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**EMUEL BORDEN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.  
Office—Room No. 5, Turner Building, in or near which he can be found all day, or by mail or by express, on any day, May 5, '86.

**ROBT. E. STONER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
EDINBURGH, SHENANDOAH CO., VA.  
Will practice in the courts of Shenandoah and adjoining counties.  
Special attention to Collection of Claims.  
Nov. 3, '84-15.

**L. TRIPLETT,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Commissioner in Chancery,  
AND NOTARY PUBLIC,  
WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.  
May 21, '84-15.

**JAMES C. BAKER, JR.,**  
BARTON & BOYD,  
Practice law in partnership in the county of Shenandoah and Page. The personal attention of each member of the firm will be given to business entrusted to them.  
Office in Court House yard, Woodstock, Va.  
Address: JAS. C. BAKER, JR.,  
May 10, '84-15.

**W. D. L. BORUM,**  
Successor to Dandridge & Borum,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.  
Will practice in Shenandoah and adjoining counties.  
Office in Court House yard, Woodstock, Va.  
Jas. C. Baker, Jr.,  
F. W. Mendenhall,  
W. C. Allen,  
A. E. & Mendenhall,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.  
SHENANDOAH COUNTY, VA.  
May 15, '84-15.

**JOHN E. ROLLER,**  
W. W. LOGAN,  
HARRISONBURG, VA.  
W. W. LOGAN,  
WOODSTOCK, VA.  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.  
Office in Burner Building.  
Practice in all the courts of Shenandoah county, and the Court of Appeals at Staunton. Either member of the firm can be addressed as above.  
[Will may '87.]

**JAS. B. WILLIAMS,**  
WM. T. WILLIAMS,  
WILLIAMS & BROTHER,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
WOODSTOCK, VA.  
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.  
Special attention given to the collection of debts.  
May 15, '84-15.

**A. G. WYNKOOP,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Office formerly occupied by Allen and Magruder.  
WOODSTOCK, VA.  
Will practice in the courts of Shenandoah and adjoining counties.  
Special attention given to the collection of debts and all legal business entrusted to his care.  
Will call on Mr. Jackson on Friday and Saturday before the first Tuesday of each month, at 10 o'clock.  
L. E. Jordan's office, at  
May 15, '84-15.

**H. BRIDLEBERGER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.  
Will 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.  
Special attention given to the collection of debts.  
May 15, '84-15.

**DR. T. F. LOCKE,**  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
OFFICE: Main St., opp. the Court House,  
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Artificial teeth inserted in any manner desired. Careful attention given to filling and extracting. Painless method of bringing children and those with teeth examined, and procure information that will be of great value in after life.  
Will visit Edinburg regularly on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month, at which time I can be found at the residence of Mr. Jacob Z. Rindler.  
All work guaranteed. Prices moderate.  
July 10, '85-15.

**DR. A. MARTIN,**  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
Respectfully informs the public that he has resumed the practice of his profession, and is located at the store of F. J. Frazar, in Woodstock, will receive professional attention.  
May 15, '84-15.

**DR. B. F. MAPHIS & BRO.,**  
Dentists.  
Office: Woodstock and Staunton, Virginia.  
In Woodstock, 1st and 3rd weeks of each month, Jan. 1st, 15th and 29th, and 4th, 18th and 31st.  
In Staunton, 2nd and 4th weeks of each month, Jan. 1st, 15th and 29th, and 4th, 18th and 31st.  
Will visit Edinburg regularly on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month, at which time I can be found at the residence of Mr. Jacob Z. Rindler.  
All work guaranteed. Prices moderate.  
July 10, '85-15.

**OLD DRUG STORE,**  
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Established about 1825 by Dr. John G. Schmitt.  
B. SCHMITT,  
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Drugs, Medicines, Glass,  
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Also  
CANDY NUTS, FRUIT COCOA  
As cheap as the cheapest.  
Fully and Reliably  
of goods guaranteed. Prescription-compounded at all times.  
May 21, '84-15.

