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SHENANDOAH HERALD

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Office on Main Street Opposite the Court House

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SHENANDOAH COUNTY, VA

April, 22—tf

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I have made an arrangement with Messrs. Walton & Walton, 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 Keiner & 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.

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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

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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 in rooms

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He will be prompt to furnish coffins at short notice. All work warranted for a reasonable time.

nly 25—tf. Edinburg, Va.

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NEW GUNS ALWAYS ON HAND

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mar 31 1870.—1y

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AMPLE ACCOMMODATIONS
FOR THE

Increased Demands of Public

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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.

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Charges Moderate. A call respectfully solicited.

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y 1.tf

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This Oil unlike others is not the fishy rancid, disagreeable, smelling and worse, tasting article, but as a pure, bland, 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 than any other

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Wm. H. Rice, - - - - New Market

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P. Hoshour, - - - - Woodstock.
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T. J. Burke, - - - - New Market.
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George M. Borum, - - - - Cashier.
J. W. Magruder, - - - - Asst. Cashier.

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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 comforts, 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,

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established about 1825 by Dr. John G. Schmitt

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Drugs, Medicines, Glass,

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CANDY, NUTS, FRUITS &c.

Prices

As cheap as the cheapest.

Purity and Reliability

of goods always guaranteed. 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. E. F. KNOX, formerly of Alexandria, Va., will give his personal attention to the Virginia and Maryland trade. Respectfully,

Apr. 11—1yr. BARBOUR & HAMILTON

POETICAL.

"ONLY WAITING."

[An aged man in an almshouse was asked what he was doing. He replied, "Only waiting."]

Only waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded from the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer time is faded and the autumn winds have come,
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly, these last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered, and I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered, weary, poor, and desolate,
Even now I hear the footsteps, and their voices far away;
If they call me I am waiting, only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer of the day's last beam is flown;
Then from out the gathered darkness holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly tread its pathway to the skies.

A MYSTERIOUS SAIL.

A tropical night on the Pacific! The sky is studded with stars, which are mirrored in the vast deep beneath.—There is just enough air to keep the Dolphin moving at a quiet rate, and passengers are gathered on deck to enjoy the matchless evening.

A short distance away stand two lovers—Edmund Prescott and Florence Harris—looking out upon the ocean and meditating and conversing upon the scene.

"How different this sky from our Northern firmament?" remarked Florence, after a pause. 'I can hardly recognize my favorite constellation. The Southern Cross is beautiful, but then I miss the others. Ursa Major has entirely disappeared, and as for the Minor Bear, scarce a star of him is visible.

At this observation, which was intended for no particular ears, Adolphus Fitzgibbon aroused himself.

'Aw—what's that, Miss Harris? aw—have you seen bears at sea?'

'Yes, and monkeys; too,' was the quick and good natured reply.

All of us laughed, while Fitzgibbon looked very silly, then grinned hugely, then seemed to meditate some scathing witticism, but concluded he would not, and stretched out upon his side with his back towards the lovers, and pretended to or really did fall asleep within the next fifteen minutes.

I was reclining on the deck about a dozen feet from where the lovers stood—not with any intention of listening to their words, but simply because, I had taken my position first, and was too languid to change it. I had been an invalid for years, but was now recovering from a severe spell of sickness.

I was lazily drawing at my Havana, puffing the thin fragrant smoke from my mouth without removing the cigar, and gazing upward at the brilliant stars as they slowly sailed overhead. I was in that delicious dreamy state, half asleep and half awake, hearing only the murmur of the voices around me as one hears the faint sound of a a distant waterfall. I presume I had lain thus for nearly an hour, and my cigar had burned almost to my mouth, while the long column of ashes was still unbroken, when something struck my ear like the sound of a bell. It was not until I had heard it several times that it seemed really to effect my senses.

All at once I gave a start, the ashes dropped upon my bosom, and I arose to a sitting position and gazed around me.

'Hark?' said I; 'didn't you hear that bell?'

'Just what I have been trying to make Edmund believe!' laughed Florence Harris; 'he persisted in not believing it.'

'Listen!' said I, raising my hand.

And immediately there fell a deathlike silence.

And while thus intently listening there came across the sea, faint but distinct, the soft, distant sound of a bell. We scarcely breathed for a minute, and the strange, solemn sound was repeated at regular intervals, as if swung by the hand of some exhausted sufferer, or tolled by the swell of the ocean.

The Captain by this time had approached and stood in the attitude of attention.

