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SHENANDOAH HERALD

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Office on Main Street Opposite the Court House.

WOODSTOCK, VA.

Will practice in the courts of Shenandoah and adjacent counties.

Special attention given to the collection of claims and all legal business entrusted to his care.

Sept. 5th—tf.

WILL BE IN MT. JACKSON on the 2nd, 3rd and 4th days of every month. At Dr. L. H. Jordan's Drug Store.

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MOSES WALTON also practices in the Counties of Page, Warren and Rockingham.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

WOODSTOCK,

SHENANDOAH COUNTY, VA.

April, 29—tf

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WOODSTOCK, VA.

Practice in the Courts of Shenandoah, Rockingham, Page, Frederick and arren Counties; also in the Courts of Appeals of Virginia and in the U. S. District Court.

Special attention given to the collecton of claims.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WOODSTOCK, VA.

Will practice in all the courts.

January, 1876—

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FIRE INSURANCE AGENTS.

WOODSTOCK, VA.

We are prepared to Insure property in the Virginia Fire and Marine Insurance Company, and the Lynchburg Banking and Insurance Company. Both are first class companies and insure at the usual premiums.

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NEW MARKET, VA.

Will practice in the Circuit Court of Shenandoah County, and in all the Courts of Rockingham and Page Counties.

I have made an arrangement with Messrs. Walton & alton, Attorneys-at-law, by which any matter of business at Woodstock will receive attention without any additional charges to my clients.

I have made the same arrangement with prominent lawyers in Rockingham and Page Counties. Office—Next door to Henkel Eolner & Co's. Store.

June 17.

DR A. MARTIN,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Respectfully informs the public that he has resumed the practice of his profession orders left at the store of P. J. Fravel, in Woodstock, will receive prompt attention

Jun.13th tf.

Miscellaneous Cards.

GREEN'S MANSION HOUSE,

ALEXANDRIA, VA

JAMES GREEN,.....PROPRIETOR.

Is a first-class hotel, in every respect. The citizens of the valley, having business in Alexandria or Washington, and travelers going North or South, will find this an agreeable resting place on the route, as it does not require the early start by several hours as from Washington or Baltimore. Cars and Steamboats leave Alexandria for Washington and return every hour from A M, to 7½ P. M. Jan 7—tf

L. M. HISEY,

CABINET MAKER AND

Undertaker

Keeps constantly on hand and for sale at lowest cash prices, FURNITURE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

He has on hand an assortment of Lounges, Chairs, Bureaus, Bedsteads, Safes Wardrobes, Washstands, Tables, Writting Desks and will always have is rooms

We-Filled.

He will be prompt to furnish coffins at short notice.

All work warranted for a reasonable time.

uly 25—tf. Edinburg, Va.

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M. RIDDLEBARGER.

I HAVE resumed my old trade, and offer to my old friends

NEW GUNS ALWAYS ON HAN

AND

FOR SALE.

Repairing neatly and expediently done Materials of material furnished, such as Barrels Mountings, Locks, Triggers, &c.

Cash and Produce for work.

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mar 31, 1870.—1y

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Enlarged and Greatly Improved

AMPLE ACCOMMODATIONS

FOR THE

Increased Demands of Public

PATRONAGE.

This hotel has been recently improved by the erection of a brick addition to the main building which will give considerably more room, and afford ample accommodation for the traveling public.

THE TABLE will be well supplied at all times with the best the market affords. and no pains shall be spared to satisfy the wants of guests in this department.

THE BAR will be stocked with the best Liquors. A full supply of Wilson's pure Rye whisky, (the only home-made whisky sold in the county,) can be found by those wishing a pure article for medical purposes.

Jurors attending court will be boarded or their fees per diem, and their certificates taken in payment if desired.

Charges Moderate. A call respectfully elicited.