**E. J. MILLER & CO.,**  
Importers and Jobbers of  
China, Glass & Queensware,  
No. 65 King street,  
ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.  
Ware in original Packages a specialty.  
Nov. 20, '84-15.

### FATHER RYAN.

There was never a voice to utter  
The grief and pain of the land,  
Till his music arose responsive  
To the tender touch of his hand.

She loved in her desolate silence,  
And mourned by the graves of her dead;  
And she longed for the consolation  
That comes when the tears are shed.

Till his strains, as they fell, awakened  
In the soul that beat for the soul,  
New faith in the beauties designed—  
In the hidden power of God.

He'd learned, as he knelt at his altars,  
To trust an Omnipotent Love;  
And his song had an inspiration  
Which echoed the music above.

He took all our ills and complaints,  
And he in their stead, in one month,  
His song as a low supplication,  
Welled up from the heart of the South.

His strains, full of pathos and glory,  
And he of the poetical West—  
Exhorted as a wreath of immortality,  
The flag that we wearily held.

There is never a grave so humble,  
In all of the low-land land,  
But his verse has inscribed upon it  
An epitaph stately and grand.

Once more—by the beds of the dying,  
In the homes of the poetical West—  
His song, like a low supplication,  
Goes up from his pitying breast!

A wall for the weep of his people,  
A plea that takes up their lowly wail,  
And we take up their lowly wail,  
And change all our murmurs to prayer.

Ab! the South is stricken and agonized,  
But never a heart can forget  
The solace his music has brought us—  
And its echo lingereth yet.

Great deeds are trumpeted, loud bells are rung,  
And men turn round to see;  
Over his peaks echo the peans sung  
Over some great victory.

And yet great deeds are few. The mightiest men  
Find opportunities but now and then.  
Shall one sit idle through long days of peace,  
Waiting for walls to scale?

Or lay in port until some golden fleece  
Lures him to face the gale?  
There's work enough, why idly then delay?  
His work counts more who labors every day.

A torrent sweeps down the mountain's brow  
With foam and flash and roar,  
And its strength is spent, where it is  
One short day is over.

### JAKE, THE FARMER'S BOY.

Jake went whistling along  
The road on his way home from work.  
He had been plowing in the corn  
field. It was a glorious evening in  
September—seed-time. Such an  
autumn evening as could only  
be found among the hills of Ohio.

The sun had sunk below the horizon,  
but with his expiring rays had  
beautifully decorated the heavens  
with blended shades of purple and  
gold. Jake sat astride of his old  
gray mare contented and happy—  
"The field will be ready for the  
barrow day after tomorrow," he solilo-  
quized, "then the next day I will  
commence drilling, and finish it  
Saturday. Whoop! la!" Again the  
whistling mingled merrily with the  
jingling of the chains attached to  
the plow harness.

Jake's blue shirt was soiled with  
perspiration and dust. A portion  
of the crown of his hat was gone,  
making an aperture through which  
peeped his hair, but it was sandy, very  
sandy. His hands and face were  
sun-burned and rough, while his  
feet hanging at the sides of the  
old mare were bare and dirty, but  
all this did not interfere in the least  
with his peace of mind until upon  
turning a fork in the road he found  
himself by the side of Farmer Anderson's  
daughter, who was walking  
home from Squire Ford's, where  
she had been invited to tea. She  
rejoiced in the name of Rosa, this  
girl of 17, with pink cheeks and  
sky-blue eyes. Very pretty and in-  
nocent she looked in her white dress  
and floating ribbons.

"How-da-do Jake!" she said,  
with a careless toss of her head—  
Jake's greeting was inaudible be-  
cause of a choking sensation in his  
throat. Somehow of late he had  
very peculiar feelings whenever he  
was with Miss Rosa—such a queer  
commingling of pain and joy. He  
could not have told for his life which  
predominated or which he preferred.  
His pain was so exquisite, and the  
joy so excruciating.