'We must be near the land?' I ventured to say, rather in the form of an inquiry than that of an assertion.

'No, sir,' responded the Captain, 'the nearest island is a good 800 miles away, and this doesn't come from there, I should think.'

'What can it be?' asked several in the same breath.

'The sound comes from that direction,' said Florence Harris, pointing toward the equator.

'Perhaps it is on board a ship,' I again ventured.

'Don't think it is' replied the Captain, with a shake of the head.

'What can it be?' asked Florence.

To this no one ventured to reply for several moments. In the meantime, the tolling of the bell had become quite distinct, and Adolopus Fitzgibbon gave a yawn, a groan, a kick, and awoke.

'Aw—ye—aw I was about to suggest—aw—that the tea bell should ring—aw—aw?' he stammered, confusedly rising to his feet and pitching back and forth. Then, seeing us all in attitude of attention, he asked, 'What—aw—the doose is the matter?'

'It's the bell of doom!' exclaimed Backstay Bob, a tall, scarred sailor, from his position at the weel.

'Pshaw! you're too childish,' replied the captain. 'Whatever it is we are rapidly approaching it, for notice how much louder it sounds.'

Such was the case. The bell was now heard distinctly to the south and was approaching nearer at every moment. Shortly after, the Captain took his night-glass, and gazed long and earnestly in that direction. When he lowered it he said:

'I can just discover a large body rising and falling on the waves. Backstay Bob, you have got the best eyesight of any one on board; see what you can make of it.'

Bob resigned his place at the wheel to one of the men and came forward and took the glass. He held it to his eye for several minutes without speaking, and to all appearance without even breaking, while we awaited his word with the deepest interest. Finally he gave a great sigh and lowered it.

'Blow me, if it ain't Davy Jones afloat.'

'How does it look?' several of us inquired in the same breath.

'I'll be hanged if I can tell. There's no bowsprit, and——'

Here he lowered his voice again, and she[illegible] continued his observations.

'There's no sail, no nothing.'

'Aw—certainly—aw something, certainly—aw if your vision—aw—is able to discern it;' ventured the gentle Adolphus Fitzgibbon.

'Don't you see anything like a sail?' inquired the captain.

'Not a speck, nor any place to put one, either. Hold a minute,' exclaimed Bakstay Bob, 'Ive got her in range now. She ain't got the least mite of a boom, yard or anything like. She looks like some great hulk of a lightboat.—Hold on again; I see the bell. They've rigged it up to the masthead, so that it swings back'ards and for'ards every time the thing gives a lurch to leewards.'

'Can you see anything aboard?'

'Not a cretur' livin' or dead.'

'Keep her away a couple of points.' cried the captain to the man at the wheel.

'Ay, ay, sir!'

And the ship's course was altered, so as to bring her rapidly near the mysterious craft, toward which all eyes were directed.

Several of the company now openly remarked that there was something supernatural in the appearance of this boat, with its tolling bell. To all of these Florence Harris and her husband and lover replied lightly, neither of them having the least faith in their credulity.

The captain listened impatiently, and said: 'You are all a set of cowards. No doubt you imagine Old Nick is aboard with a crew of little imps, bound for the Gallapagos Isles with a load of brimstone. If you'll content yourselves for half an hour longer I'll tell you something about it, for I intend to board that old lumbering hulk, even if it turns out to be the Flying Dutchman or Davy Jones' flag ship, and shall explore it from stem to stern.'

To show that he meant what he said, orders were given to heave to and get one of the boats in readiness. By this time the nondescript was plainly visible to all. It appeared to be an old hull, with a single mast in the center.—The bell was suspended from the masthead, and ever and anon sent forth its solemn tolling as the hulk rose and sank with the heaving of the sea.

Before the ship was brought to, we had passed the hulk some distance, so that when we halted there were several hundred yards intervening, and it was only dimly discernable.

The boat was lowered, and the captain, having selected a crew, pulled away toward the hulk. I asked permission to accompany it, but, on account of a recent illness, was refused. Fortunate, indeed, for me that refusal.

There was something so extraordinary regarding the appearance and action of the hulk, that the curiosity of us all was so intense as to be painful. We strained our gaze as the captain crew rapidly neared it.

We saw the distance swiftly decrease between the two boats, until the shadowy forms merged into one. And then following an impressive silence—suddenly broken by a howl, a pistol shot and a scream. And as our hearts almost stopped beating, we saw a moment later the boat put off from the hulk, and the men rowing with all their might back to the ship. As they came nearer we discerned that the captain was missing.

