
But the long delay was fatal, for the North went in and won.

P'r'aps he'd made a decent uncle, Jim, for such as you and me;
But I can't feel quite as sorry as I s'pose I'd oughter be.
And about them prayers of auntie's—I keep thinkin' more and more
That it's lucky for the Union she didn't pray before!

## THE DEACON'S MISFIT.

'I do wish,' exclaimed Mrs. Deacon Appleby, 'that everything wouldn't allus come in a heap!'

'Wall, wall, Samantha, don't fret,' said the deacon, who sat in a corner mending a 'holdback,' which had broken while driving home from town that afternoon.

'I guess if somebody didn't fret things would get wuss than they be now, for of all the procastinatin' critters you beat the wust of 'em! The idea of your waitin' till Saturday afore you went to town to get them clothes, and not a thing to put on your back for Sunday!'

'No use stewin' about that, now that I've been and got back and bought the clothes,' said the deacon, his temper not the least ruffled by the lashing of his consort's rather sharp tongue.

'You've bought 'em, but they ain't here,' returned the good woman.

'I couldn't wait for 'em to be fixed. The misfit parlor man said that they allus cal'lated to have the goods a perfect, bang up, nobby fit afore he delivered 'em to customers. Lucky, Samantha, that I see that advertisement of the misfit parlors, for there you can get custom-made goods at ready-made prices!'

'You picked up a good many slang words for one trip to town, it seems to me,' said Mrs. Appleby, amid a great clatter of teakettle and other domestic utensils upon the kitchen stove.

'Them 'ere ain't slang. They're terms that belong to the trade,' explained the deacon.

'Wall, I dunno what a suit o' clo'es 'll amount to ye, with you in one town and they in another; s'posin' they don't come?'

'I could wear a shawl o' yourn to meetin' and have it given out from the pulpit with the rest of the church notices that I'd got a new outfit somewheres on the way,' suggested the deacon with a humorous twist of his lips, which always had a smile lurking about them ready to spring into visible existence.

'I wouldn't make sport out of sacred subjects if I was in your place,' said Samantha, with unabated asperity.

The current of debate was turned at this point by the appearance of Doris, whose 20 years of life had developed the energetic qualities of her mother with the never-failing good temper of her father—a combination, by the way, which went very well with a sweetly simple manner and a full share of beauty.

'The coach is coming, father,' she announced, 'and I think it brings Mr. Graves, the new minister.'

'For pity's sake!' cried Mrs. Appleby.

'I never thought of it's bein' time for the coach yet,' exclaimed the deacon, hastily thrusting the piece of harness he was mending into a pocket and running over to the sink to wash his hands.

'Doris has got to meet him at the door. I shan't, with this faded caliker on,' said Mrs. Appleby.

'I will meet him, mother, and show him to his room,' said Doris. 'You and father will have time to brush yourselves up a bit before he comes down to supper.' With nothing but sunshine upon her sweet face she adjusted a ribbon at her throat and another at her waist, with the effect of a general change of attire, for it took but little to adorn her simple beauty. Then she opened the door as Mr. Graves alighted from the coach. He was a pleasant faced young man—a student sent there for one Sabbath as a candidate. As yet he had not gained a very ministerial look, especially since he wore a traveling suit of gray, with russet shoes and crush hat.

Doris greeted him with unconscious grace, but he was a little embarrassed.

'If I might tax your kindness so soon,' he said, as he paused in the doorway of the pleasant bedroom to which she conducted him, 'I would like a needle and thread. I caught the sleeve of my coat on the door of the coach and the result is a rent.' And he held up his arm to show the extent of the damage.

'That is too bad, but I can soon mend it for you. I'm afraid,' she added, with her sunny smile, 'that unless you are more nimble with the needle than father is you would have a hard time mending that. It is a dreadful tear and it will show, the best I can do.'

Mr. Graves laughed, and handed her the garment with a grateful look.

'The worst of it is,' he added, 'I had a parcel checked on the cars and the baggage man couldn't find it at the station when I arrived. It contained more suitable garments than these for to-morrow.'

'I hope it is not lost,' said Doris.

'Probably it will be found in time for me to check it back again when I return.'

In the meantime Mrs. Appleby was bustling about in the preparation of tea, and the deacon, having finished mending the harness, was out attending to the chores, which always busied him at that hour.

Six o'clock came; supper was all ready. Still no express bundle arrived for the deacon. It ought to have come on the coach.