He slipped down from the mare  
and started the team ahead. He  
had a vague impression that his  
feet would be less conspicuous on  
the ground than dangling in the  
air in close proximity to Rosa's  
feet. He wished in a confused and  
dazed sort of way, for he had lost  
all control of his thinking powers,  
that they were not so large or so  
dirty. He would have bared his  
feet of eternal life just then for a  
pair of shoes. The odor from his  
sweat-soaked clothes had suddenly  
become very apparent and offensive  
to him. She appeared so dainty  
and pure in contrast. Heavens!  
how the blood surged to his heart  
as he stumbled awkwardly along  
by her side, trying to think of some-  
thing to say.

"Of course you're going to the  
fair, Rosa?" he finally asked, timidly,  
at the same time breaking off  
the top of a tall weed that he might  
have it to carry—his hands seemed  
so swollen in size and so much in  
the way.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "every-  
body is going, I guess." She did  
not manifest any interest as to  
whether, he would be there.  
"Harry Ford will enter his brown  
colt—the one he rides, you know.  
I hope it will take the premium,  
don't you?" Then without waiting  
for answer she launched into a  
lengthy description of what a per-  
fectly lovely time she had been  
having at the Ford's that evening,  
and wound up with asking, "Don't  
you think they are such a nice fam-  
ily?"

An entirely new feeling crept in-  
to Jake's heart. He and Harry  
Ford had always been good friends,  
but all at once he found himself be-  
lieving that an opportunity to  
throttle Harry would afford him  
supreme delight. As they were  
now at the gate that led into his  
father's barn-yard, Jake did not  
feel obliged to answer Rosa's ques-  
tion, but hastily bidding her good-  
bye, followed his horses to the wa-  
tering-trough. Rosa kept on down  
the road toward her home. "How  
awful Jake Baily looked this even-  
ing," she said to herself. "You  
don't catch Harry Ford in such a  
plight." Harry, knowing that he  
had company invited, came in early  
from work. Slipping up the back  
stairs to his room, he arrayed him-  
self in his Sunday clothes, and came  
down to tea looking like a gentle-  
man. "Jake thinks lots of me,"  
she lingered tenderly over the  
thought for a moment. "But mer-  
cy! I could never marry a man  
who went barefooted and wore  
such a horrid dirty shirt." Now  
Harry—she then went off into a  
pleasant little reverie, in which  
Harry was the central figure. Thus  
a little incident will sometimes  
shape a whole after life. If Rosa  
had not happened to see Jake with  
bare feet and dressed in his work-  
clothes, I would probably have a  
different story to tell. But she  
could not help having somewhat  
fastidious tastes, and Jake as he  
appeared that evening was not an  
object calculated to excite admiration.

Jake, back at the barn, was un-  
harnessing his team and growing  
more irritable every minute. "It's  
too confounded bad it had to hap-

pen so," he muttered, as he jerked  
the astonished horses around. "If  
I could only a-know she was on  
the road!" He dashed the oats in  
the feed-troughs, giving the old  
gray a blow on the nose for nipping  
at him. Within the last half hour  
he had become very much dissatis-  
fied with himself. He vowed for  
one thing he would quit going bare-  
footed. He could not help contrast-  
ing the name of Harry with that of  
Jake. He felt indignant at his  
parents for selecting such a name  
for him. Why couldn't they just  
as well have called him Harry, or  
Charles, or anything but Jake. He  
leaned against the gate post sulkily,  
loath to go in the house to meet  
the father and mother who had  
treated him so shabbily by bestow-  
ing upon him such an appellation.

"Jake, come to supper," screamed  
his little sister. When he worked  
in the corner field they did not have  
supper until night. Jake ground  
his teeth in rage at the sound of  
his hated name, but went in. He  
looked straight at his plate during  
the evening meal, answering the  
questions addressed to him briefly  
and gruffly. When he got up from  
the table he went immediately to  
his room.

"Wonder what the matter with  
Jake?" queried his father, as he  
prepared to light his pipe for his  
evening smoke. "Oh, only tired,  
I reckon; he'll be all right in the  
morning," answered the mother, as  
she shook the crumbs from the ta-  
ble-cloth.

"You must remember, pa, it's  
pretty hard on a boy not yet out of  
his teens to work as our Jake does.  
Though, to be sure," she added  
thoughtfully, "he's uncommon  
stout."