Backstay Bob dashed toward the boat, and shaking his fist at the men, demanded furiously, 'You cowardly dogs! Where is Captain Luster?'

'The devil has got him!'

Absurd as the reply might have seemed at any other time, it was uttered in a solemn earnest as the ghastly faces of the crew attested. In reply to our eager questions they said the moment they came along the craft they heard a low, hollow, unerthly sound, which caused them to hesitate. The captain climbed up the side of the vessel, descended the hatchway and disappeared from view. He had hardly got out of sight when the noise they had heard at first was repeated, far louder and fiercer. The next moment the report of captain's pistol was heard, followed by a terrific shriek, and then all was still.

Horror-struck, they called loudly and repeatedly to their commander, but receiving no answer, pulled away from the ship.

'You're a purty set of cowardly sneaks, ain't you, to go and desert your captain that way, when, like enough, he needed you to save his life,' exclaimed Backstay Bob, forgetting in his fury that the first mate was among those whom he denounced. 'I'm going back to that old hulk, and if I can't get at the devil in any other way, I'll put a keg of powder in it and blow it to blazes!'

'Bob is right, if his excitement does make him forget his manners,' said the mate. 'It was not my intention to desert Captain Luster in trouble. The men were so frightened that I thought it best to come back and get a new set.'

There was some trouble in procuring the requisite number, and accordingly Prescott and myself were accepted. As the former went over the ship's side Florence Harris said, 'Don't you come back Edmund, until you heard what has become of Captain Luster.'

He gave his promise, and a few minutes later the boat shoved off, and we rapidly neared the hulk, which had acquired such a strange interest to us all.

Prescott, in addition to his revolver, had a small Italian dagger, which I observed him handle, as if to assure himself that it was reliable. Then, as he replaced it, he remarked to me, 'There is no telling what is inside this mass of lumber, and this may be the weapon I need after all!'

Arriving at the craft, after a short consultation, it was agreed that the four oarsmen, the mate and myself should remain behind, while Backstay Bob and William Prescott should explore the hulk. As it was morally certain that some dreadful danger menaced all who entered the cabin, and as I was good for nothing, I needed no more urging than the mate to remain in my position.

Prescott went first, holding his pistol in one hand and a lantern in the other, while Bob closely followed with the cutlass. We saw them descend the hatchway; all was still, and then I heard the single exclamation from Prescott, 'Oh, my God!'

This was followed by a terrible roar, a quick succession of pistol shots, a fierce struggle and all was still again. The next moment both Prescott and Backstay Bob emerged to view, covered from head to foot with blood.

'Come aboard,' said they, 'the danger is over.'

The next instant we were on deck. I rushed to the hole and gazed down. Merciful heaven! what did I behold?

By the dim light of the lantern we saw the mangled body of Captain Luster. The head and one of his limbs were gone, and there was scarcely a semblance of humanity in the remains before us. Near him was the terrible form of a Bengal tiger, killed by the bullets, cutlass and dagger of Prescott and Backstay Bob.

The two latter, on entering the cabin first saw the mutilated body of Captain Luster. A low growl warned them of danger, and as crouching and in the very act of springing. Dropping his lantern he fired his revolver, and as the terrible animal bore him to the floor, he drew his dagger and stabbed him again and again. The needle-pointed instrument reached his heart, which united with the slashing blows of Backstay Bob, settled his hash before he could do any material injury.

We now made a critical examination of the place. A number of human bones strewed the floor, and several articles of wearing apparel, which seemed to indicate that the place had been tenanted by two human beings of the opposite sex.

The brute had been confined to one corner of the room by a delicate iron ring, which had been put there to be broken. Over the center of the room was written something in an Indian dialect, which was pronounced by the mate (who had spent several years in India) to read: "I have sought—I have found that which I sought—vengeance.'

Carefully removing the body of the captain to the little boat, we scuttled the mysterious craft and saw it sink to the bottom of the ocean. Shortly after the captain was wrapped in his winding sheet and followed.

The strange, awful tale regarding the old craft we never learned. It ever remained to us all an unveiled mystery of the sea.

Fresh and Living Truth.

The gospel is fresh. It is the bread and water of life and meets the needs of the soul. And it can never lose its freshness. The more the hungry eat and drink of it, the more its refreshing power is appreciated. The very appetite grows by that it feeds on. Christians life is spiritual development and growth in spiritual appreciation.

