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SAM'S GRANDMOTHER.

"Come at last, I see. My dear fellow, I am really glad to see you!" It was a handsome young man who spoke the words to another, who had just leaped lightly from the train at a neat village not a thousand miles from—well, no matter where. "It does me good to see you, dear old boy. I didn't half think you would come."

"You can't be more delighted to see me than I am to be here Sam. Why didn't you think I would come? I wrote you I would."

"Oh, yes; but fancy what you do! Where's your luggage, Jack?"

"Right here—a big telescope and my gun; and you said you had some good shooting about these woods."

"Yes, we have that! Come bundle the traps right into the buggy, and we'll be off. I dare say Mimi has had supper waiting this half hour."

"Up you go, then," Jack Cameron tossed his things into the back of the low buggy, took a seat beside Sam, who already sat holding his hat, and they were off down the smooth road to Woodside, the pretty place, two miles from town, where Sam Dermott lived with his old maid sister, since the death of their father left them the owners of land and property.

"Explain yourself, old man," said Jack, turning to his friend, as they bowed along. "Why did you imagine I would not come?"

"Oh, you were spending your vacation at your brother Tom's, and they had a lot of pretty girls there and so—"

"Just stop right now, Sam; that is the identical reason I ran away."

"What about the girls?"

"Exactly. Tom's wife is a regular little matchmaker, as you know. She had those girls out partly with that very idea—think it time I was settled, and all that, you see. I got so fearfully tired of their dressing and flirting and making eyes at a fellow, and talking as if butter wouldn't melt in their mouths—ah, bah! It makes me sick now! Don't you ever believe I was going to stay there when I could be out here with you and Miss Mimi—not much!"

Sam threw back his head and gave a hearty laugh.

"Mighty glad we are to get you on any terms, Jack, lad; but aren't you a trifle hard on the girls? They are not all like that."

"Well, most of 'em are. I'm sick of the whole business. Have not got a girl waiting for me here have you? I'll go straight back to you hav."

"Then I wouldn't tell you if there was one. But no, there isn't a female soul on the place except Jimmie and her cook and housemaid, nor very many in the neighborhood."

"Sure you have not a few coming for a little visit?"

"No, not expecting any. Oh yes, Mimi did get a letter from our respected grandmother, saying she might drop in on us this week. Nobody else, I assure you."

"Drive on, then. We will let the good grandmother come if she wants to. She won't interfere with our shooting and fishing. I'm con-

tinued to stay as long as you'll let me, Sam."

"Then you won't go back to the city grind in a hurry, tell you that! Get up, Dan! Show your heels to our friend, can't you? He's a little dandy, Jack! Cost me a cool two hundred, and I would not look at three for him any day."

The girls were quite forgotten in Sam's pet pony, and before they reached Woodside Jack's face had entirely lost its tired look of disgust with the world in general. Miss Jimmie (or Mimi, as she was usually called) was standing on the front veranda to welcome them and bid them hasten to get ready for supper, or her nice hot rolls would be spoiled.

They were soon seated at her hospitable board, and Jack did full justice not only to the rolls, but the fragrant coffee, rich cream, fresh home-cured ham and eggs, and all the other dainty dishes in which Miss Mimi's heart delighted.

After supper they paid a visit to the stables before dark, and laid plans for a drive to Flat Rock on a fishing trip next day. Two or three similar days flew rapidly by. Jack declared he would not exchange the good times he was having with Sam for all the girls in the world. Four days after he came Sam was obliged to go to a neighboring town on a bit of business—he had to be a witness in a land suit for another man—and Jack, not caring to put through a dull day in a country court, intended to spend the time hunting in the woods around the farm.

While they sat at breakfast, or rather as they were rising from the table, a telegram was handed to Sam, which he hastily read, and gave an exclamation of vexation.

"Now, hang it all!" said he, "I've got to go on this trouble-some case, and here's a message from grandmother—she will be at Hartville this afternoon and wants me to come over and meet her there."

"Oh, is grandmother coming today?" asked Mimi, stopping in the door on her way to the kitchen.

"So this is; and what to do I don't know unless you will go over, Mimi?"