"Pooh!" said the father, "it's not  
that. Jake's never tired. I'd be  
willing to put him again any other  
hand in the country."

"I saw him and Rosa Anderson  
comin' down the road together be-  
fore supper," chimed in the little  
daughter. The father and mother  
exchanged significant glances, but  
were discreet enough to drop the  
conversation.

And Jake did come to his break-  
fast apparently all right. His ill  
humor had vanished with his  
dreams. The only thing unusual  
about him was that he had his  
shoes on. "What's the matter?"  
asked his mother, looking inquir-  
ingly at his feet. Jake blushed a  
little for a moment. He was tempt-  
ed to make the excuse that his feet  
were sore, but he was an honest  
boy, and he blurted out the truth.  
"He did not like to go barefooted,  
and he wasn't going to any more."

The mother suspected that Rosa  
Anderson was the cause of this  
change in her son, and she felt that  
twinge of pain and jealousy that  
all mothers feel when they first be-  
come aware of the fact that a child's  
heart has gone out to a stranger—  
But she was in the main a sensible  
woman, so she said nothing more  
and Jake started for the corn field.

The sun, a red ball, was just peep-  
ing over the tops of the trees, the  
birds were twittering softly among  
the branches, for boisterous singing  
was impossible. This lovely, hazy  
autumn morning Jake's heart  
swelled with an indefinite sense  
of enjoyment as he drank in the  
delights of nature, and he broke  
into whistling as musical as the  
songs of the birds. His parents  
heard him from where they stood  
on the house-tops. "Oh, Jake's  
all right," said the father, reassur-  
ingly, as his son disappeared from  
sight, but the mother turned into  
the house with a sigh. She could  
not help thinking of Rosa Ander-  
son, and wondering how it would  
all turn out.

A little later on, when the corn  
stood in shocks and the frost had  
shriveled the leaves somewhat,  
Jake attended a "singing" held at  
the district school-house. All the  
young people of the neighborhood  
were there. Conspicuous among  
them was Rosa Anderson, capti-  
vating with her radiant beauty and  
coquettish ways—at least she ap-  
peared so to poor Jake.

There was a long recess, during  
which games were played out of  
doors by the light of the moon—  
Once while these games were in  
process Jake held Rosa's hand in  
his, and he was afraid she would  
hear his heart thumping against  
his vest. He forgot himself and  
crushed the little hand in his great  
powerful palm. She complained  
that he was rough. Then he took  
it tenderly in both of his, but she  
jerked it away and ran off.

When the singing had closed and  
the young people were filing slow-  
ly out of the house, Jake, ever im-  
pulsive, and too madly in love to be  
discreet, pushed forward, offering  
his arm to escort Rosa home, but  
she, with nose tilted in the air, gave  
him the "mitten."

The boys nudged each other and  
cast quizzing glances at him. A  
few openly jeered him. He got out  
of the house as well as he could,  
and cut across the fields toward  
home. When he reached his father's  
farm he sat down on a log on the  
edge of a little patch of timber.  
I doubt if the moon ever  
looked down upon greater misery.

He sat there for a long time, the  
agony in his heart wringing bitter  
tears from his eyes. Do not laugh,  
reader, you have been in a similar

situation and know it was not a  
laughable matter. But he stayed  
there until he had strangled his  
love, and he dug a grave in which  
to bury it—a grave so deep that  
when once interred, it could never  
be resurrected. Ah, if she had only  
known what she had lost!

The struggle was over; he wiped  
his face and put away his handker-  
chief. Then he stood up and with  
clenched fists vowed he would have  
his revenge. She should see the  
day she would regret what she had  
done to-night.

When Jake reached his father's  
door there was a faint streak of  
light in the east, and the barnyard  
fowls were beginning to stir. His  
mother let him in; she had been  
watching for him. He looked her  
square in the face. She saw, though  
the candle she held in her hand  
gave but a dim light, that her boy  
had suddenly changed to a man,  
and her mother's heart understood.  
The two gazed into each other's  
eyes for a moment. The son saw  
an expression of tender sympathy.  
The mother saw one of determina-  
tion and defiance. She knew some-  
thing was going to happen, and she  
felt that she hated Rosa Anderson.

