

SHENANDOAH HERALD
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THE HERALD JOB OFFICE,
complete in every respect. Editorial
room, business office and steam press be-
tween Railroad and Main streets.

WOODSTOCK LAND AGENCY.
FARMS, MILLS, FACTORIES AND DWEL-
LINGS, in town and country, for sale.
\$25,000 properties to select from. Write
for circulars. A. G. WYNKOOP,
Real Estate Agent,
Woodstock, Va.
Box 82.

The Only Real Estate Agency in
Shenandoah county. May 18-20-21.

L. TRIPLETT, JR., ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Commissioner in Chancery,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Mt. Jackson, VIRGINIA.
May 21-22-23-24.

JAMES C. BAKER, JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.
Practice law in partnership in the counties of
Shenandoah and Page. The personal situation
of each member of the firm will be con-
sidered in relation to them.

H. H. RIDDLERBERGER, ATTORNEY AT LAW
WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.
Will practice in the courts of Shenandoah
and in the United States District and Circuit
Courts at Harrisonburg.

W. D. L. BORUM,
Successor to Dandridge & Borum,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WOODSTOCK, VA.
Will practice in Shenandoah and adjoining
counties. Office in Court House square. Jan. 29-30-31.

ALEX. A. MAGUIRE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.
Practice in the courts of Shenandoah
county, and in the United States District Court
at Harrisonburg. Office in Court House square.
Mar. 15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31.

J. H. WILLIAMS, WM. T. WILLIAMS,
WILLIAMS & BROTHER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WOODSTOCK, VA.
Practice in the courts of Shenandoah
county, and in the United States District Court
at Harrisonburg. Office in Court House square.
Mar. 15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31.

W. W. LOGAN,
HARRISONBURG, VA.
ROLLER & LOGAN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.
Office in Barber Building.

JOHN E. ROLLER, W. W. LOGAN,
HARRISONBURG, VA.
ROLLER & LOGAN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.
Office in Barber Building.

WILLIAM A. WALKER, 703 L. KELLER,
WALKER & KELLER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.
Office on Court Street.

DR. A. MARTIN,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Respectfully informs the public that
he has resumed the practice of his pro-
fession at the store of J. F. Fravel,
in Woodstock, will receive prompt
attention
May 15, '84-17.

DR. B. F. MAPHIS & BRO.,
Dentists.
Office: Woodstock and Shenandoah, Virginia.
In Woodstock lot and 3rd weeks of each
month. In Shenandoah lot and 4th weeks.
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, \$25.00 and \$50.00.
Partial dentures from \$1.25 to \$10.00.
Silver fillings from 75 cts. to \$5.00.
Artificial teeth put on solid gold,
gold and porcelain combination, celluloid
and rubber plates.
Gold and porcelain riveting, clasps, &c.
Special attention given to filling and pre-
paring the natural teeth, and correcting
the irregularities. All work warranted first
class. Teeth extracted without pain by
the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas.
May 15, '84-17.

DR. H. H. IRWIN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WOODSTOCK, VA.
Having permanently located in Wood-
stock, offers his professional services to
the citizens of the town and vicinity.
Dr. H. H. Irwin, graduate of
College of Physicians and Surgeons, late
resident physician at Maryland General
Hospital, Baltimore, and Physician Ex-
tempore at the Washington Hospital.
Dec. 23-17.

E. J. MILLER & CO.,
Importers and Jobbers of
China, Glass & Queensware,
No. 65 King street,
ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.
Ware in original Packages a specialty.
Nos. 2813-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31.

China, Glass & Queensware,
No. 65 King street,
ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.
Ware in original Packages a specialty.
Nos. 2813-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31.

Richly rewarded are those who read
this and are not they will find
that will take them from
their homes and families. The profits are
large and sure for every industrious per-
son, many have made and are now making
several hundred a month. It is easy for
anyone to make \$500 and upwards per day,
who is willing to work. Either sex, young
or old; capital not needed; we start you
everything new. No special ability re-
quired; you, reader, can do it as well as
any one. Write to us at once for full par-
ticulars, which we mail free. Address
Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

J. M. BUCK,
ARMSTRONG, CATOR & CO.,
237 & 239 W. Ball St. BALTIMORE, MD.
NOTIONS, Hosiery, FURNISHING GOODS
Overalls, Shirts, &c.