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May 1.t

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COD LIVER OIL

This Oil unlike others is not the fishy rancid, disagreeable, smelling and worse, tasting article, but as a pure, biand, fresh Oil, *without* any admixture, easily accepted and retained by the most delicate stomach, and possess all the medical properties and efficacy in to a much greater degree thanany other

COD LIVER OIL

makes it most valuable for patients or invalids requiring the use of COD LIVER OIL. For-sale by

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A prompt and positive remedy in all chronic diseases of the Womb Bladder and Kidney.

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George M. Borum, - - - - Cashier.
J. W. Magruder, - - - - Asst. Cashier.

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Advertisements.

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NEW MARKET, VA.

MRS. S. HOLTZMAN, Proprietress.

Having fully refitted and repaired this well known Hotel it is now open for the reception of guests and boarders. New Market is surrounded by a number of excellent springs—among which are Sulphur, Chalybeate, Free, Stone, &c,—easy of access, and situated amid the most beautiful and picturesque scenry.—Persons in the cities desiring a few weeks of country air, with quiet comfort, at reasonable rates, will be accommodated.

The table will be an especial care; the Bar supplied with choice liquors, and the Stables provided with best of provender.

SARAH HOLTZMAN

Feb. 6—tf.

1825. 1878.

OLD DRUG STORE,

WOODSTOCK, VA

established about 1825 by Dr. John G. Schmitt

B. SCHMITT, - - Proprietor.

DEALER IN

Drugs, Medicines, Glass, PAINTS, OILS,

Varnishes,

DYE STUFF,

PERFUMERY, SOAPS, BRUSHES,

Fancy-Goods,

Stationery, etc., etc.

ALSO

CANDY, NUTS, FRUIT&c.

Prices

As cheap as the cheapest.

Purity and Reliability

of goods always guarranteed. Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours.

BARBOUR & HAMILTON,

Louisiana Avenue Washington, D. C.

We have connected with our Wholesale Grocery and Liquor Business

A COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

A. E. PHILLIPS,

for the sale of Flour, Grain, Hay, Lumber Eggs, Butter, Cheese, Potatoes, Poultry, in fact, all kinds of Country Produce.

All consignments will receive our best attention and prompt returns made for the same.

Mr. R. F. KNOX, formerly of Alexandria, Va., will give his personal attention to the Virginia and Maryland trade. Respectfully,

Apr. 11—1yr. BARBOUR & HAMILTON

POETICAL.

ADVICE TO BOYS.

BY HENRY DOWNTON.

Whatever you are, be brave, boys!
The liar's a coward and slave, boys!
Though clever at ruses
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys!

Whatever you are, be frank, boys!
'Tis better than money and rank, boys;
Still cleave to the right,
Be lovers of light,
Be open, above board, and frank, boys!

Whatever you are, be kind, boys!
Be gentle in manner and mind, boys!
The man gentle in mien,
Words, and temper, I ween,
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys!

But, whatever you are, be true, boys!
Be visible through and through, boys;
Leave to others the shamming,
The 'greening' and 'cramming,
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys!

CECILE'S PEARLS.

It was during the late rebellion. I was an officer in the Federal service and it chanced. through the fortune of war, that my command was sent to New Orleans on special duty.

This duty, to most of us was not very pleasant; and we were awaiting eagerly our summons to another quarter, when I met with a rather romantic adventure.

Passing down a secluded street, late one evening, I was startled by a loud shriek, evidently in a woman's voice, followed by an appeal for help. Darting foward, I perceived in the dim, gray shadows of twilight, which fell upon al things, the slender figure of a woman, enveloped in a waterproof cloak, struggling in the grasp of a ruffian.

It was the work of a moment to deal him a blow, which laid him at my feet. He arose and with muttered curses and threats of future vengeance, to which I, at the time, paid no heed, considering them but the ravings of an inebriate, staggered onward. All this time the woman had stood trembling with terror, leaning against the adjacent building.

'How can I ever thank you sir?'

