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A. G. WYNKOOP, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WOODSTOCK, VA. Office on Main Street Opposite the Court House.

G. GEORGE R. CALVERT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, NEW MARKET, VA. Will practice in the Circuit Court of Shenandoah...

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Shenandoah Herald

WOODSTOCK, VA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1878. NO. 10

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.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Table listing county officials including County Judges, Commonwealth's Attorney, Clerks of the Courts, Sheriff, Deputies, Commissioners of Revenue, Surveyor, Superintendent of Poor, Supervisors, British Physician, Overseers of Poor, Notaries Public, Justices of the Peace, Constables, and School Trustees.

POETICAL.

HER WORD OF REPROVE.

[Mrs. PIATT IN 'MADRE OF POETS']

We must not quarrel, whatever we do; For if I was out I was not wrong, Here on the lawn for it, here are the flowers— what she has a woman to offer you?— Love might last for a thousand years, You know, though the stars should all be gone.

Gold or Dross.

'And everything is lost? Is it possible that I am reduced to possible beggary? Nothing—noting I can call my own?'

'Why, yes, sir, yes, Mr. Maxwell, nearly everything gone. To be sure there is five hundred a year, and that place in Vermont that you settled on your wife; you may save that out of the wreck. A trifle—a more nothing I am aware, out of such a noble inheritance as yours, Mr. Maxwell; but still it is something. Halt a leaf you know, sir, I—'

He stopped suddenly at a motion of Roger Maxwell's hand. He was a lawyer and used to this sort of thing, and was not much affected by the story he had come from New York to tell Mr. Maxwell his rich client had speculated, rashly, and had lost—a common case enough. A week ago he was worth half a million, to-night he was not worth a dollar—and what all. There were his wife's settlements, of course; but they were his wife's—and Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell were two.

'I thought I had better let you know about it at once, Mr. Maxwell, the law, your wife said, it is sure to be in everybody's mouth to-morrow. And now, if I can catch that rascal of the loaf is left and remains yours, I am sorry for you. Mrs. Maxwell—sorry that your sacrifice of youth and loveliness on the altar of mammon has been in vain. I had hoped when I married you, of waiting some return for the homeless love I gave you. I know how futile that hope has been. Once again, for your sake, I am sorry for myself I do not care. The world is a wide place, and I may yet make my way. I give you your freedom, the only reparation for marrying you in my power to make. I leave here to-night, New York to-morrow, and so—farewell.'

She stood like a stone; he turned and left her. Once she made a movement, seeing the white anguish of his face, as though to go to him; but she did not. He was gone, and she dropped down in the rose and silver glitter of her fairy room, as miserable a woman as a day ever dawned upon.

'Rather superb style of things, all this,' one said. 'When Roger Maxwell does things he does it well. Wonderful luck he's had; five years ago he hadn't a rap, and that wife of his—magnificent Edith—is the most beautiful creature the sun shines on.'

'How beautiful my friend, for—she's like.'

'Ah! to her husband? Married for his fortune, didn't she? The old story, very poor, very proud, and sold to the highest bidder. Sefson stood to win her there, didn't he?'

'It was a desperate flirtation—something more, the knowing one say, but Salton knew better than to indulge in the luxury of a penniless wife. So Maxwell appeared, made rich suddenly, and—she's Mrs. Maxwell to-night, and more queenly than ever. I watched her dancing with Sefson half an hour ago, and— Well, I didn't envy Maxwell, if he's worth half a million. Let's go back to the house, it's going to rain.'

'Suppose Maxwell was to lose his fortune—what then?'

'My good fellow, he would lose his wife in the same hour. Some women there are who would go with their husbands into beggary, but not the lovely Edith, and he's a splendid fellow, too, is Maxwell. There the rain began.'

The shadow among the trees stood perfectly still. A long, low wind moved the trees, and rain beat its melancholy dip, dip. Half an hour, an hour, two passed, but the figure leaning against the gate remained still as the iron itself. But he stirred at last, became conscious he was wet through, and passed slowly out of the gloom and up the lamp lit avenue and into the stately home that, after to-night, would be his no longer. Another half hour he was back into the glitter, dazzle and music of the pillared drawing room, his wet garments were changed, himself whiter than marble, and almost as still. He had not been missed; he beautiful three months' bride shone there in diamonds, silk and rose resplendent—and who was there to think of the rich Maxwell? Only a cloud, whom she honored by marry. The fascinating Gerald Sefson was by her side. How could she find time to think of anything so plebeian an *mon mari* while in his embracing company.

