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is complete in every respect. Work done
at short notice and on the most reasonable
terms.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.
W. B. ALEXANDER, M. B. WUNDER,
Winchester, Va. Woodstock, Va.
ALEXANDER & WUNDER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.
(Office in Court House yard.)
Prompt attention to all legal busi-
ness.
Mr. Alexander will attend regularly all
the counties and circuit courts of Shenandoah
county, Va., on the 1st, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 9th, 11th,
13th, 15th, 17th, 19th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 27th, 29th,
and 31st of each month.

M. L. WALTON, E. D. NEWMAN,
WALTON & WALTON,
Attorneys-at-Law,
WOODSTOCK, VA.
Practice in all the Courts of Shenandoah
county, Va., and in the Court of Appeals,
the Supreme Court of the United States,
and the Circuit Courts of the United States.
Special attention to collection of claims,
Oct. 29, 11.
F. S. TAVENNER, J. M. BAUSERMAN,
TAVENNER & BAUSERMAN,
Attorneys-at-Law,
WOODSTOCK, VA.
July 21-11.

HOLMES CONRAD, F. W. MAGRUDER,
CONRAD & MAGRUDER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
WOODSTOCK, VA.
Nov. 25, 20-11.
J. W. WILLIAMS, W. T. WILLIAMS,
WILLIAMS & BROTHER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
WOODSTOCK, VA.
May 15, 21-11.
D. D. CARTER, M. D., J. N. BARNEY, D.
D. CARTER & BARNEY,
Physicians & Surgeons,
WOODSTOCK, VA.
Will attend cases separately when
desired.
NOTE: Dr. Barney has had an extensive
experience in eye and ear diseases, and is
a reliable and skillful physician and
surgeon.
Oct. 6, 11.

DR. J. M. BROWN,
Physician and Surgeon,
TONY'S BROOK, VA.
Will answer all calls, day or night.
Will practice in Powell's Foot and
to Cedar Creek Valley.
Special attention to diseases of women
and children.
DR. T. F. LOCKE,
Resident Dentist,
Office, Main St., Woodstock, Va.
Calomel, ether and cocaine used
for painless extraction of teeth.
Dec. 26, 11.
DR. J. B. RUSHL,
Dentist,
WOODSTOCK, VA.
Established in 1859. Office near Court
House.
Terms Cash. May 24-11.

C. P. HISEY,
DRUGGIST and CHEMIST,
EDINBURGH, VA.
DEALER IN
DRUGS and MEDICINES,
Pure Chemicals, Toilet Articles and
Fancy Goods, Toilets, Creams, Soaps,
Candy, &c. Also Lamps and Lamp
Goods.
School Books and Supplies, Glass, Varnish,
Selling all Paper. Full line of all kinds
of Oil. Agent for L. & M. Pure Paints,
Prescriptions a specialty, right of
day.
March 12, 26-11.

Wm. Hopewell & Co.,
EDINBURGH, VIRGINIA.
DEALERS IN
Drugs, Chemicals, Dye-Staffs,
Patent Medicines, all varieties of
Druggists' Supplies, Oils, Paints, Glass,
Varnishes, Groceries, Stationery, Perfumery
and a variety of
TOILET and FANCY ARTICLES,
Purity of Goods always Guaranteed.
Physicians' prescriptions carefully
compounded at all hours, day or night.
April 23, 26-11.

WOODSTOCK
MARBLE WORKS,
WOODSTOCK, VA.
Monuments, Tombs and all kinds
of Cemetery Work.
Lowest prices in the Valley. Give me
a call.
E. U. SNYDER,
aug. 8, 90-11.

HENRY SCHNEIDER,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Custom Boots and Shoes for Misses,
Women and Children's Wear,
WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA.
next door to the postoffice.
I save your name with J. H.
Koeffer as he is my agent for Woodstock
nov. 10-11.

IN SHADOW-LAND.

The person at his door to stand
No breeze along the salt-sweeps;
But round and round the swaying bow
The indolent slow eddy creeps.
If yester eve or yester year
He drifted on this life strand
Who knows? Time has no measure here
In Shadow-Land.

For one perpetual season flowers,
And knows no change of sun or moon
To mark the ebbing or the flowing
The motion of an onward tide
Nor song of birds, nor breath of rose,
But still as far as either hand,
The lily lilies, the water lilies,
In Shadow-Land.

That soft, unending ripple rocks
The best that it seems to glide,
And to his dreaming fancy mocks
The motion of an onward tide
He hears his half-dreamt eyelids dim,
He hears the water wash on the sand,
Nor guesses that he lingers still
In Shadow-Land.