It was a low, clear, sweet voice, the unmistakable tones of refinement. I missed my hat.

'If you will allow me, madam,' I replied. 'I will escort you home. It is not safe for ladies to be out alone, in these troublous times.'

'I know it,' she respouded, somewhat haughtily, 'But sincs your army has demoralized the city, and forced its citizens to an observance of laws which are only the laws of tyrants—the power of the stronger over the weaker—since New Orleans has become what it now is, we are obliged to submit to much and do many acts which are repugnant to us!'

She turned away, with a quick, imperious gesture of disdain, and, ere I could advance a step, had vanished down an adjoining street. I stood, for a moment, staring blankly in the direction that she had taken, and I must confess it, thinking very much of the soft tones of her voice, and the bewildering dark eyes with which she had glanced into my face, while she uttered her tirade against the army to which I had the honor of belonging.

'Whew! The little rebel,' I exclaimed half aloud as I turned to move away. Just then my eyes fell upon a package lying upon the pavement, and I raised it with a start of surprise. It was evidently a small box carefully wrapped in tissue paper. Thrusting it in my pocket I started in the direction which she had taken with a faint hope of overtaking her; but I had proceeded but a few roads when I heard my name called, and glancing around beheld the colonel of my regiment.

'Major,' said he, hurriedly, 'report at at once at headquarters. I have received important news, and wish to see you and some of the other officers immediately.'

He passed rapidly onward before I could answer with more than the customary salute, and was lost to sight in the distance.

With a feeling of impatience which I could not restrain, I obeyed my superiors's command, and hastened to headquarters.

There I soon discovered that we were to leave New Orleans at once and proceed northward. Important military movements rendered this change imperative.

I sought my own quarters, and proceeded to examine the little package. Removing the numerous strings and wrappings, a small box stood revealed. With an odd sensation at my heart I raised the lid. Within the inclosure, upon a bed of azure satin, there rested a magnificent set of pearls, bearing the inscription, in old English letters:—

'*Cecile Tremaine from her father.*'

My heart filled with pity for the young girl whom I felt convinced was Cecile Tremaine. Where was she going along so late, and with so costly a burden? Who could tell what story of want, and woe, and despair it might be in her power to relate? My experience in the war devastated South had shown me clearly the suffering and poverty and desolation of many of the first and best in the land, and may not her errand have been to convert the jewels into bread for some suffering loved one?

Hard old soldier though I was, I felt the tears start in my eyes. And from that hour determined to protect the jewels, and sooner or later, if it were in the power of man to do so, I would return them to her possession.

But I had no time for sentimentalizing; the army was already in motion and my place was with my command; so stifling my sighs of regret I prepared for immediate departure. Taking the pearls, I sewed them carefully into a large leather belt, which I wore on my person concealed beneath my outer clothing, and determined to defend them with my life.

That night we left New Orleans, and years elapsed before I saw that city again. Turning our faces northward we moved through Mississippi; here we had several skirmishes, but from all I escaped unhurt. Months elapsed and still I wore the pearls safely hidden, and, as I fondly imagined, unsuspected by any one. But I was doomed to find out my mistake.

We were encamped not far from Chattanooga, Tennessee. We were expecting marching orders daily, and lying idly in camp, were glad of any diversion to while away the long hours, when, one day, a strolling musician, an old man with a long white beard, and carrying a violin in a dilapidated case, was brought into camp. He had been prowling around, and so had been 'taken in,' as one of the men laughingly remarked.

But, subsequent circumstances had proved that the 'boot was on the other foot.' Worn out with inactivity, the boys, one and all, welcomed the good old fellow; and when we found what exquisite music he drew forth from that worn, old violin, we decided unanimously, that the new arrival was a grand addition to the camp.

But once, I caught him looking at me; there was a peculiar glitter in his steely blue eyes, which did not please me; an impression that we had met before, crept over me, and from that very hour I became suspicious of him, and was ever on the alert.

