Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY,
Editor and Proprietr.

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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.

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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; Albert Shultz, Keeper of Records and Seal.

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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.

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Act Directly on the Liver.
CURES CHILLS AND FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUS COLIC, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, PILES, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, DIZZINESS, TORPID LIVER, COATED TONGUE, SLEEPLESSNESS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill at bed-time stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system. They cure all diseases like magic. Get the right kind. SELLERS' LIVER PILLS. Sold by druggists. Send for circular. SELLERS MEDICINE CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.
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LOSS OF APPETITE,
SICK HEADACHE,
BAD BREATH, Etc.
To treat constipation successfully
TAKE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
It is a mild laxative and a tonic to the digestive organs. By taking Simmons Liver Regulator you promote digestion, bring on a regular habit of body and prevent Biliousness and Indigestion.
"My wife was sorely distressed with Constipation and coughing, followed with Bleeding Piles. After four months use of Simmons Liver Regulator she is almost entirely relieved, gaining strength and flesh."—W. B. LEEPER, Delaware, Ohio.
Take only the Genuine,
Which has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO,
April 6, '92-1y.

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FOR PITCHER'S
Castoria
Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.
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THERE IS A MEDICINE
Composed of the essential virtues of nature's remedies, roots, barks, herbs and berries, and possessing marvelous curative powers over all diseases of the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels and blood. This medicine known as Burdock Blood Bitters has proved so successful in curing Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation, Headache, Bad Blood, Scrofula, etc., that the proprietors now guarantee it, and will refund the price to any person not satisfied after using the whole or part of the first bottle. It costs you but a cent a dose, then why suffer when you run no risk of loss in trying a remedy which has cured so many others? It also proves wonderfully successfully in curing scrofulous swellings and cancerous diseases, convincing evidence of which we will send by mail on application to
FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Buffalo, N. Y.
Sold in Staunton by W. M. ALLEN.
april 6-1mo—sept 23, 91

Weak Men, YOUR ATTENTION Is called to the GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY, Gray's Specific Medicine.
TRADE MARK. SEPARATE, AFTER TAKING.
IF YOU SUFFER from Nervous Debility, Weakness of Body and Mind, Spermatorrhes, 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.
☞ On account of counterfeits, we have adopted the Yellow Wrapper, the only genuine.
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LOCAL AND INTERNAL TREATMENT.
In order to cure catarrh it is necissary to allay the inflammation of the irritated membranes with a soothing application, cleanse the head of the plugging mucous secretions, and heal the discharging ulcers. For cold in the head and nasal catarrh Dodd's local treatment does this without the aid of snuff, douches or fumes. If the disease has extended downwards, affecting the bronchial tubes or lungs, digestion and blood, the internal treatment both removes from the system the scattered poison, and by its building-up properties assists nature in restoring the impaired parts. Send for our book treating on catarrh. Foster, Milburn & Co., proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y
Sold in Staunton by
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PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC
Two Bottles Cured Her. VI
CARROLL, Iowa, July, 1889.
I was suffering 10 years from shocks in my head, so much so that at times I didn't expect to recover. I took medicines from many doctors, but did not get any relief until I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. The second dose relieved me and 2 bottles cured me. S. W. PECK.
HARRISVILLE, Pa., March, 1891.
We began using Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for our 14-year-old daughter (who had had epileptic fits since she was 5 years old) over a year ago with but little hope of any good, as we had been so often disappointed in other remedies, but soon after using this medicine she began to get better, and we hope that any and all afflicted with this terrible disease will try your wonderful remedy. I recommend your medicine to every one afflicted with any nervous affliction whatever. H. S. BINGHAM
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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VIGOR OF MEN
EASILY, QUICKLY, PERMANENTLY RESTORED. Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and evils from early errors or later excesses, the results of overwork, sickness, worry, etc. Full strength, development and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. $1.00 per box; 6 boxes for $5.00. Written guarantee to cure with every six boxes. 2000 references. Send stamp for book, explanations and proofs, sealed. Address PENN CITY MEDICAL CO., Philadelphia, Pa.
march 30-6mos

For the SPECTATOR.

DEDICATED TO S. L. D., WASHINGTON, D. C., IN MEMORY OF MY NEPHEW, CLEM.