"Can't I go?" put in Jack. "I am at the service of the venerable lady for any length of time, and of course, as she is old and not apt to be very strong, she must not be left alone at a strange place. I'll go for you, Sam, with pleasure."

Sam had turned to Jack with a queer expression on his face, and Mimi began to say:

"What? Grandmother? Oh, she's—"

But Sam hastily stepped up to her, said something in a low tone, and turned to his friend.

"The very thing, Jack! I do wish you would go. You can drive Dan to the buggy and I'll take old Cob to the road cart."

"All right; I'll go. How shall I know the dear old lady? Can you describe her, as she will not know me of course?"

Sam had his back turned and his voice sounded odd as he replied:

"Oh, the station agent at Hartville knows her. She often comes that way. He will show her to you, be sure and take good care of her, Jack. Ha ha!"

"To be sure I will. What are you laughing at, Sam?"

"Oh, only an idea that struck me—something about Duovau's case. Good-by, old boy. I'll be at home as early as possible. Don't forget to meet Grandmother Dermott. Good-bye. Ha ha ha!"

Sam went out leaving Jack wondering what tickled him so, but as he was not familiar with the Duovau case, of course it might be a very funny one.

At three o'clock that afternoon Jack drove up to the little dingy railroad station at Hartville and hitched Dan to a convenient point. He drew out his watch and glanced at it observed:

"Not much time to spare! Trim's due now, if Sam was right. Ah, there it comes! Where's that agent? Never mind him, anyway! If only one lady gets off I shall know it is Sam's grandmother without any introduction. I'd better be near; the dear old soul may help need to get off."

Jack gallantly drew very close to the train, as it stopped and stood waiting for his passenger. Half a dozen countrymen, two women with babies in their arms, and a fat colored woman, nobody else, except a slender girl in stylish black suit, at whom even woman-hater Jack had to cast a second glance, she was so exceedingly

pretty and attractive.

"Where's my old lady?" he said to himself. "Something must have happened, for she is certainly not here. I wonder why she did not come?"

But as she had not, he was about to go back to the buggy, when he saw the handsome girl standing near him with a perplexed look on her lovely face.

Jack stepped up, hitting his hat. "Beg pardon, miss, but can I assist you? Are you looking for some one?"

The lady gave him a smile and answered: "Yes; I did expect some one to meet me from Woodside Farm, but no one is here. Are there any conveyances to be hired at this place, do you know?"

"I do not, indeed," returned Jack, astonished. "But I come from Woodside myself. I, too, expected to meet a lady who has not arrived—Mrs. Dermott."

The lady smiled again, and said, brightly: "Oh then we are all right! I am Mrs. Captain Dermott, and you must be the friend Sam wrote they were expecting from the city."

"I am Sam's friend, certainly, but—but—there is some mistake," stammered Jack. "I—I came to meet Sam's grandmother, a very old lady."

A merry little laugh was his answer. "I think there is no mistake, Mr.—"

"Cameron," Jack barely had sense to reply.

"Thank you, Mr. Cameron, then I believe it is all right. I am Sam's grandmother, though perhaps not so old as might be expected. Did you ever know that Captain Dermott was married just two years before his death? And I was sorry, even if he was an old man, for he was so good to me," she added, honestly, a regretful look coming over her sweet face.

Jack made out to stammer again: "I—I never heard, I did not—I was not—oh, excuse, miss—madame, I mean—but I am really knocked off my feet, if you will forgive the slang with this surprise. I was prepared for a white-haired, feeble old lady, who would need help in getting off the train; but not—oh, this, you see!"

Another merry laugh from Mrs. Dermott.

"I wonder Sam or Mimi did not tell you better. Why did not Sam come with you?"

"He had to go to Cleveland on somebody's lawsuit. So I took his place. And really, Mrs. Dermott, I am not always such a fool! Pardon me, and tell me where to find your baggage. I will see to having it sent out."

"Thank you. There is only one trunk. Here is the check."

She gave it to him and he had presently engaged the wagon to bring it to the farm, had put her into the buggy and was driving back to Woodside, for once in his life almost dumb. He simply could not talk, he was so provoked at himself for making so great a blunder of himself, and at Sam, who he saw had played a clever trick on him.