Mrs. Appleby became more and more uneasy; even the calm deacon began to brush with his hand the clothes he had on, wondering if they couldn't be made to answer in case his new suit did not come.

But no—they would not do. He had been humiliated enough by being compelled to wear them to town that day. The truth was, his thrifty wife had undertaken a few days before these events to sponge the deacon's clothes with a famous cleansing soap which had been recommended to her.

The soap was indeed effective. It removed all the stains and grease, but at the same time took out every vestige of the original dye wherever the sponge was applied. The result was a generally mottled effect which was so ridiculous that the wearer laughed every time he looked at them.

He had hoped that the new suit would arrive before the young minister came down to supper. But it was a vain hope.

'I guess he'll think we're mortal poor for you to wear them things,' said Mrs. Appleby.

'Mebbe he'll think I'm all the more stiddy for a deacon if I don't pay so much attention to dress, like the world's people,' was the ready reply.

As a matter of fact Mr. Graves did not think of noticing his genial host's attire, and although Mrs. Appleby was 'fidgety' at the table, Doris and her father were pleasant enough to make up for it.

But when 9 o'clock—the deacon's bed-time—came, and Mr. Graves retired for the night, the Applebys looked at each other in dismay.

'Now what d'ye think?' exclaimed Mrs. Appleby.

'Looks as if I had got to stay at home from meetin' to-morrow or go and wear these here brindled trousers,' said the deacon, with a rather dismal smile.

'If it only wasn't wicked to pretend to be ill and not to go,' said Doris faintly.

'But it is wicked,' asserted the father.

'Jest as I expected 'twould turn out when you came home without the new clo'es, said Mrs. Appleby.

'I don't see how I could help it. They needed fixin' over, and I knew you'd scold if I asked you to do it with so little time.'

'You oughter got 'em the fust of the week, as I told ye to. It all comes of your procrastinatin' that I'm allus tellin' ye about.'

'There is somebody at the door this minute,' cried Doris, and she flew to answer the knock.

The boy stood on the step with a bundle.

'Express for the deacon,' explained the lad. "Carried on by t'other train, and come back on the one from the West. Dad told me to fetch it right up, as ye might be wanting of it!"

'There, there, Samantha!' cried the deacon, holding the bundle exultingly close to the good lady's face, in rather an aggravating manner. 'Now, what comes of all your talk? Here are the clo'es, and they sent 'em jest as they said they would.'

Samantha relented in spirit, as she usually did after the worry of the day was over, and so they retired in peace.

The deacon would have liked to try on his purchase before going to bed, but it occurred to him that that would appear like boyish impatience, so he contented himself with tearing a hole in the wrapping paper and obtaining a glimpse of the dark goods through the opening.

In the morning, for some unaccountable reason, the Applebys all overslept, and when the deacon and his energetic wife arose they found that they had a narrow margin of time in which to do the ordinary morning work of a farm, which can not be omitted even on the Sabbath.

This tended to irritate Samantha, and even the deacon found it hard to keep his Sunday countenance during a hastily prepared breakfast. Mr. Graves was a little anxious over the coming ordeal of preaching, for the second time in his experience, a regular written sermon.

'We'll be late, just as sure as the world!' said Mrs. Appleby for the dozenth time after Mr. Graves had gone to his room for a half hour of meditation.

'Time enough, mother. Don't fret,' said the deacon.

'But you've got your clo'es to change yet, and no knowin' whether they'll come within a rod of fittin' ye,' persisted Mrs. Appleby.

'I'll resk it. I'll wear 'em anyway, fit or no fit,' said the deacon impatiently.

'I will hitch up the horse for you, father, so you can have more time,' said Doris.

'That's a good gal! I wish ye would, for I declare that I hate to have ter hustle around so like a house afire Sunday morning.'

Mr. Graves came down ready to start. Mrs. Appleby tried to entertain him with becoming topics before meeting, while the deacon was getting ready. Doris came in and said the team was at the door.

Still Deacon Appleby did not put in an appearance. His wife fidgeted. Doris became uneasy, and Dr. Graves looked at his watch.

'What in the name of natur' can that man be a doin'?' exclaimed Mrs. Appleby at last.

She started to go and see, when the door opened and Deacon Appleby came in. His face was very red, and there was a queer pucker about his lips as though he were suppressing an inclination to laugh.