LADIES' JERSEY JACKETS,
White Goods, Laces, Handkerchiefs,
Ribbons, Silks, Straw Goods, Velvets
Wholesale the largest line of Millinery
in the United States 1-14-Aug

Shenandoah



Herald

SHENANDOAH HERALD
ADVERTISING RATES.
One column, one year, 100.00
Half " " " " 50.00
Quarter " " " " 25.00
Eighth " " " " 15.00
One square one year, 10.00
Local Notices per line over 100 1.00
Less 10c per 100 lines
Legal ads. 3 squares (4 w.) 1.00
Additional squares, (4 w.) 1.00
Sales not exceeding 3 sq. (4 w.) 1.00
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Number of insertions must be marked on
manuscript or they will be charged until
forbid.
No local notices inserted for less than 25c

WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1888.

VOL. 68.

NO. 31.

DID MARY HAVE RED HAIR?

Mary had a little horse;
Its hair was white as snow,
And every where that Mary went
The horse was sure to go.
It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule;
It made the children prance and play
To see a horse in school.
And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.
"What makes the horse love Mary so?"
The children asked one day.
The teacher stroked fair Mary's hair:
"I know, but don't say."

A DOCTOR'S GHOST STORY.

I know you are not going to be-
lieve my story when I tell it to you.
Nobody ever did—because it is so
unreal; you know some people
only shake their heads and smile
when they hear it, the same as if I
were trying to impose upon their
credulity, while others set me down
as the victim of too keen an im-
agination. It makes but little dif-
ference to me what they say or
think—the story is true for all that.
I am an old man now—nearly sev-
enty years having come and gone
since I first saw the light—and
with one foot in the grave, I am
sure I would not tell a willful false-
hood, and in spite of all the trou-
ble I have had, my mind is as strong
to-day as it was fifty years ago,
and in that respect, I was never
considered weak. However, I will
relate the story:

I loved Amy Merlin from the first.
Not only for her pretty brown eyes,
wavy, golden hair, and trim little
figure, but for her amiable disposi-
tion and kind heart. You might
look the world over from one end
to the other and never find a girl
to compare with Amy, either in
point of beauty or sweetness of dis-
position.

Amy loved me, too; she not
only said so, but her every action
clearly showed it; and everybody
in the town said I was remarkably
fortunate—being but a poor young
doctor—to win the love of such a
girl, who could have had her pick
from the best in the land, as her
father was the wealthiest man in
all the country around. I fully ap-
preciated my good fortune, and was
happy accordingly. But my hap-
piness was not to be of long du-
ration, and the course of the
love that had run so smooth was
destined to become exceedingly rough.

About this time Ralph Clayton,
a wealthy merchant of high stand-
ing, met and lost his heart to Amy,
and became a constant visitor at
her home. Whilst I was assured
of Amy's love and esteem, I was
positive that her father held quite
a different opinion of me, and he
soon made it evident that my at-
tentions to his daughter were dis-
tasteful to him. He always wel-
comed Clayton warmly and bestow-
ed upon him every attention, while
I was treated with freezing politeness.
Ah, money is a wonderful power.

Clayton was a pompous man,
some half dozen years my senior,
and on account of my inferior finan-
cial position in the world he always
treated me with considerable con-
descension. One day as we returned
together from a visit to the
Merlin mansion he said to me:
"Conway, I think Amy Merlin
one of the nicest girls I ever met.
I would make a model wife, and
I am going to marry her. What do
you think of it?"

"Why," I replied, while the hot
blood rushed to my face, "I think
she will never be your wife, because
she loves me and is engaged to me."
"Oh, that is nothing," he coolly
answered; "her father approves of
me, and it is very plain desires me
for a son-in-law, but you are deserv-
ing like at all. Amy is a very obedi-
ent and dutiful girl, and I do not
think the old man will have any
trouble at all in gaining her con-
sent to marry me."

"But," said I, "would you marry
a woman who does not love you,
and whose heart is another's?"
"That," replied he, "is a small
matter. Love doesn't amount to
much where there is plenty of filthy
lucres. I could learn her, I believe,
to esteem me in time."