"I know now what he laughed at this morning," he thought, savagely. "Oh, but I'll get even with him for this, if I have to be his grandfather to do it!"

Then they all three broke into a laugh, and when Mrs. Dermott, after she had kissed Mimi, held out her white hand and said, pleasantly, "But you mustn't be angry with me, Mr. Cameron, for I was as innocent as yourself. Shall we be friends?" he could do nothing but extend his own and say, humbly:

"It shall not be my fault if we are anything else. I don't care whose grandmother you are!"

But when he was alone with Sam that night, didn't Sam catch it?

"I declare, I never thought but what you knew," he said, when Jack would let him speak at all. Grandfather Dermott married a young girl a few years before he died, and of course by law she is our grandmother."

"She don't look like a girl who would make that kind of a marriage," said Jack, thoughtfully.

"It was not that kind of a marriage as you mean it. Grandfather was alone, and needed a woman's care and love. Cora gave it because she pitied him, much more than because she knew he would leave her a fortune when he died. She's a lovely woman, and might have made several good matches since grandfather went, but she

wouldn't listen to them. Jack, she'd suit you to a dot."

"Perhaps I wouldn't suit her, though. Sam, when you saw I did not know this morning why didn't you tell me?"

"Well, then, I must confess it struck me to carry out the joke and let you find out for yourself, I stopped Mimi when she was going to tell. Don't be mad, old fellow."

"I won't promise; it depends. I'll tell you what I will do; if she don't say no I'll pay you up by making myself your grandfather, Sam."

"Go in, Jack! Go in, and win!" Jack did win, for the last letter Sam had from him was written while he was on his wedding trip, and signed "Your affectionate and happy grandfather."

A CHICAGO JOKE.

A night or two ago a well-to-do Chicago citizen who lives on the west side celebrated the anniversary of his marriage by giving a fancy dress ball at his house. While the festivities were in full swing two policemen in uniform presented themselves at the main entrance, and demanded an immediate interview with the host.

"Well, what's the matter?" said the latter, when he came to the door.

"Don't you know you are breaking the law?" said one of the policemen.

"Breaking the law? What do you mean? How?" cried the master of the house.

"By allowing such scenes as are going on inside," calmly replied the blue-coated one, "and we shall have to insist that the company be dismissed."

"Very sorry, sir," added the second policeman, "but we have received our instructions, and however unpleasant it may be to you, we are compelled to carry them out."

"This is monstrous," said the host. "Do you know this is a private house?"

"We do," answered the policeman who had spoken first, "and you must let us enter. Our orders are to take the names of all present."

"My good men," said the host, adopting a tone of calm persuasion, "you're making a great mistake. But you can enter, and make what names you like, and I will see your chief about the matter in the morning."

The policemen thereupon stepped forward into the ballroom, and the dance that was in progress was stopped. The host briefly explained the situation to his startled guests, who resented the indignity of the interruption with much warmth. Still, they gave their names to the policemen, and anxiously awaited for further developments.

Having carefully entered the names in his book, one of the men walked up to the refreshment table and poured out a glass of champagne for himself and another for his companion.

This was a liberty that enraged the host, and he went to the men, and said: "What right have you two fellows to drink my wine?"

"I don't know about the right," was the answer made by one of the policemen, "but we supposed when we were invited that refreshments were included," and amid a roar of laughter the two men produced their cards of invitation. They were well known friends, and so effectual had been their disguise that until the moment of self-disclosure no one in the room had suspected them of being other than real policemen.

"Mamma, please gimme a drink of water; I'm so thirsty." "No; you're not thirsty. Turn over and go to sleep." A pause. "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink?" "I'm so thirsty." "If you don't turn over and go to sleep, I will get up and whip you." Another pause. "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink when you get up to whip me?"

Pore butter, eaten in moderation, will furnish the oils required by the human system.

Absorbent cotton, if quickly applied when milk or cream is applied on cloth, will prevent a stain.

If you care for a perfumed bed open the pillows and sprinkle each with powder among the feathers.