BY N. W. V.

The weeks and months have passed away
Until a year is fled
Since we all gathered silently
Around his dying bed,
While there we stood in trembling awe
As he was crossing o'er,
The bright bird, Hope, was singing on
Above the darkened door,
But wounded, bleeding, fell at last
And fluttered out of sight,
And from the wasted body then
His spirit took its flight.

Our empty aspirations, all
In heaps around us lay
The idol of so many hearts,
A shattered piece of clay.
In frenzied grief a wicked wail
Come up from broken reeds—
O Death, why take the blooming plants
And leave the useless weeds?
The Lord forgives these maddened sins,
For He our weakness knows.
He marks the worn and pallid cheek
And every tear that flows.

Ah! no elixir found within
Time's broad and sweeping wing,
His plumage only hides the wounds
That often bleed and sting.
Forgotten, will he ever be
For whom to-night we weep?
Yes! when in some neglected spot
Our lonely ashes sleep!
Though other shining jewels may
Adorn life's diadem,
No brighter one can glitter there
Than unpretending Clem!

His errors, faults, and failures were
All into virtues turned,
The tinted cheek so smooth and fair
With shame had never burned.
He always chose an humble place
Unconscious of his light.
The *noonday Sun* need never say—
"Behold me! I am bright."
A reverent silence, by him, was
So gracefully maintained,
While listening to superiors
From whom he wisdom gained.

They saw at once his modest worth
And his retiring mien;
They saw he had no wish to be
There either heard or seen.
His busy, active life concealed
No yearnings for renown,
His honesty and love of truth
The laurels he laid down,
Alas, we never had a friend
In whom we could confide,
But that the gods have sundered us,
Or else they drooped and died.

And when we search through jewels till
The brightest one is found,
From our tightened grasp it slips
And breaks upon the ground.
We hope—these darling treasures—lost
In life's uncertain sea—
We'll find upon the blissful shores
Of vast eternity—
In fancy to that saddened home
We now a visit pay—
The doors and blinds are still all closed
As when we went away.

Untouched, the snowy couch remains,
And motionless his chair,
And here and there are lying things
He used to prize and wear.
Among these sacred relics, we
Can but a moment stay,
Our last farewell is hidden, and
We homeward wend our way.
Oh, can it be "Arcadia" is
By strangers occupied?
It was his boyhood's happy home—
It was his joy and pride.

And when from toil and cares he'd fly
For pleasure or for rest,
He'd never fold his weary wings
Until he reached the nest.
In sight of it, with broken hearts—
We laid his hallowed dust,
And *there* we're linked by many chains
That cannot break or rust—
Alas! when died the brightest bird
"Arcadia" ever knew,
The other birds grew songless there,
And spread their wings and flew.

They're gone to build another nest.
Secure from tempests? No—
For "They who build beneath the skies
Will always build too low."
May *they* build in the Father's love
And in His love abide,
And from the dark, impending storms
In His pavilion hide.
Through grief the dross must be consumed
Through grief refined the gold—
Our feet be pierced by many thorns
Before we reach the fold.

Now stand ajar, ye heavenly gates,
That stricken ones may see
If he has found *"a resting place"*
In Thee, O God, in Thee.
That he was saved, alas, to us,
Was no assurance given;
But how could one so good as he
Be turned away from heaven?
Another, too, was wounded by
The missile that was hurled;
She is to-night communing with
The great eternal world.

O dark-eyed hero, speak to her
A tender loving word,
A whisper up in heaven oft
Upon the earth is heard,
Stoop low and with thy plighted hand
Brush from her cheek the tears,
For thou wouldst have no scars remain
To blight her future years.
Would *we* inflict another wound?
Or e'en the old one probe?
No, rather would we clothe her soul
In some bright faultless robe.

We'd have her dwell within the sheen
Of Pleasure's verdant tree,
Her many joyous happy years
Without a winter be.
O Peri! from thy magic hand
Let roses on her fall
As lovely as the houris, may
Our heroine be called,
And may her shining vessels all
In safety cross the sea,
And cast their priceless jewels down
Wherever she may be.

