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MUTUAL Life Insurance Company, OF NEW YORK.

J. S. L. IRWIN, WITH Gilbert Bros & Co., WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

APETRIES, I offer papers and envelopes in boxes, in great variety...

COUNTY DIRECTORY

Table listing county officials: COUNTY JUDGE, COMMONWEALTH'S ATTORNEY, CLERK OF THE COURTS, SHERIFF, DEPUTIES, COMMISSIONERS OF REVENUE, SURVEYOR, SUPERINTENDENT OF POOR, SUPERVISORS, PARISH PHYSICIAN, OVERSEERS POOR, NOTARIES PUBLIC, JUSTICES OF THE PEACE, CONSTABLES, ROAD COMMISSIONERS, SHENANDOAH COUNTY BANK, COMMISSIONERS IN CHANCERY, COMMISSIONER OF ACCOUNTS.

Advertisements

1875. 1876. OLD DRUG STORE, WOODSTOCK, VA.

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POETICAL

AFTER DARK. When twilight gables in her shrouds, And wheeling swallows skim the fume...

The old deluge that goes and comes Through sorrow, in the falling dew, Like waves that wash a wreath of foam...

And as the soft, dissembling light Falls, shadowing into dusky red, With gathering stars in overcast, Like seeds of many an old deluge...

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The Female Pilot

BY SYLVANUS COBB.

An English brig-of-war lay to off the southern shore of the Island Fire, which is one of the Inner Hebrides...

Higher and higher grew the furious wind, until the very sea seemed dancing over the fair bark. The masts groaned and cracked, the rigging grated and strained...

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But you have the power, sir. You took him, and you can give him up. 'But consider, my girl. Your own life is at stake. If we go you must go with us.'

'I know it, sir, and I am prepared for it. What's my life worth to me if my father must be—but you may depend on this: I can save you. Give me back my father—swear that we may both go away free and unmolested when your anchors are safely down, and you shall be saved. If you will not do this, then your hours are numbered. I know where you are, and without the aid of one who knows these rocks, this vessel cannot ride one hour longer!'

'Give him up!' cried Wooler, whose face was pale as death. 'Be sure you won't bend her an atom.'

The captain dare hesitate no longer. The rest of the officers seconded Wooler's request, and he gave in.

'Save us,' he said, turning to the maiden; once more, 'save us, and your father shall be free.'

'Do you swear this?' 'I do—most solemnly; and I call on all present to witness that when this vessel is safe, if your father and yourself go not whither you will, I am a perjured wretch. Now the helm is yours.'

On the instant Flora started into new life. 'Lay the yards square!' she cried, at the top of her voice. 'Ease up the helm! Let two faithful men take the wheel.'

These orders were obeyed, and ere long the brig was dashing off before the wind. An opening was seen in the rocky coast ahead.

'That is Lunza on the quarter,' the maiden said, 'and ahead we have a dozen small islands. Here comes the Devil's Rock on the starboard bow, and that on the left is McDougall's Crown. Port a little! Steady—so!'

The hearts of the men leaped up, and there seemed to hang for some moments. But on went the flying vessel—the heavy spray actually dashing over the deck from the towering rocks—now on this hand, now on that—and yet she went safely on. If she had gone through such a dubious channel, then why should she not pass the rest? The men became more easy, even though the horrors were as palpable as ever.

The course of the brig lay through a hissing, rushing, tumbling surge, with rocks still on every hand. And there stood the fair pilot, her keen eye flashing, her finely chiselled nostrils dilated, and her noble form drawn proudly up. Her orders were prompt and assured and confidence was in every look and tone.

At length the vessel entered a narrow strait, not over a mile wide, and the course was direct. It was the mainland Argyle upon the right, and the island of Seil upon the left. In half an hour more the strait was passed—and other group of rocks was cleared—and yet the gallant bark flew safely on over the stormy sea.

'Stand by the braces!' cried Flora, now showing a little excitement, 'mind your helm! Round in carefully on the larboard braces! Keep the others taut! Helm a port! Easy—easy!'