I had always disliked the man,
now I fairly despised him, and it
was with a mighty effort that I re-
strained myself from knocking him
down.
Amy had always been in the habit
of meeting me, when I called,
under a spreading maple tree some
distance from the house. So the
next day after my conversation
with Clayton I went to see her,
and she met me at the usual place.
After a few commonplace remarks
I told her what Ralph Clayton had
said to me.
"Oh, Paul," she exclaimed, "I
fervently pray that my father will
not desire me to marry that man,
for, Paul, I do not love him—I can-
not love him; but if my father
bids me marry him I dare not dis-
obey. But let us pray that he will
not make any such request—for I
love you, Paul—only you—and I
believe I should die if we were sepa-
rated."

While I did not exactly like the
way she replied, I could not find
the heart to be angry with her, for
I really believed she loved me; so
I folded her in my arms and warm-
ly kissed her, and assured her of
my trust in her. I returned to the
village feeling every way but sleep-
less night.
A few days after that I received
a note from old Mr. Merlin, also
one from Amy. The old man in a
few words, informed me that his
daughter was soon to marry Ralph
Clayton, and bade me discontinue
my attentions to her. Amy wrote
a tearful little note, returning the
ring I had given her, and saying
she loved only me; but duty and
obedience to her father compelled
her to renounce me and marry Mr.
Clayton; that she thought it best
never to see me again, and closed
by beseeching me to forgive her.

Neither of them stated when the
marriage was to take place, and I
took no particular pains to find
out. That night I heard a train
bound for a distant town, where I
intended to locate and strive to for-
get the heartless girl—as I then
thought her—who had treated me
so cruelly.
I did well in my new home, and,
though the wound in my heart was
past healing, it was not so sore as
at first; time, in a measure, had
deadened the pain. A year and
more had gone by, and in all that
time I had never had any tidings
of Amy. I scanned the papers
closely, but I never saw any ac-
count of the marriage. I thought
all this very strange, but could not
doubt that the marriage had been
consummated. After a time I ceas-
ed to look at the papers altogether,
and devoted myself strictly to my
profession.

One night as I sat alone in my
office, wrapt in thoughts of the
past, a boy entered unannounced
and handed me a telegram. I lost
no time in reading it, and found it
to be from old Mr. Merlin, and con-
tained these words:
"Amy is very ill and desires to
see you. Come immediately."
I did not stop to think over this
strange message. I only knew my
darling—mine in spite of the
past—was ill—probably dying—
and wished to see me. I never
once thought of her being another
man's wife. I would go to her, of
course. All the bitterness I had
felt toward the poor little girl left
me, and the love for her that I had
partially smothered surged over
and through me with renewed vigor.

My preparations were hastily
made, and the next train that left
the town carried me a passenger
aboard. My suspense was indeed
terrible. Time never dragged his
length along so slowly. It was
early morning when I started on
my journey, and the darkness of
the night was setting over the
world when I reached my destina-
tion. No one was at the station to
meet me, and without losing time
to hire a vehicle, I started out
to walk to the Merlin mansion across
the fields as I used to do of yore.
It was no great distance, and the
walk would do me good. My way
would take me by the old resting-
place where Amy had met me so of-
ten in the happy days of long ago.

My mind was busy as I walked
over the old familiar pathway. I
thought of the girl, now probably
lying within the pale of death, who
had wandered over these very
fields, clanging trustingly to my
arm and uttering vows of eternal
love for me. I thought, too, of
the man who had come between us
with his accursed gold and parted
us forever, well-nigh wrecking my
life, and breaking the heart of poor
little Amy. All this and much
more hurried rapidly onward.

I was now near the old resting-
place, and in the fast gathering twilight
I saw a sight that sent the
blood rushing through my veins
like a current of fire. Leaning
against the trunk of the tree, clad
in a dress of spotless white, I saw
the outline of a fragile female form.
It was Amy—there could be no
doubt of that; I knew the grace-
ful figure too well; and the atti-
tude was just the same as she used
to assume when she waited for me
in that spot long ago. Yes, it was
Amy; she was not so ill, then, as
they had thought her; she had re-
covered, and had come out to meet
and surprise me. These were my
thoughts as I rushed on to greet
her. There never was such joy as
mine. It was so great that I often
wonder if it did not kill me then and
there.