'Good land!' ejaculated Mrs. Appleby.

'Why, father!' Doris exclaimed.

Mr. Graves stared at the apparition in the doorway, then looked down at his own slim length, and back again at the ample figure of his host, while his pale cheeks became almost as red as the deacon's.

'Got the hoss ready?' ventured the latter.

'Yes, fatherr But—'

'Wall, we hain't much time to spare. Ye see that—' The good man was on the point of making an explanation, but checked himself and began, with short, cautious steps to cross the room, adding: 'Come, come, if the hoss is all ready.'

A more ridiculous figure than that cut by the deacon it would be hard to find. He had put on his new suit of clothes. They were made of dark goods of fine quality. But the legs were several inches too short, and so tight that they set like the costume of a circus performer. The coat was equally short, and to introduce the buttons to their respective button-holes would have been an impossibility. And every moment the deacon made a vain attempt to stretch the too economical waistcoat down to cover a zone of white shirt and suspender buttons betwixt that garment and the trousers.

'What in the world did you buy them for?' gasped Samantha in the deacon's ear, when they were seated beside each other on the forward seat of the beach wagon.

'Don't say a word, please don't, and mebbe there won't nobody notice it!' was the hurried response.

'Not notice 'em!' echoed Mrs. Appleby.

'There's a pesky mistake, unless the clothes shrunk tremendously after I left them,' said the deacon.

At the meeting house the latter glided into a pew near the door partially unobserved, after the services were begun; and in perspiring misery he sat through the hour of worship, and until all were gone but his family, when he was aroused by a touch upon his arm. It was the boy who had brought the express bundle the evening before, and he had another bundle now.

'Dad didn't see this one when he sent me up last night, and so I fetched it here, knowing you always was ter meeting," said the boy, handing over another bundle.

'What have you there, father?' Doris exclaimed, noticing the bundle hugged under his arm.

'Oh, yes—I forgot—but it's your'n, I guess,' he stammered, giving it to Mr. Graves.

The latter looked at it and shook his head.

'I think not. Mine was longer and in plain wrapping.'

The deacon stared at the bundle which was returned to his charge, and the words 'Misfit Parlors' in large letters swam before his gaze.

On the way home Mr. Graves and Doris did all the talking. The deacon went into the house with the bundle, and the first thing he did was to open it.

'Wall, I do vum!' he exclaimed, holding up coat and trousers, which were certainly a fit for himself. 'Them are the clothes I bought!'

'Then whose are those you've been trying to squeeze yourself into, I'd like to know?' asked Mrs. Appleby.

Both glanced toward the doorway. Mr. Graves and Doris stood on the threshold, and both were smiling.

'Father, the parcel which came last night was for Mr. Graves. Those are his clothes which you have on,' laughed Doris.

It hardly seemed like Sunday in a deacon's household, with a minister for a guest, during the next half hour. It would be difficult to say who laughed the hardest, for even Mrs. Appleby joined in it.

'Wall, we'd better swap back, if 'tis the Sabbath,' said the deacon.

Mr. Graves laughingly assented.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Graves remained through his vacation and preached regularly at the little meeting house. With the next term he graduated, was called to the rural parish, and set up his home there, with Doris Appleby to furnish sunshine for him.

### A Sensible Man

Would use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. It is curing more cases of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup and all Throat and Lung Troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized any druggist to give you a Sample Bottle *Free* to convince you of the merit of this great remedy. Large bottles 50c. and $1. march 9-4ts

### How the Chinese Cook Rice.

It is well known that rice is the staple food in a great part of China, and it is not surprising that the Chinese, who do well almost all that they do, should cook rice to perfection. What is surprising is that American cooks should hardly ever prepare it properly, for the cooking is very simple. The directions, by a Chinese gourmand, are as follows: Wash the rice twice in cold water. The first washing removes dust and dirt; the second removes a thin outside layer of rice starch. Put it in the pan, more than cover it with water and boil till it is half done. Drain off the water and let it steam slowly for thirty minutes. Each grain will then be cooked, snow white, and separate from its fellows, very different from the pasty mass that is too often found on American tables. If it is not to be served at once do not put it into the oven to keep hot. That will dry it out. Set the covered pan in a kettle, cover the kettle and set it on the back of the stove.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.
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### Republican Organization.