Hungry souls sometimes try to satisfy themselves with earthly fare. But like alone satisfies like; the spirit needs spiritual food. Husks for swine, the bread in the Father's house for children. To the soul the words cursed by sin is a desert; the gospel is the oasis in this desert, with its pure, cool water, fresh bowers, and luscious fruits.

The world needs the living truth to make it alive. Christians need it that they may grow. In our pulpits and papers we want kernels, not hulls. Whoever has living truth and communicates it in a living way will meet a deep need of the heart and will be successful. We move among tombs and among the unburied dead. Blessed is the wise who hears and heeds the living Savior; 'Let the dead bury their dead; but go thou and preach the kingdom of God.

A Maine schooner while fi[illegible] the banks of Newfoundland, w[illegible] two hundred fathoms of cable out and sails clewed, was suddenly found to be under headway. It was soon discovered that a huge whale of the fineback species had got his tail entangled in the cable and was hauling the craft at the rate of fifteen knots an hour, and growing more and more excited was keeping his course to the sea. The whale finally tore away by breaking the cable.

The life of man is the middle between angels and beasts; if man takes pleasure in carnal thing, he is compared to beasts; but it he delight in spiritual things, he is suited with angels.

The Best Story that Alexander H. Stevens Tells.

A doctor named Royston had sued Peter Bennet for his bill, long over-due, for attending the wife of the latter.—Alex. H. Stevens was on the Bennet side, and Robert Toombs, then Senator of the United States, was for Dr. Royston. The doctor proved his number of visits, their value according to custom and his own authority to do medical practice. Mr. Stevens told his client that the physician had made out his case and as there was nothing wherewith to rebuto r offset the claim, the only thing left to do was to pay it. 'No,' said Peter, 'I hired you to speak in my case, and now speak.'

Mr. Stevens told him there was nothing to say; he had looked on to see that it was out, and it was.

Peter was obstinate, and at last Mr. Stevens told him to make a speech himself, if he thought one could be made.

'I will,' said Peter Bennet, 'if Bobby Toombs won't be too hard on me.'

Senator Toombs promised, and Peter began:

'*Gentlemen of the Jury:* You and I is plain farmers, and if we don't stick together these 'ere lawyers and doctors will get the advantage of us. I aint no lawyer or doctor, and I aint no objectious to them in their proper place; but they ain't farmers, gentlemen of the jury.

'Now the man Royston was a new doctor, and I went for him to come an' to doctor wife's sore leg. And he come and put some salve truck onto it and some rags, but never done it to one bit of good, gentlemen of the jury. I dont believe he is no doctor, no way. There is doctors as is doctors, sure enough, but this man don't earn his money, and if you send for him, as Mrs. Sarah Smith did, for a negro boy as was worth a $1,000, he just kills him and wants pay for it.'

'I don't,' thundered the doctor.

'Did you cure him?' asked Peter, with the slow accents of a judge with the black cap on.

The doctor was silent and Peter proceeded.

'As I was a sayen', gentlemen of the jury, we farmers, when we sell our cotton, has got to give valley for the money we ask, and doctors aint none too good to be put on the same rule.—And I dont believe this Sam Royston is no doctor, nohow.'

The physician again put in his oar, with, 'Look at my diploma, if you think I am no doctor.'

'His diploma!' exclaimed the new-fledged orator, with great contempt. 'His diploma! Gentlemen, that is a big word for a printed sheepskin, and it don't make no doctor of the sheep as first wore it, nor does it of the man as now carries it. A good newspaper has more in it, and I pint out to you that he aint no doctor at all.

The man of medicine was now in a fury, and screamed out: 'Ask my patients if I am not a doctor!'

'I asked my wife,' retorted Peter, 'an' she says as how she thought you wasn't.'

'Ask my other patients,' said Dr. Royston.

This seemed to be the straw that broke the camel's back, for Peter replied with a look and tone of unutterable sadness: 'That is a hard sayin,' gentlemen of the jury, and one as requires me to die or have power as I have learn tell ceased to exist since the Apostles. Does he expect me to bring the Angel Gabriel down to toot his horn before his time and cry aloud: 'Awake, ye dead, and tell this court and jury your opinion of Royston's practice?' Am I to go to the lonely churchyard and rap on the silent tomb, and say to um as is at last at rest from physic and doctor's bills, 'Git up here, and state if you died a natural death, or was hurried up by some doctors?' He says ask his patients and gentlemen of the jury, *they are all dead!* Where is Mrs. Beazlee's man Sam? Go ask the worms in the graveyard where he lies. Mr. Peake's woman Sarah, was attended by him, and her funeral was appointed and he had the corpse ready. Where is that likely Bill as belonged to Mr. Mitchell? Now in glory a' expressiou' his opinion of Royston's docteron. Where is that baby gal of Harry Stephen's? She are where doctors cease from troublin' and infants are at rest.