O Savior, lead her in the paths
Where holy feet have been;
Oh keep her pure and spotless life
From every shade of sin,
And when "the silver cord is loosed"
And all her work is done,
Within Thine own great loving arms
Receive this precious one.
Oh bear her happy spirit up
To fadeless meads above
Where bright seraphic millions sing
The songs of endless love.

The eye of youth and beauty there
With tears is never dim,
She will—in that vast mighty throng—
Steal softly up to him,
He'll know the bonny heroine
Who brought the rarest flowers,
Who flew each day on tireless wings
To soothe his latest hours.
He'll clasp her to his loving heart,
For in her crown will be—
Among the twinkling myriads—
The Star of Constancy.
February 26, 1892.

Guest—Waiter, you forget yourself. Waiter (grumpily)—Well, that is because you never remember me.

Strength and Health.

If you are not feeling strong and healthy, try Electric Bitters. If "La Grippe" has left you weak and weary, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, gently aiding those organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with Sick Headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles only 50 cents at Hughes & Bell's Drug Store.

A BRIDAL STORY.

THE WONDERFUL REVELATION OF A GLASS OF WINE.

The beautiful bride grew pale, the decisive hour had come, she pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder. From her childhood she had been most solemnly opposed to the use of all wines and liquors. "Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the judge, in a low tone, going toward his daughter; "the company expect it, do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette; in your own house act as you please, but in mine, for this once. please me."

Every eye was turned toward the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Harry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits, and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to the woman's opinion so soon. Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not as smiling back she gratefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh, how terrible!" "What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly pointing one jeweled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen: I will paint it for you if I can. It is a lonely spot; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce; trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there, a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows, and in their midst lies a manly form, but his cheek, how deathly; his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him, nay, I should say kneels, for he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast. Genius in ruins. Oh! the high, holy-looking brow! Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws the damp curls! See him clasp his hands! Hear his thrilling shrieks for life! Mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name; see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister, the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his native land. See," she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat, "see! his arms are lifted up to Heaven, he prays, how wildly, for mercy! Hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe-stricken, the dark men move silently and leave the living and dying together." There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob, from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes.

Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly toward the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct. She still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup. "It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up and her beams lay gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death! and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back, one convulsive shudder—he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly; so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping. "Dead?" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice more and more broken, "and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister, and he sleeps to-day in that distant country with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother, a victim to this deadly poison. Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?" The form of the old judge was convulsed with agony. He raised his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered: "No, no, my child, in God's name, no."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor it was dashed into a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movements, and instantaneously every wine-glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then as she looked at the fragments of crystal she turned to the company, saying: "Let no friend hereafter, who loves me, tempt to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand, who watched over my brother's dying form in that same, solemn hour, and buried the dead wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?" His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile was her answer.

The judge left the room, and when an hour later he returned, and with a more subdued air took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he too, had determined to dash the enemy at once and forever from his princely rooms. Those who were present at that wedding can never forget the impression so solemnly made. Many from that hour foreswore the social glass.—Mrs. M. A. Denison, in the *Voice*.

A Great Explosion!

In these days of gunpowder, dynamite, giant powder, and the like, tremendous explosions are no rarity, but the greatest explosion of modern times is, without doubt, that of the "old-school" idea that Consumption is incurable. Thousands of lives have been sacrificed to this mistaken notion.—Modern research has established the fact that Consumption is a scrofulous disease of the lungs, and that there is one remedy which will positively eradicate it from the system—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Of course, there were in the olden times many who would have pronounced modern explosives instruments of witchcraft; but there are, fortunately, few to-day who do not acknowledge that the "Golden Medical Discovery" is the one sovereign remedy for *all* scrofulous diseases, and Consumption is one of them.

It is not hard to live right when we look right.

For the SPECTATOR.

SHAKEPERE VERSUS BACON.

