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SHENANDOAH HERALD

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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 a legal business entrusted to his care.

Sept. 5th—tf.

WILL BE IN MT. JACKSON on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, before the 2nd Tuesday of each month, at Dr. L. H. Jordan's Drug Store.

MOSES WALTON. M. L. WALTON

WALTON & WALTON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

WOODSTOCK, VA.

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

Having qualified in the District and Circuit Courts of the United States, in Virginia. He is prepared to prosecute claims in said Courts.—Giving special attention to cases in Bankruptcy.

H. H. RIDDLE. C. V. AGRUDER

ALLEN & MAGRUDER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

WOODSTOCK,

SHENANDOAH COUNTY, VA

April, 29—tf

AS. H. WILLIAMS. J. J. WILLIAMS

WM. P. WILLIAMS.

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

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Will practice in all the courts.

January, 1876—

WILLIAMS & GRABILL,

FIRE INSURANCE AGENTS.

WOODSTOCK, VA.

We are prepared to insure property in the Virginia Firemand 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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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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 & 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 Komer & 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

June 7th—1

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 6 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 in rooms

We-Filled.

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

n 1y 25—tf Edinburg, Va.

GUNSMITHING!

M. RIDDLEBARGER.

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

NEW GUNS ALWAYS ON HAND

AND

FOR SALE.

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

Cash and Produce for work.

M. RIDDLEBARGER

mar 31, 1870.—1y

WILSON'S HOTEL,

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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 at their fees per diem, and their certificates taken in payment if desired.

Charges Moderate. A call respectfully solicited.

ROBERT WILSON.

May 1 t

THE ORIGINAL PURE NORWEGIAN

COD LIVER OIL

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

COD LIVER OIL

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

may 10—1y. B. SCHMITT, Druggist

VITALINE.

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

D. D. CARTER.

Dec. 26—6mo. Sole Agt.

I am Ladies, Diseases, Graces Uterines supported at Carter's Drug store.

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CLERK OF THE COURTS.

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SHERIFF.

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

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P. Hisbour - - - - - Woodstock
Geo. W. Wimble, - - - - Edinburg.
H. W. Windle - - - - - "
T. J. Burke, - - - - - New Market.
John E. Rice, - - - - - "
D. F. Spiker, - - - - - Saumsville.

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George W. Koontz, - - - - Woodstock.

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Nimrod Bowman, - - - - Seven Fountains.
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MADISON.—Samuel C. Campbell James J. Coffman, Samuel Rinker.

AUDY.—Saml. Hamman, Samuel Kingree, Jacob R. Miller.

LEE.—M. White Williamson D. F. Zirkle, John M. Pence.

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F. H. Grandstaff, - - - - Edinburg
Jos. J. Burke, - - - - New Market.
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STONEWALL.—Jos. Doll, D. F. Spiker, Jacob Spigle.

JOHNSON.—E. B. Shaver, Daniel Bowman, Silas Munch.

MADISON.—Jos. Comer, Philip Bowers, Samuel Schmucker.

AUDY.—Joseph Perry, A. J. Myers, H. H. Coffman.

LEE.—G. M. Tidler, J. H. Kagey, Mark Thomas.

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Joseph Maphis, - - - - Saumsville.
Graham Moss - - - - Edith
Saml. C. Smucker - - - - Columbia
Isaac Bowman, - - - - Hambug.
Mark Thomas, - - - - Forestville.

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Moses Walton, - - - - President.
George M. Borum, - - - - Cashier.
J. W. Magruder, - - - Asst. Cashier.

NEW MARKET BANK

John G. Coem, - - - - - President.
David F. Kagey, - - - - - Cashier.

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COUNTY COURT.—P. W. Magruder E. E. Stickley, L. Triplett, Jr.

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Advertisements.

CENTRAL HOTEL

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

Apr. 11—1yr. BARBOUR & HAMILTON

POETICAL.

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover;
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter;
My birth-day lasts are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better,
They are only one times one

O, moon, in the night I've seen you sailing,
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah bright, but your light is failing,
You are nothing now but a bow.