I was now close to her, but she
never moved. Uttering many en-
dearing words, I seized her hands,
which were clasped before her, and
attempted to draw her to me. The
hands were so cold—oh, so stony
cold—and the great brown eyes
had such a strange expression, and
the face was so worn and white,
that I released her hastily and re-
collected several feet. "My God!"
was my inward ejaculation, "can
my darling have gone mad? Has
her illness dethroned her reason?"
Suddenly she turned, and fixing
her great, star-light eyes upon me,
slowly said:

Workingmen up in Arms.

What a Free Trader Learned in a
Western Trip.

HE WILL REPORT TO CHAIRMAN
BRICE THAT THE PEOPLE ARE
FIGHTING FOR PROTECTION—
OHIO, INDIANA, ILLINOIS, WIS-
CONSIN AND MICHIGAN SOLID
FOR HARRISON.
New York Press.
James Dodge of Brooklyn was
sent West by Colonel Brice, chair-
man of the Democratic Campaign
Committee, six weeks ago, on an
errand of investigation. He was
to talk free trade to workmen as
an opportunity offered and consult
the party leaders; was to find out,
in short, whether the President's
free trade medicine would go down,
or whether a mere application of
"tariff reform" would be best. On
his way home he stopped in Syra-
cuse and talked rather freely, it
would appear, for an agent of the
man who never misjudges a subor-
dinate any more than Napoleon did,
to James Crossley, a most respect-
able citizen of that town. He said:

"I was gone five weeks, and dur-
ing that time I went rapidly
through Ohio, Indiana, Illinois,
Wisconsin and Michigan and I am
very sorry that I shall have to
make a rather discouraging report
to the committee. Ohio will surely
be Republican. Indiana, I think,
will give Harrison a reasonable
majority. Why, the people there
are enthusiastic over him, and
there is a general cry for his elec-
tion. I do believe that there are
places in Indiana where it is dan-
gerous to mention Cleveland's
name, but, of course, there is
much enthusiasm for him in the
large cities, Illinois, Wisconsin and
Michigan are, I am afraid, pretty
certain to go for Harrison. When
I was in Illinois I canvassed a
train, and the result was: 130 votes
for Harrison and 19 for Cleveland.
The free trade cry is doing it all—
The workmen have got protection
on the brain, and they are
up in arms against the Democratic
party."

Colonel Brice hasn't yet left for
the West. Perhaps this report
will make him more than ever
eager to go. The idea last night
was that he did not expect to be
summoned before the Fassetts com-
mittee.

The Republican National Com-
mittee got a letter yesterday from
Thomas Brackett Reed of Maine.
He will devote all his time to the
national campaign after the Maine
election. He will probably go to
Indiana and Michigan for a few
speeches in September. Ex-Senator
Blanch K. Bruce will speak in
Indiana for three weeks in the
latter part of September and early
in October, and after that will
speak until election time under the
auspices of the National Committee.
Senator Ingalls will speak all the
time his duties in the Senate will
permit. General R. A. Alger, in
response to an invitation from the
committee, wrote yesterday that
he would be at the service of the
party after the middle of Septem-
ber. His is a very hearty and in-
spiring letter, and shows his great
interest in the success of the ticket.
Patrick Egan of Nebraska, ex-
president of the Irish National
League, tenders his services for the
months of September and October.
Hans Mattson, Secretary of the
State of Minnesota, and one of the
most influential Swedes in the
United States, has accepted the
invitation of the committee for
speeches in Indiana, Connecticut,
New York and New Jersey in the
latter part of September and the
first part of October. There is no
trouble with the Republican oratorical
bureau.