Editor of the Spectator:

As the Baconian craze is the order of the day, allow me to make some observations on the subject. I spell the great author's name, as he himself always wrote it, and as the registry at Stratford, which contains a list of the births and deaths of the family shows it was spelled. The proof is conclusive that Bacon not only did not write Richard the 2nd, but that he never read it. In the "declarations of Robert Earl of Essex and his Complices," which Bacon confessed having written in order to justify the murder of the fallen lover of the licentious Elizabeth, there is this statement: "The afternoon before the rebellion Merrick, with a great number of others who were afterwards in the action, had played before them the play of deposing King Richard the 2nd." And further he says, Essex and Merrick had this play exhibited forty times in England in order to accustom the people to the dethronement of a monarch charging most absurdly and unjustifiably that Essex was conspiring to dethrone Queen Elizabeth. Now observe this was in 1601. This portion of Richard the Second was not written until 1608. The editions of 1597 and 1598 do not contain the deposition scene. So that Bacon's own evidence proves conclusively that when he wrote this pamphlet he had not even read the play. While I am on this subject, let me show the character of Bacon and make a few observations in refutation of the idea existing in the minds of some persons that he wrote the Shakspearian plays. The following versified passage of the 104th Psalm by Bacon would indicate that Bacon possessed no poetic genius:

"The fishes their far voyages do make,
To divers shores their journey they do take
There hadst thou set the great leviathan
That makes the seas to seeth like boiling pan."

Again, we find that Bacon was extremely ignorant of ancient history.—Byron, after exposing his ignorance on this subject, says, "That for such mistakes a school-boy, tho' in his fourth form, would be whipped." His treatise on the "Wisdom of the Ancients" is pronounced by a learned and profound writer as whimsical and puerile. How, then, could he have written the Roman plays—"Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleapotra," and the Greek play "Troilus and Cressida." We find that all of Shakspere's plays contain a moral. Patriotism, heroism, honesty and virtue meet their merited reward, while treachery and vice are justly punished. Had Bacon written them this order of things would have been reversed. At his death, Bacon bequeathed all of his manuscript papers to the bishop of Lincoln and in them were no evidences of the divine genius. Again, none of the contemporaneous writers speak of Bacon the poet; many refer to Shakspere. Jonson in his lines "To the memory of my beloved, the author, Mr. William Shakspere, and what he has left us," wrote

"Sweet Swan of Avon what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take our Eliza and our James."

John Davies subscribed certain lines "To our English Terrence, Mr. William Shakspere"—this in 1611. Bacon was indebted to Essex for his introduction to Elizabeth, and then stole his private papers to prove his guilt; but he himself soon lost the favor of the Queen. When James the First ascended the throne, Bacon was made solicitor general by the most abject flattery. He addressed the King "as being incomparably superior in judgment, learning, eloquence, and every princely attribute to Julius Cæsar, Marcus Antoninus, Hermes Trismegistus and all the learnee potentates and demigods of ancient times." By constant importuning and the most object flattery, he attained the highest legal position in the Kingdom—that of Lord Chancellor. After disgracing the ermine for two years, he was charged by parliament with receiving bribes in his judicial capacity from suitors in the Court of Chancery, and convicted on his own evidence. Could such a creature as this write "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It," "Measure for Measure?" Some persons claim that because Shakspere was ignorant of Latin and Greek he could not have written these plays.—The school-boy does not become learned in classical antiquity by thumbing a Latin dictionary or Greek Lexicon, and by laboring to translate a dead, into a living language. Shakspere's knowledge of the classics, I have no doubt, was obtained through English translations—probably furnished him by Essex or his patron and friend, the scholarly Southhampton.

Respectfully,
JOHN N. OPIE.
STAUNTON, VA., April 1st, 1892.

The Handsomest Lady in Staunton

Remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when other cough remedies had no effect whatever. So to prove this and convince you of its merit, any druggist will give you a sample bottle *free*. Large size 50c and $1. apr 6-4ts

Friend—Do you permit your wife to have her own way?

Husband (positively)—No, sir; she has it without my permission.—Detroit Free Press.

Growing Old Gracefully.

"What a lovely old lady," I heard a man remark, at the opera, lately.—"She's quite as beautiful as any girl in the house. Such color and complexion is rarely seen in a woman past forty."

