### FORT PHANTOM HILL.

Some 12 or 15 miles Northeast of Abilene, Texas, and near the "Clear Fork" of the Brazos river, are the ruins of an old Fort, known as "Phantom Hill." At different times, back in the *forties* and *fifties*, Albert Sidney Johnston, and Robert E. Lee were both in command of the garrison stationed there. It is an interesting relic of one of our outposts in *ante bellum* days. A recent visit to the place called forth the following lines:—

One day a party went with me,
That we the ancient Fort might see,
Where Johnston served—then Robert Lee
About the year of fifty-three.

The start was made from Abilene,
The busy, fair, commercial queen,
Set in a boundless prairie scene,
And canopied with skies serene.

Our course was North—a little East—
The jaunt a dozen knots at least,
While varied views each mile increased,
And gave the eye and soul a feast.

The sun unveiled a disc of gold,
And night had back her curtains rolled
From blue-rimmed outlines, fold on fold,
Whose beauty never will grow old.

We had a typic bronco team
To rush us over hill and stream,
And faster went than it would seem,
Or than the Old World people dream.

We pity such as chance to miss,
At any time, a trip like this—
A Texan's sublunary bliss—
When waif-like zephyrs fan and kiss.

The whip was cracked at early prime,
The spinning wheels whirred out a chime,
And, without any dust and grime,
We reached the spot in coachman's time.

And here we are at "Phantom Hill,"
Where shades of men go round at will,
And nightly voices, never still,
Go faintly, like a muffled rill.

"Alight," spoke out a son of toil,
Whose words slipped from a tongue of oil,
And soon, without a bit of moil,
We touched the *semi-sacred* soil.

By an illusion—drawing near—
We seemed to see a mountain rear,
But now, that we have gotten here,
The mountain, seen, does not appear,
And hence the *nomen*, as we hear.

The site is pleasant to our eyes—
Upon a domy, gentle rise,
While, circling round beneath the skies,
Are other hills of ampler size.

Adown the slope, we find the spring,
From hidden fount meandering,
That for the men here soldiering
Did thirst-assuaging nectar bring.

And yonder, like a silver seam,
Winding about with glint and gleam,
We see the "Clear Fork's" lapsing stream,
Which floweth like a sluggish dream.

It is a famous stream for fish,
And, doubtless, many a tempting dish
The troopers had here at their wish,
And which they deemed most lickerish.

We pause upon the classic ground,
And, lost in maze of thought profound,
Begin to view in silence round,
And summarize the wonders found.

An alien torch, from coward fear,
Burned all, save two, the buildings here,
And now near thirty chimneys rear
Their stony heads from year to year.

As cenotaphs of voiceless stone,
Memorials of the days agone,
They stand—weird, silent, bare, and lone,
Round which the winds in dirges moan.

Now pointing with his finger lean,
The guide shows us the magazine,
Which held enough for Fort Duquesne,
And which had stood Time's molars keen,
And in perfection still is seen.

Like index fingers, rude, bizarre,
Some unmarked flag-stones, here and there,
Point out the beds, unhedged and bare,
Well trodden by the Shepherd's care,
Where soldier forms low sleeping are.

Tradition says, that Robert Lee,
(I do not vouch for it, you see),
Has buried here a child of three—
A scion from the royal tree.

'Neath a mesquite, a rock-walled lot.
They tell us, is the very spot,
And that his name, or I've forgot,
Was Washington, or Winfield Scott.

And Rumor says, as if she knew,
That "Albert Sidney," good and true,
So loved the cyclopean view
As e'en to wish, when life was through,
That he might here lie buried too.

Out yonder in the circle's bend
With broken arch from end to end,
A relic stands—the soldier's friends—
An old Dutch-oven, one could mend,
Whose mold from Holland did descend.

How eagerly from baker's hand
The round and ready soldier band,
With the officials in command,
Received the loaves! all understand,
Who've tented in a prairie land.

Not far off is a roofless wall,
Where, once, supplies were kept for all,
But now a haunt, where serpents crawl,
And moon-eyed owls mid-nightly call.

And here, amid these ruins too,
The coyotes nightly rendezvous,
And moving, ghost-like, round and through,
Mingle with moping owls' who—whoo
Their strange, quick, sharp and lone to—loo.

We drop back five and forty years,
And Fancy quickly sees, and hears,
What human eyes, and human ears,
Could never know, as it appears.

