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THE HERALD JOB OFFICE,
complete in every respect. Editorial
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tween Railroad and Main streets.

L. TRIPLETT, JR., ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Commissioner in Chancery,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC,
No. 121 N. W. CORNER,
MAY 17, 1889.

JAMES C. BAKER, JR.,
BARTON HOYD,
Attorneys at Law,
Office in Court House Yard, Woodstock, Va.
Address: J. C. BAKER, JR.,
MAY 17, 1889.

H. H. RIDDLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.
Will practice in the courts of Shenandoah,
the Circuit Court of the 12th Circuit and
in the United States District and
Circuit Courts at Harrisonburg.

A. L. ALLEN, F. W. MARSHALL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.
Practice in the courts of Shenandoah,
the Circuit Court of the 12th Circuit and
in the United States District and
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J. H. WILLIAMS, W. T. WILLIAMS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.
Office in Corner Building,
Practice in all the courts of Shenandoah
county, and the Court of Appeals at Stan-
ton. Either member of the firm can be
addressed as above. July 17, 1889.

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D. A. MARTIN,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Respectfully informs the public that
he has resumed the practice of his pro-
fession, at the store of J. J. Frazer,
in Woodstock, will receive prom-
pt attention.
May 17, 1889.

D. R. D. CARTER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.
Special attention to Surgery and Fe-
male Diseases.
Office hours: 7 to 9 A. M.; 12 to 1 P. M.,
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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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WOODSTOCK, VA.
Will practice in the courts of Shenandoah
and adjacent counties. Special attention
given to the collection of claims and all
legal business entrusted to his care.
Will be in Mt. Jackson on Friday and
Saturday, before the 2nd Tuesday of each
month, at Dr. L. H. Jordan's office.
May 15, 1889.

D. R. B. F. MAPHIS & BRO.,
Dentists,
OFFICES: Woodstock and Shenandoah, Virginia.
In Woodstock 1st and 2nd weeks of each
month. In Shenandoah 3rd and 4th weeks.
Those in need of first-class Dentistry at
moderate prices, will do well to call.
Fall sets of artificial teeth from \$7.00 to
\$17.00, \$25.00 and \$50.00.
Pure gold fillings from \$1.25 to \$10.00.
Artificial teeth put on solid gold,
gold and porcelain combination, celestoid
and rubber plates.
Gold and porcelain riveting, clasps, &c.
Special attention given to filling and pre-
serving the natural teeth, and correcting
the irregularities. All work warranted first
class. Teeth extracted absolutely without
pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas.
May 15, 1889.

C. P. HISEY,
DRUGGIST & CHEMIST,
EDINBURG, VIRGINIA,
DEALER IN
Drugs & Medicines,
Pure Chemicals, Toilet Articles and Fancy
Goods, Tobacco, Cigars, Soap, Candy,
&c. Also Lamps, Sewing Machine, and
School Books and Supplies, Glass, Varnish,
Wall Paper, full line of all kinds of
Drugs. Agent for J. & M. Pure
Paints.
Prescriptions a specialty, night or day
March 12, 1889.

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provements in old ones. Caveats, Infringe-
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REJECTED may still, in most cases, be
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SHENANDOAH HOUSE,
WOODSTOCK, VA.
W. L. LAUGHLIN, Proprietor.
An Excellent Livery Stable Attached
May 17, 1889.

Shenandoah Herald



WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1889.

NO. 15.

SHENANDOAH HERALD

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No local notices inserted for less than 25c	

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

(Copied from an old magazine by Miss
Edie L. Boehm, and published at her re-
quest.)
I saw the young bride, in her beauty and
pride
Decked in her snowy array;
And the bright flash of joy shined high
on her cheek,
And the future looked blooming and gay;
And with a woman's devotion she laid her
fond heart
On the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she sighed her hopes to this per-
ishing earth.
By the chain which her tenderness wove,
But I saw her when those heart-strings
were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been severed in two,
She had changed her white robes for the
sables of grief,
And her bloom for the paleness of woe.
But the Healer was there, pouring balm
on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes,
And he strengthened the chain he had
broken in twain.
And fastened it firm to the axle;
There had whirled a voice—"was the
voice of her God."
"I love thee—I love thee—pass under
the rod!"

I saw the young mother in tenderness
bend
Over the couch of her slumbering boy,
And she kissed the soft lips as they mur-
mured her name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy,
Oh, sweet as the rosebud encircled with
dew,
When his fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to that mother he
seemed,
As he lay in his innocence there.
But I saw when she gazed on the same
lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent, and cold,
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told!
But the Healer was there who had
stricken her heart
And taken her treasure away,
To allure her to heaven He has placed it
on high,
And the mother will sweetly obey:
There had whirled a voice—"was the
voice of her God,"
"I love thee—I love thee—pass under
the rod!"