Jake helped his father through  
with the fall work. Then he quiet-  
ly told his parents he was going to  
visit his uncle in Kansas, and if he  
could find an opening there for him-  
self he would remain. His mother  
was prepared for such an announce-  
ment, but it was a great shock to  
the father. It had never occurred  
to him that his son would do else  
than remain on the farm, and final-  
ly, when he was done with it, take  
possession. He did everything in  
his power to dissuade his son from  
his "fool notion," as the father  
called it, but to no purpose. The  
only concession Jake would make  
was that perhaps he would come  
back in the spring. But spring  
came and grew into Summer and  
the Summer into Autumn, yet the  
father still mourned the loss of his  
boy. Then came the news that  
Jake had entered as a student in a  
law office in the town of S—  
Kan. As the years sped on re-  
ports much to his credit were cir-  
culated among his old friends and  
neighbors. Hard work and honest  
endeavor were bringing their legit-  
imate fruit, success. Apparently  
he had forgotten all about Rosa and  
the revenge he had once craved.

After Jake had gone, Rosa Ander-  
son, with an inconsistency not  
uncommon in females, felt a new  
tenderness springing up in her  
heart for him, and a regret that  
her little episode at the school  
house had ever happened. As time  
passed both the tenderness and the  
regret grew. She cherished a sort  
of ideal with Jake's face and form.  
She forgot or forgave everything  
she had condemned in him before  
he went away, and invested him  
with many noble attributes which,  
worthy as he was, truth compels  
me to say he did not possess. She  
coddled the belief that he would  
come back to her until it became a  
certainty. She was sure she would  
again feel the pressure of his hand  
and see the look of adoration in his  
eyes. So she waited. Her friends  
wondered why she did not marry.  
There were many conjectures  
concerning her, but never the  
right one. So little we know  
of the real feelings of those with  
whom we may be even intimately  
associated.

Ten years had passed since Jake  
left the neighborhood. During this  
time there were many changes—  
Some of his early companions had  
married and were settled down into  
staid fathers and mothers. A few  
of both old and young had been  
laid to rest in the little country  
graveyard, where in Summer the  
briers and weeds kept watch over  
their graves, and in winter the  
bleak winds sang dirges for them.  
But none that we knew were among  
these silent ones.

It was September, and invitations  
were sent out for Harry Ford's  
wedding. Rosa Anderson was not  
to be the bride, but Jake's sister,  
now a woman of 20. Rosa was  
among the invited. She was per-  
fectly indifferent as to whom Harry  
married. She had long ceased to  
feel anything but a friendly interest  
in him. But she was greatly  
agitated when she heard that Jake  
was coming home to be present at  
his sister's marriage.

A few days before the one on  
which the wedding was to take  
place an item of news appeared in  
The Morning Star, the principal  
paper of S—, the county seat. It  
read something like this: "We are  
glad to be able to chronicle the fact  
that Mr. Jacob Baily, formerly of  
this county, but for the last ten  
years a resident of S—, Kan.,  
has formed a partnership with one  
of our prominent lawyers, Bar-  
nabas King, Esq. Mr. Baily's past  
record is an enviable one. Our  
little city is to be congratulated  
upon the acquisition of so hand-  
some and distinguished a citizen—  
We extend a hearty welcome."

Rosa read this item and clasped  
her hands in silent ecstasy. "O  
joy," she thought, "he has really  
come and my waiting is over. Will  
he call? Ah, perhaps he will be  
too timid because of that deplorable  
action of mine ten years ago. I  
must explain to him as soon as  
possible how I have regretted that

But it will come all right, I feel it  
in my bones, as grandma used to  
say when she had a presentiment,"  
and Rosa, leaning her chin on her  
hand, sat long in meditation, the  
while smiling softly to herself.