Awake, O daffodil with a dream
That only in thy fancy dwells!
Push out into the open stream
Beyond these lily-banks and bells!
Let the strong fragrance round thee fanned,
Or perchance the steady drift
In Shadow-Land.

And Promised Not to Tell, But I
Was Too Good to Keep.
Arthur Lyle was a confirmed bachel-
or. He was a tall, handsome young
fellow, with blue eyes and dark hair,
and was an artist by profession. He
had had few patrons, but that fact did
not trouble him much, as he was very
well-to-do.

He was lily toying with his watch
chain and watching the smoke of his
cigar as it curled upward in the air,
when the door opened and Mr. Clifton
Wayne entered the room.
"Well, Arthur, how are you to-day?"
were his first words. "Thinking of
your lady-love?"

"Don't be a fool, Clifton!" was his
polite reply. "You know I hate girls
like—like—"

"Softly, softly, my dear sir," inter-
rupted Clifton, laughingly; "the trouble
is you haven't come across the right
one."
"And never will," interrupted Ar-
thur. "But enough of this nonsense.
I heard to-day that your sister Clara
was about to give a grand ball. Is
that so?"

"Of course it is, and you're to be
invited. And say, Arthur, Cousin Nellie,
from New Orleans, is coming too. She
will be a splendid catch for you."
"There you go again, Clifton. You
know I am a confirmed bachelor. And
as for Miss Nellie—what did you say
her name was?"

"Forsythe—Nellie Forsythe. But
good-day! I have an appointment down-
town." And he hurried away.
Years ago Arthur Lyle had felt that
he understood the girl. He had seen
her so far as to tell her that if
she so willed it hereafter his life
would be devoted equally to her and
his profession. And she had smiled and
looked so pleased that he had kissed
her, and supposed that she would at
last be his wife. But he had not
afterwards found out when she was
married a few weeks later to a dashing
young lawyer.

This hurt his susceptible and sensitive
heart to think that she had so de-
ceived him, and he told her so the first
time he saw her after her marriage.
And she, with one of her innocent,
surprised looks, answered his indig-
nant words by saying "that he had
never asked her to marry him."
He had not met her for several years.
He went to visit his friend Clifton at
his beautiful villa in the suburbs.
He had been there but a few days
when he walked out on the piazza, and
to his amazement, saw his former
sweetheart walking around the grounds
of a neighboring house with a half-
grown child—little girl—who in many
ways resembled her mother.

come along if he dalled, and discover-
ing what a wonderful woman she was,
win the prize he coveted away from
him. He felt as if there was possible
danger in delay.
But how to say what he wanted to—
that was what troubled him.
Little cold shivers went over him and
his tongue would cleave to the roof of
his mouth. He felt sure that if he be-
gan to propose words would forsake
him, and there he would stand, gasping
and opening his mouth like a dying
fish.

He had been a constant visitor to
Wayne villa for several months, and he
was thinking this morning, as he
walked leisurely up the path, that if
he could but meet Miss Forsythe he
would speak.
As he turned a bend in the path he
saw seated on a rock under a shady
tree the object of his thoughts.
She smiled when she saw who it was
that had intruded upon her peaceful
privacy and the poor, lovesick artist
thought she had the sweetest smile he
had ever seen. She made room for him
and he sat down beside her.

"This is a lovely morning for sketch-
ing, and I thought I would sketch some
of this beautiful scenery, but now that
I have found something so much more
interesting to me and so much more
beautiful—I think I—would—would—
"

"Rather talk," interrupted Miss For-
sythe, with a quizzical smile.
And the artist blushed like any rose
at his foolish speech.
Then there was a little silence, which
Miss Forsythe broke by saying:
"Here comes your protegee," as Flora
Hale came tearing down the path at
breakneck speed.

"O, dear!" sighed the poor artist,
with comical despair. "You don't see,
I should be so persecuted, do you?"
"That child worries the life out of
me," said Miss Forsythe, while yet
she was a long way off, "you aren't a fool,
are you?"

"I hope not," answered the aston-
ished man. "What makes you ask such
a question?"
"You see, I heard you and Mrs. Insley
talking about you and Miss Forsythe,
and Mrs. Insley said it was as plain as
the nose on your face that you loved
her like everything, only you daren't say
so. An' as she said you was foolish
not to tell her, an' done with it, for
she'd seen how you wanted to, for a
good while, an' she said Miss Forsythe
thought her eyes of you, an' you must
see it if you wasn't a fool, an' lots more
that I can't remember. But I know
you wasn't a fool."