I saw the fond brother, with glances of
love,
Gazing down on a gentle young girl,
And she hung on his arm, and breathed
soft in his ears
As he played with each graceful curl,
Oh, he loved the sweet tones of his silvery
voice,
And the tale of her sorrow was told!
But the Healer was there who had
stricken her heart
And taken her treasure away,
To allure her to heaven He has placed it
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And the mother will sweetly obey:
There had whirled a voice—"was the
voice of her God,"
"I love thee—I love thee—pass under
the rod!"

I saw the girl, with glances of
love,
Gazing down on a gentle young girl,
And she hung on his arm, and breathed
soft in his ears
As he played with each graceful curl,
Oh, he loved the sweet tones of his silvery
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And the tale of her sorrow was told!
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TALL WESTERN BLOWING

THAT MADE THE EASTERN AGRICULTURISTS
GAZE WITH WONDER.
"Yes, sir," resumed the Dakota
man, as the crowd of agriculturists
drew back from the bar and
seated themselves around a little
table; "yes, sir, we do things on
rather a sizeable scale. I've seen a
man on one of our big farms start
out in the spring and plow a
straight furrow until fall. Then he
turned round and harvested back."

"Hogs allus have good times, I
guess," remarked the village cooper,
who had knocked off work and
come over to hear some politics.
"I doubt it," and the other. "I
must feel his degraded position in
life, and so he cannot be happy. I
wish I could do something to make
him feel that life is worth the
living."

"Fast man I ever saw who putted
a hog?" grunted the blacksmith,
who wanted to have been tacking a
shoe on a waiting mule.
"Yes, I do pity him. I've been
down myself and know how it is.
Taylor, have you got any cherry
whisky?"

"Mighty little, if any. More
cherries than whisky, I guess."
"If you've got two quarts of cher-
ries which have been in liquor, bring
'em out, and I'll give you half a
dollar. I'm going to make that
hog happy for two hours."

"The grocer got the cherries,
which had been lying in liquor for
a couple of years, and the St. Louis
man poured them out into the
gutter for the hog. They were devour-
ed with astonishing avidity, and
the porker stood and looked at us
and hungered for more. It was
doubted by some if the liquor would
affect him, but after a few minutes
he began to frisk and play, and
was evidently under the influence."

"Where was he going?" asked a
Gravesend man.
"He was going half way across
the farm to feed the pigs," replied
the Dakota man.
"Did he ever get back to his
family?"

"I don't know for him yet," re-
turned the Dakota gentleman. "Up
there we send young married
couples to milk the cows, and their
children bring home the milk."
"I understand you have five
mines up that way," ventured a
Jamaica turnip planter.
"Yes, but only one the quartz
for fencing," said the Dakota man,
testing the blade of his knife with
his thumb, preparatory to whetting
it on his boot. "It wouldn't pay to
crush it, because we can make more
money in wheat. I put in eighty-
nine hundred townships of wheat
last spring."

"How many acres would that be?"
"How many acres would that be?"
asked the New Utrecht man.
"I don't count by acres. We count
by townships and counties. My
yield was sixty-eight millions of
dollars on wheat alone, and I'm
thinking of breaking up from
eighty to a hundred more counties
next season."

"How do you get the help for
such extensive operations?" asked
the New Utrecht man.
"Oh! labor is cheap," replied
the Dakota man. "You can get all
you want for from \$29 to \$47 a
day. In fact, I never paid over
\$38."

"Is land cheap?"
"No, land is high. Not that it
costs anything, for it don't; but
under the laws of the territory you
have got to take so much or none.
I was in luck. Had a friend at
Yankton who got a bill through
the legislature, allowing me to take
40,000 square miles, which is the
smallest farm, there, though it is
—"

"Look here," said the barkeeper,
as the Eastern husbandmen strol-
led out in a bunch to consider the
last statement, "is all this thing
you've been telling true?"
"Certainly," responded the West-
ern man; "at least it is a modifi-
cation of what I saw in a Dakota
paper that was wrapped around a
pair of shoes last night. I didn't
dare put it up as strong as the paper
did, but you can see that last round
of drinks and I'll pay in the morn-
ing."

The Power of Kindness.
There is no power of love so
hard to get and keep as a kind
word. A kind hand is dead and
dumb. It may be rough in flesh
and blood, yet do the work of a
soft heart, and do it with a soft
touch. But there is no one thing
that love so much needs as a sweet
voice to tell what it means and
feels, and it is hard to get and keep
it at the right tone. One must
start in youth and be on the watch
night and day, at work and play,
to get and keep a voice that shall
speak at all times the thoughts of
a kind heart. It is often in youth
that one gets a voice or a tone that
is sharp, and sticks to one through
life, and stirs up ill will and grief
and falls like a drop of gall on the
sweet joys of home. Watch it
day by day as a pearl of great
price, for it will be worth more to
you in days to come than the best
pearl hidden in the sea. A kind
voice is to the heart what sight is
to the eye. It is a light that sings
as well as shines.