Jake did not call. The hour of  
the wedding arrived, and with it  
the invited guests. Rosa, not less  
lovely at 27 than at 17, held out  
her hand timidly to the handsome  
tall Mrs. Baily. Baily proudly  
introduced her to Rosa. Rosa had  
gradually as her son climbed up  
fortune's ladder, and when he came  
back to her a great man she felt a  
genuine pity for that poor, mis-  
guided Anderson girl.

Could it be possible that this  
graceful, intellectual-looking man  
was Jake Baily? Rosa pressed her  
hand to her heart to still the tu-  
mult there. Jake stooped to pick  
up the handkerchief she had drop-  
ped in her confusion, and after  
some polite remarks passed on.

He treated his old friends affably  
and courteously. They all called  
him Mr. Baily, with an added tone  
of respect quite different from the  
old-time salutations.

After the marriage ceremony was  
over and refreshments had been  
served the company strolled about  
the yard, amusing themselves in  
various ways.

Rosa found herself alone with  
Jake a few minutes. She deftly  
turned the conversation to old  
times. "O! Mr. Baily," she said,  
looking wistfully into his face, "I  
have regretted very much a little  
incident that happened at our  
school-house many years ago. You  
may have forgotten it." He was  
regarding her so calmly and coldly  
she became painfully embarrassed.

"I often came near writing to you  
how silly I thought I had acted—  
that is, you know," she gasped, "I  
wanted to be friends." Poor Rosa  
could get no farther. She heartily  
wished she had not undertaken to  
say anything to him about the  
matter. He drew himself up. "Miss  
Rosa," he answered, "that little  
incident proved the turning point  
in my life. But for you I would  
probably be still working on my  
father's farm, ragged and bare-  
footed." There was a gleam of  
mischievous in his eyes. "So I thank  
you from the bottom of my heart  
that you acted just as you did that  
night at the old school house—  
And," he added with a frank,  
cheerful laugh, "let us hope that  
when I'm a-woolung 'goin' I shall  
have better luck. At present my  
only love is ambition." Looking  
at his watch, he said he had an  
appointment at 8— and was oblig-  
ed to leave. He lifted his hat pol-  
itely and was gone. He had his  
revenge after he had long since  
ceased to care for it. But she?  
Ah! well, her waiting for Jake was  
over.

This happened some fifteen years  
back. Now, as Hon. Jacob Baily  
rides through the streets of B—  
with his wife and children—he  
married the daughter of a wealthy  
merchant—his fellow-townsmen  
point to him with pride as a "smart  
fellow." He has been in the State  
legislature and hopes soon to be  
sent to congress.

Rosa Anderson still lives with  
her mother on the old homestead,  
her father having died years ago.  
Her hair is silvery; and the blue  
eyes have faded to a light gray.  
There is in them a look of pain and  
disappointment, while the once  
rounded cheeks are sadly sunken.  
The neighbors' astonished glances  
by telling them that "Rosa was  
once the prettiest girl in the whole  
country, and there was a time she  
could have married Hon. Jacob  
Baily, of B—, had she been so  
minded.—Chicago Times.

I Forget.  
There is no excuse for neglect of  
duty more common, or more un-  
satisfactory to those hearing it,  
than "I forgot." Whether the  
forgetfulness comes from careless-  
ness, inattention, or weakness of  
the power of memory, the result is  
the same, and the loss or damage  
therefrom is no less than it would  
be if the neglect was premeditated  
and intentional.

If a boy forgets to shut the gate,  
stray cattle can come through and  
destroy crops to the same extent as  
if the mode of ingress was inten-  
tionally provided by some tramp,  
who did it to revenge on the one  
who had refused to give him a  
square meal, or a night's lodging.

The switchman at the railroad  
station that forgets to fix his lever  
properly, and allows the incoming  
train to rush on to destruction, has  
not the guilt of intentional murder  
on his soul, but the inevitable law  
of force works no less destruction  
to life and property than if he had  
done it with malice aforethought.

He who is not an idiot has a  
faculty of memory, and the strength  
of any faculty can be, by exercise  
and cultivation, increased. Those  
who do not endeavor to cultivate it  
are guilty of culpable neglect, and  
should not be allowed to plead  
forgetfulness in palliation of any  
omission or neglect.

