

WILLIAMS & BROTHER, Attorneys-at-Law. WOODSTOCK, VA.

Practise in the Courts of Shenandoah, Rockingham, Page, Frederick and Warren counties, also in the Court of Appeals of Virginia and in the United States District Court.

W. H. ALEXANDER, M. B. WUNDER, Attorneys-at-Law, WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.

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L. H. HARRIS, Woodstock, Va.

Shenandoah Journal

WOODSTOCK VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, MAY 22 1896.

NO. 12.

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Gold That Cannot Be Found. The heirs and executors of George Johnston, an eccentric farmer, who died recently in Wayne Township, Westmoreland County are puzzled to know what disposition the deceased made of \$12,000 in gold which he had during his lifetime and which cannot be found.

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SAVING A TRAIN.

BY EVA LOVETT.

"To stay at home all the evening alone, while you and papa go out, mamma, I don't want to!" exclaimed Madge, in dismay. "I would rather go to some one's house—Kittie's or B-llie's!"

"You cannot go," answered her mother, decidedly. "There will be Maria, you know, asleep upstairs. And Maria has climbed out of her crib several times lately. It would not be safe to leave her alone. She might even get out of the house."

"But I am afraid of burglars—or bears!" exclaimed Madge, bravely. "This was absurd. The small town was a peaceful one, and Madge was a fearless girl. Mrs. Grayson looked at her foolish little daughter, and laughed.

"You are safe enough. We shall only be gone a few hours. If you are reading you will scarcely notice the time pass. Besides that, dear, she laid her hand upon the girl's shoulder, we never see anything worse than our own thoughts. Don't think about it!"

Madge felt very angry, as with a gloomy face she watched from the window her mother and father drive away. Then she turned back to the room and tossed the book she had been reading across the table.

"If it was anything worth doing! But to stay alone just to take care of a baby! The girl in that story signaled a train in time to save two hundred and fifty lives—and the passengers gave her a purse of gold!"

Madge picked up the book again, and found the place. "There! She waved her red lantern back and forth! (Probably a bicycle lantern, like mine.) That's worth while! But to see tramps and burglars—and ghosts, perhaps—for the sake of a baby! She shut the book with a bang.

She learned out of the window. It was a pleasant June night. There was no moon, but in the half-dusk she saw a few stars. The laughter of some children upon the street came faintly to her ears. Then she heard a train whistle.

"That's the 'eight up train.' The 'nine o'clock down' has a sharper whistle."

Quick as the train dashed through the night a thought darted into her mind. Where did it come from?

"The other day, father heard one of the conductors say the rails needed tightening. Suppose one should be loose and the engineer not know it! Madge shut the window and walked quickly across the room. Half-way to the door she stopped. It such a terrible emergency as this were possible, was it, or was it not her business to stop it? Was it possible?

A queer jumble of thoughts can go through a girl's head in five minutes. Madge had been taught to obey conscientiously and to be honorably faithful to any trust; but the feeling that her task was, after all, a foolish one, conquered. Her mother had not considered that to save, perhaps, 250 lives was of more consequence than to prevent Maria climbing out of bed. Suppose she brought home a purse of gold!

She shut the door decidedly, and ran downstairs. The bicycle stood in the entry below. Madge unhooked the lantern and stepped quickly outside of the door. Then she hesitated again, but finally drew the door shut and turned away.

"I shall be back soon," she thought. Probably she had no plans of doing anything in particular, although she felt quite capable of doing the most heroic actions she had ever heard of.

EVIL ASSOCIATIONS.

REV. DR. TALMAGE POINTS OUT A GRAVE PERIL.

He Plainly Shows the Dangers of Skepticism, of Illness, of Perpetual Pleasure Seeking and of Gambling—The Fruits of Bad Company.

WASHINGTON, May 17.—Young and old, but more especially the young men and women of our time, have a vital interest in the theme upon which Rev. Dr. Talmage discourses today. He chose for his subject "Bad Company," the text selected being Proverbs 13, "Walk not thou in the way of them."

Hardly any young man goes to a place of dissipation alone. Each one is accompanied. No man goes to a ball alone. He always has some one else with him. "May it please the court," said a convicted criminal when asked if he had anything to say before sentence of death was passed upon him—"may it please the court, had company has been my ruin. I received the blessing of good parents and in return promised to avoid pleasure. I should have kept this promise and been free from the load of guilt that hangs around me like a justice, threatening to drag me to a gallows for crimes yet uncommitted. I who once moved in the first circles of society and have been the guest of distinguished public men am lost, and all through bad company."

It is but one of the thousand proofs that evil associations hasten and destroy. It is the inevitable rule. There is a well man in the wards of a hospital where there are a hundred people sick with ship fever, and he will not be so apt to take the disease as a good man. If he shut up with infectious companions, in a few days he will be one of the many who are carried off by the disease. In olden times prisoners were banded together in the same cell, but each one learned the vice of all the others, so that instead of being reformed by incarceration the day of liberation turned them out upon society as bad men, not men.

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People along the shore became excited and gave chase as best they could. In the meantime the fish was being exhausted and the rider had discovered it and began to try to steer for a sand bar, then a little way below them. He reached this successfully. And here, after a struggle he drove his trophy ashore on the Chesterfield side of the river, and on the opposite side to the point of starting. Richmond was then a small town and in a little time this strange adventure was known to every inhabitant. An ovation followed. The fish, which measured ten feet and weighed 800 pounds, was served up in a manner to suit every taste, and the night that followed this episode was spent in high glee and the distinguished adventurer was ever after known as Martin Hawkins, the sturgeon rider. This gentleman died in his seventy-third year at the residence of a friend, Daniel Barlow, who lived about ten miles west of the city of Richmond.

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THE GAMBLING SPIRIT.

Again, avoid as you would avoid the death of your body, mind and soul any one who has in him the gambling spirit. Men who want to gamble will find places just suited to their caprice or only in the middle of your busy day to take a ride with them. They will tell you of some people you must see, of some extension that you must take, of some Sabbath day that you ought to dishonor. They will tell you of exquisite wines that you must taste, of costly operas that you must hear, of wonderful cases of diamonds—these pleasure seekers on their deathbed have nothing better to review than a torn playbill, a ticket for the races, an empty tankard, and in the delirium of their awful death they clutch the goblet and press it to their lips, the drugs of the cup of life, and their tongues will be to his and, uncoil with the adders of an eternal poison.

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