But it was all over at last. The lights were filled, the garland decked, and Mrs. Maxwell was in her drawing-room in the pale morning light, under the hands of her maid. She lay back among the rose velvet cushions, languid and lovely, and looking around at an irritated flush at the abrupt entrance of the master of the house. He did not often intrude; since the first week of their marriage he had been a mere host and kept his place; therefore Mrs. Maxwell had surprised as well as annoyed now.

'Do you wish to speak to me, Mr. Maxwell?' she asked coldly; for after an evening with Gerald Sefson she was always less tolerant to her plebeian husband.

'Yes—but alone. I will wait in your boudoir until you dismiss your maid.' 'Something in his colorless face—something in the sound of his voice startled her, but he departed while yet speaking, and the maid went on.

'Hurry, Cecil called up the shining hair, arranged the white dressing gown, and left her. Edith Maxwell arose and went to the boudoir. It was the daintiest boudoir of boudoirs, all rose silk, silver filigree-work and delicate Grouze paintings smiling down from the fluted panoply. A bright wood fire burned on the marble hearth, and her husband stood leaning against the low chimney piece whiter and colder than the marble itself.

'Well, she said 'what is it?'

He looked up. She stood before him in all her pride, jewels flashing, her azure eyes and tinselled hair—his, yet not his 'so fair.' He loved her, how well his own wrung heart only knew.

'What is it?' she repeated, impatiently. 'I am tired and sleepy. Tell me in a word.'

'I am ruined! All is lost! I am a beggar!'

She started back, turning whiter than her dress, and leaned heavily against a chair.

'Ruined!' she repeated. 'A beggar!' 'Ugly words are they not, but quite true. I did not know it until last night. Walker came out from town to tell me. My last grand speculation has failed, and its failure engulfed everything; I am as poor as the poorest laborer on this place; poorer than I was five years ago, before this fortune was left me.'

'There was a sort of pleasure in this hideously putting things in their places, Rich or poor, she despised him alike. What need was there for him to sneer at matters?'

'There are your settlements, your five hundred a year and the place in Vermont; that rascal of the loaf is left and remains yours, I am sorry for you. Mrs. Maxwell—sorry that your sacrifice of youth and loveliness on the altar of mammon has been in vain. I had hoped when I married you, of waiting some return for the homeless love I gave you. I know how futile that hope has been. Once again, for your sake, I am sorry for myself I do not care. The world is a wide place, and I may yet make my way. I give you your freedom, the only reparation for marrying you in my power to make. I leave here to-night, New York to-morrow, and so—farewell.'

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A month later and she was in the cottage up in Vermont. All had gone as the one day's wonder was at an end; the rich Maxwell and his handsome wife disappeared out of the magic whirl of society, and society got along very well without them. They had been, and they were not, and the story was told. Of all who had broken bread with the ruined man there was not two who cared whether he were living or dead.

The December winds swept down through Vermont valleys and lashed the windows of the cottage where Edith Maxwell lived. She sat in the long, low gloomy parlor before a blazing wood fire, and Gerald Sefson stood before her. He had just found her out, and had run up to see how she had borne her altered fortunes. She bore them as an encouraged king might, with real pride. The exquisite face had lost its rosy bloom, the deep, soft eyes looked larger and more fatherless, the proud mouth was set in patient pain—that was all.

'The man left his heart here as he looked at her, she was so lovely. He leaned over, and the passionate words came that he could not check. He loved her; she loved him; she was forsaken and alone; why need they part?'

She listened, growing whiter than a corpse. Then she came and faced him until the coward soul within him shrank and quailed.

'I have fallen very low,' she said. 'I am poor, alone, and a deserted wife. But Gerald Sefson, I have not fallen low enough for that. Go!'

Her wavering finger pointed to the door. There was that in her face no man dare disobey, and he struck forth like a whipped hound.

new hope dawned for her. A tiny messenger, with Roger Maxwell's great, brown eyes, smiled up in her face, and a baby head nestled against her lonely heart. Ah! she knew now how she loved baby's father when the brown eyes, of which these were the counterpart, were lost forever. So with the great world shut out, and with only baby and her two servants, life went on in the solitary cottage.