A small piece of salt pork boiled with fried chicken will impart a richness to the gravy.

High heels originated in Persia, where they were worn to raise the feet from the burning sands.

Never clean an oil painting with soap. Go over it very carefully with a piece of wool saturated with linseed oil.

LIGHTS OF THE FACE.

DR. TALMAGE CALLS ATTENTION TO THE HUMAN EYE.

Marvels of This Organ Prove the Infinite Wisdom of the Creator—Divinely Constructed Lighthouses of the Soul.

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1906.] WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage, in his own way, calls attention to that part of the human body never perhaps discussed upon the pulpit and challenges us all to the study of omniscience. Text, Psalm xlv, 9. "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?"

The Imperial organ of the human system is the eye. All up and down the Bible God honors it, extols it, illustrates it or arraigns it. Five hundred and thirty-four times it is mentioned in the Bible. Omniscience—"the eyes of the Lord are in every place." Divine care—"as the apple of the eye." The clouds—"the eyelids of the morning." Irreverence—"the eye that mocketh at its father." Pride—"oh, how lofty are their eyes." Intention—"the fool's eye in the ends of the earth." Divine inspection—"these full of eyes." Studiousness—"in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump." Olivet sermon—"The light of the body is the eye." This morning's text, "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?"

The surgeons, the doctors, the anatomists and the physiologists understand much of the glories of the two great lights of the human race, but the vast multitudes go on from cradle to grave without any appreciation of the two great masterpieces of the Lord God Almighty. If God had lacked anything of infinite wisdom, he would have failed in creating the human eye. We wander through the earth trying to see wonderful sights, but the most wonderful sight we ever see is not so wonderful as the instruments through which we see it.

It has been a strange thing to me for 30 years that some scientist with enough eloquence and magnetism did not go through the country with illustrated lecture on canvas 30 feet square to startle and thrill and overwhelm Christendom with the marvels of the human eye. We want the eye seen eye to eye, rather than the eye talked about in the laboratory.

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Honored by God. See how God honored the eye in the fact presented by anatomists and physiologists that there are 800 contrivances in every eye. For window shutters, the eyelids opening and closing 30,000 times a day, the eyelashes

so constructed that they have their secretion as to what shall be admitted, saying to the dust, "Stay out," and saying to the light, "Come in." For inside curtain the iris or pupil of the eye, according as the light is greater or less, contracting or dilating. The eye of the owl is blind in the daytime, the eyes of some creatures are blind at night, but the human eye so marvelously constructed it can see both by day and by night.

Many of the other creatures of God can move the eye only from side to side, but the human eye, so marvelously constructed, has one muscle to lift the eye, and another muscle to lower the eye, and another muscle to roll it to the right, and another muscle to roll it to the left, and another muscle passing through a pulley to turn it round and round, an elaborate gearing of six muscles as perfect as God could make them.

There is "no retina gathering the rays of light and passing the visual impression along the optic nerve about the thickness of the lamppipe, passing the visual impression on to the sensorium and on to the soul. What a delicate lens, what an exquisite construction, what soft cushions, what wonderful chemistry of the human eye. The eye washed by a slow stream of moisture whether we sleep or wake, rolling imperceptibly over the globe of the eye and emptying into a bone of the nostril, a contrivance so wonderful that it can see the sun 95,000,000 of miles away and the point of a pin. Telescope and microscope in the same contrivance. The astronomer swings and moves this way and that and adjusts and readjusts the telescope until he gets it to the right focus. The microscopist moves this way and that and adjusts and readjusts the magnifying glass until it is prepared to do its work, but the human eye without a touch beholds the star and the smallest insect. The traveler along the Alps with one glance taking in Mont Blanc and the face of his watch to see whether he has time to climb it. Oh, this wonderful camera obscura which you and I carry about with us, so from the top of Mount Washington we can take in New England, so at night we can sweep into our vision the constellations from horizon to horizon. So delicate, so semi-infinite, and yet the light comes 95,000,000 miles at the rate of 186,000 miles a second is obliged to halt at the gate of the eye, waiting until the portulacas be lifted. Some things lurked 95,000,000 miles and striking an instrument which has not the agitation of even winking under the power of the stroke.