You, moon, have you done something wrong in Heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you can, you will be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold
O! rave marsh-marybuds rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin doves dwell!
O cuckoo-pint, tell me the purple clapper,
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me the nest with your young ones in it!
I will not steal them away;
I am old!—you may trust me, linnet, linnet—
I am seven times one to-day.

A YOUNG SKINFLINT.

A STORY OF THE SIOUX WAR IN MINNESOTA.

About ten years ago, a man by the name of Elkanah Flint moved with his family from one of the New England States to Hennepin county, Minnesota, and took up land under the homestead law.

Being unable, for some reason, to obtain a clear title to his land, he moved again and settled on the St. Louis river, about thirty-five miles northwest of Duluth. It was while at Duluth that the writer was told the following story:

Flint's family consisted, beside his wife and himself, of three children, whose names were Jason, a boy of fifteen, a daughter, Abigal, two years younger, and a little girl but three years old, whose name, I think, was Flora.

Their first clearing was made on a fertile wooded interval, on the right bank of the river. About one hundred rods back from the stream stood their house, built of cottonwood logs.

It was a wet season, and their location proved to be a damp one. From this cause, very likely, Mrs. Flint and her little girl sickened from colds, and both died of pneumonia. The death of the child occurred two days after the death of the mother.

All the care of the household thus fell upon Abby Flint, now in her fourteenth year, and who seems to have been a very capable girl. Her brother, Jason, was of a different stamp, and rendered his father but little help. He was attracted by nothing but hunting and scouting. Often he brought home a deer, or a quarter of a moose, but it was with the greatest reluctance that he sat himself to plowing or planting.

To trap along the upper course of the river was far more to Jason's liking than felling trees.

He was very adroit in trafficking with the Indians, parties of whom often came to the settler's house. So sharp, indeed, were his bargains in furs with them, that they had, within a year, bestowed upon him the nick-name "Tarouth-ta-gippoo," which I should translate liberally as "Young Skinflint."

It was not very long afterward that the memorable troubles with the Sioux began, marked by those horrible massacres of the settlers in the back counties of Iowa and Minnesota.

During the first days of June of the year of our story, Mr. Flint set off in his "dug-out" boat for the then small village of Duluth to procure some farming implements. He ordered Jason to remain close at home, and set him hoeing in a small piece of potatoes on a small piece of ground recently cleared and burned over.

But Jason, whose mind was intent on Indians, believed it necessary to make a scouting tour across the country to a neighboring settlement. This trip occupied the first day of his father's absence.

The next morning he set to work on the potato patch—all the more diligently because Mr. Flint was expected home that night—and as was not very uncommon with him, he coaxed his sister Abby to leave her work in the house and help him.

Sprouts from the roots and stumps of the lately felled trees had come up plentifully among the potatoes. Abby went ahead with a bush hook, or a bush bill, and cut up the sprouts, while Jason followed and hilled up the potatoes with a hoe.

But his eyes roved about a good deal as he hoed, and for once, at least, those sharp, wondering eyes of his did him good service. Changing to look forward to the end of the row, where the forest bordered the clearing, he saw an Indian in the act of stealing forward from behind the trunk of a great maple to a blackened pine tub, which had burned out hollow by the recent fires, and which stood in the outskirts of the potato patch.

Boy though he was, Jason was at no loss to understand the movement of the savage. He knew that he was only waiting there for his sister and himself to approach nearer, when he would probably shoot him and endeavor to take his sister prisoner.

The distance to the pine stump was eighteen or twenty rods, too far for the redskin's gun to shoot with certainty. Dropping his eyes, Jason hoed on with apparent carelessness.

Abby had not seen the Indian, and he dared not even whisper a warning to her, lest she should take fright and thus bring the savage at once upon them. Jason's own gun, though loaded, was at the house, which was out of sight behind the bushes.

With great presence of mind, Jason said to his sister:

"Don't hurry so, Abb. It's too warm to hurry. I'm going to fetch out some water." And setting down his hoe, he strolled leisurely across the piece, whistling as he went, half expecting at every step to feel a bullet.

Getting among the bushes, he ran to the house and caught down his gun and powder horn, with the intention of making a circuit through the woods and coming round in the rear of the savage, who, he thought, would be intent watching his sister.

But the leather pouch which held his stock of bullets was gone from the peg. In doing her work in the morning Abby had knocked it off, and it had fallen down through an opening in the floor.