I had 'turned in' for the night. All the camp lay quietly sleeping beneath the clear, white, moonbeams; no sound broke the silence, save the occasional challenge of the sentinel; and I lay, restlessly, tossing on my rude couch, uneasy and filled with a vague distrust, a feelng that something was about to happen.

The moon-rays penetrated my shelter, and dropped in great, white patches on the ground, before my bed. I lay with my eyes fixed upon them; and suddenly, I saw a dark shadow cross their whiteness; then a form drew very near, and I saw it was our strolling minstrel.

But he was no longer bent, and gray, and, in that moment I found out two things; that he had obtained access to our camp in disguise for some unlawful purpose; and, also that my good memory had not played me false; this midnight prowler was the man whom I had struck, for assaulting the young lady, some months before. In a dash I saw it all. He had attempted to rob her of her jewels; but, failing in his vile design, had secretly observed my possession of them, and had followed our regiment, and dogged my steps for the purpose of robbing me at last.

Something prompted me to close my eyes, and feign sleep. I felt the villian approach me—cleser—closer—then a sponge saturated with chloroform was held to my nostrils; with a quick spring I bounded to my feet and caught the ruffian by the throat. Just then the sound of the bugle pealed through the quiet night, 'boots and saddles.' With desperate wrench the robber escaped me; and I was scarcely aware of my own movements—found myself in my saddle and, with the rest of the command, on my way to the scene of action.

Here we met the opposing army, and a fearful battle ensued.

Through all that dreadful engagement, I kept my pearls jealously guarded, it was a point of honor with me and I weuld *never* give them up. Such thoughts were flitting through my mind when I felt a strong grasp on my bridle, and, glancing down stood face to face with the pretended old man, the would be robber of the night before. At the moment I felt a sharp pain in my side, followed by a numb, dead feeling.

I saw the red-hot torrent which poured forth, and knew that I was wounded then I lost conciousness.

I was aroused by a rough and hasty touch; and opening my eyes I found my enemy bend over me, his hands busily removing my outer garment, and I knew that he was searching for the pearls.

Whence came my strength I know not; but with a sudden mighty effort I seized my sabre, and struck him a heavy blow. I saw him reel and fall backward, and then, once more, I swooned away.

On my second return to consciousness I found myself, lying on a hospital bed, with kindly faces around me. My first thought was of jewels, and my heart thrilled with exultation when I found that they were safe.

For many weary months I lay upon my bed; and during the interval the war ended. But my health was very feeble, and when I was removed to my native New York it was the general impression that I had come home to die.

However that was not my intention, and in the course of a year I found myself on the fair way to recover.

The secret of the pearls I had never shared with any one. They had been in my possession for the space of five years, and yet I had never really despaired of returning them to their owner.

About that time it occured to me that a trip to Louisa na would be very beneficial to my health; and so, in the year 1868, I found myself once more in New Orleans. My first step was to insert a 'personal' in all the daily papers, addressed to Miss Cecile Tremaine, and requesting her present address. But I received no response. Day after day passed by, and I was rapidly losing hope when it chanced one morning that I strolled into the printing office of a friend, and stood watching the nimble fingers of the compositors, among whom were several ladies.

At length I herd the foreman address one of the employees as 'Miss Tremaine.' With a wildly-throbbing heart I cast a furtive gance in her direction. Great heavens! it was she! I was sure of it.

In a few moments I had acquainted my friend with the facts, and my belief that this was the young lady of whom I was in quest. He told me then of her poverty, and that from one of the first and wealthiest families of New Orleans she was reduced to earn her bread. He said that there was no doubt that I was on the right track, as she had already told him of the loss of her pearls. On the night that I had rescued her, she had been on her way to dispose of them, for her father lay dying, and she had no means with which to furnish him food and medicine.

He was dead now, and she, poor girl, was all alone in the world.

