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Practice 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.

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Nov. 25, '90 11.

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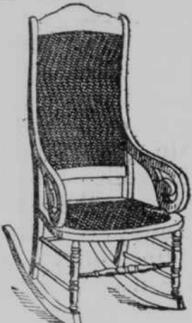
Shenandoah Herald

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WISE WORDS.

Our heaviest burdens never crush us.

The smaller the soul the bigger a dollar looks.

Some very good sawlogs have big knots on them.

Friendship, like phosphorus, gives its light in the dark.

A lazy man is always going to do great things—after awhile.

There are too many people who never ray until they have to.

The man who makes his own god always has a little one.

In trying to keep all he gets a stingy man steals from himself.

Some people become very pious as soon as they get in a tight place.

When we can't understand a man, we are too apt to call him a crank.

When one is low enough to insult you, be too high for him to catch.

The man who has the most claim upon us is often the one we have the least claim upon.

The man who repents on a sick bed and gets well generally back slides before he pays his doctor.

Adversity shows a true man, as the night brings out the stars obscured while the sun is shining.

Forty is an icy wind, and the higher the situation of the impoverished, the colder it blows.

Educating your children is investing at a high rate of dividend. Lay up in them, and they will lay up for themselves.—Ram's Horn.

Misdirected Energy—I notice, observed Uncle Allen Sparks, that Elison has procured 711 patents in the last twenty-five years, and still there isn't a corn cure.

W. L. LAUGHLIN, Proprietor, The best of accommodations furnished the advantage of the public solicited. Well Boring.

Elsie Mason's Lesson.

BY HOPE DARING.

From the sunny pasture and the fields covered with the golden stubble of recently harvested grain came the song of birds, gradually growing fainter as the rays of the sun began to beat down. The air had not lost the dewy freshness of early morning.

But early as it was the day's work at Bruce Farm was well under way. The farmers and his men were in the fields, in the kitchen Huldah, the stout German girl, was busy over the dishes, while the mistress of the house, calm, Saxon-faced Margaret Bruce, was churning out on the back porch.

It was a delightful spot for a morning hour. A screen of morning glory and trumpet vines allowed only an occasional dancing ray of sunlight to enter. Margaret made no discord in the harmony of the quiet scene. Tall, erect, head well poised, firm scarlet lips and smooth brown hair. Even her gingham apron and her bare, shapely arms were pleasing to an artistic eye.

While she was briskly raising and lowering the dasher of the old-fashioned stone churn, a song on her lips, a step was heard on the walk.

'Cousin Elsie,' Margaret exclaimed brightly, 'you are an early caller. Don't tell me you have no genius for housework when you can get out to make calls as early in the morning as this.'

Elsie Mason shrugged her shoulders in silence. She was a gypsy-tale, girlish-looking creature, ten years younger than her cousin. Elsie had been for two years the wife of John Mason, whose farm adjoined that of Margaret's husband.

'How do you suppose I did it?' Elsie demanded, sitting down on the top step and fanning herself with her hat.

'Did what?' Margaret queried.

'Managed to get over here so early in the morning.'

'I'm sure I don't know.'

'Well, I'll tell you—there was an almost wicked gleam in the soft black eyes upturned to the placid face above the speaker. 'We had breakfast late. John was in a hurry to drive to Layton, and somehow he is in a hurry to get home.'

'I didn't take us long to eat. You see, there wasn't a thing nice. The coffee was muddy and the muffins I made—there wasn't any bread—were horrid. Breakfast over I put on my hat, and here I am see.'

Mrs. Bruce looked grave. 'And your table?' she questioned.

'It will be all ready for dinner; Elsie said flippantly. 'I did intend to put the butter and cream in the refrigerator but I forgot it. The bed is unmade, the sweeping not done, no bread set, and nothing planned for dinner.'

There was a moment's silence. A moment in which Margaret's charming proceeded very slowly, while she studied the face and form of her cousin.