In breathless haste Jason searched the room over, but could not find the pouch. Knowing there was not a single moment to lose, he set off with but the single charge in his gun.

He had just got out of the door when he heard Abby scream. Then there followed a smothering sound, and then he heard her try to call his name.

Even then the boy's presence of mind did not desert him. He knew that if the savage were alone his sister's sole chance of life lay in the Indian's not discovering that he was pursued.

He ran to the edge of the bushes that skirted the potatoes and looked out. The redskin was dragging Abby after him by the wrists, and was just entering the woods on the farther side going out toward the river.

From this Jason concluded that the Indian had come down the stream in a canoe, which he had probably not left far off. If the savage should regain his canoe, Jason's only chance would be to shoot him from the bank. This he resolved to attempt.

Not much more than a mile above the clearing the river makes a great bend, and at one point is quite swift and narrow. Making circuit through the woods, Jason ran to intercept the Indian at the bend.

He was right in his conjecture, for he had but just crept through some thick alders on the bank when he saw a canoe coming swiftly up the stream. The Indian's paddle glittered in the sun as he sat in the stern, and with quick, strong strokes propelled the little craft against the current. He could see his sister crouching in the middle of the canoe, with her head muffled in some coarse cloth.

Jason cocked his gun, and, with the greatest caution, brought the piece to bear on the savage, determined to fire the instant he came near enough.

But the wary Indian either heard some sound from the shore, or suspected danger at the narrow point in the channel, for, before he had come within range, Jason saw him creep forward and crouch beside his captive, in such a manner as to shield his own body with hers.

Jason saw the savage's sharp eyes scanning the bushes, but he did not fire lest he should shoot his sister.

Though baffled by this trick, the bold boy was not disheartened. Three or four miles further up the river was a rapid, where the channel was broken by ledges and large bowlders, against which, near the upper end of the broken water, were piled great heaps of drift logs and brush. Jason had trapped there and knew the place well.

There were three piles of drifts in the stream at that point—one near the right bank, another on a ledge a little further out, and a few rods higher up, and a third one lodged against two enormous rocks still nearer the opposite bank.

It was between these banks and the shore that boats and canoes going up usually passed; for the current here was neither so strong nor so swift, but flowed smoothly over a pebble bottom.

With a fine a canoe or boat could be pulled up against the current, and the water was not deep but that a man could wade and draw a boat after him. To shoot at the savage when he drew his canoe up the rapid was Jason's next thought.

After a hot run he came out near the rapids and easily waded across to the first pile of drift. There were rocks on which he was able to jump to the second of the three. But it was only by wading that he was able to get to the furthest drift pile, the point he wished to reach.

Several times he was nearly swept away by stumbling over the slippery rocks upon the bottom. But he got over, and hiding himself partly under some of the brush and behind an old tilted stump, he lay in wait for the Indian.

From this lurking place he could not see down stream; but in about twenty minutes he heard the Indian wading in the rapid, splashing his way up, pulling the canoe after him.

A minute later and Jason caught sight of him—bent over, as he carefully planted his moccasined feet among the slippery stones on the bottom. He had the line over one shoulder, and the canoe, with Abby in it, was ten or twelve feet behind him. The girl was now sobbing bitterly, quite despairing of escape or rescue.

The Indian had come within thirty or forty feet of Jason, but at that moment his quick ear caught some sound from the drift heap. He stopped and turned sharply round.

This was Jason's chance. Before the savage could stir the young backwoodsman had fired at him. And it was a most fortunate shot—for Abby Flint, at least.

Jase had hit the Indian in a vital spot. Uttering a dreadful cry of pain, the savage let go the line and attempted to reach the drift heap, but being so severely wounded, he lost his footing and rolled down the rapid.

The canoe, too, caught sidewise by the current, was upset, and Abby, clutching at the gunwhale, which was bound with basket stuff, was carried with it into an eddy beneath the other bank.

"Hang on to it! Abb!" were the first words she heard from her brother.

Jason had waded in the stream, and crossing over, he seized hold of the canoe; but stepping into a deep hole near the eddy, both he and his sister sank completely out of sight. For a moment they were near drowning. The boy struggled out, however, and pulled his sister to the shore.

