SHENANDOAH HERALD
IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE HERALD COMPANY

Subscription, ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF per year payable in advance.

Subscriptions not paid at time of subscribing may run three months for responsible parties. But after that time $2.00 will be charged without variance in any case.

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Special attention to Collection of Claims.
Nov. 3, '84—1y.

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May 21 '84.—1y. tf

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OFFICE: Main St., opp. the Court House, WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.
Teeth extracted by the improved method, perfectly harmless to the most delicate persons. Artificial teeth inserted in any manner desired. Special attention given to filling teeth with gold or any of the cheaper fillings.
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OFFICES: Woodstock and Saumsville, Virginia.
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Those in need of first class Dentistry at moderate prices, will do well to call.
Full sets of Artificial teeth from $7.00 to $17.00, $.00 and $60.00.
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Artificial teeth put up on solid gold, Gold and Silicoid Combination, Celluloid and Rubber plates.
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March 6—1yr.

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Importers and Jobbers of
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Ware in original Packages a specialty.
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Dec. 10—1y.

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Having returned to my shop, at the old stand, I am prepared to do blacksmithing in all its branches and in the best manner. I will pay special attention to ironing wagons, agricultural implements, repairing machinery, &c. ☞ All work done in the very best manner and at the shortest notice.
Hoping to merit and receive your custom I am respectfully, &c.,
LEWIS CRISSMAN,
April. 22-1y.] Edinburg, Va.

I AM OUT AGAIN.
All persons having stumps on their premises that they want taken out, or farms cleaned, will do well to call on or address A. M. EVANS,
Aug. 13-3m. Edinburg, Va

Shenandoah Herald.

VOL. 67. WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, JULY 1, 1887. NO. 22.

SHENANDOAH HERALD
ADVERTISING RATES.

One column, one year	100.00
Half " "	60.00
Quarter " "	35.00
Eighth " "	15.00
One square one year,	10.00
Local Notices per line over 100,	5c
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Additional squares, (")	1.00
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DR. B. B. MYERS,
VETERINARY SURGEON,
LINVILLE, VA.,
Has returned from Toronto college and will be in Woodstock every county court day, and can be found at Schmitt's drug store. He is now ready to take into treatment all diseases of the domestic animals. All calls promptly attempted to. Charges reasonable. [may 13-2m.

W. L. FULLER'S
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(Main Street, opposite the Court House),
WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.
This quiet, cozy house is prepared to give the travelling public and the good people of Shenandoah and Warren counties as well as the rest of creation the comforts of a home. The best meals served at all hours. Comfortable rooms, beds, &c.
☞ The bar is supplied with the best and choicest liquors, wines, cigars, &c.
☞ The richest beer always on tap.
Try us. W. L. FULLER.
May 13-tf.

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I have fitted up my shop in the latest style, where customers can get a shave shampoo or their hair cut or curled at all times. I have in same building an
Oyster Saloon!
where ladies and gentlemen can taste some of the very finest of these delicacies.
THOMAS BANKS,
Jan. 23, '85-tf] Opposite Welsh's Hotel

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—COMMISSION MERCHANTS—
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WASHINGTON, D. C.
Mar. 20, '85-1y.

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May 21, 84.—1y.tf

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Standard Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye-Stuffs, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Soaps, Shoulder Braces, Trusses, Sponges, and all VARIETIES OF DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.
Also a full line of
—GROCERIES!—
Physicians' Prescriptions Carefully Compounded. [March 12, '85-1y.

WM. HOPEWELL AND BRO.,
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☞ Purity of goods always Guaranteed.
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April 23, '85-1y.

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White Goods, Laces, Rufflings, Handkerchiefs and Neck Wear.
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Ribbons, Silks, Straw Goods, Velvets.
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They call the attention of their friends and all the rest of the world to their
NEW BAKERY and CONFECTIONERY
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Fresh Bread,
Rolls, Pies,
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and every description of fine, fresh
French and Plain Candies!
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GROCERIES!
Such as Coffees, Sugars, Spices, &c.
They are also prepared, at their mill, to buy wheat at the highest market prices, and will deliver flour, meal, feed, &c., to any point within a mile of the corporation limit, free of charge. [Sept. 18-tf.

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ROWAN'S BLOODY DAY.

THE TOLLIVER OUTLAWS EXTERMINATED BY THE VIGILANTES.