Elsie's abundant black hair was twisted in a rough knot. Her bangs had apparently been uncured for several days. As for her pink cambric wrapper with its torn garniture of lace, there was only one word to describe it, and that word was—dirty.

'Well, why don't you sew?' Elsie asked in the tone of a defiant child.

'I am afraid it will do no good.' Mrs. Bruce said gently.

'Oh, I am so tired of everything, Elsie cried. 'If there could only be a change in my life—I would not care what it was. But I'd rather die than go on in this poky fashion.'

No reply. Margaret raised the cover of her churn to look at the smooth mass of cream. That was all. After a moment Elsie went on pettishly.

'It's all very well for you. You have a girl.'

'And I have three children, three hired men and the milk of our cows. You sell your milk, the tenant farmer boards John's help, and you do the work for two in the family.'

A little emphasis on the word 'do' deepened the pink on Elsie's cheek.

'I am fitted for better things,' she began loftily. 'Fate never intended me for a farmer's wife.'

'I agree with you. Why did you marry John?'

'Because I loved him, of course. John is well enough. It is the un-

congenial surroundings and prosy life that makes me miserable.'

'With all John's patience he is only human. You may wake up to the fact that you have ruined both your lives. The poetry and congenial surroundings you rave of may be all right in their place. But you are losing the chance to live the sweetest of all poems, the helpful life of a loved wife, and wasting your—'

'You are cruel, Margaret,' Elsie interrupted hotly. 'I wish I could die. Then, perhaps, you all would be sorry for your unkindness to me.'

'Oh, we would forget it then and sing your praises. You remember—'

'Sweeter woman never drew breath than my son's wife Elizabeth.'

With your poetic knowledge I don't need to remind you of the fact that it was after the flood that Elizabeth's mother-in-law said so. So if you were to die I do not know what by the time John married again he would forgive even the muddy coffee and—'

'That is enough. I came to you for comfort, not insults,' and Elsie, wiping her eyes, hurried down the path in the direction of her own home.

Margaret smiled a little as she carefully moved the dasher to gather the golden butter, but the smile was followed by a quick sigh.

As for Elsie, I wish I could affirm that she was so impressed by her cousin's words that she went home and began to mend her ways. But truth compels me to admit that she went straight to her own room, threw herself upon the unmade bed and indulged in a good cry. Regarding John Mason's dinner that day it was much like his breakfast, except that strong tea took the place of the coffee, and a loaf of baker's bread brought from Layton was a decided improvement on the muffins of the morning.

After the meal was finished Elsie listlessly gathered up and washed part of the dishes. She had really intended to wash them all, but an interesting subject for a poem came in her mind. So the dishes were left, and, with dirty young wife sat down to devote the afternoon to verse-making.

A week later John Mason came hurriedly into the room where his wife sat reading.

'Elsie, I must go to Hatfield at once. I cannot return before tomorrow night. Will you get me some dinner while I dress? I must catch the 1:20 train at Layton.'

'What have you got to go to Hatfield for?'

'Business. I'll tell you all about it when I get back,' and hurried upstairs.

Elsie really evinced very little interest. She listened to the message he left for the help, and also to his suggestion that she go to Margaret's for the night, while trying to decide if 'Solitude' or 'Soul Hunger' should be the name of her new poem.

'John didn't kiss me,' she thought after his departure. 'He remembers that I told him last week that such things were silly. I don't believe he has kissed me since.'

A few minutes later she went to the secretary to copy the poem that was to make her immortal. As she let down the writing table a letter dropped out. She stooped to pick it up when it fell from the envelope. The first word arrested her attention—

'DARLING—Meet me at Hatfield to-night. Must see you, cannot live unless I do.'

Yours with undying love. GENEVIEVE.

Mechanically the wife returned the letter to the envelope and replaced it in the secretary. Then she tottered to a chair and tried to think.