Four years had gone by, and little Roger could toddle and lisped in Edith Maxwell's heart how slowly died out. She had lost him through her own fault; he to whom she had been bound by the mysterious tie of marriage would never look up from the fluted panoply.

She sat one stormy November night thinking very sadly of the true heart and strong love she had cast away. Her baby lay asleep before the ruddy fire, the rain and wind beat wildly against the window. She sat looking out with weary, vacant eyes, so lonely, so very lonely, her soul longing with unutterable yearning for the wanderer to come back. There was a knock at the door—a faltering, humble knock. Through the deepening gloom of the twilight she saw a man leaning wearily against the door-post—a man shabby and ill-clad, with drooping head and dejected air. Her housekeeper opened the door, and she could hear her harsh, high-pitched voice.

'This isn't an inn—we don't shelter tramps. Go long with you! The village is only half a mile from here.'

The house door slammed in his face. The man turned despairingly away, walked a few steps, reeled, and fell to the ground like a log. Edith Maxwell started to her feet, was out of the room and the house in a moment, out in the pouring rain beside the fallen man, her two stars shrouded following.

'Lift him up and carry him into the kitchen,' she ordered, imperiously. 'Mary! I never will forgive you for doing such a cruel thing! James, make haste!'

Her man servant raised the prostrate form, and with some difficulty bore him to the kitchen, and laid him on a wooden bench. The light fell on his upturned face lagged and deadlike, and at the sight Edith Maxwell gave a cry that those who heard never forgot, and falling on her knees, raised passionate kisses on the white face.

'At last, at last!' she sobbed convulsively. 'Oh, Heaven, I thank thee!'

The servants gazed aghast. He looked up, and all her self-control returned.

'Take him to my room, James, and remove those wet clothes, then ride for your life for a doctor! He is my husband!'

Yes, at last. After all these weary years of waiting her husband was restored to her like this! 'Restored, yet nearly lost.' For many nights after that the watcher's lamp burned in Edith's chamber, and she sat by her sick husband's side, sick almost to death.

Night and day found her there, pale and sleepless as a ministering spirit, listening to his wild, disconnected talk—her own name often upon his lips. How she cared for him now she played for him only Heaven and herself knew. Her prayers prevailed. The heavy brown eyes opened one still additional hour and rested on her face. They were no longer delirious, knew her with a kindling light of doubt and joy.

'Edith,' he said faintly, 'my wife.' She was on her knees beside him, his weak head lying in her cradling arms.

'My darling—my darling, thank Heaven! My dear, my true husband, forgive your erring wife!'

His face beamed with a beautiful smile, he drew her lovely head down and kissed it.

'It is true, then what I have heard, and which has brought me home; you have sought me? But if I am poorer than when I went away?'

'Ah, do you think I care now? I love you, and we are rich. We will never part again, my husband. I cannot live without you.'

'No, never again, my love, my love, and I do not come to you poor. In the golden land, California, I have retrieved the past, and returned to you a rich man.'

By Revenge. 'You acknowledge, then, Mansfield, that you are guilty of this forgery?'

'I do not deny it, Mr. Holland, I replied quietly. I have put sufficient proof into your hands to convict myself of now act at your pleasure with me.'

'From my soul I am sorry for you,' he said, with some appearance of emotion. 'And yet I thank heaven that you and not my nephew, Haworth, are the criminal.'

'For your daughter's sake?' I asked, turning my face away.

'For my daughter's sake?' he answered. After a moment of silence he went to his desk, and writing a few words upon a slip of paper, called a servant and sent him away with it. 'It was a request for a constable,' he said, regarding me with a look of pity. 'It is hard but it must be done, Mansfield. Well, I am prepared.'

And this was my revenge? That night, as I paced the stone floor of my cell allotted to me in the jail, the events of the past six months arose before my mental vision as the scenes of one's life are said to haunt to death-bed. I have made a faithful record of them.