THE VENDETTA ENDED IN A BATTLE AT MOREHEAD—GOVERNOR KNOTT AUTHORIZES THE SHERIFF TO CAPTURE THE DESPERADOES DEAD OR ALIVE—A SKETCH OF THE WAR.

[Special to the Philadelphia Press.]

LOUISVILLE, KY., June 22.—The Rowan County feuds are ended at last. A band of armed men this morning entered Morehead, the county seat, and killed Craig Tolliver, his brothers, Jay and Bud Tolliver, and J. R. Cooper. John Rogers, another member of the gang, was shot in the thigh, but escaped. Ex-Sheriff John Day, one of the most active of Tolliver's lieutenants, was believed to be hiding in some house in the town, and at last accounts the vigilantes were searching every nook and cranny for the fugitive. If found, his death will follow at once. The bodies of the four outlaws, lying stretched out cold and stiff in a house near the railroad depot, were seen at noon to-day by passengers on the Chesapeake and Ohio train coming through there.

The famous outlaw who had defied death long, and whose deeds have stained the State with such deep disgrace, is dead at last beyond a doubt. The posse which slew the outlaws was organized, it is supposed, by friends of the Martin and Logan faction, who Tolliver has fought so long. They were headed by Sheriff Hogg, of Rowan County, who claimed to be acting under the authority of Governor Knott, and declared that he had instructed them to organize a posse and take Craig Tolliver dead or alive. No such order was ever issued by the Governor, or if it has it has been kept a secret.

CRAIG TOLLIVER'S LAST MURDER.

Morehead has been in possession of Tolliver and his band for the past six weeks. Craig has been making that place his headquarters for the past two years, but about two months ago concluded to offer himself for police judge. The election came off at once and only twenty votes were cast, all being for Tolliver. Under color of his office he at once issued warrants for the arrest of John and William Logan, sons of Dr. H. A. Logan, his bitter enemy. A posse of men, with Tolliver at their head, rode out to a house where the Logans were staying, a few miles from Morehead, and demanded their surrender. The young men refused, and were shot down at once. Since then Tolliver has held armed possession of Morehead. He and his adherents took possesion of the Central Hotel and made it their headquarters. They terrorized the inhabitants and levied supplies as they chose.

A couple of weeks ago the Martin and Logan factions organized and began sending warnings to the Tollivers to leave Morehead, threatening to burn the town and kill every man in it unless this was done.—The outlaws paid no further attention to this than to strengthen their numbers, and from 50 to 100 men passed every night with the Tollivers, armed to their teeth. It seems that the vigilantes must have had out spies, however, for to-day they learned that only eight or ten men remained in town with their leader.

THE VIGILANTES' SUCCESSFUL ATTACK.

Under the lead of Sheriff Hogg, and numbering about 100 men, the vigilantes made the attack. As they did not wish to be interrupted in their work, the incoming Chesapeake and Ohio train, which should have passed there at 9 o'clock in the morning, was flagged two miles out of town and side-tracked until noon.

Tolliver had ten companions and had been expecting the posse ever since yesterday morning, but thought he could whip the officers. Upon his refusal to surrender the house was surrounded and a regular fusilade began. The battle lasted for about two hours and a half, no one being much hurt. At the end of that time the outlaws made a desperate rally and attempted to break through the lines. Craig Tolliver and his two cousins were killed in that attempt, as was also Cooper. The others escaped, including Cates Tolliver, a boy, who had been badly wounded, but who crawled into the bushes and got away. Craig Tolliver must have been the target of nearly all the guns, as his body was found riddled with no less than thirty bullets. His head and body were so torn up as to make his features almost unrecognizable.

The posse was mostly made up from the adjoining counties. Sheriff Hogg had been at Frankfort for nearly a week, arranging the details with Governor Knott. The Governor left a few days ago for Old Point Comfort, and Lieutenant Governor Hindman is acting in his stead. It was at first decided to send the posse at night, but other counsels prevailed and to-day was selected. They surrounded the village early in the morning and sent away all the women and children that could be notified. No one outside the posse and outlaws were hurt, and only one man of the former was wounded. The matter has occasioned great excitement throughout the State, but the action of the authorities is endorsed by many, as it was known Tolliver would never be taken alive.

THE HISTORY OF THE WAR.