Indeed, the woman of whom he spoke *was* lovely. Her face was clear and smooth, her cheeks, fresh and rosy, her eyes bright with perfect health and the enjoyment of life. She had passed the critical "change of life" without falling into "the sere and yellow leaf," as most American women do. How had she succeeded in doing this? Simply by using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription at a time when nature stood in need of some assistance. She had taken it at the right time. In doing this she was wise. Wiser than most women who "trust to luck" in getting through the critical and trying period safely. This standard remedy is just what is needed at such a time.—It is, from girlhood to old age, woman's best friend. In all diseases peculiar to the sex, it accomplishes what no other remedy does—a cure. Take it, woman, when life's autumn begins, and "grow old gracefully." Your money back if it doesn't help you.

The Christian is the only man who does not work for pay.

A Little Girl's Experience in a Lighthouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Trescott are keepers of the Government Lighthouse at Sand Beach, Mich., and are blessed with a daughter, four years old. Last April she was taken down with Measles, followed with a dreadful Cough and turning into a Fever.—Doctors at home and at Detroit treated her, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere "handful of bones." Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles, was completely cured.—They say Dr. King's New Discovery is worth its weight in gold, yet you may get a trial bottle free at Hughes & Bell's Drug Store.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Advice to Both Given From Two Baltimore Pulpits.

REV. MESSRS. M'LANAHAN AND HENSON.

THE VALUE OF OBEDIENCE, ATTRACTIVENESS AND HELPFULNESS IN WOMAN—THE SELFISHNESS OF MAN—SOME OF THE GREAT EVILS OF THE DAY IN SOCIETY.

The Rev. Samuel McLanahan preached Sunday night, April 3rd, at Lafayette Square Presbyterian Church on "Wives." He said in part:

"I take the opening verses of the third chapter of First Peter chiefly as a broad ledge of rock on which to found the three pillars of wifely duty which I propose to set up in this sermon, but the passage is one of the chief quarries also from which the materials will be drawn.

"The first I name 'Obedience.' 'Ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands.' Some men, more women, few of them eminent as wives, however, if wives at all, object to this doctrine. As, according to old English custom, each of a betrothed pair carried a part of a broken sixpence, so, according to Scripture, the wife's obedience is only a segment of marital duty, which is to be matched by relative duty on the husband's part. When Mary, wife of William of Orange, was asked what would be her relation to her husband if she should be made Queens, he called him in and promised that he should always bear rule, asking only that he would obey the command 'Husbands, love your wives,' as she should do that of 'Wives, be obedient to your husbands.' This subordination involves no inferiority. It rests upon divine authority, is limited by it, and does not set aside personal responsibility. Obedience under these circumstances is not degrading, but honorable, like that of child to parent, citizen to ruler, soldier to officer. But where definite command is given or is necessary the Christian conception of wifely obedience has been already destroyed. As love is to be the animating and regulating principle in the husband's dealings with his wife, so a cheerful, loving acquiescence in his plans and wishes, not because she must, but because she wants to do so, is the ideal of her submission. A true woman will find no trouble with this doctrine if she have a good husband, but what of those whose husbands fail on their part? Then for conscience toward God the wife should still fulfill all her duty.

"I name the second pillar 'Attractiveness.' A wife should seek to retain and intensify her husband's love. Of the many means she may employ good housekeeping is one. This has far more to do with the permanent happiness of married life than many young lovers imagine. Since most wives will have much of household work to do themselves and all need to know about it, the tendency of young women to prefer the store or the factory to household activity is one of the evils of our time. But the house and its arrangements are only the frame. The wife herself, as the picture in the frame, is more important. Personal appearance is not to be neglected. But the chief attraction of a wife must ever be in the hidden man of the heart, in her character. She should particularly avoid a complaining and scolding disposition, which can result in nothing else but alienation, and should cultivate a meek and quiet spirit, which will ultimately win even a disagreeable husband to better things if there is a spark of true manhood in him.

"I name the third pillar 'Helpfulness.' This is the conception of the wife presented in "Genesis—'a helpmeet for him.' It is hers to comfort, refresh, stimulate and encourage her husband in his work or business. She may directly further his interests by her own activity and personal efforts. She can do much to dissipate or to increase his fortune, his influence, his power in the world.

The Scriptures emphasize the wife's influence over her husband, morally and religiously, Jezebel and Herodias are examples of the power of a wife to drag her husband down. Hannah and Priscilla greatly stimulated and aided the religious life of their husbands. The text is at once an encouragement and a summons to the wives of men not Christians that they seek by true and beautiful Christians lives to win their own husbands to Christ."