The brig bowed to the wind most fearfully now, but her masts bent like reeds—and she sailed not. A high promontory was passed—and in a few moments more the deep labor ceased. The brig tumbled, the masts grew straight, and the sails had done straining. The water moved only in long swells, and as the men looked ahead through the falling rain, they saw the smooth haven stretching away up into the land—a haven into which the southern storm-demon could not come, and where the weary bark could be at rest. It was a long narrow inlet of Kilmore.

At length the sail was taken off, the anchors dropped, and then the men crowded round their fair pilot to bless her for the service she had done them. But she asked not their thanks, though she could not refuse their gratitude.

'I have saved my father,' she said, 'and that is all in all to me. Let us go on shore now.'

'But not in this storm,' urged the captain.

'Yes,' persisted Flora. 'We are not at home here, but on shore I shall find a sheltering roof, and open arms to receive us.'

'God bless you!' as he grasped Flora by the hand; 'and when, in time to come, we call each other to mind, it is true, you may feel something of the friendship towards me which I must ever cherish for you.' Then he turned to Donald. 'And to you, Donald Kenmore, let me say, God grant I may never meet you again when the duty of my station could make you my enemy—Farewell!'

And in a few moments the smuggler and his child were on their way to the shore. A sheltering roof soon spread its protection over them, and warm friends welcomed them to the fireside. Donald Kenmore and John Thornhill never met again. For the old man had money enough, and when his noble daughter shortly after the startling adventure had been recorded, gave her hand and heart to the man who had loved her long and truly, he found a home with them.

The two most precious things on this side of the grave are our reputation and our life. But it is too much lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one and the weakest weapons of the other. A wise man therefore is the more anxious to deserve a fair name than to possess it, and this will teach him so to live as not to be afraid to die.

'But you have the power, sir. You took him, and you can give him up. 'But consider, my girl. Your own life is at stake. If we go you must go with us.'

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NICK PEPPER

BY CARL BRENT.

'Nick Pepper, do you ever expect to be of any account in the world?'

'No use talking, Sarah. I have given up Nick as a bad job. I would never have thought that my brother's son would turn out so trifling.'

Nick Pepper only smiled at these remarks. He was sunning himself on the deck of the canal boat General Burnside, bound from Buffalo for New York with a load of wheat, and just then descending the Hudson as one of a fleet in tow of a steamboat. The first speaker was his aunt, Sarah Pepper, and the second was his uncle, 'Captain' Pepper, owner and commander of the Burnside. Nick may be said to have composed the crew, and it was the opinion of the first and second officers, above mentioned, that a more useless crew was never shipped.

'I have lived in hopes,' said aunt Sarah, 'that we would be able to make a man of him; but the older he grows the less use he is. He does nothing but lol around from sunrise to sunset.'

Nick stretched himself and smiled again. 'Auntie,' said he, 'did you ever know me to lie or steal?'

'No. You are a good enough boy as far as that goes. You never do anything at all. What's the use of being good, when you are only good for nothing?'

Nick raised himself up sufficiently to rest his head on his elbow. 'Auntie,' said he, 'just look at the Burnside. She toils not, neither does she spin, but she gets a fresh coat of paint every season. She lies in the basin at Buffalo till the elevators fill her up with grain; then a mule hauls her down the canal; then a steamboat hitches on to her and tows her to New York; then a tug yanks her over to an elevator that unloads her; and then she sails around till somebody takes her to the river again. She don't do a stroke of what you might call work, and yet she makes a good living for you and uncle. Why should I be any better than the Burnside?'

Aunt Sarah was sharp enough to see the fallacy of this argument, but hardly sharp enough to expose it. 'What do you mean,' she asked, 'by comparing yourself with a canal boat? You are a boy, or almost a young man, with a soul to be saved. The Burnside is only a lifeless thing of wood and iron, and when she rots and goes to pieces, that's an end to her. I wish you were as useful as the Burnside, but there isn't one earthly thing that you have learned to do.'

'There is one thing that I can do though, auntie.'