The Petersburg *Herald*, published by Matt N. Lewis and Scott Wood (colored) want the present plan of organization of the Republican party in this State smashed into "smithereens." It says:—

"The Republican party will always be in factions, as long as a few men will attempt to rule things to the exclusion of the mass of Republican voters. The present plan of party organization is a travesty, and the people should arise in the majesty of their power at the coming State convention, and burst it to smithereens."

### A Good Reason for Living.

"She lives to love and loves to live,
She loves to live because she lives to love."

Many think it is a sin to be sick; being so, one cannot bestow their affections on others as the Creator intended; being so, it certainly is a duty to cure yourself. Most women, these days, need an invigorating tonic.—Worn-out teachers, "shop-girls," dressmakers, milliners, and those subject to tiresome labor, have found a boon in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a soothing and strengthening nervine, inducing refreshing sleep, relieves despondency and restores to full use all the appetites and affections of one's nature. It is sold, by druggists, under a *guarantee* from its makers that it will, in every case, give satisfaction, or price ($1.00) will be promptly refunded.

For the Spectator.

### A LEGEND OF MT. SOLON.

Doubtless very few, if any of the inhabitants of this peaceful little village have ever heard of this legend as it happened many years ago, long before this green landscape was so thickly dotted over with the habitations of man. This second Eden was in its pristine purity and loveliness, and was very sparsely settled, there being only a few houses where now nestles this thriving little city. Our city's pride—a beautiful lake—was the chief attraction of this sylvan paradise and it is on this lake that the scene which formed this legend took place. In this isolated hamlet lived a maiden "pure as Syche, ere she became a bride," who was noted for her beauty, modesty, Terpsichorean attainments, and all that goes to make up true womanhood. As a matter of course, she had lovers by the score, but their worship was fruitless, for heart never responded to the eloquent and amorous pleadings of her numerous devotees.

Finally upon a bright, sunny April morning, there came to the little village a stranger, a perfect Apollo in appearance. He met the beautiful maiden, and from the first, their wooing outrivaled the sweetness of the birds of heaven. Such love is beautiful to behold, yet as it always proves, held all the sadness of earth as well as the sweetness of heaven. For awhile all went happy as a wedding bell, but a misunderstanding arose, followed by coolness and separation, yet with each loving the other dearer than all the word beside. Infinite the pity of such misunderstandings, which, after hearts have lavished the richness and purity of their only love, rudely shatter the beautiful dream too sweet to last. The pride which had sustained the maiden at the hour of parting, did not suffice to drown the voice of memory—was not strong enough to tear her lover's image from her heart. She grew weaker and more ethereal each hour—a broken heart was killing her. Every day she would go to their old trysting-place, a rock at the head of the lake, where she and her lover had spent such happy hours together. One day she was seen to go to the rock, as usual, but failed to return home in the evening. Search was made for her, and soon the sad truth of her death was made evident. Her hat was seen gliding along on the smooth surface of the lake, symbolical of her sad spirit floating over the sea of eternity to a haven of peace and rest. The sad tidings were sent to her lover's home, when it was discovered that he had been killed on the same day his sweetheart had passed away to rest.

The years rolled on, and the circumstances narrated above, were almost wholly effaced by the hand of Father Time, but were recalled with vivid and startling distinctness on the night of the seventeenth of July, 1791.

The night was one of pure, moonlit beauty, and almost as bright as day. All at once it turned to Stygian darkness, and with the darkness came a burst of grand, solemn music, such as we imagine belongs to some higher sphere. These awe inspiring chords changed to a bright, airy movement, and with the change the lake was lit up by a beautiful glow of light. The scene which met the eyes of the beholders transfixed them with mingled feelings of awe and admiration. There appeared to be tiers upon tiers of seats, one a bove the other, until they reached the clouds, and upon these were the most beautiful beings imaginable, with golden harps in their hands, from which issued the most lovely and entrancing strains of more than terrestrial harmony. This music gradually melted into a soft, slow, pulsating movement, and as the measure rose and fell, beautiful figures were seen to range themselves all around the lake, seeming to glide over its bright surface with the ease and grace of an angel bent upon an errand of peace and love.