The trouble ended by Tolliver's death began at the August election in 1884. Cook Humphreys, republican, was elected Sheriff of Rowan county by 12 majority. A saloon fight followed in a quarrel over the election, in which John Martin claimed to have been badly beaten by John Day and Floyd Tolliver. In December Martin met Floyd Tolliver at Morehead and in a row killed him. Martin was taken to Winchester to save him from lynching. Six days later, on a forged order, Martin was taken in irons as it to be returned to Morehead for trial. At Farmer's Station a masked mob boarded the train and shot Martin to death. While Sheriff Humphreys was hunting down this mob Stewart Bumgardner, his deputy, was assassinated while riding along the road. County Attorney Young several months later was shot from the bushes and dangerously wounded, as claimed by the Tollivers, by Ben Rayburn, Humphreys deputy. Young disclaimed any connection with the Tollivers but to avenge his shooting he surrounded Humphreys and Rayburn at John Martin's father's home, where he and Humphreys were boys together, and after a day's siege drove them out and killed Rayburn while fleeing to the woods. They then burned the house.

Several fights followed in the streets of Morehead between the factions, constantly growing stronger, and twice the State troops were called and peace compromise effected. The last time this was made by Congressman Caruth, then commonwealth's attorney, and Circuit Judge Jackson, of Louisville. By its terms Craig Tolliver and Cook Humpreys were to leave Rowan county permantly. Tolliver's return and practically enforced election to be police judge of Morehead three months ago was the signal for a renewal of hostilities.

In the course of the Rowan county feud before the battle to-day twenty-one were killed and twenty-six wounded.

Fire in Roanoke.

TWO NEWSPAPER OFFICES CONSUMED.

ROANOKE, VA., June 20.—Fire broke out to-day, at 2 p. m., in the frame manufactory of E. H. Stewart, burning the frame building of A. S. Asberry, in which was stored the types, presses, and other appurtenances belonging to the *Saturday Review*, the property of Hon. Rush U. Derr, entailing a loss to him of about $2,000. The *Sun* newspaper, just started by F. O. Webber, in the same building was destroyed, entailing a loss of $1,000 or $1,500. The building was insured for $800. George Gravatt, book-seller, and E. A. Stewart, furniture dealer, sustain considerable loss by moving. All but Mr. Derr were insured.

The fire occurred within fifty feet of the postoffice, and at one time that building was in imminent danger, but the nose company succeeded in arresting the flames. Mr. Derr, the postmaster, moved the valuables in the postoffice to the First National Bank until the danger was over, but has now resumed business. But for the almost superhuman efforts of the firemen the whole town would have burned. For some time it was impossible to secure sufficient pressure to throw the water on the buildings.

A Train Run With Crude Petroleum.

The first train that ever ran, or attempted to run, west of the Alleghany mountains with crude petroleum as the only fuel in the locomotive tender and fire-box was the mail train West on the Pennsylvania railroad that arrived in Pittsburg Friday night. It came through from Altoona on time, and it came without a stick of timber or a scuttle of coal to make steam for its motor. The train was drawn by locomotive No. 408, with engineer Burbank at the throttle. There was entire uniformity of heat in the fire-box, without any stoking to make it. The pipes from the 200 gallons of crude oil in a tank in the tender did the business. The experiment was a complete success. Splendid time was made and there was no annoyance from smoke or cinders. Experiments in this line have been quietly progressing under Pennsylvania railroad auspices at Altoona, but this is the first time the long run to Pittsburg has been attempted with only oil for fuel.—The process is the invention of a Russian scientist, and Dr. Dudley, of the Altoona shops, has been developing it slowly but surely. It will, of course, prove a great stroke of economy. The second section of the day express left Pittsburg Saturday morning for the East with the same locomotive and fuel.

Deacon—"It pains me, Mr. Booggs, to see you come out of a bar-room." Boggs—"All right, Deacon, anything to save your feelin's. I'll go right in again."

A HUMAN BATTERY.

A MAN WHO POSSESSES A POWER OF MAGNETISM THAT CURES PAIN.