John, her husband, f!—! It could not be! And yet there was his sudden departure, his refusal to tell his business, and, above all else, the letter.

'How could he?' she cried. 'He knew I loved and trusted him, and that I would have died for him. Oh, John, how could you ruin our one happy home and break my heart!'

Suddenly she remembered Margaret's words. Surely she had not been to blame. At first she had been so happy, and then had come the longing for congenial surroundings. John had never said much when she bemoaned her fate, but of late there had often been a cloud upon his brow. Then their home, she shuddered a life as she

glanced around the tastefully furnished but disorderly parlour. In the adjoining room stood the table from which her husband had risen. A soiled cloth, the dirty breakfast dishes, a bit of cold meat, crackers, cheese and pickles. Surely not a pleasant picture for a man starting away on a journey to carry with him.

'But, John, I love you!' she cried, throwing herself upon the couch. 'I—oh, I wish I had done differently.'

Time passed and still she lay there, dry-eyed and despairing. The rosy light of the setting sun stole in at the west window and rested carelessly on her tressed hair, but she did not move. At last a knock at the door aroused her.

'Good evening, Mrs. Mason. I called for that packet of papers I put in John's care when I went hunting. I saw him as he took the train at Layton and he said you would get them for me. He said they were in one of the upper pigeon holes of the secretary.'

It was only by a strong effort of will that Elsie was able to comprehend what he said.

'By you sick?' he asked, noticing her ghastly face.

She murmured something about a bad headache and advanced to the desk. As she took down the papers she started. It was from this same compartment that letter had dropped. Here it was—and the envelope bore the name of Mark Seymour, and the postmark was April 14.

Elsie never could tell just how she managed to get rid of the rakish Seymour. When she found herself alone she sank upon her knees and tried to realize it all.

It was dark when she rose. She lighted a lamp and the light showed a her glorified by a great joy. The first thing she did was to gather up all of her poems. She used them to start a fire in the range, heated water, and began a vigorous attack upon the dirty dishes.

She spent the night alone. The terrace was near and she was too happy to be afraid. She worked until a late hour, and was up early the next morning.

John Mason did not rush home until late that afternoon. A dejected look was upon his face as he strode up the walk.

'I'm glad I didn't tell her,' he thought. 'She would have been so disappointed. I must get rid of the farm some way. Elsie will never be happy here. How different our life is from what I thought it would be.'

He opened the door and Elsie was in his arms.

'Tell me you love me, John,' she cried, clinging nervously to him. 'Tell me you will overlook the past and commence anew.'

He held her at arm's length and carefully studied her intently. Her hair was arranged in the way he admired it. She wore a fresh green lawn, and in her belt was a bunch of scarlet carnations.

'What is it, Elsie? He asked almost sternly. Then, seeing her lip quiver, he drew her close to his breast. 'I love you, my wife.'

'Come to supper,' she said gaily after a little 'S-s-s, John, I've torn up over a new leaf.'

The tea table was faultlessly spread. There was fresh bread cake, his favorite salad, broiled chicken, luscious black raspberries and cream.

'But Elsie,' he said, his face clouding, 'I want to Hatfield to-night to sell the farm. I was disappointed. I am so sorry—'

'I am not,' she interrupted him. 'But I am sorry I have been such a dummy. Don't sell the farm, if I'll show you how I can manage a farmhouse. I've had a lesson John!—The Home Queen.'

Two pickpockets saw a gentleman receive a large sum at the bank, and followed him for some time to get a chance at it. Finally the watched one turned into a lawyer's office and one of the watchers said: 'That settles it. He's gone. Come along.'

'No, no!' said the other. 'Wait till the lawyer comes out. We'll tackle him.'

'George? Yes dear! Why don't you buy me one of those Havana wrappers that you were talking to Mr. Smythe about last night?'

The ghost of a show—Hamblet's father.

What Passed Between Them.