A FAIR SHOW.

MAKING A HOG HAPPY, AND HOW
IT RESULTED.
We were sitting in front of Taylor's
grocery on a summer day,
when a big black hog came nosing
along the gutter and started a new
train of thought. In the crowd of
loungeurs was a man from St. Louis,
and, after watching the porker for
a while, he remarked:
"I wonder if that hog ever had a
real good time in all his life?"

"Hogs allus have good times, I
guess," remarked the village cooper,
who had knocked off work and
come over to hear some politics.
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voice is to the heart what sight is
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as well as shines.

POOR JOE'S JIGGERS.

AWFUL WRECK OF A YOUNG
MAN'S MIND CAUSED BY COUNT-
ING SHEEP.
"What's the matter with your
friend?" asked a San Francisco re-
porter of a young man with a
broad, white hat, corduroy trousers,
and a woolen shirt who was
trying to induce his companion,
similarly clad, to move on.
"He's got the sheep jiggers,"
"The sheep jiggers? What's
that?" demanded the questioner.
"Why, yee, in our business we
have to count our sheep twice a
day, morning and night. Joe, here—
sheep herder Joe he's called up in
the Pine creek country—has been
tending a bunch of eight or ten
6,000 sheep, and it has party near
driven him clean off a countin' of
'em so much."

"He scarcely gets time for any-
thing else. Very often a sheep
herder gets off his cabasa on this
account and that's why we call it
the sheep jiggers."
"Just ye watch him a minute. Ye
see he's got 10 little pebbles in his
right hand. Now he'll count from
one up to a hundred and then he'll
pass one of them jiggers into his
left hand. When he gets all the
jiggers into his left hand that will
make 1,000, and he'll cut a notch
in the rim of his hat or his boot heel."
"Didn't ye never notice the
notches cut in the rim of a sheep
buckaroo's hat? That's what it
means."

"When Joe gets a thousand
counted he counts another thou-
sand and passes the jiggers back
into his right hand and keeps on
that way back and forth all day if
he let him."

"The unfortunate young man
took off his hat, cut a neat notch in
the brim with his jackknife, put it
back on his head and resumed
counting."
"Poor Joe!" said his companion.
"We brought him down here
thinkin' his life and bustle of the
city might help him, but it's no
use. He just stands like ye see
him all day long and counts people
for sheep, just the same as if he
was on the Madalaine plains."

"What's that? Did I ever have
the jiggers? Well, yes; once. I
was out in the foothills of the Si-
skiyon range workin' for Dan
Wheeler, and I had so much
trouble with coyotes and under-
brush that I used to count my
bunch of sheep three times a day.
I didn't have no time for anything
else and it mighty near took me off
my base."

"I can see sheep a-jumpin' for
his bare night and day and could
hear their eternal bell ringin' in
my head like 'Boulanger's March'
on a hand organ. I couldn't do
nothin' but count, count, count,
and when I got through I couldn't
tell how much it came to. Every-
thing looked like sheep and the
hills looked like big sheep."

"The tin cups and fryin'-pan
looked like sheep, and the moon
stood over me at night like a big
bell wether and made me count
him 1,000,000 times until my head
fairly cracked."

"It was sheep, sheep every where
and no relief. Oh, it was awful!"
and the young man, with closed
eyes, pressed his hands to his
throbbing brow and groaned as he
recalled that dreadful experience.
"How did I cure it? Went into
town and got bilin' drunk."

When the reporter left, poor
Joe was still standing in the same
place, counting the people as they
passed and changing the "jiggers"
from one hand to the other.

He Hit Her on the Jaw
A Lawrenceville doctor was es-
corting a young lady from the
opera. She yawned considerably
as the train neared her suburban
home. He warned her to be care-
ful. Again she yawned, there was
a click, and the jaw was dislocated.
At once he gave her a ringing blow
on the chin, which drove the jaw
in place, but several passengers
sprang to their feet, thinking it a
case of wife beating. He could
not explain without making the
lady ridiculous, but a newspaper
item set him right.—Philadelphia
Record.