Two weeks ago the name of "Jacob Beard, Nashville, Tennessee" appeared on the register of the Irvine Hotel, the next morning it became noised about that the man was a healer of pain by the means of electricity, with which his body was charged. At the time of his arrival the *Gazette*, like a good many others was included among the doubting Thomases as to his abilities, however we made a paragraph mention of his treatment, reserving our opinion on the subject. Now that two weeks have passed and the "Doctor" has treated a number of cases of long standing, we have noticed the success of the treatment and now present to our readers an interview with Doctor Beard, and other facts connected with the gentleman. Dr. Beard, is a man nearly seven feet tall, built in proportion, and weighs 300 pounds; he has a clear eye and an open countenance. He is retiring in disposition but ready to accord any and all an interview or treatment. He is a native of Rockbridge, having been born between Browsburg and Fairfield, 48 years ago. He is the son of David Beard and when 19 years old left the county for the West where he married. The wife died years later leaving six children, two boys and one girl of whom possess the same wonderful power of electricity in their systems as the father.

When a young man, living in this county, his power of magnetism was widely known to people now living, but he was not then conscious that the magnetism possessed any curative powers. Located in Nashville, Tenn., seven years ago, where he now owns a large infirmiary where treatment is given patients, it was only by accident that he discovered that his electric powers could and would cure pain and disease in all its forms. After the discovery was made he treated thousands with a success that was astonishing and from his practice he has accumulated a large fortune.

The Doctor has been absent from his native home for 30 years, and came here to get a rest, but he has been actively engaged every day while here. He has treated hundreds in the town and from the county, with a success that speaks for itself.

The treatment consists of a simple tapping with the hand on the afflicted parts which produces a current of electricity from the doctors body to that of the patient; described by those who have been in the hands of this human battery as "burning fire." Every case treated has been greatly benefited and some cases of old standing, inflamatory and other kinds of rheumatism, lumbago, gout, neuralgia, musculare paralysis &c., have been cured. Prominent people of the town have sent for this wonderful man and have been treated with astonishing results.

Dr. Beard has many relatives in the county who he is now visiting and he will also pay Staunton a visit before his return here.—*Lexington Gazette.*

A Worshiper of Eve in an Insane Asylum.

Isaac Hilbert, a young farmer, living in Exeter Township, Penn., was declared insane Saturday, and will be sent to an asylum for two years. He has imagined that he is commissioned by the Almighty to erect a monument to Eve, whose memory he considers has been sadly neglected. On the hillside back of his home he has built immense stone piles as memorials to the "universal mother of us all," and it is his custom, violin in hand, to perch himself in the trees overhead and play airs as requiems to her memory in fair weather. He never remained indoors at night, but from dust to dawn employed the lonely hours in the worship of Eve in this way.

Ex-Lieutenant-Governor Lewis' Eye Injured.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 22.—Ex-Lieutenant-Governor Lewis, of Virginia, is in the city, staving at the home of his son-in-law, John Ambler Smith. The Governor comes to Washington for the purpose of having an operation performed on his right eye, the sight of which is seriously impaired from the effects of a severe blow on the head, accidently received at his home in the Shenandoah Valley several months since. Governor Lewis, with this exception, is in good health.

Bill Nye, who has written a new book, has written a prospectus of it. We quote: "The book will explain a good many things that have heretofore remained unexplained, such as spots on the sun, how to make a good paste for wall paper that will not shrink the room when applied, how to win the affections of capital, how to write for the press, how to set bread, how to purify the liver without removing it. Personal reminiscences, experiments with starvation; in all, over six hundred pages of thinks that I have thought."

THE SMASH-UP AT HARVRE DE GRACE.

[Baltimore Sun, 22nd.]

Havre de Grace, Md., was the scene of a serious railroad disaster about six o'clock yesterday afternoon, and the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad depot and the railroad track for hundreds of yards near it presented a horrible picture. The south-bound train, No. 41, due at Havre de Grace at 5:58, left the station and ran but a few yards when it was met by the north-bound congressional fast express, No. 66, running at a high rate of speed. A frightful wreck ensused. The fast express struck the baggage car of the south-bound train just as it crossed the switch below the depot, and crashing into the parlor cars behind it, turned two of them over and completely demolished them, causing a total wreck. The engine continuing on, telescoped a coach before it could be stopped.—The people on the northbound train were not hurt other than to receive some slight shocks. The south-bound train of six cars was full of passengers, and nearly all of them were either dangerously or slightly hurt, but those in the overturned cars were the worst hurt. There was but one person killed in the accident, however. This was Mr. Alexander Gartrom, of Washington, D. C., about 30 years old, who was in the rear car where the engine stopped, and was struck by the engine and crushed between the seats. Before he could be released he was scalded to death by the escaping steam. The passengers in the two parlor cars that were turned over included men, women and children, and all of them, with one or two exceptions, were hurt. Among the ones more seriously hurt were T. A. Bland, of Washington, head scalded; A. Price, of New York, arm and head cut; B. N. Baker, of Baltimore, left leg fractured; Rev. J. P. Pinkham, of Minneapolis, shoulder-blade broken and arm fractured; J. M. Wharton, of Baltimore, skull fractured and face badly bruised; A. L. Wood, of Camden, N. J., seriously hurt about head; Rev. Robert Smith, of Baltimore, leg and hand cut.