Two men of more or less bibulousity who had always been friends got into a row one night which ended in one getting pretty badly battered and the other being arrested for assault and battery. On the trial one of the attorneys was quite anxious to know why two such friends had got into such trouble.

'Will you state just what how the difficulty originated?' he inquired of the one on the stand.

The witness told a very much involved story.

'That isn't what I want to know,' said the attorney sharply.

'The witness made another try.

'That's no clearer than the other objected the attorney. 'Can't you tell just what passed between you and nothing more?'

The face of the witness showed a light in it.

'Oh,' he said, 'is that what you want to know?'

'Of course it is. Tell that and no more.'

'Well, as near as I can remember, there were 10 beers, four whiskeys, two gin fizzes, two Mandats, one brandy and one vermouth, one bottle of champagne—'

'That's enough,' interrupted the attorney. 'All the rest is easily explained now.'—Detroit Free Press.

Hungry Higgins—I list called to ask, mmm, what makes all the trees are in here lean in the same direction? Farmer's Wife—I guess it's the steady wind does it. Hungry Higgins—I guess that's what's the matter with me. I ain't had nothing but wind to eat for three days, now and it's making me lean, too.

VASHTI THE VEILED.

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON WOMAN AND HER SACRIFICES.

Glowing Word Pictures as to Woman's Misfortunes and Her Final Reward—A Sermon for the Sabbath, and the Debarah, and the Abigail.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—In his sermon today, starting from a brilliant Bible scene, Dr. Talmage discourses upon woman's opportunities and the wrongs she sometimes suffers. His text was Esther, 1, 11, 12: "In the presence of the king before the king with the crown royal to show the people and the princes her beauty, for she was fair to look on. But the queen Vashti refused to come at the king's commandment by his chamberlains; therefore was the king very wrath, and his anger burned in him."

Scene in the Palace. We stand amid the palace of Shushan. The pinnacles are adorne with the morning light. The columns rise festooned and wreathed, the wealth of empires flashing from the grooves, the ceilings adorned with images of bird and beast and scenes of prowess and combat. The walls are hung with shields and emblazoned until it seems that the whole round of splendors is exhausted. Each arch is a mighty leap of architectural achievement. Golden stars shining down on glowing arabesque. Hangings of embroidered work in which mingle the richness of the sky, the greenness of the grass and the whiteness of the sea foam. Tapestries hung on silvery rings, wedding together the pillars of marble. Pavilions reaching out in every direction. These for repose, filled with luxuriant canopies, into which weary limbs sink until all fatigue is submerged. These for carnival, where kings drink down a kingdom at one swallow. Amazing spectacle! Light of silver dripping down over stairs of ivory and emerald. Floors of stained marble, sunset red and night black and inlaid with gleaming pearl. Why, it seems as if a heavenly vision of anemysts and jacinth and topaz and chrysopeprus had descended and alighted upon Shushan. It seems as if a blight of celestial glory had dashed clear over heaven's battlements upon this metropolis of Persia.

In connection with this palace there is a garden where the mighty men of foreign lands are seated at a banquet. Under the spread of oak and linden and acacia the honeysuckle and frankincense breathe the sweetest of fragrances. The bright water of Eulens filling the urns, the fountain leaping into the air, the spray struck through with rainbows falling in crystalline baptism upon flowering shrubs, then rolling down through channels of marble and widening out here and there into pools swirling with the funny tribes of fish, the bright water of Eulens filling the urns, the fountain leaping into the air, the spray struck through with rainbows falling in crystalline baptism upon flowering shrubs, then rolling down through channels of marble and widening out here and there into pools swirling with the funny tribes of fish, the bright water of Eulens filling the urns, the fountain leaping into the air, the spray struck through with rainbows falling in crystalline baptism upon flowering shrubs, then rolling down through channels of marble and widening out here and there into pools swirling with the funny tribes of fish, the bright water of Eulens filling the urns, the fountain leaping into the air, the spray struck 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