Irredeemable bonds—V a g
bonds.
No Cure No Pay.
It is a pretty severe test of any
doctor's skill when the payment of
his fee is made conditional upon
his curing his patient. Yet after
having for many years, observed
the thousands of marvelous cures
effected in liver, blood and lung
diseases, by Dr. Pierce's Golden
Medical Discovery, its manufacturer
felt warranted in selling it, as
they are now doing, through all
druggists, the world over, under a
certificate of positive guarantee that
it will either benefit or cure in
every case of disease for which they
recommend it. If taken in time and
given a fair trial, or money paid
it will be promptly refunded.
Tortic liver, or "biliousness," im-
pure blood, skin eruptions, scrofu-
lous sores and swellings, consump-
tion, which is scrofula of the lungs,
all yield to this wonderful medicine.
It is both tonic or strength-restor-
ing, and alterative or blood-cleans-
ing.

Chronic Nasal Catarrh positively
cured by Dr. Sage's Remedy. 50
cents, by druggists.
A stand for the write—The ink
stand.

HIS MEMORY WAS WONDERFUL.

HOW A STREET CAR CONDUCTOR
ASTONISHED A VISITOR FROM
THE COUNTRY.
An old lady from the country is
visiting friends in the city who live
on the South side. Sunday being
a fine day the old lady took a ride
on a West Madison street car and
returned from the trip fully im-
pressed with the idea that she had
met a man possessed of a most re-
markable memory.

"We went along the track quite
a ways," she said, "when the car
stopped and the conductor put his
head in at the back door and called
out, 'arris?' He said it rather
sharp like, I thought, and a half
drunken man, who was asleep in
one corner of the car got up and
staggered out.
"At the next stop he shouted
"May?" and the most stylish miss
I ever saw got up and walked out
as unconcerned as if her father
had called her. Pretty soon we
stopped again, and the conductor
yelled 'Ann?' A young woman
with a baby in her arms smiled at
the conductor and got out. I was
just clean beat, but didn't say any-
thing. It wasn't long till he opened
the door again and said 'Eliza-
beth?' in a voice loud enough to
be heard all through the car. A
silvery-haired lady, old enough to
be his grandmother, got up and
left the car, not seeming to notice
that he had called her by her first
name. I did, though, and if he
had taken any familiarity with me,
I'd have given him a piece of my
mind. It's a wonder he didn't
holter Betsy at her."

"At the next station he told
"Ada" it was time for her to get off.
Ada was a little tot of a girl about
five years old, and he picked her
up in his arms and carried her
out. A little further on he jerked
the door wide open and yelled
"Loomis and Sheldon?" and two
men, who were talking earnestly in
one end of the car, got up and left.
Then in a short time he called for
"Pauline" and an old maid lowered
her eyes and blushing left us.
And the 1/2 the way he rattled off
names all the way out and back.
It's not unusual for folks to be well
acquainted in country towns, but
goodness me, what a memory a
man must have to know the name
of everybody in a city of 800,000
people!"—Chicago Times.

HE DIED UNDER ORDERS.
THE BRAVE DEED OF A SOLDIER
DURING THE PENINSULAR CAM-
PAIGN.
The following is from one who
had been through the war, and
was an eye-witness to the scene
described:
"During 'Littl Mac's' peninsula
campaign, we were lying in the
hills on the north side of the Chick-
ahominy, while the rebels held the
other side. Our men were engaged
in erecting bridges to connect the
two shores, for as yet, with the ex-
ception of an advance guard, none
had crossed on a raft bridge, none
of our men had reached the other
side. A short distance in front of
our guard there was an elevated
piece of ground, behind which the
rebels had placed some sharpshoot-
ers, and they kept our men pretty
well down to the river bank.
"While in the middle of the
work our general rode down and
questioned the major as to the
strength of the enemy concealed
behind the knoll. The major said
they were out in force, but how
strong he could not say.
"Call one of your men."
"The major called 'Brown,' and
a man who was in the mud trim-
ming a piling, dropped his axe,
advanced and saluted. 'Go care-
fully up the bank there,' said the
general, pointing to the opposite
side where the guard was station-
ed; 'draw their fire if you can; if
not, shout to provoke it!'
"The man's lip quivered, a great
knot rose slowly in his throat, and
he turned inquiringly to his major.
In a moment he recovered, but his
hand trembled as he touched his
cap, and quickly crossing the rafts,
pant the guard post, he ran up the
bank and stood in full view, wait-
ing for death. In dead silence we
watched and waited.
"Shout, my man!" cried the gen-
eral. 'Shout!'
"The hands of the soldier went
up, and swinging his cap he shout-
ed: 'Hurrah for McClellan and
the—'
"A volley of musketry swept the
hilltop, and the man threw up his
arms and rolled a corpse at the
foot of the knoll. With a mighty
yell the guard charged up the bank
and poured a shower of lead into
the timber beyond, then returned,
bearing the now lifeless form of
the martyr. The blood trickled
from his head and face in many
places; it ran in a stream from his
arms, and the mud on his trousers
was fast turning red. The major's
face paled, and he bit his lips till
they bled, and the guard muttered