The cause of the accident was that the congressional express was behind time, and, running at a high rate, passed the signal tower. The signal was on, but the engineer, W. M. Sargent, who is one of the oldest engineers on the road, says the air-brakes refused to work. The engine was reversed, but too late for any use.

THE RAILROAD COMPANY CENSURED.

HAVRE DE GRACE, June 23.—This morning the coroner's jury in the case of Alexander Gartrom, of Washington, who was killed in the railroad collision Tuesday evening, rendered a verdict censuring the railroad company and its employes for the reckless manner and the high rate of speed in running their trains through the city, thereby endangering the lives of the citizens and the traveling public.

A New Town in Virginia.

The Damascus Enterprise Company was formally organized at Abingdon, Va., Friday last, with Mr. James C. Greenway, one of the leading business men of South-western Virgima, as president. This company and its organization have in view the building up of the famous and much-talked-of new manufacturing city of Damascus, situated about fourteen miles southeast of Abingdon, and at a point which is the key to the section containing the richest and finest deposits of iron ore best adapted to making Bessemer steel. The site of the new city is at what is known as the Laurel Gap, towards which point six projected railroads are being directed. In fact, an engineer corps is now locating the line of the Abingdon Coal and Iron Railroad Company's railroad from Abingdon to Damascus, and soon another corps of engineers will be at work locating the line of the road mentioned from Abingdon west to the coal fields of Russell and Wise counties. This railroad, of which Mr. G. W. Palmer, of Saltville, is president, will be speedily constructed. Thereby the coal of the western counties named and the steel-making iron ores of Washington county and contiguous sections will be brought together. The Damascus Enterprise Company donated $20,000 to the said railroad. It is said several Richmond capitalists are interested in the enterprise.

What Can Be Done.

By trying again and keeping up courage many things seemingly impossible may be attained. Hundreds of hopeless cases of Kidney and Liver Complaint have been cured by Electric Bitters, after everything else had been tried in vain. So, don't think there is no cure for you, but try Electric Bitters. There is no medicine so safe, so pure, and so perfect a Blood Purifier. Electric Bitters will cure Dyspepsia, Diabetes and all Diseases of the Kidneys. Invaluable in affections of Stomach and Liver, and overcome all Urinary Difficulties. Large Bottles only 50 cts. at B. Schmitt's.

A Study of the Pheasant.

A QUEER BIRD WITH LOTS OF CUNNING—THE NOISE HE MAKES.

[Correspondence Baltimore American.]

LYNCHBURG, VA., June 18.—If any one wishes to see a genuine rare avis and study his habits and eccentricities, his peculiar cunning and gushing innocence, his absence when wanted, and conspicuous presence when not desired, he should visit the Blue Ridge Mountains, in Virginia, in autumn and winter, when the pheasant is in his glory and impudence. This bird is nearly as large as an ordinary hen, and is identical in color with the partridge, the only distinguishable differences between the sexes being that the male is tall and slender, indeed angular, while the female, though heavier, is much shorter, and has no comb, while the comb of the male shines in the sun like diamonds.

For many miles, embracing the comparatively unexplored mountains of the Blue Ridge, from James river to the Kentucky line, the pheasant has his home. In certain seasons of the year they congregate in coveys, like partridges, and, discarding all semblance of fear, make raids upon farms and barn yards never excelled in boldness by the raiders on either side during the late unpleasantness between the states. They partake of all the good things found "lying around loose" with a nonchalance which indicates that they have simply condescended to do so as a matter of accommodation, and not that they are to be classed as beneficiaries. At this season they are wholly unfit for food, and no mountaineer would think of molesting them. Having exhausted the supply of grapes, persimmons, bugs, worms and flies, to say nothing of grains, fruits, vegetables, and all things else that come in his way, embracing enough, it would seem, both in quantity and variety, to last him through a second siege of Troy, our festive bird retires to the mountain as unceremoniously as he came, and is seldom seen again for months.