Neither of them saw anything more of the Indian. Probably he was carried into the deep water below the rapid and was drowned.

I wish I had been able to learn more of the subsequent career of Jason Flint, but I could only hear at Duluth that he had become a scout and Indian fighter out west.

He was certainly a cool headed, steady handed youngster—if not a very good farmer's boy. I wish he could have been both. But there is an old proverb, that "it takes all kinds of folks to make up a world," and also another, "that you can not have everything in one boy." So, while we regret Jason's failings, let us praise his pluck and energy.

One Petition.

I have sometimes asked myself: If I were allowed to present but one petition at the throne of grace, and that a single verse of Scripture, what verse would it be? And I have thought that it would be the one in Ps. 51:10: "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." This has long been a prominent petition in my prayers, and becomes so more and more the longer I live. I feel that there is nothing more desired, than "holiness without which no man shall see the Lord." Nothing seems to me so beautiful, and I feel that without it, I can never be truly happy, either in this world, or the world to come. But I feel that with it I shall have all the happiness that is best for me here, and that I shall be unspeakably happy hereafter. "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall be admitted within the gates of that city into which nothing entereth that defileth. I shall be prepared to be a companion of angels, and of the spirits of just men made perfect in heaven. The infinite God, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, will look with complacency upon me, and Christ my Redeemer, to whom I owe all my salvation, will admit me to the closest intimacy. More earnestly, therefore, than I would seek gold and silver, or all created good, would I seek to "shine in blest remembrance" to Him whose name is Holy.

There is also another verse of Scripture to offer as my one petition, and in the choice of which I might seem to be less selfish than in making choice of the other. The verse to which I refer is contained in the Lord's prayer, and is as follows: "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." If this petition be granted, and the will of God be done in earth, as it is in heaven, then it will be done in others as well as in myself, and in myself as well as others, and both myself and they will have the clean spirit asked in the other petition. And thus I would like this even better than that. I would therefore cordially accept it, and fervently urge it at the mercy seat.

MRS. HAYES AND THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS.—From the crucible in which Mrs. Hayes has been tried for more than a year she comes forth, and there has been found but little alloy mixed with the gold of her character. The only charge laid at her door, one that, so far from detracting from the nobility of her soul, should add fresh laurels to her brow, is that of excluding wine and liquors from the entertainment given at the White House. Although the Diplomatic Corps may grumble and threaten to absent themselves from state dinners, I am sure there are few wives and mothers in the land who will not wish her God speed in her noble efforts in this civil reform. She possesses in an eminent degree that savoir faire so necessary to make a women successful in her career. She has great graciousness of manner and the happy faculty of always saying the right thing at the proper time. Her æsthetic taste betrays itself in a thousand and one ways—in the refined harmony of the colors she wears—in the articles of virtu scattered about her rooms, and, more than all, in the profusion of flowers by which she is surrounded and the luxury of which she enjoys possibly more than any thing else connected with her life in the White House. She is never happier than when she is environed by bright, fair-to-see girls, and during the season she has had a succession of lovely women as guests, and at her Saturday afternoon receptions it was her custom to invite twenty of her prettiest society belles to aid in her numerous duties during Mr. Hayes' absences in Chillicothe.

Professor Brewer remarks that, while the effort to exterminate the sheep killing instinct from dogs has not succeeded, it is still true that it is much more pronounced in the cross-bred and ill-bred than in the pure-blooded.

Make the bridge from the cradle to manhood as long as you can. Let your children be children as long as they will. Let them be children and not little apes of men and women.

Girls, whose opinion about such things is always valuable, say that there is too much shirt collar and too little young man in the present fashions to suit their taste.

THOS. ALVEY EDISON.

Interesting Sketch of the Great Inventor by a Well Known Cincinnati Electrician.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* has obtained from Mr. Ed. T. Gilliland an interesting statement regarding Thos. Alvey Edison, the great electrician and inventor. Mr. Gilliland has been more or less associated with Mr. Edison since boyhood, and for three years, recently, was associated with him in business. He says:

Edison was born in Milan, in the north part of this State, and his parents moved to Port Huron Michigan, while he was quite a small boy. He was employed as a train boy on a railroad running through Port Huron. It was while thus employed that he learned telegraphing.