I will pass over my introduction, and the astonishment with which she listened to my story. Time had softened her asperity towards the 'Yankees,' and as months flew by, she seemed to have quite forgotten all past animosities, so that, when at last I ask her to become my wife, I was prepared to hear her answer 'Yes,' and I was not disappointed.

And on the day that she became my bride, amid the lace of her snowy veil, and crowning her heavy waves of raven hair, like drops of ice, were the jewels which I had cherished, and defended with my life, for all those dreadful years—my CECILE'S PEARLS.

Don't Give Up.

A gentleman traveling in the northern part of Ireland heard the voices of children, and stopped to listen. Finding that the sound came from a small building used as a school house, he drew near; as the door was open, he went in and listened to the words the boys were spelling.

One little fellow stood apart, looking very sad. "Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman.

'Oh, he is good for nothing,' replied the teacher. 'There's nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in the school.'

The gentleman was surprised at his answer. He saw the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid were nearly crushed. After a few words to them, placing his hand on the head of the little fellow who stood apart, he said: 'One of these days you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up; but try, my boy—try.'

The boy's soul was aroused. His sleeping mind awoke. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became anxious to excel, and he did become a fine scholar. It was Dr. Adam Clarke. The secret of his success is worth knowing: 'Don't give up; but; try, my boy—try.'

The New Tax Bill.

For kissing a pretty girl, one dollar.

For kisssing a homely one, two dollars. The tax is levied in order to break up the custom althogether, it being regarded as a piece of inexcusable absurdity.

For every flirtation, ten cents.

For every young man who has more than one girl, five dollars.

Courting in the back parlor, twenty-five cents.

Courting in romantic places, five dollars, and fifty cents for each time thereafter.

For a girl giving a young man the mitten, five dollars and cost of suit.

Seeing a young lady home from church, twenty cents.

Falling to see her home, five dollars and costs.

For ladies who paint, two dollars.—Proceeds to be devoted to the relief of disconsolate husbands who have been deceived by outside appearances.

Bachelors over thirty years old, ten dollars and banished to Utah.

Each boy baby, fifty cents.

Each girl baby, ten cents.

Twins, one hundred dollars premium to be paid out of the funds accruing from the tax on old bachelors.

Heads of families of more than thirteen children, fined a hundred dollars and sent to jail.

'Hanging On.'

One was a parcel boy and the other a cash boy, and as they halted under an awning for a minute the parcel boy asked:

'Do you get the same old wages yet?'

'Yes, just the same.'

'Haven't you been presented with a watch or a cane, as a token of esteem?'

'No; not a thing.'

'Don't the boss ever ask you up to a Sunday dinner?'

'Not a one.'

'Never comes around and asks your advice about the markets?'

'Never.'

'And hasn't he got a daughter to fall in love with you and commit suicide if she can not marry you?'

'No.'

'Wel, I don't see why you stay there; it must be awful humiliating to a boy of your temperament.'

'So it is—it's just awful on me, but I'm hanging on in hopes of finding a five dollar bill on the floor and buying all the rock candy I can eat. Seems as though I could taste it now—youm—good-by. Few people know how we boys suffer day by day.'

A distinguished physician recommended elm-bark for the bite of a dog—just as if the bark could cure the bite!

Brown says he has so often been deceived by the chicken at his boarding house, that he calls it the mocking bird.

'Master at home?' 'No, sir, he's out.' 'Mistress at home?' 'No sir, she's out.' 'Then I'll step in and sit by the fire.' 'That's out too, sir.'

PRAISE YOUR WIFE.

A SKETCH FOR HUSBANDS.

Andrew Lee had come from his shop, where he had worked all day, tired and out of spirits, home to his wife, who was also out of spirits.

'A smiling wife and a peaceful home—a paradise would it be!' said Andrew to himself as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee and sat down with knitted brow and moody aspect.

Not a word was spoken by either. Mrs. Lee was getting supper and she moved about with a weary step.

'Come,' she said at last, with a side glance at her husband.