Here are some of the devices that
appeared numerously in the Third
avenue square cars yesterday:
A "tariff for revenue" means free
trade.
Henry Watterson, a friend of
Cleveland, says that the Demo-
cratic party, "is a free trade party,
or it is nothing, and that "the
Democrat who is not a free trader
should go elsewhere."
Free trade means competition
with European labor at European
prices.
Go elsewhere young man! A
vote for Harrison and Morton is a
vote for American labor at Ameri-
can prices.
Under protection the wage earn-
ers of the United States have been
the owners of more property than
all other wage earners in the world.
The Mills bill would reduce
wages to the European level.
Under free trade Ireland is poor.
Under protection Germany is
getting rich.
Under free trade England is in
debt.
Under protection the United
States have a surplus.
W. S. Capeller, the Republican
State Chairman of Ohio, sent some
good news yesterday. The
Ashtabula Daily Beacon, the chief
Democratic paper of Ashtabula
County, J. H. Scriven, editor, says
it can't stand Cleveland's free trade
policy, and must therefore come
out for Harrison. The Meigs
County Herald, one of the oldest
of the Southern Ohio papers, is
published in a sat and wool dis-
trict, and is out for the Republican
nominee. The Columbus Times

THE PRESIDENT'S RECORD.

The President's desperate at-
tempt to retrieve the diplomatic
reputation of his Administration
renders a review of its Canadian
policy timely. When he entered
upon office a transition stage in
the relations of the United States
and the Dominion was approach-
ing. The fisheries clauses of the
Treaty of Washington had proved
an unsatisfactory and inequitable
arrangement so far as American
interests were concerned. An
exorbitant price for inshore fishing
rights had been exacted by the
Halifax arbitrators. The award of
\$5,500,000 was paid under protest,
and when the period which it em-
braced had passed there was no
disposition on the part of the
United States to reopen negotia-
tions for a renewal of the contract.
Experience had demonstrated that
the Canadian inshore fisheries were
not worth as much to American
fishermen as the privilege of free
entry to the New-England market
was to the Dominion fishing fleet.
Accordingly, notice was given to
the British Government of the
abrogation of the fisheries articles.
By act of Congress and President
Arthur's proclamation these articles
were to lapse on July 1st, 1885—
The American fishing fleet had
known for two years what would
happen, and were not only fully
prepared for the change, but very
eager to have their home market
protected against their Canadian
rivals.

This was the situation when the
President was inaugurated. Con-
gress had abrogated the fisheries
articles; President Arthur had
proclaimed the change of policy,
and American fishermen were de-
lighted with the prospect of secur-
ing relief from the burdens of an
inequitable treaty. What was the
first diplomatic act of the new
Administration in these circum-
stances? Secretary Bayard had
been approached by the astute
British Minister affected alarm on
account of the reversion to the
Treaty of 1818 in the middle of a
fishing season. He gratefully ac-
cepted an offer from Canada for a
temporary extension of the inshore
fishing privileges, provided the
President in his first message
would recommend a settlement of
the fisheries dispute by arbitration.
The British Minister was thus al-
lowed in the first instance to dic-
tate a passage of the message re-
lating to the fisheries. The abro-
gated clauses were continued in
force for six months without au-
thority of Congress. A policy in
the interest of American fishermen,
which had received the approval
of Senate and House, and had
been in power for three months.

The President carried out Sec-
retary Bayard's compact with the
British Minister, but the Senate
rejected by a decisive vote his
recommendation for arbitration—
The season of 1886 opened with
the Treaty of 1818 in operation,
and the first series of outrages on
American commerce occurred on
the Dominion seaboard. Congress
passed a Retaliation measure with-
out division on party lines. The
President made no attempt to en-
force this legislation during that
season, nor in the following year,
although as many as four hundred
American vessels were boarded,
seized, harassed and subjected to
expense or annoyance on the
Dominion seaboard. He met Con-
gress with a complaint that the
retaliatory powers were inade-
quate, and the declaration that
diplomacy was the only remedy—
The Senate promptly enlarged
these powers in 1887, Democrats
and Republicans voting as one
man. Then was witnessed a
strange spectacle. The Adminis-
tration exerted all its influence for
months to prevent the passage of
any Retaliation measure. The
Belmont and Manning projects were
brought forward apparently for the
express purpose of blocking legis-
lation altogether on this subject—
This manoeuvre was defeated by
the passage of the Senate bill in
the House largely by Republican
votes.