I first met him in 1863 at Adrian Michigan, where we were both employed as telegraph operators. We both left there about the same time, he going to Indianapolis and I coming to this city. He remained only a short time in Indianapolis, and came to Cincinnati. I was then boarding at the Bevis House, Mr. Hyams, now manager of Wood's, Edison and myself occupied one room. One day Edison was relating to Hyams and myself how, on one occasion, while he was a peanut boy, he had taken charge of a locomotive and run the train the entire trip. The engineer and fireman had been compelled to make one or two extra trips, and had become completely worn out, and were on a siding both engineer and fireman fast asleep on their seats. The conductor signaled to go ahead, and Edison endeavored to awake them, but was unable to do so, and decided he would pull out, expecting they would soon awake after they got in motion. Finding everything was going all right he grew a little bold and didn't disturb them. The train being a light one, he was enabled to do the stoking. If the train hands looked foward they saw Tom busy shoving wood or pulling the bell, or, perhaps, with his hand on the throttle valve. But as he was very fond of riding on the engine and had often been allowed to do the same, nothing was thought of it, and so he drove ahead, completing the entire trip. Of course but very little could be said about it at the time without giving the engineer away. But it made Tom solid with the engineer, who, on many occasions, under the pretense of adjusting some part of the machinery, would delay starting a few minutes to enable him to get his box aboard, when he had overslept and was a little late.

From this story I learned that Tom was of a mechanical turn of mind, and having in my youth been apprenticed out at gunsmithing, we found much to talk about. He then showed me a little steam engine he had made out of brass tubing, with a very ingenious valve motion, and told of several other inventions he had gotten up. From this time forward all of our spare time was spent in tinkering and experimenting. At that time he had very poor facilities—no tools, very little apparatus, having to rely wholly upon the old, worn out and discarded instruments and battery from the office.

In 1865, when the Western Union office was moved from Fourth and Walnut to Third street, there was an old set of repeaters not wanted in the new office, and Mr. Stevens, the chief operator, told Edison he could have them. For some time Edison had an idea that he could send two messages simultaneously over one wire. He had made a great many sketch drawings of it, and often explained the invention to me. (I have these drawings now in my possession.) But up to this time had never been enabled to secure sufficient apparatus to test it.

Immediately upon getting possession of the old repeater it was taken to his home and pulled to pieces, and the work of constructing a duplex was begun, and when completed and tested, was found to work precisely as he expected. The few operators to whom it was shown could not understand or appreciate it, and went away believing it to be some trick, or that he was deceiving himself.

At that time this tinkering or experimenting was not looked upon with much favor, and no hopes were entertained of being able to get a set of apparatus and making a practical test upon the wires. The instruments used for the experiment were, of course, not suitable for practical transmission of messages, being stuck together with sealing wax, and tied up with strings. An old cigar-box, being easily whittled and bored with a gimlet, was usually the base or foundation of this experimental apparatus.

I have always believed that, had Edison received a little encouragement at this time, from the telegraph company, they would have enjoyed the benefits of the duplex and quadruplex for five to eight years earlier than they did. Edison's early knowledge of electricity was largely acquired from books in the Mechanics' Library, which was then situated at Sixth and Vine. Mr. Johnson, the present Chief Operator of the Western Union, and in those days the Assistant Chief, says that many times Edison would get excused from duty under pretense of being too sick to work, and various other excuses, and invariably strike a bee line for the Library, where he would spend the entire day and evening in reading De La Rue's or Noads Manual, and such other works on electricity as were to be had.

He left here in 1868 or 1869, going to Boston, where I chatted with him occasionally over the wire, nearly always concerning some new invention he had brought out. He never seemed to be appreciated until he went to New York, where he had been but a short time when he was employed by the Gold Indicator Company as Inspector and Solicitor. He did not remain long in that capacity. Their apparatus at that time was in a crude state and susceptible of great improvement. The old apparatus in a short time was entirely superceded by his improvements, and nearly the whole system of gold and stock apparatus to-day is the invention of Edison.