"And then this little protegee smiled
lovingly up in the red, red face of the
poor artist.
He glanced at Miss Forsythe. She
was blushing like the reddest rose of
summer. The sight gave him courage.
"Miss Forsythe," he began, and then
he just got awful red and said nothing.
But he mustered courage and went on:
"Do you care anything for me? I cer-
tainly do for you."
Then he found himself holding out
his hand to her, and she put her hand
in his, not for a kiss, but to hold
himself steady as he kissed her. He
wondered at himself and his new-found
courage, for he kissed her again.

But the fact of his sudden bravery
was enough to make him as courageous
as most lovers are, and he actually put
his arm around Miss Forsythe and gave
her a little kiss on the cheek.
Miss Forsythe stood and watched
him with mouth and eyes wide open,
taking rapid and accurate observations
of what was transpiring.
"Don't tell, will you, dear?" said
Miss Forsythe, coaxingly.
"No, not for anything," answered
Flora, with a grin.
An hour later, as the artist and Miss
Forsythe came up to the house, they
heard Flora rehearsing the whole af-
fair to a group of delighted children.

"O, but it was just jolly!" cried she.
"He just got awful red and said noth-
ing, but I saw him kiss her, and he
was redder 'n he was, an' pretended
she seen something on the ground,
when there wasn't a thing to see; an'
he says 'I love you more 'n tongue can
tell,' an' stuck his hand right out
to her, an' she took hold of it, an'
then he kissed her again, an' then he
called me an' angel'—here 'the angel'
stopped to titter—'an' as near as I can
make out he'd never said nothing, but
if I hadn't helped him, 'cause he's a
man, an' men are afraid of women.'"
The artist and his companion looked
at each other and laughed.

Just then up came Mr. Wayne and
started him by clapping him on the
back, saying, "Well, what a fine fellow
you are!"
"Hello, old fellow! Why, what in
the world is the matter with you?"
"Nothing," said Arthur, recovering
himself.
Well, it was but a few weeks till
Miss Forsythe became Mrs. Lyle, and
Clifton Wayne cannot comprehend how
Arthur overcame "this hated for-
giveness."—Francis Lee Hale.

HUNTING WITH TURKEYS.
Tame Birds Used to Capture the Wild
Ones.
"Tame turkeys can be trained to
hunt wild ones," said a St. Louis re-
sident to a Globe-Democrat man. "I
owned one called Dick, who in Polk
county, Tenn., that obtained a state
reputation. I was offered one hun-
dred dollars for him at one time, but
I thought he was a phenomenal
bird. Since his death, however, I have
discovered that the talent for hunting
wild turkeys is not uncommon among
tame ones. The call of the wild fowl
differs from that of the domestic one,
but the latter can easily learn the for-
mer's calls if the hunter is patient
enough to teach him. The tame tur-
key can be taught so that he can be
taken into the woods, and will then
seek forth the challenge call. If a
turkey cock is within hearing an an-
swering note of defiance is invariably
made. This is replied to, and finally
the wild turkey will come very cau-
tiously until he sees the tame one, as
he is a suspicious creature. But when
he sees the turkey his fears are gone,
and he starts at once to do battle.
Then the trained turkey runs and the
hunter shoots."
The advantages of this method of
hunting are very great. While a
hunter can imitate a turkey call pre-
tremely closely, there is an accompani-
ment by striking the ground with the
wings which cannot be reproduced,
and without this the game is mis-
taken. The hunting turkey must be
trained in hand when very young and
constantly drilled, but beyond the pa-
tience required very little skill need to
exist upon the part of the trainer."

WINTHROP'S ROMANCE.

What Shattered the Lieutenant's
Dream of Love.
"Miss Garland, my daughter—Lieut.
Winthrop."
The tall, handsome officer bowed low
over the tiny hand extended to him.
"Delighted, I am sure, to make your
acquaintance, Miss Garland. All the
boys have been talking so much about
you that I feel I almost know you."
"Lieut. Winthrop," turning toward
him coquettishly, "I think that is pure
flattery, as surely in two weeks you
had had time to make my acquaint-
ance, if you were as desirous of it."
"True, but then you see I only re-
turned a day ago."

As he spoke the hand played the
march for supper, and, offering his arm,
Lieut. Winthrop led his partner from
the ballroom.
Miss Winthrop was one of the
most popular officers of the—th. Al-
though but twenty-eight, he had been
in many campaigns, and was now on
leave, spending his time at that most
delightful place, Point Comfort.
Although very fond of one of the
bellies of the place, she was not a tall,
stately "society" woman, but an im-
pulsive, vivacious girl. She was the
only child of a millionaire orange plan-
tation holder. Having been educated
in Virginia, she had been in society but
a short time. She was a great favorite
with the most sought after and favored
girls in the place.