There was invitation in the word only; but not in the voice of Mrs. Lee.

Andrew arose and went to the table. He was tempted to speak an angry word, but he controlled himself and kept quiet. He could find no fault with the chop and the home-made bread, or the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his inward man if there had been only a gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. He noticed that she did not eat.

'Are you not well, Mary?' The words were on his lips, but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repellant and he feared an irritable reply. And so, in moody silence, the twain sat until Andrew had finished his supper.

As he pushed his chair back, his wife arose and commenced cleaning off the table.

'This is purgatory!' said Andrew to himself as he commenced to walk the floor of their breakfast room, with his hands thrust in his trowsers pockets and chin almost touching his breast.

After removing all the dishes and taking them into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cloth on the table, and placing a fresh trimmed lamp on the table, went out and shut the door after her, leaving her husband alone with his unpleasent feelings. He took a long, deep breath as she did so, paused in his walk, stood still for some moments, and then drawing a paper from his pocket, sat down and commenced reading. Singularly enough, the words on which his eyes fell were, 'Praise your wife.' They rather tended to increase the disturbance of mind from which he was then suffering.

'I should like to find some occasion for praising mine.'

How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill-natured sentiment! His eyes were on the pages before him and he read on.

'Praise your wife, man: for pity's sake give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her.'

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper and muttered:

'Oh, yes; that's all very well. Praise is cheap enough; but praise her for what! For being sullen and making home one of the most disagreeable places in the world?'

His eyes fell again on the paper.

'She has made your home comfortable, your heart bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake, thank her, if nothing more; she don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for years; but it will do her good, for all that, and you, too.'

It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence was written for him, and just for the occasion. 'Prase her what!' and he felt it also a rebuke. He read on further, for thought came to busy and in a new direction. Memory was convicting him of injustice to his wife; she had always made his home as comfortable as her hands could make it, and had he offered the light return of praise or commendation? Had he ever told her of the satisfaction he had known, or the comfort he had experienced? He was not able to recall the time or occasion.

As he thought thought thus, Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen, and taking her work basket from the closet, placed it on the table, and sitting down without speaking, began to sew. Andrew Lee glanced almost instantly at the work in her hands, and saw it was the bosom of a shirt which she was stiching neatly. He knew it was for him that she was at work.

'Prase your wife.' The words were before the eyes of his mind and could not look away from them; but he was not ready for this yet. He still felt moody and unforgiving. The expression on his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill-nature: he had no patience. His eyes fell upon the newspaper that lay spread out before him, and he read the sentence.

'A kind, cheerful word spoken in a gloomy house is the little rift in the cloud which lets the sunshine peep through'

Lee struggled with himself a while longer; his own ill-nature had to be conquered first; his moody, accusing spirit had to be subdued. He thought of many things to say, and yet he ferred to say them, lest his wife would meet his advances with a cold reduff. At last, leaning toward her and taking hold of the linen bosom upon which she was at work, he said in a voice modulated which kindness:

'You are doing this work very beautifully, Lary.'

Mrs. Lee made no reply, but her husband did not fail to observe that she lost almost instantly that rigid erectness with which she had been sitting, and the motion of the needle pad ceaseded.

My shirts ard better made and look whiter than those of the man in the shop,' said Lee, encouraged to go on.

'Are they?'

Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight huskiness; she did not turn her face, but her husband saw that she leaned toward him. He had broken the ice of reserve, and all was easy now. His head was among the clouds, and a few feeble rays were already struggling through the rift it had made.

'Yes, Mary,' he answered softly: 'and I've heard it said more than once, What a good wife Andrew Lee must have."

Mrs Lee turned her face toward her husband. There was the light in her eye; but there was something in the expression of her countenance that a little puzzled him.

'Do you think so!' she asked, quite soberly.

'What a question!' ejaculated Andrew Lee, starting up and going round to the side of the table where she was sitting. 'What a question, Mary?' he replied, standing before her.