Rev. L. L. Henson preached in the morning at Fuller Memorial Baptist Church the eighth sermon in a series of discourses on the book of Ephesians. His subject was "Husband and Wife." He said in part: "The apostle has just given some instructions on the subjection in general of Christians to each other. He now gives three special instances in which there ought to be subjection, namely, that of wives to their husbands, that of children to their parents, and that of servants to their masters. In discussing these he takes occasion also to discuss the reciprocal duty of husbands to wives, of parents to children and of masters to servants.

"In the first place, it is distinctly stated that the wife ought to be subject to her husband. This is abundantly proved from many other passages of Scripture as well as from that before us. The reason for this subjection is that the husband has been made the head of the wife. That headship is based upon the words of God uttered in connection with the curse which was pronounced as a result of the sin in the Garden of Eden. The headship is not a tyrannical one. It is such as Christ possesses over His body, the church, and is for protection, care and sustenance. Christ exercises His headship over the church that he may sanctify it for Himself. The man has the right of such headship as will be for the best interests of the wife. The subjection of the wife is not a servile obedience, but is a loving submission, as that of the church to Christ, her head.

"Since the introduction of sin into the world the opinions of husbands and wives will necessarily sometimes conflict. At such times only the will of the wife is called upon to yield. Women by no means are to be deprived of all opinions of their own. The submission of the woman to the man is right, because man as the head is responsible for the support and sustenance of the wife. She can demand from him her necessary support, and if he does not give it, he is not a husband at all in the true sense of the word, but she has not a right to dictate.

"In the second place the husband ought to love the wife, and that not with an ephemeral affection, but even as Christ loved the church and gave himself for it. He ought to be willing to sacrifice his own selfish interests for her welfare. He is the head, but not a tyrant and ought to give her his first attention. He ought to love her even as his own body, for the twain are one flesh. This is the closest relationship on earth, and is modeled after that between Christ and His church. She is as much his body as his own flesh is his body.

"Marriage thus, we see, is highly honored and exalted. We ought not to degrade it. Wives sometimes are not in subjection, and if in subjection it is to some other man. This is one of the greatest evils of society. Husbands sometimes do not love their wives, but, instead, love some other woman. This, too, is one of the greatest curses of the age.

"Husbands, love your wives, and let them know it. You doubtless told them of your love every time you saw them before you were married. Keep it up. She is as fond of hearing it today as she was then, and it will do now far more toward making your lives happy.

"Wives, be as thoughtful of your husband's welfare and pleasure to-day as you were when a girl. Meet him at the door with a smile and a kiss. Don't be sour and cross and scolding; for if you do, he can't be happy. Nothing will make him so happy as seeing you happy; for he is foolish enough to flatter himself with the thought that he is the cause of it.

"Do, each of you, as the Bible commands and you will both be happy; there will be no more divorce suits; there will be no more children disgraced, and your home will be a perfect heaven on earth."

"I don't like the breath of that stove!" exclaimed little Ethel one day when the gas was escaping from the sitting-room stove. Coal-gas is like the "perfumes of India," compared with the breath of a person afflicted with catarrh, but among many other symptoms the sense of smell is often deadened, so the sufferer is unconscious of the offensiveness of his presence. Why any one *will endure* such a painful, dangerous and offensive disease, when Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy—costing only 50 cents—will cure the most stubborn case, is one of the many mysteries. The proprietors are so confident of the success of this Catarrh Remedy, that they offer to forfeit $500 for any case of catarrh they cannot cure. It would be suicide for their remedy, for them to make this offer, unless they understood its exact powers.

"Does your cousin Bill smoke?"
"Yes."
"He didn't when I knew him."
"He hadn't died then."

FINE.

That is what everybody says who tries a bottle of Pure Export Beer, for sale by J. B. Guntner, of this city. The beer is the Pure Extract of Malt and Hops, and every bottle is guaranteed. It is a delightful beverage and just the thing to build up an overworked or broken down constitution. Manufactured only by the Baltimore Brewing Co., of Baltimore, Md. apr 6-4ts

It is the youth who is kept longest in leading strings who is most easily led astray.

Piles