These inventions were rapidly followed by the district and domestic telegraph system; type-writers, universal printer for private lines; the automatic rapid system by which a column of news matter can be transmitted over one wire in a minute; the duplex; the quadruplex; the sextuplex; the electric pentelephone; phonograph, aireophone, and upward of one hundred and fifty minor patents.

The quadruplex, one of the most valuable of his inventions, has come into general use on the Western Union lines, and it is worth millions to them. But owing to bad management, or too much haste in disposing of it, it has got out of his control, he having received only thirty-five thousand dollars for it. He has adopted the plan of putting all of his inventions out to responsible companies to be manufactured on a royalty. So no idea can be formed of his income when I state that his royalty on the electric pen alone is from five to six thousand dollars per annum.

Until three years ago he carried on an extensive manufacturing concern in Newark N. J. At times he has employed three hundred hands in the manufacture of telegraph and electrical supplies. Finding that the business occupied too much of his time, he decided to devote his entire time to his laboratory and inventions.

In order that he might work undisturbed, it was thought advisable to move into the country. Perth Amboy was first selected; but he decided a more secluded spot was desirable, and selected Menlo Park which contains about twenty-five inhabitants, as the most suitable place, and on the top of a hill, remote from all other buildings or dwellings, his laboratory now stands. I succeeded to his manufacturing business, which was also moved to Menlo Park, but occupied a separate building, one-half mile away from the laboratory. He has in his laboratory all the knowing chemicals and minerals, and a collection of apparatus, instruments of precision, models and machinery, together with a complete library, which cost him upwards of a hundred thousand dollars.

He proposed to have, and I presume has had constructed fire-proof vaults for keeping his papers and records. A daily record of all experiments is kept, which is dated and signed by himself and assistants at the close of each day's work. He has five assistants among whom is Mr. Charles Batcheler, a very skilful mechanic, who was sent to this country from England to superintend the setting up and adjusting of the automatic thread machinery for the Clark Thread works; also two Swiss, very skillful workmen.

The article which appeared in the New York *Sun* concerning his first appearance in Boston I believe to be greatly exaggerated, in respect, at least to his personal appearance.

I was personally acquainted with his family, and know that they were in good circumstances. His mother, who is now dead, was an educated and accomplished lady, and would hardly allowed him to start off for Boston, dressed as described. He was, and is yet, very careless in regard to his appearance, his clothes and hands being usually stained with chemicals but he is never dirty or ragged, as stated by the Bostonian.

I read in to-day's *Commercial* that the English Government have offerd him £60,000 for his aireophone if he performs what is claimed for it.

He has an elegant home, a handsome wife and two interesting little children. He is not a cranky long-haired inventor, but all of his productions are the result of hard work. I think all will agree that the boy who a few years ago worked a circuit in the Western Union Telegraph office has done pretty well.

I have written Edison, asking permission to make and exhibit his most recent invention, the phonograph, or speaking-machine, and expect to exhibit it at the next meeting of the Electrical Society, about the 5th of April.

HOW WHISKY PAYS.—Some years ago we had in our employ a man, who, several times in the day, ran out of the office to buy a drink of whisky. Every time he went out the cashier was instructed to drop ten cents into a drawer to our credit. At the end of seventeen months the man who had gone out so often had drank himself out of a good situation; and the drawer, when opened, was found to contain four hundred and nine dollars, which he loaned to a young mechanic at seven per cent. interest. He used it to purchase a set of tinner's tools. On the 15th of February, 1876, he returned it with interest saying in his letter that he has now a wife, two children, and property worth five thousand dollars. The other fellow is a bummer, hunting for food.

It is a bad plan to divide a sermon into too many heads; for this reason, that there may be considerable difficulty on the part of the congregation finding ears for all of them.

Preacher (to boy in the street)—My little man, is your father a Christian? Boy—Yes, sir, but he ain't working at it much lately.

'Business before pleasure,' as the man said who kissed his wife before going to see his sweetheart.

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

A Pilgrim.

George Green appeared at a house on Third street at midnight, and in stead of knocking on the door he pounded on the side of the house until the proprietor raised an upper window and shouted:

'Who in Halifax, Nova Scotia, are you and what in Halifax, Nova Scotia do you want?'

'I want to be an angel!' was the thick reply.