'I would like to know what it is.'

'I can keep a secret.'

'As if anybody would ever give you a secret to keep!'

The General Burnside reached New York safely, was left in the basin on the Jersey side to await unloading. Nick Pepper put on his coat and prepared to go ashore.

'Where are you going?' queried aunt Sarah.

'Out in town, to do an errand for a man.'

'Pity the errand that anybody gets you to do.'

Nick went ashore, whistling.

Jacob Messner, a wealthy manufacturer of Jersey City, was seated in his office, and with him was Mr. White, a lawyer. Mr. Messner was reading, and not for the first time, a letter, which was given here in full:

'BUFFALO, Aug. 3, 1878. 'MY DEAR MR. MESSNER!—When I left your box so hurriedly, called to the death bed of my father, at this city, I was very sorry you were absent, so that I was unable to explain to you, as I wished to, the result of my investigations of your business affairs. The suspicions which I had previously impudently to you were confirmed, and I became convinced that you had been systematically robbed by your trusted clerks, Ebbitt and Albersen. I secured the books and papers which proved their crime conclusively, and locked them up in the old safe, giving the combination to no one, as I did not know whom to trust. I expected to return shortly, but was taken sick shortly after my father's funeral, and have since been unable to leave my bed. I have been troubled to decide how I should send you the combination, as you will need it to get the books and papers I speak of, though not for any other purpose. I can not send it to you by letter, as I am sure that Ebbitt and Albersen will read the letter before you get it, nor do I know any trustworthy person who is going direct to New York. Therefore I was compelled to send it by a round-about route. I gave it to a boy named Nick Pepper, of the canal boat General Burnside, which left here three days ago. In this boy I placed entire confidence. He will visit you as soon as his boat lands, and will give you the password which we formerly agreed upon. When you give him the countersign he will tell you the combination. I must run the risk of having this letter read by Ebbitt and Albersen, but I hardly think they will decamp. As soon as you get the books and papers out of the old safe they should be arrested, and I hope to be with you soon-enough to furnish other proofs.'

Yours very truly, 'THOS. F. BENDLE.'

'Queer, isn't it?' remarked Jacob Messner, when he had read the letter aloud to the lawyer.

'Very queer,' replied Mr. White. 'Do you suppose the letter was read by these parties before it reached you?'

have calculated on. There was a delay of several hours before the letter was put in my hands and I judged by the postmark that the delay was at this end of the route. Therefore I suppose that they read it.'

'And they have decamped?'

'They are still at work, as if they had no suspicion of any trouble.'

'Then it is my opinion,' said the lawyer, 'that they rely upon intercepting the boy and getting possession of the combination, so that they can destroy the books and papers upon which Mr. Bendle relies for proof. Do you know the pass-word of which he speaks?'

'No person knows it but Mr. Bendle and myself—and the boy, of course.'

'There would seem to be no danger then, unless they can intimidate the boy.'

'I have tried to provide against that,' said Jacob Messner. 'I have employed a private detective who is to watch the canal boats, to see the boy as he arrives, and to bring him to me. If they should make any attempt to scare or corrupt him, they will be pounced upon and arrested at once.'

'There was a knock at the door, and a man entered, who hurriedly whispered to Mr. Messner. That gentleman jumped up and put on his hat.

'Come, Mr. White,' he said. 'It seems they have been sharper than we were, and have got ahead of us. Come; there is not a moment to lose. We will pick up a policeman or two on the way. This is the detective of whom I just spoke to you.'

It was not more than half-past nine at night when Nick Pepper left the General Burnside. He had not gone far from wharf, whistling as he went, when he was accosted by two men, one middle aged and the other considerably younger. They were well dressed, and in appearance very gentlemanly.

'Good evening,' said the elder of the two. 'May I ask if you came from the canal boat General Burnside?'

'That's where I came from,' replied Nick, who had a slight suspicion that they might be confidence men.

'And is your name Nick Pepper?'

'That's my name,' said Nick, wondering how they had got hold of it.