'Realy, do you?, It was all Mary said.

'Yes, darling,' was his warmly spoken answer, and he stooped down and kissed her; 'how strange that you should ask me such a question as that!'

'If you would tell me now and then, Andrew, it would do me good.'

Mrs. Lee arose, and leaning her face against the manly breast of her husband, stood and wept.

What a strong light broke in upon Andrew Lee! He had never given his wife even the small reward of praise for all the loving interest she had manifested daily, until doubt of love had entered her soul and made the light all around her thick darkness. No wonder that her face grew clouded, nor that what he considered moodiness and ill-nature took possession of her spirit.

'You are good and true, Mary, my own dear wife; I am proud of you, and my first desire is your happiness. Oh, if I could always see your face in sunshine, my home would be the dearest on earth'

'How precious to me are your words of love and praise, Andrew!' said Mrs. Lee, smiling through her tears into his face. 'With them in my ears my heart can never lie in shadow.'

How easy had been the work for Andrew Lee! He had swept his hand across the cloudy horizon, and now the bright sunshine was streaming and flooding that home with joy and beauty.

HOME CONNERSATION.—Children hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem it drudgery to study in books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood the privilege of listening daily to the conversotion of intelligent people. We sometimes see parents who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent, and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activity and mental stories sufficient for both, let them first use what they have for their own households. A silent home is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, on the other hand, is often given in pleasant family conversation, and what unconscious, but excellent mental training is lively, social argument. Cultivate to the utmost the graces of conversation.

THREE THINGS.—Three things to love—courage, gentleness and affection.

Three things to admire—intellect, dignity and gracefulness.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to delight in—beauty, frankness and freedom.

Three things to desire—health, friends and a contented spirit.

Tere things to like—cordiality, good humor and cheerfulness.

Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

Three things to cultivate—good books good friends and good humor.

Three things to contend for—honor country and friends.

Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to think of—life, death and eternity.

The tricks of the Heathen Chinee sink into insignificance when campared with the shrewdness of a western backwoodsman at Washkosh, Wis., the other day. Three gamblers had laid a plan to fleece their victim, and he was dealt four aces to induce him to bet, but was given six cards so as to make a misdeal. But the quick witted amateur backed his four all he was worth and won, when his opponents charged him with having another card secreted about his person. A search revealed nothing, afterward he departed with his winnings. It was afterward discovered that he had slipped the extra card into a sandwitch which he was eating while playing and had actually swallowed it.

'Pay the bill?' said a gentleman who is well known to collectors as the prince of procrastinators. 'I should be happy to do so: but this damp weather has caused money-drawer to swell, and I cannot get at my funds. Come the first dry day.'

A man who thought he would present his wife with material for a new dress was somewhat surprised to see the dealer slip the cloth in an envelope and say he would have the buttons sent right up in a dray.

'Doctor,' said a desparing patient to his physician, 'I am in a dreadful condition; I can neither lay nor set. What shall I do?' 'I think you had better roost,' was the reply.

A contemporary asks: 'Are American girls delicate?' It depends very much on whether you offer them cocoanut cake and ice cream or a bar of soap and a washboard.

SHENANDOAH HERALD

Advertising Rates:

Advertisements will be inserted at One Dollar per square of ten lines, or less, for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Unless the number of insertions be marked upon the manuscript, it will be published until forbid and charged accordingly.

Notices in the local column will be inserted a double the advertising rates.

Advertisements for three months or longer will be inserted at lower rates

United Prayer.

For ten long years Mrs. H. prayed for her infidel husband. She knew that the Lord heard and that he was "faithful that he had promised," but as yet did not come. The thought of her kind, indulgent companion seemed as far from her as when, in the joy of her new found hope, she had told him how "God so loved," and asked him to join her in a life of loving service. Yes, the Lord was leading her gently, that she might know and do his will.