The householder picked about fourteen feet of the barrel of an old shotgun out of the window, and backed it up with such blood-curdling threats that Green walked off. He was absent about fifteen minutes, giving the citizen time to get nicely settled in bed, when he turned and pounding on the house, again called out:

'Fire! Fire!'

'Whoa—what—where is the fire? shouted the citizen, as he leaped out of bed and threw up the window.

'In the infernal regions!' was the sober reply.

'See here, you old flat-headed hyena; I'll shoot the top of your skull off if you don't scatter out of this!' shrieked the indignant citizen.

'I—will—scatter!' was the short reply and Green took a walk around the corner.

The citizen was beginning to dream when he heard that same old pounding on the side of the house, and a voice cried out:

'Awake! Awake!'

'I'll kill that man as sure as I'm a sinner!' howled the good man as he left his bed once more, but as he raised the sash a thick voice asked:

'Didn't you say you'd shoot the top of my skull off?'

'Yes, I did, and I hope to be sawed in two if I don't do it!'

'Hadn't you just as lief poison me?' tenderly asked the intruder as he looked up at the gun.

All this was known to the Court and when he walked out he was asked:

'What is your business?'

'I am a pilgrim, sir,' was the meek answer.

'Good! They want you at the House of Correction to put the soft, tender tints on varandah chairs. You will please step up there for three months.'

'Wouldn't—it—be—advisable—for—me—to—ride?' slowly asked the prisoner as he backed away.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Only Plain Smith.

"Who is that?" asked Brown of Jones, as Smith passed by his store.

"That is Mr. —Smith, sir," replied Jones, "and I will bet you the cigars you can't spell his name."

"I'll take the bet," quickly rejoined Brown, casting a glance towards the clouds with a look of scholarly wisdom as he complacently removed a fresh Havana and puffed from his lips a cloud of blue smoke that floated in wreaths and curls over his head. "Smith—S-c-h-m-i-d-t," was his first effort.

"Try again."

"S-c-h-m-i-t."

"Wrong again."

"Well, it ain't S-m-y-the, for that spells Smythe."

"No."

"Now I have it; S-c-h-m-i-tt."

"No sir; you've missed it again and I have won the cigars."

"Well, then, I give it up," said Brown. "How in thunder do you spell it then?"

"Easy enough—I spell Smith—S-m-i-t-h."

"But that," said Brown, with a look of innocent surprise, "is plain Smith.

"Certainly," replied Jones, "that's what I said—plain Smith."

Brown gently relighted his cigar and walked back into his office, repeating as he went, "Schmidt, Schmitt, Smith."

Christian Fellowship.

Those that love the Lord's service naturally associate with kindred spirits, with those that fear Him and keep his precepts. These two features identify the same character; as cheerful obedience is always the fruit of filial fear. Those, then, are the Lord's people; and union with Him is in fact union with them. Sometimes the society of the refined and intelligent of this world may be more congenial to our natural taste. But ought there not to be a restraint here? Ought not the Christians to say, "surely the fear of God is not in this place;" and "should I love them that hate the Lord?" Let those of us who live in close, and to a certain degree necessary contact with the world, subject our hearts to an evening scrutiny on this subject. "Has the society of this day refreshed my soul, or raised my heart to spiritual things? Has it promoted a watchful temper? Or has it not rather 'quenched the spirit' of prayer, and restrained my intercourse with God?" To meet the Christian in ordinary courtesy, not in unity of heart, is a sign of an unspiritual walk with God. Fellowship with God is "walking in the light." "Fellowship with one another is the natural flow." The communion of the saints is the fruit and effect of communion with God.

A YOUNG TEACHER.—A striking instance of the ingratitude of politicians was recounted by Mr. C. W. Bardeen, in an address upon the defects of our public shool system before the Convention of the State Association of School Commissioners and City Superintendent at Utica. A politician in one of the Hudson River Counties wrote to the School Commissiner of his district, saying, in effect: "I have a daughter, Elora, who will be unable to attend the examination of teachers. Please send a certificate of the first grade by return mail, and oblige, Smith." Smith was obliged by return mail, and the next issue of the papers contained the correspondence and a copy of the certificate issued to Miss Flora Smith, a young lady, not quite two years old.