Two days after the ball Winthrop
had been seen slowly strolling
up toward the pretty cottage Mr. Gar-
land had lived for the time he and his
daughter were to be married. He had
been there for some time, and he was
going to see his pretty partner of the
ball he had loved so dearly. He had
been very much interested in her, and
he had been very much interested in
Mr. Garland about the cozy talk with
him.

"A couple of hours passed pleasantly,
and then Scott rose to go. As soon as
Daisy left the room Herbert Lane
turned quickly to Winthrop and ex-
claimed:
"Old fellow, will you help me, won't
you? So glad I explained everything
in my letter—saved bother now, and
Daisy is so pleased."
Winthrop stared stupidly at Herbert
and asked: "What's the matter?
"Yes," said the man at the other end of the telephone.
"Well," continued the cashier, "did
you give the Union Trust company a
check for thirty-four thousand dol-
lars?"
"Yes," was the reply; "what's the
matter? Have you not charged it up
to my account?"
"I would have done so," said the
cashier, "but there is no name signed
to it."
"Great Scott!" was the answer; "can
you hold that check until I get up
there?"
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minutes a man came in all out of
breath and affixed his signature.

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the summer of each of these countries. As
an indication of where the danger lies,
and the direction which the contest
will ultimately take, the disposition of
the troops is by far the most im-
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the immense extent of her empire and
the comparatively small number of her
railways in proportion to those of any
other European state, is quite un-
able to concentrate powerful armies for
offensive purposes on any point of her
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Chinese Pirates Beheaded with Neat-
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the Pacific, tells this to the Tacoma
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along in 1858 or '59, the ruler of the
city equipped two steam gunboats for
the suppression of the piratical traffic.
One of these he put in command of an
American. The boats had been out on
a cruise for several days, and early one
afternoon they returned towing their
prisoners the boats had brought in.
An iron rail led around the gunboats
and the crews of the boats, to which
were shackled two hundred of the most
evil-looking Chinese I had ever
seen. Justice to such fiendish wretches
was swift in China to those days, and
the next morning they were led out for
execution. In spite of the horror of
this wholesale beheading the execu-
tion had a streak of the comic in it.
Two Chinese assistants of the execu-
tioner carried a large bamboo pole.
The condemned Chinese were in a kneel-
ing posture and the assistants would
clutch a Chinaman's queue and take a
snuff-buff around the bamboo pole.
Then, each putting the pole on his
shoulder, they both would suddenly
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the prisoner's shoulders. The execu-
tioner stood ready with a drawn sword,
and looped off their heads with a
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inscriptions were then removed."
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seventeenth century as many as
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tokens were in circulation in England.
Messrs. Gavazzi's coinage will pass
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EXPERIMENTS IN FLYING.
A German Has Made Successful Slides
Down an Aerial Slope.
A bird's wings while it is flying per-
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Having some time to spare he threw
himself upon a lounge and lay musing
in the darkness. Now that he was
ready to test his faith he was not quite
so confident.
"Suppose she refuses me? But, great
Scott! she is no coquette, and, then,
hasn't she shown she likes me? Her-
bert, but he put the thought aside as
preposterous. No, of course Lane
couldn't be on the same c—and as him-
self."
At last! The hall clock sweetly and
clearly rang out eight strokes. It was
time to go. How well he recalled the
pretty picture Daisy made the first time
he saw her in her own home. Hastily,
joyously he mounts the steps of her
house and smiles to hear the resound-
ing noise his energetic knock has made
in the servant's hall, but this time she
him into the parlor at once. Winthrop
never forgot the picture as the draw-
ing-room door opened. Daisy was
lounging in an easy chair before the
fire. Near her on a footstool was one
of the most constant visitors, Arthur
Scott.

Lane was leaning on the heavily
carved mantel, talking easily with
both. The freight glittered on Daisy's
hair, bringing out the golden tints
and making her simple white gown
rosy red. This evening she was dressed
in soft white silk, and her ears were
her only ornament—a bunch at her
throat.
As she rises to greet Will he notices
that her eyes are very bright and she
appears very nervous. After speaking
a moment with his hostess Will turns
to Lane and both his outstretched
hands are caught in a warm clasp by
him.