Haworth was a nephew of Mr. Holland, and the superintendent of Warwick Mill, where I was employed as book-keeper. I hated the man from the very day he entered the mill, and not without reason. He was young, handsome, wealthy in a word, all that I was not. He was the master, insolently conscious of his power; I the poor drudge. He despised me and took no pains to hide it, well knowing that I dared not resent his contempt. But the real cause of my hatred lay deeper. He had blasted a hope that had taken a firm root in my foolish heart. He had come between me and my love. Therefore I hated him. It was the old story. I, the poor unpaid book-keeper, loved the daughter of a wealthy mill owner. It seemed that I might have had a better chance of success with an angel in heaven than with Virginia Holland. Yet in spite of my better sense, I love her, humbly and silently as becomes my position. Of late something in her manner had taught me that she had taught me that she had discovered my secret, and the wild hope thrilled me, that it might perhaps have inspired her with a little tenderness for me. With the advent of Haworth, however, the hope died in my breast.

When the rumor came as it shortly did that Virginia and her cousin were engaged, I was prepared for it as a man is prepared for his death blow.

Out of the depths of my despair grew up a great hatred for the man who had gained the woman whose love I would have died for, and a consuming desire for revenge.

Then my whole life narrowed down into the one wicked ambition of influencing upon him some portion of the agony he had caused me, nor was the opportunity long in coming.

One morning he called me into his office, and handing me a check requested me to have it cashed for him at the bank.

As I entered the room I observed that he appeared to be excessively agitated, and I noticed, too, that he rose and hastily threw several small scraps of paper into a drawer of his desk; not, however, before I had seen that the signature of Mr. Holland was traced more or less perfectly, upon all of them.

I thought nothing of the matter at that moment; but when a week later, news was received that Mr. Holland had been robbed of many thousand dollars by means of a cleverly counterfeited check, I saw what it all meant.

Haworth was the forger! There could be no doubt of it.

The scraps of paper which he had flung into the drawer corner contained his first attempts at imitating the signature of his uncle.

My good fortune so in my frenzy I deemed it seemed almost incredible at first. The man who had supplanted me was a common thief, punishable by a law.

Here, then, was my revenge ready to my hand. I would forget the proof, I would accuse and convict him by my own unaided efforts. I would degrade the man who had scorned me and drag him into the before his eyes of his intended wife. How I exulted in the prospect!

But the proof? I knew that if I could secure the scraps of paper upon which he had imitated the name of Mr. Holland, I need go no further.

The rumor alarmed me. I feared that the truth might be discovered and my vengeance forestalled. I could withhold the blow no longer or other and gentler hands would deal it for me. But ere I acted I hid at the bar of public justice I would blast his image in the heart of Virginia Holland. I would stab her to the soul, and look on exultingly in her agony. I would say to her,

'For this low wretch, this common thief, you have sinned my love!'

That very hour, with the scraps of paper buttoned safely in my pocket, I staid my way safely to her dwelling. With all my guilty anger I was a coward. I dared not face the woman whose death-blow I was about to deal.

I turned and sat down in a garden chair in the deep shadow waiting to conquer my weakness. As I sat there I heard a low, deep sigh proceeding from the shrubbery near at hand.

Peering cautiously between the bushes I saw Virginia Holland kneeling upon the sod, with her hands clasped before her face. From her attitude I believed she was weeping.

'She has heard of his danger,' I muttered bitterly, 'and weeps for him.'

Well, I saw her agony; did I exult in it as I had promised myself to do? No, and with despair and jealousy as I was, my better nature conquered. An instantaneous revision of feeling swept over me—a feeling of shame for my premeditated revenge and pay for her sorrow. I felt that she was suffering as I had suffered.

As I had loved her, so, doubtless, did she love Haworth. Whatever wrong he had done me, I could not wound him through her breast. A calm glorious thought stole into my troubled soul—I thought of pardon and sacrifice. It brought a sense of melancholy pleasure to me that seemed in some measure to prepare me for the burden I was about to take upon myself.

Arising from my seat, I stole noiselessly to her side, and handing above her pressed my lips upon her upraised brow—had I not the right to them?—and whispering, 'Do not weep, Virginia, I will save him,' turned hastily away.

The next instant the scraps of paper I had so carefully treasured, torn into a thousand pieces, scattered far and wide.

I had resolved for her sake to save Haworth, cost what it might. I feared that if his affair were to be submitted to any other scrutiny, his guilt must become apparent. Therefore the suspicious resting upon him must be averted. Another criminal must be found—ready to confess his guilt and accept his fate without resistance. What so fit for the sacrifice as myself? For her sake I would have suffered a hundred fold as much. I did not press to resist, but making my way to Mr. Holland, boldly accused my self of forgery, and invoked justice upon myself. The rest has been told.