One evening at the church prayer meeting her heart was more than usually burdened, and near the close of the service she rose, timidly, and said: "For many years, dear friends, I have longed to ask you to help me pray. It is not customary with us for ladies to speak in the meeting, and I have feared to be intrusive, but I can forbear no longer. Will you pray, for my husband?"

Every heart was touched. A good brother immediately led in prayer, and another took up the petition. Mr. H. was well-known and much loved in the community, and they poured out their hearts before the Lord, "pleading as one pleadeth for a friend." Last of all a colored brother led in prayer, and in humble confidence seemed to enter into the very presence of Jehovah.

Just after Mrs. H. had made her request her husband, as was his custom, came to church to accompany her home. Finding that the service had not yet closed, he entered, unobserved, and took a seat near the door.

"Tell me, wife," he said, as they were leaving the vestibule, "who was the gentleman they were praying for?"

"The husband of one of the sisters, Charles."

"Well, wife," he replied, "that man will certainly be converted; I never heard such prayers before."

Again as they were preparing for the night, he remarked, "those were wonderful prayers wife. Can you tell me the gentleman's name?"

"He was the husband of one of the ladies present," replied Mrs. H., and then she retired to her closet for prayer and praise.

At midnight she heard her husband's voice again: "Wife, wife, God heard those prayers, I can not sleep, wife! Will you pray for me? Can the Lord show mercy to me, wife?"

There was joy in the presence of the angels that night. When the faithful pastor called the next morning he found Mr. H. "praising and blessing God."

Blessed words of Jesus, "when two of you shall agree, touching anything that ye shall ask, it shall be done of my Father."

Uncle Moses' Lesson.

Uncle Mosses is the chief executive of a suburban colored Sunday school. The other Sunday, his black face with its snowy fringe, peered over his ante-bellum 'stock' and collar at the little nigs, who were buzzing like bees in in a hive just under his nose.

'Ordah! Chillen, ordah! Don't yer heah me, chillen? Lettle Jim Lumpkins, dere, hesh dat talking' like a cunsterble on 'lection day.'

When Jemmie ceased his conversation the chief executve resumed:

'I calls de detenshun ob de school ter de way yous been a carryin' on dis bressed day. Wot yer bin a din'? Yer knows! An' de way yer tongues is bin a carruscatin' is scan'lous,'

The black fingers pushed the tall collar back and pulled the black chin forward.

'Now, I puts it ter yer, an' do you all listen, an, you, too, Lize Millins; I ax you dis question—How menny eyes you chillens got?'

Chorus—'Two.'

'How menny mouve yer got?'

Unanimously—'One.'

What does dat mean? It means yer mus' see twice es much as yer tells' Now how menny years yer got?'

'Chorus—'Two.'

'An' how menny mouves'

'One.'

'Dat meanes yer mus' heah twice es much as yer talks. Now,' member dis lesson an' you, Henry Gills, contribute de papers 'roun' 'fore we jines in prar.'

The ladies are all opposed to the telephone. They don't care to have a young fellow whispering in their ears with mouth twenty miles away.

There has been so much rain in Southern Iowa this winter that the conductors of the freight trains take rank with rear admiral.

Conclusive—'Mankind,' said a preacher 'includes woman; for man embraces woman.'

A man in Benton wrote to the official for "a chance to run on the B. C. & M. railroad." He was told that he might "run on the road" as much as he liked if he would keep out of the way of the trains.

A mother, seeing her little four-year-old nearly asleep in her chair, asked if she had not better go to bed. "Oh, no, mamma; I only shut my eyes to keep the dust out."

Nobody can tell how many disputes for the front side of the bed have been settled by moving the bedstead in the centre of the room.

Somebody says: "Every failure is a step to success." This will explain why the oftener some men fail the richer they become.

What the milkman said when they found a fish in the fluid, "Good heavens! the brindle cow has been in swimming again!"

A street-car driver who wears a button-hole bouquet has no more influence with a mule than ordinary mortals.