We seem to have from husky throat
Commands, that echo round the moat;
And drum-beats, and the bugle's note
Out from the misty silence float.

The men-at-arms in army style,
Both officers, and rank and file,
Whose life out here was sheer exile,
Manœuvre, as of old, awhile.

As erst, the red-men come and go,
*Now* chasing moose and buffalo,
And *now* in conflict with a foe,
With poisoned arrow and the bow.

Again we see the garrison,
Each one his charges mounted on,
And in pursuit of warriors, gone,
Then coming back with laurels won.

Anon, we seem in study brown
With Lee and Johnston sitting down,
Ere Fame had led them to renown,
And twined their amaranthine crown.

E'en then they were of princely mold,
The soul of honor, firm and bold,
Whose country was to them than gold,
Or life, worth more a thousand fold.

Both had true majesty of mind,
Were leaders born of human kind,
As well were scholarly, refined,
And grace and suavity combined.

No wonder, then, in crucial need,
They rose to eminence indeed,
And championed their fathers' creed,
Resolved to die, if so decreed.

Come, relic hunters, far and nigh,
And you may fully gratify
Your every wish—for round us lie,
In fragments—delph and pottery.—

And musket balls from ancient mold,
And arrow-heads as quaint and old,
And spurs and bits, and, may be, gold,
And little trinkets manifold,
That, some day, may be bought and sold.

And ye, whose hearts are intertwined,
Possessing a romantic mind,
Where could you place more suited find
To seal the vows, which lovers bind?

Come join your hands amidst the scene,
Where grand, world-famous men have been,
Where Mystery now sits a queen,
And Fancy fashions the unseen.

R. M. TUTTLE.

Cisco Texas.

THOSE MEDDLESOME ARMENIAN RESOLUTIONS.—The State Department seems to be in somewhat of a quandary to know just how to get those remarkable Armenian resolutions to the signatory Powers of the Berlin Treaty without committing a diplomatic blunder or making this government appear in a ridiculous light. This is not surprising in view of the fact that the resolutions are designed to serve official notice on those Powers that either they do not know their business or are not attending to it.

The report from Washington that the resolutions may be quietly "shelved" suggests the most sensible way out of the awkward position in which the jingoism of Congress has put the President and Secretary Olney. That will at least save the government from the absurdity of meddling with foreign affairs which do not concern it and from officially demanding the precipitate enforcement of a treaty to which the United States is not a party and which in no way affects American rights or interests.—*N. Y. Herald.*

What is that which no one wishes to have and no one wishes to lose?—A bald head.

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavins, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring-Bone, Stifles, Sprains, all Swollen Throats, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by B. F. Hughes, Druggist, No. 6 South Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
june 5-1yr.

### The Burdens We Bear.

Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden.—Matthew xi., 28.

The prevalence of sorrow in this lower world is somewhat appalling to a sympathetic nature. It is to be found in a thousand shapes and in every nook and corner. The clouds have hardly held more rain drops than the tears which have fallen from human eyes. Hearts are heavy everywhere, and if we ask why this should be, the answer must be sought with patience and perseverance.

There are other experiences besides those connected with the vacant chair which are very hard to bear. It is even safe to say that death has rivals in the production of suffering, and that the loss of loved ones does not rank first among the incidents that have broken our hearts. When one has passed beyond the mysterious limit of life and disappeared from our sight, though not from our memory and affection, it may be that his fortune is better than ours. He has taken the path which leads to the land where sorrow are unknown, while we remain to bear alone the burdens which he aforetime shared with us. It is possible to be glad—with a painful kind of gladness—that for him has come the end of physical agony and the sleep which follows life's fitful fever.

There are other sorrows which make us old before our time—the endless trials and disappointments which fill us with anxiety and are so discouraging that we often wonder what there is in life that we should cling to it so tenaciously. We feel like men in a boat rowing against the current, who make no headway, however eagerly they may bend to the oars

It is concerning this class of sorrows that we need counsel and an encouraging word if one can be found. For example, this man began life with high hopes, and as the years went by these hopes withered and fell one by one until nothing is left except the dull monotony of drudgery. The bells which merrily chimed in other days have been tolling for many a year now. Another man dreamed of a competency for himself and his dear ones, but the profits of business failed him. He would give his family everything, but what he calls fate is against him, and he can give them nothing. In still another home some large hearted boy has gone wrong, and, like an ocean steamer under full headway in a fog, may reach the wrecking rocks at any moment. In still another home the daughter with misplaced affection is about to take the risks of an unfortunate marriage, the results of which she cannot be made to see, though others see them only too plainly.