Gentlemen of the jury, he has eat enough chicken at my house to pay for his salve, and I furnished the rags, and and I don't suppose he charges for makin' of her worse, and he don't pretend to charge for curin' of her, and I am humbly thankful that he never give her nothin' for her inward, as he did his other patients for somethin' made um all die mighty sudden ——'

Here the applause made the speaker sit down in great confusion, and in spite of a logical restatement of the case by Senator Tombs the doctor lost and Peter won.

Jeremy Taylor says of marriage:—'If you are for pleasure, marry; if you prize your health, marry; if money be your object, marry. A good wife is [illegible]ven's last best gift to man, his angel and minister of graces innumerable, his gem of many virtues, his casket of jewels.'

Another escape from burial alive has occurred in Paris in the case of a lawyer named Lelone. His son, summoned to his deathbed, found him, as it was supposed, dead, kissed his brow, and was surprised at its warmth. Some hours later he revived and said: "Ah, doctor, those few moments sleep have done me a world of good." The French laws require that interment shall follow death within at most thirty-six hours, and thus it often happens that burial takes place previous to putrefaction.

Life.

We do not think the thought of death is half so sad even to the most life-loving and death dreading as the thought of passing out of the minds of men, and above all, out of the hearts of those we love. It is dreadful beyond a doubt, and from such a contemplation it is most nutural we should shrink. We do not consider that we need dread such an oblivion, if we take pains to engraft ourselves upon the hearts and minds of those with whom we mingle. There is scarcely a heart that is so ungrateful as to forget one who quickened its throbs by deeds of kindness. The echo of kind words, they fall back upon the heart like showers that bless the earth from which they came. Ah yes, in after years they return over and over again, when perhaps the lips that breathed them are far away or silent in the grave. Has any one felt the pain, too, that a kind word or tone may contain, when they are felt to be undeserved? The power of a reproving, depreciating glance, how like an arrow its poisoned fang seems to fester in the heart that refuses to forgive itself, though others have forgiven it. This teaches the worth of kindness; the very pain its absence costs.

We stand in the present, the island that lies between two vast oceans of time. We think, as we look into the future, we hear the muttered threats of storms unborn, of griefs that are to try us, and of disappointments that are to vex us. Through the cloudy mantle, however, we discern the halo of bright dreams, that perhaps may be realized; therefore, as we pass our feet upon the shores of that future we take delight in the beauty of the scenery around us and forget the sad experiences and warnings of bygone years. Pity it is so.

What good does it do us even though we are able to trace our paths back across the ocean of days and hours belonging to the past? Does the view of that deviating track and the remembrance of the mad winds and waves, make us more timid and prayerful, more anxious for strength higher than our own? We fear not. If we could but be induced to make steps of our past falls, to lead up upward, how happy would we be. What is before us? We know not; this we know: that there will be the same need for courage and labor; the same need for faith and prayer; that the cardinal points of every year are precisely the same; that the needle always points toward excellence, towards perfection. Although we know not all the future has in reserve for us, yet we know it has the demands to make on us that the past has made, and that we shall have no time for idleness or any less lack of opportunity for the display of ambition.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

We know not how soon the sands of life shall run out; we know that we shall ever stand again upon the verge of another year. The fancy that now pens these lines may be soaring in some high scene of existence; and many an eye that will read them, may be viewing more glorious visions that the human imagination can bring forth, before this time next year. None of us can read the closed page of the future, therefore we must do our best now, and leave all the rest with God; hanging with the faith of a little child upon our Father's love, knowing that His promise will be fulfilled.

We trust we shall mount up with renewed strength to do battle to our enemies, these passions of ours that so clog at every step we take. The world tries to teach us a very injurious lesson. It is to be hoped none of us will learn to be selfish, utterly lost in self. We hope self-interest may never gain the supremacy over our love for "one another.'