I had paced the cell for several hours, recalling these events to my mind with species of bitter satisfaction, when suddenly the dead silence of the night was broken by a tremendous tumult outside—a heavy trampling of feet, and an uproar of voices as of a vast crowd, penetrated the thick walls of my prison.

Peering out of the barred window, I beheld two hundred operatives of the mill clustering about the door. The light of the torches that they carried fell upon my face, and I heard my name shouted with thunder of applause.

What did it mean? I learned that it had been discovered that I was innocent, and my sacrifice had been for nothing.

Presently the key grated in the lock, the door was flung open and there entered—not the jailer as I expected, but Virginia Holland, with hair disheveled and eyes dim, followed at a little distance by her father.

'Come,' she cried impetuously, seizing my hand. Come away from this dreadful place.'

'What is this?' I asked, drawing back in amazement. 'Why are you here, Virginia? Know you not that I am a felon, self-accused, willing to prove my guilt?'

'I know,' she exclaimed, raising her tear-wet eyes to mine. 'That you are no felon but the noblest man that ever lived. I know all, Mansfield, more than any one but you can tell me. Come with me now.'

'Then thank heaven for this forgery! I murmured, pressing her to my heart, "for it has proved my salvation!"'

'Humph!' grumbled Mr. Holland, good naturedly; 'thank heaven that I have lost my ten thousand dollars! Ungrateful young dog!'

A Cool Conductor. I don't know whether you would call it coolness or brazen impudence, and perhaps it don't matter; but for what your Frenchman understands by non-chalance, and in its most perfect form of development, commend us to Peter Frost, foreman connected with the Portland & Buckfield Railroad, in Maine, but now serving the B. & P. running out from Boston. It was years ago when Frank O. J. Smith had put the Brookfield branch into running order, and had built a steamer to connect with Mexico and Rumford on the Androscoggin. Frost was one of the first conductors on the road. He seemed to think he could drive an engine as he had been in the habit of driving on the North Waterford stage coach. His first grand operation was to collide with an engine and tender between Clinton and Hebron, by which both engines were essentially smashed. His next brilliant exploit was close to Brookfield, when he ran plump into a freight train.

Mr. Smith thought that would not answer, and he dropped a polite note to Frost informing him that his services would be no longer required on the road. Frank O. J. at the old Elm House.

'Mr. Smith,' said he, plumply and unabashedly, 'I wish to be reinstated on your road.'

'What?' exclaimed the governor. 'Put you back on that road?'

'Yes, sir.'

'You say again as conductor?'

'Exactly, sir.'

'Bless me; and you have already smashed up three engines for us, besides endangering many lives?'

'Yes, sir, and for that very reason you ought to put me back there. I have now learned the trade. You can trust me. If anybody has a question about the propriety of trying to put two engines ahead on the same track, and in opposite directions, it is not to me, sir. I tried it twice, and I know it can't be done!'

It was too good. The train took something in Charley's back parlor, and Pete Frost was reinstated. That was more than a score of years ago. Pete has been railroading ever since, and in fact he is accounted one of the best conductors running out from Boston.

SKEEP OF CHILDREN.—The Herald of Health cautions parents not to allow their children to be waked up in the morning. Let nature wake them; she will not do it prematurely. Take care that they go to bed at an early hour—let it be earlier and earlier, until it is found that they wake up themselves in full time to dress for breakfast.

An innovation in modern civilization has occurred in San Francisco. A citizen has beaten a gas company at law.

It may be true that a hundred cancelled postage stamps will buy a Chinese baby, but the fellow who had an American baby left on his door steps for nothing wants to know what's the use of gathering stamps.

A railing editor says his connection with the press has thawed and resolved itself into adieu.

A little girl returning from church, where a strange minister had officiated, said: 'Mother, I wish Mr. W—hadn't preached to-day; he ain't a good preacher, like Mr. B—.' 'Why not?' asked her mother. 'Because he talked so loud. I couldn't go to sleep. Mr. B— lets me sleep all the time.'

Suppose the women of this country would refuse to work over eight hours a day, what would a man do for his supper? A full bearded grandfather recently had his beard shaved off, showing a clean face for the first time for a number of years. At the dinner table his three-year-old grand-daughter noticed it, gazed long with wondering eye, and finally ejaculated, 'Grandfather, whose head you got out?'