These are among the most serious events of life, and they are happening somewhere every day. There are few homes in which some shadow of this kind has not fallen, and they show us that death is not the only thing, nor yet the chief thing, to be dreaded.

Why we must suffer in this way I cannot tell. I simply repeat the lines, "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." But it is certain that He never sent a cloud that had not a silver lining, and in His all including providence no event can occur which has not attached to it some measure of hope and cheer.

If this life were all, then, it must be confessed, our lot would be a hard one. A sadder or more desperate plight than man would find himself in were another life denied cannot well be conceived. It may seem to be a grim sort of argument, but it is nevertheless fair to say that our sufferings in this world make the necessity of another world absolutely imperative. Looked at from the lowest standpoint, this life, with its inexorable griefs, its bent shoulders, its bleeding hearts and eyes bedimmed, demands a future in the name of ordinary justice. Looked at from the highest standpoint, this life is a period of discipline to prepare us for a nobler state of existence; but what should be said—except that the whole universe is a delusion and a sham—if, having toilfully prepared ourselves, we be told at that there is nothing to be prepared for? That argument for immortality is like the cry of innocence condemned to death by a capricious tyrant and demanding that the sentence shall be set aside. It is irrefutable and can no more be broken than a piece of chilled steel.

The woes, the groans, the sorrowing homes of this old earth—aye, the lives that have been wrecked by overcoming temptation, and the very crimes that have been committed cry out for immortality in which wrongs may be righted and peace and rest will follow hardship and struggle.

You may find good cheer in this advice—to do the best your circumstances allow, to bear what comes as bravely as you can, to keep your heart pure and your hands clean, no matter what betides, and to do all this in the strength of that wonderful Being who said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Your relations to God are not to be shaken by the fact that you do not understand His providence. On the contrary, when the path is rugged and the night is dark—and very dark, indeed, it is sometimes—cling all the closer to your faith, for it is the only thing under the stars that can give you help. There are bright days ahead—if not here, then there—and once on the other side we shall see plainly what is now hidden.

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

Women are not the only ones who are sensitive about their ages. A man doesn't like to be told that he is getting old. Health keeps a man young. It doesn't make any difference if he had lived eighty years. If they have been healthy years, he will be hale and hearty and won't look within twenty years as old as he is. Good digestion and rich, red blood make people look youthful. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes rich, red blood. It makes health in the right way. It works according to the right theory, and in 30 years of practice, it has proved that the theory is absolutely correct. It begins at the beginning—begins by putting the stomach, liver and bowels into perfect order, but it begins its good work on the blood before it finishes with the digestive system. It searches out disease germs wherever they may be and forces them out of the body. All druggists keep the "Discovery."

An open confession is good for the soul, but the woman who arose at a revival meeting in the west and declared with a great show of contrition that she had left her diamonds and other jewels at home on her dresser and that in the future she would wear them no more, probably now thinks that there is a great deal of sense in the old axiom which says silence is golden. While the lady in question was unbosoming herself a sharp witted thief who had been present at the meeting slipped around to her house and appropriated her jewelry. He left a note saying that he took the diamonds in order to remove temptation from her path. This was no doubt quite magnanimous, but it is quite safe to say that the next time that woman makes a confession at a revival meeting she will place her jewels under lock and key, and make no reference whatever to them.—*Index-Appeal.*

In view of the resolutions of the U. S. Senate relating to Armenia, the *Journal des Debats*, a leading newspaper of Paris, facetiously regrets that Europe has not some sort of Monroe doctrine to protect itself from the intermeddling of the United States in European affairs. The point is well made, and besides, it shows what intelligent and disinterested foreigners think of the fantastic and grotesque tricks played by the chosen representatives of the people of this country.—*Alex. Gazette.*

Why is a chicken pie like a gunsmith's shop?—Because it contains fowl-in-pieces.

[By our New York Female Fashion Reporter.]

### NEW YORK FASHIONS

**Spring Materials—Black Skirts—Cotton Fabrics—Mohairs and Alpacas—Styles in Making—Silks.**

Spring wools are characterized by rough surfaces and irregular mixtures of color that resemble those of the winter. Silk and wool materials are favorite exponents of crepon effects or are woven wholly in crepons that in these and superior combinations as well, have taken a new and if possible, a greater lease of life. Delightful fabrics on a smooth wool surface, display crinkled patterns in silk that rise in a crepon like manner and throughout the range of dress goods, genuine crepon weaves or those showing imitations more or less marked, are everywhere apparent.