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EUROPE'S NEXT BIG WAR.
Russia and France to Be Arrayed Against
Germany, Austria and Italy.
This war of giants will have Russia
and France on the one side, Germany,
Austria and Italy on the other. To
make this evident, says Blackwood's
Magazine, we have only to look at the
actual position of the troops during
the summer of each of these countries. As
an indication of where the danger lies,
and the direction which the contest
will ultimately take, the disposition of
the troops is by far the most im-
portant factor. In Russia, owing to
the immense extent of her empire and
the comparatively small number of her
railways in proportion to those of any
other European state, is quite un-
able to concentrate powerful armies for
offensive purposes on any point of her
dominions with any approach to the
rapidity with which this can be done
in France, Germany, Italy, or even
Austria. She is consequently obliged
to mass upon her frontier during peace
those forces which she intends at once
to throw into action during war.
In each of these countries, therefore, the
troops are so stationed that the in-
evitable contest ensues is to be looked
for in the present actual distribution
of her army. This is by no means the
same extent the case with the other
great powers. France and Ger-
many, especially, have a perfect sys-
tem of railways laid out with a dis-
tinct strategic purpose. Every prepa-
ration for a speedy concentration of
their whole forces by these means on
any point of their frontiers ever likely
to be threatened, either for offensive
or defensive reasons, has been so thor-
oughly made that their troops can be
left during peace in a far more dis-
persed state and much further back
than is possible with Russia.

NO SOFT-HEARTED GOVERNORS.
Chinese Pirates Beheaded with Neat-
ness.
Capt. John Windrow, an old sailor of
the Pacific, tells this to the Tacoma
Ledger: "While I was in Shanghai
along in 1858 or '59, the ruler of the
city equipped two steam gunboats for
the suppression of the piratical traffic.
One of these he put in command of an
American. The boats had been out on
a cruise for several days, and early one
afternoon they returned towing their
prisoners the boats had brought in.
An iron rail led around the gunboats
and the crews of the boats, to which
were shackled two hundred of the most
evil-looking Chinese I had ever
seen. Justice to such fiendish wretches
was swift in China to those days, and
the next morning they were led out for
execution. In spite of the horror of
this wholesale beheading the execu-
tion had a streak of the comic in it.
Two Chinese assistants of the execu-
tioner carried a large bamboo pole.
The condemned Chinese were in a kneel-
ing posture and the assistants would
clutch a Chinaman's queue and take a
snuff-buff around the bamboo pole.
Then, each putting the pole on his
shoulder, they both would suddenly
rise up, stretching his neck away from
the prisoner's shoulders. The execu-
tioner stood ready with a drawn sword,
and looped off their heads with a
single stroke. The royal image and
inscriptions were then removed."
It is stated that in the middle of the
seventeenth century as many as
twenty thousand different kinds of
tokens were in circulation in England.
Messrs. Gavazzi's coinage will pass
freely where the issuers are known
and trusted, but will not be looked at
twenty miles from the Lombard capi-
tal.

EXPERIMENTS IN FLYING.
A German Has Made Successful Slides
Down an Aerial Slope.
A bird's wings while it is flying per-
form two functions. They sustain its
weight and they propel it. Human be-
ings in trying to imitate the bird have
been more successful in the former di-
rection than in the latter. Such ma-
nipulations of wings as will drive a
person forward, either by muscle or
power from apparatus strapped to the
body, may be learned eventually, or
the future Daedalus may rely upon
some entirely separate device for propul-
sion and retain the wings merely for
support and balancing. In either case,
all attempts to find out what can
really be accomplished with these lat-
ter appliances possesses interest for
scientists and the public. Herr O.
Lilienthal of Stuttgart (near Berlin),
Germany, has been experimenting in
this direction with contrivances that
resemble great wings. In the brief de-
scription at hand no information is im-
parted concerning the materials em-
ployed. But the wings had an expanse
of fifteen square meters, or one hun-
dred and thirty-five square feet. Herr
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EXILES FROM RUSSIA.
Remarkable Success of the Men-
nonites in Kansas.
A Self-Sustaining and Independent People
Who Have Nothing to Do With
the Outside World Save in a
Commercial Way.
Quick as are Americans to criticise
the manners and customs of Russia,
and inferior as the subjects did the ear-
ly frequenters of the country, the settlers
on the western prairies might well
learn a lesson of the Russians who have
their unique settlements among them.
The Mennonites, exiled from southern
Russia because of their religion, made
as systematic an exodus as did the Im-
migrants of old, says a Kansas corre-
spondent of the St. Louis Globe-Demo-
crat. They sent out their agents to
spy out the land, and purchased one
hundred thousand acres of the Santa
Fe and Kansas Pacific railways for
homes. They then proceeded to settle