THE END OF A DOG'S QUARREL.—And English lady sends us the following story: One day a Newfoundland dog and a mastiff had a sharp quarrel over a bone. They were fighting on a bridge, and over they went into the water. The banks were so high that they were forced to swim some distance before they came to a landing place. It was very easy for the Newfoundland; he was as much at home in the water as a seal. But not so for poor Bruce; he struggled and did his best to swim, but made little headway. The Newfoundland dog quickly reached the land, and then turned to look at his old enemy. He saw plainly that he was likely to drown. So, what did the noble fellow do but plunge in, seized him gently by the collar and keeping his nose above water, tow him safely into port! It was funny to see these dogs look at each other as they shook their coats. Their glance said as plainly as words, We'll never quarrel again.'

Two years ago a drover started from California with 4,000 sheep. He has just arrived in Texas, having driven the flock all the way, assisted by two well-trained dogs. The sheep have increased in numbers, and frequent stops for pasturage have kept them in good condition.

'I come to ask your hand,' said a lover to his St. Louis sweetheart. 'You ask a great deal,' she replied; and he thought so, too, when she finally succumbed, and gently laid in his a nestling, soft, white paw, two sizes larger than a goose.

The English language is inadequate to express the forlorn feelings of the boy who thinks he has stolen a dime novel and finds it to be a cook book.

Next to English sparrows there is nothing that increases faster that potato bugs, unless it is the interest on an unpaid note.

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

Uses of the Phonograph.

(George B. Prescott in Scribner for April.)

For public uses, we shall have galleries where phonograph sheets will be preserved as photographs and books now are. The utterances of grat speakers and singers will there be kept for a thousand years. In these galleries spoken languages will be preserved from century to century, with all the peculiarities of pronunciation, dialect, or brogue. As we go now to see the Cyclorama, we shall go to public halls to hear out these treasurers of speech and song brought on and produced as loud, or louder, than when first spoken or sung by the truly great ones of earth. Certainly, within a dozen years, some of the great singers will be induced to sing into the ears of the phonograph, and the electrotyped cylinders thence obtained will be put into the hand-organs of the streets, and we shall hear the actual voice of Christine Nilsson or Miss Cary ground out at every corner.

In public exhibition, also, we shall have reproductions of the sounds of nature, and of noises familiar and unfamiliar. Nothing will be easier than to catch the sounds of the waves on the beach, the roar of Niagara, the discords of the streets, the noises of animals, the puffing and rush of the railroad train, the rolling of thunder, or even the tumult of a battle.

When popular airs are sung into the phonograph, and the notes are then reproduced in revese order very curious and beautiful musical effects are oftentime produced, having no apparent resemblance to those contained in their originals. The instrument may thus be used as a sort of musical kaliedoscope, by means of which an infinite variety of new combinations may be produced from the musical compositions now in existence.

The speaking phonograph will, doubtless, be applied to bell-punches, clocks, complaint boxes in public conveyances and to toys of all kinds. It will supersede the short-hand writer in taking letters by dictation and the taking of testimony before referees. Phonographic will be sent by mail, the foil being wound on paper cylinders of the size of a finger. It will recite poems in the voice of the author, and reproduce the speeches of the celebrated orators. Dramas will produce in which all the parts will be "well spoken—with good accent, and good discretion;" the original matrice being prepared on one machine provided with a rubber tube having several mouthpieces; and Madame Tissaud's figures will hereafter talk, as well as look, like their great prototypes!

Worldly Mindedness.

What is the reason that many know their shops better then their hearts, and are acquainted with the temper of their body more than with the constitution of their souls; that they are so careful and industrious in the prosecution of their worldly designs, so negligent and remiss in looking after heaven? What is, or can be, the reason of these things, but that inordinate love and affection they have for money, or the things of this world, which makes them so eager in the pursuit of them, that they forget they have anything else to mind; and so much taken up with worldly business, that God and Christ and heaven and soul, and all, must give way to it? O, the folly and madness of sinful men! What a strange, corrupt and degenerate thing is the heart of man become, that we should be so foolish and unwise as to prefer our bodies before our souls, earth before heaven, toys and trifles before the eternal God, and the worst of evils before the best of goods, even sin itself, with all the miseries that attend it, before eternal happiness which is promised to it; and all for nothing else than the love of a little pelf and trash, which hath no other worth but what our own distracted fancies put upon it!

Better Things to Come.

"Let things go as ill as we can fear in this wold if we are sincere Christians there is a far better state to come, to which we shall be admitted when we are once out of this troublesome and sinful world. We are assured that we are under the constant care of Divine Providence. The tranquility of our minds in this world depends very much upon the esteem we have of Providence, and the trust we repose in God.