BLACK CREPON SKIRTS

with fancy silk waists, are eminently in order. Better adapted to general wear than those of satin, they occupy a unique and wholly satisfying position, yet as a change is always demanded, variety in this line is given by skirts of black figured silk that are better liked for day wear. Satin is of course a chosen fabric for evening and some of the handsomest ball and opera costumes are of black satin lightened by white lace or one can observe black satin skirts as an offset to elegant evening corsages. Black serge skirts for the street are of course a judicious selection and are characterized by that absence of showiness that is always desirable when a woman appears on public pavements.

COTTON MATERIALS

are no exceptions to the general demand for uneven surfaces and style attaches to those showing coarse threads woven on delicate groundworks. Narrow stripes with or without alternating ones in floral patterns, are chiefly noticeable and the coarse threads woven in zig-zag on the plain stripe, are a favorite idea. While however, uneven surfaces in cotton goods are very fashionable, yet stylish zephyrs display smooth narrow stripes and organdies are attractive in handsome floral designs.

MOHAIRS AND ALPACAS

are to be extremely fashionable, because their stiffness is precisely in keeping with the fall in skirts that will continue plain and with a flare at the foot. The materials just mentioned, come in black and grave shades suitable for traveling and general wear, but in light colors, they will form some of the most popular skirts to be worn with fancy corsages. The day of fancy corsages is indeed yet at its zenith: there is no apparent sign of disuse or the contempt occasioned by familiarity and certain fabrics are brought out with a special view to their production. Gay plaids are not the least of these and one may readily fancy the pictorial effect of a slender girl wearing a bright plaided corsage with skirt of plain black adapted to show it off.

NEW DESIGNS

for spring dressmaking, can scarce be called new, since they retain all the salient points that have been in favor. Large sleeves, plain skirts, round waists, stock collars and plentifully adorned corsages are the rule and while sharp Marie Antoinette points back and front, with skirts full all around, have been worn during the winter, they evidently will not for a time yet to come, supersede opposing outlines that have been popular for a longer period. Workrooms are filled with spring fabrics and it can be noted that the best modistes preferably use Clark's Mile-End cotton, because good sewing requires good thread. It always comes on black spools and for the benefit of ladies interested in crochet work, a word can be added in commendation of the Mile End crochet cotton. The Clark Mile End Company, 442 Broadway, New York, are advertising a book giving very beautiful colored patterns and directions which can be obtained by sending them 10 cts.; the fireside will thus be made cheerful at present by pretty handiwork and time will be afforded for a selection of designs suitable for piazza industry.

TAFFETA SILKS

displaying narrow stripes or flora patterns set in a similar manner, are very fashionable, their only rival being chene flowered silks. Both however are alike in texture, and the favorite selection at present, because readily made up in the stiff lines popular for skirts or the inflated contour of many sleeves. Delightful costumes made entirely of these light silks, will be seen this summer, but equally pretty and doubtless more economical ones, will consist of a taffeta silk waist with a skirt of black crepon, satin, figured silk or serge. Light quality, yet roughly woven wools are being made into tailor suits for slender women and stout ones select or should select some smooth weave in brownish mixtures, of which there are stylish varieties.

ROSALIND MAY.

### IMPORTANT FACTS.

If you have dull and heavy pain across forehead and about the eyes; if the nostrils are frequently stopped up and followed by a disagreeable discharge; if soreness in the nose and bleeding from the nostrils is often experienced; if you are very sensitive to cold in the head accompanied with headache; then you may be sure you have catarrh; and should (immediately) resort to Ely's Cream Balm for a cure. The remedy will give instant relief.

### In a Trance.

Physicians and the people in general of the Marengo, N. Y., vicinity have been giving much attention to a strange affliction of Miss Hattie Benedict, the 19 year old daughter of Elisha Benedict, a well known farmer.

Miss Benedict four months ago fell asleep, or rather lapsed into a cataleptic trance, and did not awake for five weeks, except at long intervals, when she was conscious for only a few minutes at a time. Once during this period, when she awoke, her mother hurried to get her some food, but before she could prepare it the girl sank back into a trance.

At the end of five weeks she awoke with an acute pain at the base of the brain, but her faculties were in no way impared, and her general health appeared good, excepting the symptoms stated.