It may be proper here to explain one peculiarity of this bird, which has elicited widely divergent opinions as to its object. We allude to the habit of beating upon decayed logs with the wings, by which a strange, whirring sound is made that may be easily heard for a mile. An old theory was that the bird employed this species of labor to supply himself with bugs and worms from the decayed trunks of trees—for it is notorious that they beat only on decayed logs. Another idea, at one time indulged by old woodsmen, was that this strange proceeding came from the leader of one colony as a signal to some birds in authority in another settlement to ascertain the locality of each. But the writer's observations have disproved both theories, and conclusively demonstrated—to his own satisfaction, at least—that the beating with the wings is invariably the act of the male, which by this means attracts his mate.—This hypothesis is further substantiated by the fact that no one familiar with the habits of this queer fowl ever saw a female manipulating her wings on a log.

There is another peculiarity about the pheasant, which probably does not apply to any other bird or animal on the globe; and that is the fact that no hunter was ever able, under any conceivable circumstances, to surprise one, or get within gun shot of him without being observed. The writer has tried the experiment frequently, but never succeeded. The only way to get near enough to a pheasant to shoot him, is to make all the noise possible. In this way the bird can be approached as nearly as desired, but the moment the hunter stops the bird has flown with such rapidity that it seems to have been fired from a howitzer.—Indeed, instances are frequent where they have flown with such velocity as to dash themselves to death against trees in their route.

It has been frequently wondered why the pheasant, though at home on the north side of the Blue Ridge, is rarely seen on the opposite side of the dividing line. The reason is obvious, and shows the wisdom, if such it may be called, of this rare bird. North of the Blue Ridge are almost impassable thickets of laurel and pine. When a fall of snow occurs the branches of the shrubbery—the pines especially—rest on the ground, leaving a cozy retreat for the birds, which have also the advantage of a carpet of decayed leaves. To these haunts they repair in large numbers, and are killed by hundreds by the sharpshooters of the neighborhood. It not unfrequently happens, however, that the "best laid schemes" of the mountaineer are frustrated by a loud and ominous "cluck" from some observant patriarch in the covey, and then the community, as if by magic, are all hidden under the leaves. No infant was ever more snugly enclosed in its wrappings than a pheasant under a leaf, and it requires but a moment of time to make himself invisible.

All attempts to domesticate the pheasant have proved abortive.—An old hunter in Botetourt county once found a nest containing eighteen eggs. The mother bird fought furiously, and finally adopted a ruse well known to them. She pretended to be wounded, and fluttered ond floundered over the ground, leading him nearly a mile from her nest, taking care to keep out of his reach. She then flew away "on the wings of the wind," leaving him to find the nest as well as he could. He did so, and placed the eggs under a motherly hen, and she, in due time, brought them out of the shells. But, no sooner did they see the light of day, than they "bolted" for the woods, and were never afterward seen. The disgusted mountaineer swore that half of them ran off with shells on their backs, and that the remainder flew away with the shells.

DRINK AND BUSINESS FAILURE.

Moderate drinkers engaged in pursuits calling for judgment and acumen, and who use liquors during business hours, end, with scarcely an exception, as financial wrecks, however successful they may be in withstanding the physical consequence of their indulgence. Thousands who retain their health, and are never ranked as victims of intemperence, lose their property, wreck their business, and are thrown into bankruptcy because of tippling habits during business hours. These men are not drunkards, and only close observers can detect the influence of strong drink in their department, but nevertheless liquor gives them false nerve, makes them reckless, clouds the judgment, and soon involves them in bad purchases, worse sales, and ruinous contracts. Sooner or later it is shown that the habit of tippling during business hours is a forerunner of bankruptcy. Let every such drinker review his business transactions for a series of years, and answer whether this statement is not true.

Liquor acts on the brain in the same manner as chlorotorm or ethir, producing a stimulation which affects cool thought, followed by a depression corresponding to the amount of the dose. What man would expect to succeed in bussiness if he were accustomed to take, while at work, even very slight whiffs of ether, chloroform, or laughing gas, and keep himself all the time, more or less, under such beclouding influences? Such a man, even if able to preserve his health, would grow reckless, loquacious, and soon prove no match for a clear-headed rival. Liquor is an indispensable ally wherever victims are systematically fleeced, and its effects are seen also in the rivalries of legitimate business.