'Then you are looking for Mr. Jacob Messner. He has been anxiously expecting you and has sent us to meet you. We are two of his confidential clerks.'

'That's all right, then,' said Nick, his suspicion vanishing at once. 'Just take me straight to Mr. Messner, and I will be obliged to you.'

'Perhaps that will hardly be worth while,' said the spokesman. 'He is an old gentleman, and doesn't like to be disturbed. He said that you had some figures to tell him, and that you might tell them to us.'

'Joe,' said Nick, abruptly.

'What?'

'Joe,' repeated Nick.

'My name is not Joe. What do you mean?'

'I mean that you don't get no figures from me. Mr. Messner is the man that I want to see.'

The man hesitated, and then laid down his pistol.

'Give me that cord, Sam,' he said. 'We will see how he likes to be strung up.'

The young man produced a long, stout cord, and the elder made a slip noose in one end, which he placed around the boy's neck, throwing the other end over a beam.

'Give us the numbers,' he said 'or up you go.'

'See you in Halifax first,' muttered Nick.

The next instant he was in the air, hanging with the cord around his neck. When he was let down, and the numbers again demanded, he could only refuse by signs.

'Run him up again!' said the elder man, and this time he was let down limp and breathless.

As he sank on the floor a side door was burst in with a crash, and Jacob Messner's detective rushed in, followed by two policemen, Jacob Messner and lawyer White. Nick's two tormentors were at once seized and handcuffed, and the cord was loosened from the boy's neck.

'I am afraid the scoundrels have killed him,' said Jacob Messner. Run for a physician.

The detective hurried out, and Mr. White took the boy's head on his knee, while Jacob Messner fanned him vigorously with his hat. Soon Nick opened his eyes and his mouth, breathed audibly, and faintly whispered the name of 'Messner.'

Jacob Messner knelt down by the boy and placed his ear near his lips.

'Joe,' whispered Nick.

'King,' replied Jacob Messner, with a sob in his voice.

'That's right. Thirteen, eighteen, twenty-eight. Tell aunt Sarah there was one thing I knew how to do.'

Then his head fell back on Mr. White's knee.

It seemed to be a long time, although it was not many minutes, before the doctor arrived.

'Any fee you may ask shall be yours,' said Jacob Messner, 'if you can save the boy's life!'

'The physician felt his pulse and his heart. 'It was a close shave,' he said, 'but we will save him.'

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.—The Abingdon Standard has the following: 'Two of the illustrious distillers tried at this term of the United States Court were soldiers in the war. One, Joe Lewis by name, a noted moonshiner, of N. C. was in the Confederate army; the other, Henry Widner, of this county, was a Union soldier. While in prison, awaiting their trial, they indulged in many bitter political discussions over the "unpleasantness" of Col. J. C. Sumner, who was employed as counsel in both cases. When the sentence was being passed, Widner requested the Colonel to call the attention of the judge to the fact that he had been a true and faithful Union soldier, which was done. The judge replied that "for that reason he should have been a better citizen," and sentenced him to the penitentiary for one year. Lewis got off with one month in jail.

Turning to Lewis, Widner said, "I don't see why he sent me to the penitentiary and not you."

'That was because you was a d—d Yankee,' replied Lewis, 'and he oughter hung you for't. All around joined in a good laugh.

The following unique epistle was picked up in Yorkville: 'Dear Bill! The reason I didn't laugh when you left at me in the Post office yesterday was because I have a bill on my face, and can't laugh. If I had she'll bust. But I love you Bill, bill or no bill, but I'll laugh. You billing Kate, till death.'

'What does your husband do?' asked the census man. 'He ain't deins' nothing at this time of the year,' replied the young wife. 'Is he a pauper?' asked the census man. She blushed scarlet to the ears. 'Law, no!' she exclaimed, somewhat indignantly. 'We ain't been married more'n six weeks.'

A lawyer once said to a countryman in a smock-frock, who was undergoing his examination in a witness box: 'You in the smock-frock, how much are you paid for telling untruths?' 'Less than you