Five weeks ago she fell into another trance, which still continues. Her vital functions appear to be reduced to the lowest point; digestion being at a standstill. Her muscles are rigid, but her heart beats and she breathes regularly. During her present trance her heart has shifted three times by muscular contraction to the right side, but this does not appear to have affected its functions.

It is thought that she is hazily conscious of her surroundings during these trances, because, when she awoke from the former, she had vague recollections of what had happened by her bedside. It is believed by her physicians that these attacks are due to scarlatinal poisoning during her infancy.

Reggy (quoting Hamlet)—"If thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool." Maude—"Oh, Tom, this is so sudden."

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jan 15-1yr

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jan 22-3mos

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THE PALAIS ROYAL.

oct 2-tf

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For sale in Staunton, Va., by D. A. HUTTON & S, and by WILSON BROS., Druggists.
oct 9-1yr

# Scribner's for Christmas

Frank R. Stockton has a Christmas love story, which bears a characteristic title.—"The Staying Power of Sir Roban." Its illustrations are quaint and exactly suitable.

A thrilling Detective story by C. E. Carryll, entitled "The River Syndicate," perhaps equalling Sherlock Holmes' best work. Illustrated.

Joel Chandler Harris' characteristic tale of a faithful slave—"The Colonel's Nigger-Dog."

Other Christmas stories are "A White Blot," by Henry Van Dyke, a poetic and imaginative tale of a picture (illustrated); "Heroism of Landers," by A. S. Pier (illustrated); and "Hopper's Old Man," by R. C. V. Meyers.

# SENTIMENTAL TOMMY

By J. M. Barrie.

Those who have read (and who has not?) "The Little Minister" and "A Window in Thrums" can anticipate what Mr. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" will be.

It is to be the chief serial in SCRIBNER'S for 1896, beginning in the January number.

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### "GOOD MORNING, GENTLEMEN."

**Speaker Reed's Astonishing Politeness Made the Ladies Wonder.**

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—General credence is not given to the story of the remark attributed to George Washington that he "would not be outdone in politeness by a negro." Nevertheless, it is a story that goes, and it evidently has been taken to heart by Mr. Thomas B. Reed. One day last week Mr. Reed was sauntering along a fashionable uptown street during calling hours while ladies were alighting in droves from their carriages. Two colored brothers, decidedly the worse looking for wear, and belonging to the faction which, by casting from ten to twenty-five votes apiece, recently secured the election of a Reed delegate from this District to the national republican convention, were hanging around, watching the scene. As Mr. Reed was passing they tugged at the battered remnants of hats surmounting their pates and said: "How do, Mr. Speaker." Instantly the hand of the Speaker was elevated, his hat was removed clean from his head, his body was bent forward in a bow deep and profound, and the habitual cynical smile which plays around his lips melted into one of extreme cordiality as he replied: "Good morning, *gentlemen.*" And the ladies looked on and wondered.

### Armenian Atrocities.

Two English blue books have been published relating to the so-called Armenian massacres. They prove, even in the abstract cabled over, very edifying reading. Had they been published before Senator Frye's resolutions were adopted it is possible that Congress would have hesitated before displaying its deplorable ignorance on Armenian conditions.

The blue books, which contain the official reports of British Consuls, show clearly what a vast amount of lying has been perpetrated upon the English speaking world by the Armenian committees in England and in this country. A bureau of Armenian atrocity inventions has flooded the country for months with reports that would have done credit to the most renowned circulation affidavit professors.

There is no lack of sympathy throughout the United States for the suffering Armenian Christians. America would gladly join heart and soul in relieving the terrible distress that prevails there, but the well-springs of generosity have been stopped by the men who have so far forgotten decency as to stoop to the most despicable means of misleading public opinion.

The English blue books do not deny that fearful atrocities were committed, but the blame for them is placed on the revolutionary agencies which began them, and which, under shelter themselves, have so persistently endeavored to force Europe into active interference in behalf of the Armenian people There was no crime in the calendar they did not charge to Kurd or Turk, while they themselves began the fearful work.

Had the Armenians instead of skulking in the background shown one tithe of the valor of the Boers they would to-day have had their freedom well won and a world admiring them and assisting them to independence.—*N. Y. Herald.*

**Relief in Six Hours.**

Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "NEW GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy.

Sold by B. F. Hughes, Druggist, No. 6 South Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
june 5-1yr.