A beautiful maiden rose up from the crystal depths, and opened her arms toward the East—her lips moved, but the sound of her flute-like voice was not heard on the shore, as the music had reached its highest note of sublime harmony. As if in answer to her voice, the form of her lover was seen floating down into her outstretched arms, until they met in a long, loving embrace, in which "heart beat to heart in its passionate fold." The long-parted lovers were again united; slowly they drew apart from their close embrace, and all was again dark and quiet. All thought the beautiful scene was over, but lo! it is again light and a venerable grayheaded priest is standing at a golden altar; before the altar stood the lovers, hand in hand. The solemn words of the marriage ceremony fell from the lips of the priest in a voice clear as a silver bell, reaching the ears of the watchers as gently as the dew descends upon the flowers. When the ceremony was concluded, the beautiful throng caught up the new united lovers, and carried them off to some far-away spirit-land where they will enjoy the happiness they were denied upon earth. With their upward flight faded away all traces of the beautiful scene, yet leaving such a weirdly beautiful picture impressed on the minds of those who were fortunate enough to witness it, that nothing but the hand of Death could ever erase it. ERMA DOKA.

### Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by Hughes & Bell's Drug Store.

### A Sort of Digital Depression.

Did you ever notice, when a man smites his thumb with a hammer, while putting down a carpet under wifely supervision and criticism, how quickly he thrusts the bruised and throbbing member into his ready mouth? writes Robert J. Burdette in the March *Ladies' Home Journal*. People think it is because the application is soothing. But no; it is an involuntary movement, same as winking. The man cannot help it. Nature knows what the man would be apt to say under the circumstances, and so she has provided him with a stopper, and has ordained that whenever he hits his thumb hard enough to hurt—and it doesn't take very much to nearly kill a man when he is doing something he doesn't want to—by a sort of interlocking system the thumb flies into his mouth and stops him up, so that he can't say anything. Some men whom you and I know should be provided with an extra thumb which they might carry about in their hand all the time it wasn't in active use. It would be a great thing, wouldn't it?

In thousands of cases the cure of a cough is the preventive of consumption. The surest cough medicine in the world is Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction.

### How to Saddle a Horse.

This would seem to be a very simple matter, and yet it is so rare that a groom knows how to do it properly that every careful horseman should know how it should be done, and he should never mount his horse without making a thorough examination of saddle, blanket, girths and stirrup leathers. The saddle blanket with round corners in front and points behind should be placed on the horse's back and care taken that there are no wrinkles in it; the saddle should then be placed on the back of the horse just behind the withers and so that the weight of the rider shall not bear on the withers and make the back of the horse sore; the girths—there should with an English saddle always be two—should be fastened so that they bear directly from the center of the saddle and one girth should lay well over the other. There is no use in drawing girths uncomfortably tight, but they should never be loose, as in that case the movement of the saddle to and fro will certainly make the horse's back sore. The object is merely to secure the saddle so that it will stay firmly in its place. The conformation of the back of each horse must determine in each instance the exact place of the saddle, but it should be, as a rule, a few inches behind the withers.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's new Tabernacle in Brooklyn, which cost $400,000, is advertised to be sold at auction in a few days to pay a mechanic's lien upon it of $53,000 for work and material. It seems strange that such a rich congregation, in such a rich city, with such a world renowned preacher in its pulpit, should have permitted such a reproach to befall the church. They either built at too great a cost and display, or they have forgotten the good scriptural maxim about the blessedness of giving. It is said that Dr. Talmage's sermons and his lectures pay him the handsome sum of $45,000 per annum. As he is reputed to be a man of plain manners and economy, living up to the wisest Christian precepts, it seems to us that, with his pay and the assistance of his outside funds, he should have readily made ample provision for the liquidating of the outstanding debt and have saved his congregation and himself from the mortification of an auctioneer's sale of a sacred edifice.

### Now Try This.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a Cough, Cold, or any trouble with Throat, Chest or Lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at Hughes & Bell's Drug Store. Large size 50 cents and $1.00.

Rev. George W. Easter, of Eastville, Northampton county, Va., has accepted the call to the rectorship of All Saints' Episcopal Church, Union, W. Va.

LYNCHED. — Three colored men, charged with complicity in the ambushing and shooting of four deputy sheriffs in Memphis, Tenn., on Saturday night a week, were taken from jail by a mob at 3 o'clock Wednesday morning and shot to death.

The secret art of beauty lies not in cosmetics, but is only in pure blood, and a healthy performance of the vital functions, to be obtained by using Burdock Blood Bitters.