Divine Construction. There also is the wonderful arrangement of the tear gland by which the eye is washed and through which rolls the tide which brings the relief that comes in tears when we weep because of grief or great sorrow, but the tear not an emanation of sorrow, but the breaking up of the arctic of frozen grief in the warm gulf stream of joy or consolation. Inseparably to weep is sadness or death. Thank God for the tear glands and that the crystal gates are so easily opened. Oh, the wonderful hydraulic apparatus of the human eye. Divinely constructed vision. Two lighthouses at the base of the immortal soul under the shining of which the world sails in and drops anchor.

What an anthem of praise to God is the human eye! The tongue is speechless and a clumsy instrument of expression as compared with it. Have you not seen the eye flash with indignation, or kindle with enthusiasm, or expand with devotion, or melt with sympathy, or stare with fright, or leer with villainy, or droop with sadness, or twinkle with envy, or fire with revenge, or twinkle with mirth, or beam with love? It is tragically and comely and pastoral and lyrical in turn. Have you not seen its uplifted brow of surprise, or its frown of wrath, or its contraction of pain? If the eye say one thing and the lips say another, you bet you bet the eye of Archibald Alexander and Charles G. Finney were the mightiest part of their sermons. George Whitefield exhorted great assemblies with his eyes, though they were crippled with strabismus. Many a military chieftain has with a look looked a post-mortem on the face of the enemy. Martin Luther turned the great eye on an assassin who came to take his life, and the villain fled. Under the glance of the human eye the tiger, with five times a man's strength, snarls back into the African jungle.

But those best appreciate the value of the eye who have lost it. The Emperor Adrian by accident put out the eye of his servant, and he said to his servant, "What shall I pay you, in money or in lands—anything you ask me? I am so sorry I put your eye out." But the servant refused to put any financial estimate on the value of the eye, and when the emperor urged and urged again the matter he said, "Oh, emperor, I want nothing but my lost eye." Alas for those for whom a thick and impenetrable veil is drawn across the face of the heavens and the face of one's own kindred.

That was a pathetic scene when a blind man lighted a torch at night and was found passing along the highway and some one said, "Why do you carry that torch when you can't see?" "Ah, that torch when I can't see, but I carry this torch that sees for me and puts my helplessness and not me down." Samson, the giant, with his eyes put out by the Philistines, is more helpless than the smallest dwarf with vision undamaged. All the sympathies of Christ were stirred when he saw Bartimeus with darkened retina, and the only salve he ever made that we read of was a mixture of dust and saliva and a prayer with which he cured the eyes of a man blind from birth. The value of the eye shown as much by its catastrophe as by its healthful action. Ask the man who for 20 years has not seen the sun rise. Ask the man who for half a century has not seen the face of a friend. Ask in the hospital the victim of ophthalmia. Ask the man whose eyesight perished in powder blast. Ask the Bartimeus who never met a Christ or the man born blind who is to die blind. Ask him.

God Given Sight. How it adds to John Milton's sublimity of character when we find him in the call of duty sacrificing his eyesight. Through studying at late hours and

trying all kinds of medicine to preserve his sight he had for 12 years been coming toward blindness, and after while one eye was entirely gone. His physician warned him that if he continued reading and writing he would lose the other eye. But he kept on with his work and said after sitting in total darkness, "The choice lay before me between dereliction of a supreme duty and loss of eyesight. In such a case I could not listen to the physicians, nor if Æsculapius himself had spoken from his sanctuary. I could not but obey that inward monitor. I know not what spoke to me from heaven? Who of us would have grace enough to sacrifice our eyes at the call of duty?"

But, thank God, some have been enabled to see without very good eyes. General Havelock, the son of the more famous General Havelock, told me this concerning his father: In India, while his father and himself with the army were encamped one evening time after a long march, General Havelock called up his soldier and said, "I addressed them, saying in words as near as I can recollect: 'Soldiers, there are 200 or 300 women, children and men at Cawnpur at the mercy of Nana Sahib and his butchers. Those poor people may any hour be sacrificed. How many of you will go with