The professional gambler keeps a free bar, but never drinks himself when at the table; and, while a sober, clear-headed, honorable merchant, dealer, or operator would not endeavor to ply his rival with liquor, he would gain advantages from the latter's self-sought indulgence. Liquor shows its victims not only in saloons and gambling dens, but about boards of trade and stock exchanges, and in every line of business requiring a clear, cool head. Moderate drinkers who attempt to do business with even slightly excited brains, are the men who are all the time making losses and going to the wall.—*Chicago Tribune.*

An Editor Takes to the Swamps.

The editor of a paper at Storm Lake, Iowa, is now hiding in a swamp near that place in consequence of the way in which he mixed up the report of a cattle show and a concert. His paper said: "The concert given last night by sixteen of Storm Lake's most beautiful and interesting young ladies was highly appreciated. They were elegantly dressed and sang in a most charming manner, winning the plaudits of the entire audience, who pronounced them the finest breed of short-horns in the country. A few of them are of a rich brown color, but the majority are spotted brown and white. Several of the heifers were fine-bodied, tight-limbed animals, and promise to prove good property."

An easy way to pack dressed poultry for market is to lay the birds in uniform rows, heads toward the sides of the box, and breasts up. A very little clean wheat straw may separate the layers, but some packers use nothing. Fill the boxes so full that it will require a little pressure to force the covers down. Address to a trusty agent or commission dealer.

Excitement in Texas.

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Texas, by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he he brought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills; by the time he had taken two boxes of the Discovery, he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds.

Trial Bottle of this Great Discovery for Consumption, free at B. Schmitt's.

A SNAKE FARM.

HOW THE RATTLESNAKES HAVE MADE CAPTAIN STOVER RICH.

A correspondent has visited the celebrated snake farm—"rattlesnake forty"—near Galton, Ill., owned and managed by Captain Dan Stover and wife, and assisted by William Dunn, agent at the Illinois Central Depot. It might be surmised that the breeding and propagation of rattlesnakes and other reptiles was not only a dangerous but an unpleasant occupation. However, these poor but honest people have learned that there is money in snakes, and last year they cleared almost enough from their sales to pay the expenses of the family of four.

"Who buys rattlesnakes, and what on earth do they want with them?" you ask. Why, for use in the manufacture of the new cure for rheumatism. A firm in Philadelphia uses the oil in their remedy and pays a good price for every rattlesnake delivered at their laboratory. Mr. Stover has contracted with the firm to furnish them 250 of that species during the present season at $2.25 each, none to measure less than 4 feet in length, or to be less than six years of age. The older the snake the better and stronger the oil.

Sunday the sun shone out bright and warm, which brought out the snakes in large numbers to bask in the warm rays, and, as Mr. Stover said, would be a good day to take a stroll over "rattlesnake forty."—Procuring a good stout stick and donning a heavy pair of boots, your correspondent joined Stover and Dunn in the hunt. Dunn is a comparatively new man in the snake business and has had several narrow escapes from being bitten by the deadly reptiles, but he is learning fast. To show us how easy it is to kill a snake he picked up a blue racer by the tail, that was lying coiled up in the sunlight, in a half comatose condition, and giving it a couple of whirls over his head in a lightning manner, he cracked it like a whip, causing its head to part from its body and spin through the air. Proceeding a little farther, we came to "the mounds," little raised places on the snake-farm, where the snakes burrow in winter and breed in summer. There are thirty-seven of these mounds on the farm, and on the south side of one of the largest of these, where they could get the full benefit of the sun, lay, coiled up sound asleep forty-three large rattlesnakes, seven blacksnakes, and numerous other smaller reptiles, not one of which seemed to recognize our presence. Stover and Dunn do not kill off the whole crop yearly, but leave many for breeding purposes.

"Why," said the former, "that mound there contains probably a dozen nests of eggs, and each nest at least ten eggs. I have found nests that contained as high as eighteen young rattlers, the largest not over two inches in length.—Their eggs are about the size of those of a partridge, but have a soft shell. The farm is a tract of virgin prairie, and has never seen a plow, and Dan says in summer