The Administration having been
twice armed with authority from
Congress, evaded its responsibility,
neglected to enforce the Retaliation
acts, and pursued its diplomatic
adventures. After hundreds of
American vessels had been har-
assed and denied their commercial
rights it made a humiliating treaty
of surrender without securing
reparation for wrongs suffered by
American citizens or for insults
offered to the American flag. At
the same time it had loaded Cana-
dian corporations with gratuities
worth millions of dollars to them
in their warfare upon American
commerce and railways. This is
the Administration that suddenly
boasted upon the scene like a
circus clown in the stripes and
sprinkles that it will retaliate and
fight hard if Congress will only
furnish it with a larger pair of
boxing-gloves.—N. Y. Tribune.

TWO STRANGE DREAMS.

A MISSING HORSE IS FOUND AND A
LOST HUNTER'S LIFE SAVED BY
VISIONS.

A friend, not long ago, related to
me the following: "Ten years
ago I was residing in the town of
S—, in the north of Nova Scotia.
I possessed a valuable horse, which
one night disappeared from his
stable. My barn had been broken
into and my horse stolen. The
thief had left nothing whatever by
which I could trace him, and there
seemed to be but little hope of re-
covering my stolen property; yet I
planned, and worked, and thought,
and advertised.
All seemed vain, however. Af-
ter retiring one night, and about
two weeks after my loss, I fell to
thinking, more deeply perhaps than
ever before, about my horse. I not
only valued him for his worth, but I
was much attached to the kind,
noble creature. It seemed that I
had tried every means without the
least shadow of success. While
thinking what I would give to know
where he was I fell asleep. I
dreamed that I was in a small
country settlement, which was en-
tirely strange to me. I was stand-
ing by the roadside conversing with
a tall gentleman, also a stranger.
I asked him the name of the place,
which he told me was W—.
"The name was familiar to me.
I knew it was a settlement of
which I had often heard, but had
never visited. It was about sixty
miles from my place of residence.
The tall gentleman seemed at once
to take me into his confidence. He
told me he had an idea of buying a
horse from a man who had recent-
ly purchased it in Prince Edward
Island. As his friend lived near
him he wished me to go into the stable
with him and see the horse and
pass my opinion on him, adding
that he was considered a very fine
animal round there. He led me to
the stable, which was not far away,
and as we entered it I beheld, to
my surprise, my own lost horse.
"My first impulse was to spring
forward and claim him; but some-
thing held me back. I simply
passed a few favorable remarks on
the animal and we left the stable.
Just then I awoke. It was day-
break in early summer. My dream
came to me with such force that it
seemed almost indeed a reality. I
lay in deep thought a few moments,
then arose and prepared to go to
W—.
I knew it was only a
dream, and possibly I was starting
on a wild goose chase; yet I could
not help thinking there was some-
thing in the dream to my advan-
tage. By inquiry I found that I
could get to within twelve miles of
my appointed destination by rail.
Reaching that point I hired a horse
and buggy and drove the twelve
miles over a rough road and
through forests, with here and
there a clearing and a few settlers.
"About the middle of the after-
noon I reached W—, and stop-
ped at one of the first houses to
put up my horse and get some
nourishment for myself. This
done, I started on foot up the road.
As yet I saw nothing that seemed
in the least familiar to me. While
rounding a curve in the road, how-
ever, I suddenly met a man, whom
I recognized at once as the tall
man of my dream. The man stop-
ped, addressed me, inquired my
name, where I belonged, etc., and
then began to talk about the horse.
From the instant he mentioned
horse I felt that I was sure of my
favorite, for, although formerly
never much of a believer in dreams,
my faith in such just now was very
strong indeed. The conversation
which passed between us about the
horse corresponded exactly with
that of my dream. When he turned
to lead the way to the barn I
recognized the building in the dis-
tance. The place where we had
been standing and other objects
around began to look familiar also.
"When we entered the stable,
sure enough, there stood my horse.
What passed between us there cor-
responded very closely with that
of my dream also. I quietly left,
pretending business with a man in
another part of the thinly settled,
bushy looking district. I returned
home as quickly as possible, got a
constable and two of my neighbors
who knew my horse, and with
them put back to W— with all
speed. The horse was seized, the
thief captured and brought to jus-
tice, and, of course, he had to pay
the penalty of the law. The tall
man was no longer a friend of his
who had proved himself a thief,
but became a very intimate friend
of my own. Many times since we
have talked and wondered over the
strange dream by which we came
to know each other; and often
have I patted old 'Slick' on the
neck and told him he was saved
by a dream."

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