"Pa," said a little five-year old  
pointing to a turkey gobler strud-  
ding around in a neighbor's yard,  
"ain't that red-nosed chicken got  
an awful big bustle!"

### "ALL GONE INSIDE!"

Old Uncle Jeff, at Col. Hackett's  
Ranch in Nevada.  
BY DAN DEW JELLY.

Old Uncle Jeff, is a venerable  
colored man of a most benevolent  
and sanctimonious appearance.  
"Peace and good will to all" is  
written in every line and wrinkle  
of his ebion countenance. Many  
white hairs are sprinkled in his  
beard and wool, and he has a bad  
limp in his leg, which is bowed  
outward at the knee, giving him a  
somewhat rolling gait. He is wont  
to "got dat leg in de ole slabery  
times, sah, befo' de wah."

Some are so uncharitable as to  
hint that he acquired his bad leg  
one night while running away from  
a smokehouse, back in Missouri,  
being overtaken in his flight by a  
charge of buckshot sent in pur-  
suit of him by a man who had be-  
come aware that his bacon was dis-  
appearing more rapidly than was  
accounted for by the statistics of  
home consumption. Old Jeff, how-  
ever, has a romantic story of how  
he "got dat leg," while fighting on  
the side of his old master against  
"de Buck Webster set."

The old fellow loves to tell what  
a powerful man he was before he  
was lamed. The leg now serves  
him as an excuse for doing very lit-  
tle work of any kind. Also, for  
years he has claimed to be con-  
sumed—"all gone inside, sah!"—  
and in daily expectation of being  
called to his long home. He there-  
fore spends most of his time in  
making farewell calls upon his old  
acquaintances, particularly such as  
hail from the South, where he is al-  
ways sure of a square meal in the  
kitchen. Besides visiting all such  
in town, he scouts out into the  
country to a distance of several  
miles to enjoy the hospitality of  
southern people who are settled on  
ranches.

At the ranches the old man may  
make himself at home for a week  
or a month, with nothing to do but  
tinker about among the chickens  
and pigs, or to look after the young-  
sters and amuse them with songs  
and stories. As Uncle Jeff has a  
weakness for drama, he is generally  
better off in the country than knock-  
ing about town.

One of Uncle Jeff's favorite places  
of resort in the country is the ranch  
of Col. Hackett, on the Carson river.  
The Colonel is a former Mis-  
souri acquaintance, and one of the  
old school-wooled southern  
planters. There the old fellow does  
as he pleases and can remain as  
long as he chooses, as he affords  
the Colonel much amusement, and  
serves to remind him of the days  
when he had about him a score or  
more of colored servants.

Last week Uncle Jeff made his  
appearance at the ranch of the Col-  
onel, who is always to him "Marse  
George," and was more than usual-  
ly downhearted and nigh unto  
death's door. As the old man han-  
dled at the vine-covered gate and  
peeped in, the Colonel heard him  
chuckle to himself: "Yas, dar he is—  
dar he is settin' on de porch a-  
readin' his papah. Golly, I done  
cotch um at home."

"Marse George," said the old man,  
a few minutes later, as he hobbled  
into the veranda, seated himself on  
a bench and decoriously adjusted  
his old wool hat over the glaring  
patches on the knees of his trousers.  
"Marse George I hopes I sees you  
well, sah. I come to see you once  
mo'—once mo' befo' I leavs you  
fo'ebber. Marse George, I've gwine  
to de odder shore; I've ar on de-  
way to my long home—to dat home  
acrost the ribber whar de wicked  
hab no mo' trouble an' de weary  
cause to rest! You 'uns has all been  
barry kine to me heah. Marse  
George—berry kine to de ole man—  
but he's gwine away acrost de  
dark ribber to jine de company ob  
de blest. Dar, Marse George, I'll  
soon take my stan' to sing susan-  
as to de lo' ob ebber mo'!"

"Oh, no, Uncle Jeff," said the  
Colonel, "you're all right yet—good  
for another twenty years."