When the Rev. Charles Beattie, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church of Middletown, New York, entered his pulpit last Sunday evening he was undoubtedly the most uncomfortable man in the sacred edifice. When it came time for him to announce his text he arose and with great embarrassment said that he would not be able to deliver any sermon that evening. He had completely forgotten his text, and as his sermons were always extemperaneously delivered, it would not be possible for him to preach that evening. His mind with reference to his sermon which he had carefully thought out was a complete blank. Dr. Beattie has for thirty-two consecutive years been pastor of the Second Presbyterian church His lapse of memory is not altogether remarkable. History tells of men of renown who for the time being were utterly unable to remember their own names and who for the life of them could not intelligently identify themselves. Rev. Dr. Beattie's lapse of memory is supposed to have been due to overwork. It is not to be doubted that in the future the doctor will write out his text and keep it constantly with him, thus hoping thereby to avoid a repetition of the embarrassing experience of last Sunday night.—*Index Appeal*, February 5.

As all well-informed, unprejudiced men know that the Armenian troubles are caused by an insurrectionary committee outside of Armenia, who stir up commotions and strife and bloodshed there, in order to induce foreign governments to interfere in the affairs of Turkey, and as no citizen of this country has been killed in any of the disturbances there, and as the Turkish government has promised to recompense all such citizens whose property has been injured, by either the Turks or the Armenians, the President would be fully justified in refusing to sign the Armenian resolutions recently passed without opposition by both houses of Congress. This government now, as always, should avoid entangling foreign alliances.—*Alex. Gazette.*

### Eloquence Cruelly Interrupted.

When Sala went to Australia, he arranged to deliver a series of lectures, and he was fond of telling an anecdote about one of his platform experiences there.

"I was describing to my audience," he said, "in my very best English the coronation of her majesty. I had seen the procession from the corner of Parliament street, and was telling how the young girl queen drove by in the stateliness of childhood's simplicity, the dignity of sovereignty already seated upon her pale young brow, with heaving breast. 'A hectic flush upon her blanched cheek,' I was saying, 'her sweet, pallid lips slightly parted, a teardrop trembling on her quivering eyelid all showed'—'Bosh!' suddenly murmured a buxom old dame in the front row, and my inspiration was gone." *Westminster Gazette.*

What are the most unsociable things in the world?—Mile-stones, for you never see two of them together.

What is that which is above all human imperfections, and yet shelters and protects the weakest and wickedest as well as the wisest and best of mankind?—A hat.

What is that which is often brought to the table, always cut, and never eaten?—A pack of cards.

The Thin One—"Dear me. You are losing all your outlines." The Fat One—"And you are getting to be nothing else."

THE REGULAR SUBSCRIPTION TO THE SPECTATOR IS NOW JUST HALF WHAT IT HAS BEEN HERETOFORE. IT IS NOW ONLY ONE DOLLAR.

**CATARRH** is a **LOCAL DISEASE** and is the result of colds and sudden climatic changes.

It can be cured by a pleasant remedy which is applied directly into the nostrils. Being quickly absorbed it gives relief at once.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

is acknowledged to be the most thorough cure for Nasal Catarrh, Cold in Head and Hay Fever of all remedies. It opens and cleanses the nasal passages, allays pain and inflammation, heals the sores, protects the membrane from colds, restores the senses of taste and smell.

**COUGHS and COLDS**

ELY'S PINEOLA BALSAM is a sure Remedy for coughs, colds, sore throat and for asthma. It soothes, *quickly* abates the cough, and renders expectoration easy.

**CONSUMPTIVES**

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ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.
jan 8-1vr

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Feb 5-1t

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jan 1-'97

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| Lv. Staunton | 4:41 A. M. | 7:05 P. M. |
| Ar. Cincinnati | 5:50 P. M. | 8:00 A. M. |
| " Indianapolis | 11:05 P. M. | 11:30 A. M. |
| " Chicago | 7:30 A. M. | 5:30 P. M. |
| " St. Louis | 7:30 A. M. | 6:45 P. M. |
| " Kansas City | 6:00 P. M. | 7:00 A. M. |
| " Louisville | 9:35 P. M. | 11:59 A. M. |
| " Memphis | 2:55 P. M. | 5:50 A. M. |
| " Nashville | 6:54 A. M. | 8:57 P. M. |
| Ar. New Orleans | 6:30 A. M. | 11:55 P. M. |