Capt. Robert C. Donnan, a prominent citizen of Petersburg, died suddenly Saturday of paralysis. He was a lieutenant in the Virginia regiment in the Mexican war, and was chief of police in Petersburg during the late civil war. Since the war he was in the employ of the Norfolk and Western Railroad.

### Thrashed a Man Twice His Size.

The other day a small, harmless looking man entered a New York street car, and accidently trod on the toes of a big six-footer. He apologized, but the six-footer wasn't satisfied. He talked for some time, and finally invited the little man to leave the car and settle the matter on the sidewalk. Greatly to his astonishment, the latter accepted. Those who witnessed the contest say that it didn't last long, but that the big fellow had to be carried home in an ambulance, while his diminutive antagonist walked away with a cheerful smile. And so it is with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're not half as big as most of their rivals, but they do their work quietly and thoroughly. For sick headache, biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia, etc., there is nothing like them. They are the only Liver Pills absolutely *sold on trial*! Your money back, if they don't give satisfaction!

What is the difference between the death of a barber and the death of a sculptor. One curls up and dyes, and the other makes faces and busts.

"Why don't you try the bichloride of gold?" asked his friend. "I don't believe in it," said the despondent inabriate, "I'm a silver man."—Chicago Tribune.

It has been found that milk can be thoroughly sterilized by heating it to a temperature of 140 degrees Fahrenheit without causing it to lose its odor, taste, or appearance.

The star Sirius, which is shown to be about double the size of our sun emits from 40 to 60 fold more light than the sun, owing to the matter being much more diffused.

It is hard for a woman not to smile on a man, even though she detests him, when she wants to get her pencil sharpened.

A man does not have to be a sugar planter to raise Cain. He can raise it in a beer garden.—Binghamton Republican.

The web of our life is of mingled yarn, good and ill together. Our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Aunty—Where is that pretty doll you had when I was here last?

Little Girl—It's gone—died of the grip.

"The grip, eh?"

"Yes'm—baby's grip."—Good News.

He (to himself)—She hates me or she would not be so cold and distant.

She (to herself)—He doesn't care for me one bit, or he wouldn't sit away off in a corner like that.—New York Weekly.

Tastes differ. Some people can see beauty even in a looking glass; others cannot.—Boston Transcript.

The worst thing about some business men's failures is the failure of conscience.—Ram's Horn.

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scrofulous humor in the blood, ulcers, catarrh, and consumption, use
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The most economical, safe, speedy, and effective of all blood-purifiers.
Has Cured Others will cure you.
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If you would protect yourself from Painful, Profuse, Scanty, Suppressed or Irregular Menstruation you must use
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Cartersville, April 26, 1886.
This will certify that two members of my immediate family, after having suffered for years from Menstrual Irregularity, being treated without benefit by physicians, were at length completely cured by one bottle of Bradfield's Female Regulator. Its effect is truly wonderful. J. W. Strange.
Book to "WOMAN" mailed FREE, which contains valuable information on all female diseases.
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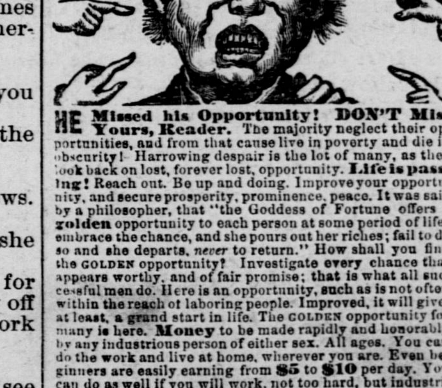

HE Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. The majority neglect their opportunities, and from that cause live in poverty and die in obscurity! Harrowing despair is the lot of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. Life is passing! Reach out. Be up and doing. Improve your opportunity, and secure prosperity, prominence, peace. It was said by a philosopher, that "the Goddess of Fortune offers a golden opportunity to each person at some period of life; embrace the chance, and she pours out her riches; fail to do so and she departs, never to return." How shall you find the golden opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise; that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity, such as is not often within the reach of laboring people. Improved, it will give, at least, a grand start in life. The golden opportunity for many is here. Money to be made rapidly and honorably by any industrious person of either sex. All ages. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 per day. You can do as well if you will work, not too hard, but industriously; and you can increase your income as you go on. You can give spare time only, or all your time to the work. Easy to learn. Capital not required. We start you. All is comparatively new and really wonderful. We instruct and show you how, free. Failure unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and learn all free, by return mail. Unwise to delay. Address at once. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine
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