INSIGHT.

On the river of life, as I float along,
I see with the spirit's sight
That many a nauseous weed of wrong
Has root in a seed of right.
For evil is good that has gone astray,
And sorrow is only blindness,
And the world is always under the sway
Of a changeless law of kindness.

The commonest error a truth can make
Is shouting its sweet voice hoarse,
And sin is only the soul's mistake
In misdirecting its force.
And love, the fairest of all fair things
That ever to men descended,
Grows rank with nettles and poisonous things
Unless it is watched and tended.

There could not be anything better than this
Old world in the way it began.
And though some matters have gone amiss
From the great original plan,
And however dark the skies may appear,
And however souls may blunder,
I tell you it will work out clear,
For good lies over and under.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

LADDY'S LOGGING.

Old Peachblow had told Laddy all about it, over and over again, and so the fault was partly his. Now the logging team was just ready to start for the woods with supplies, and Laddy's father, who owned the drive, had gone up with Laddy's mother, who needed a somewhat unusual outing. And when Laddy had seen the prancing black horses shaking off showers of bell tones, he had begged hard to go, and harder still when he heard there was a hatchet and knife in the sleigh, and saw his father examining his revolvers, there being a rumor of wolves on the way, although a probably baseless rumor. But Laddy's entreaties had been promptly silenced, and he had been told that it was out of the question; he must stay and attend to his lessons if he wanted to go to Bowdoin year after next.

Well, he didn't want to go to Bowdoin. He wanted to go to the logging camp. Year after next was a great way off; the woods, the life there, the stories, the games, the hunting for bears, the gathering of gum, the creaking of logs in the snow, the deer hunt, the escape from the panther or the gaunt gray wolf, the coming down with the drive in the spring, the jam of the logs at the falls, with the raftsmen skipping round upon them lightly as Mercury in his mythology, handling them with long hooks and springing for dear life as one dexterous thrust loosened the whole mass and sent them rolling and plunging and shooting over the cataract—all that was close at hand. And Laddy, as he thought of it, was bound to be a lumberman, and was heard to sing some dreadful and unintelligible rhyme to himself about being a logger boy by the jingoes or die.

"You are one now," said his sister Anne. "Father's a logger. That makes you a logger boy."

"I don't want to be that kind, and sit in a counting room. I want to come down on the drive and shoot the rapids, and bring home a caribou's horns and a catamount's pelt."

He had resolved to run away, just ahead of the supply team, and oblige the men to take him on later and go to join the logging camp after all and in spite of everybody. As he looked up at the window there stood his aunt Mabel, with the baby in her arms, patting the pane with her rosy little palms, and presently he heard Anne practicing her music at the piano, the spinning song, with the whir of the wheel, the beat of the treadle, the song of the spinning girl and the rustle of leaves outside, the hum of bees, and stir of wind, and twitter of birds in the branches through it all. And that was the last he heard and the last he saw of home; for he put on his reefer hanging in the back entry, pulled his sealskin cap down over his ears, hung his skates on his arm, and, with his hands buried in his pockets, went down the field to take a short cut and get a start of the team.

Laddy felt himself very ill used. There he was, kept at his books, with a woman to teach him, too, with nobody but a girl to share his sports, and obliged to look forward to a life of study, when he wanted to be using his muscles; to be shooting and trapping, following deer, snaring small game! It was very short sighted and a great injustice on his father's part, he reasoned; and he couldn't see what his mother could be thinking of, and he was very indignant indeed with his Aunt Mabel, who had insisted on those horrid rules in the subjunctive; and as for Anne, she could chop all the Latin she wished—he preferred to chop wood! And so nursing his wrath he went walking, running and skipping along. When he reached the highway he got a lift of several miles clinging to the runners of a surveying party's cutter; had a bowl of bread and milk at a shanty by the wayside, for which he paid all the pennies in his pocket. He wondered why the logging team did not come along. Had he made a mistake, and was it to-morrow noon they had been going to start? Old Peachblow had certainly told him they would be off within the hour, they were only waiting then for Diana to put up the cold beef and bottle the coffee for them, and to have a little chaffing, very likely, with her and Susan. He expected to hear the bells every moment. How surprised his father would be when he saw him come riding into the camp with Old Peachblow and Jo! How angry, too, perhaps, at first. If ever any one was glad it was Laddy, when he heard a far off tinkle and presently a peal of sledge bells and stood still to receive the supply team, with Old Peachblow and Jo, and to feel his heart well at their surprised exclamation. "Well, he's a chap of speerit, I vum!" cried Old Peachblow, when the little fellow stood in the path and halted the horses. "I d'no's we got anythin' ter du but ter take him on, but I guess we'll cure him!" "Ol' man'll be mad," suggested Jo—Laddy's father wearing that appellation on account of his mastership, not on account of his forty years, certainly.

"Can't leave the boy here in this woody place and night coming on, if he is. Pretty kettle of fish! Up with ye, youngster!" And tucked under a lot of horse blankets on top of the load Laddy knew but little more till late the next day, when he found they were still jogging on, having a vague, delightful memory of a misty scene of swinging lanterns and shouting voices as they changed horses in the middle of the night at the half-way house, feeling a little stiff and sore, stretching himself and getting down to walk a bit and limber up with Old Peachblow, and then finding the cold beef and biscuit and bottled coffee as good as nectar and ambrosia.

So they plodded on through the day, with a bite here and a sup there, and they stopped at dusk in a sheltered spot, where they were to camp for the night in a rude hut left there for the logging parties.

"Well. This is great," said Laddy, standing with his legs far apart in front of the fire that Old Peachblow had snapping outside and sending up clouds of sparks, and where the old fellow was cooking some squirrels he had shot. And when, after a delicious repast, Laddy went to sleep on a pile of hemlock boughs, covered with another pile, he seemed to be on the brink of surprising experiences, and when he waked, in the first glow of a red sunrise through the chinks, he felt as if he had been floating on a cloud in the upper sky.

Laddy lost no time in making himself familiar with his new surroundings, the long, low house or logs, with the bunks inside; the deacon seat, where so many good stories were told; the huge fire, where the sturdy little cook busied himself frying a barrel of doughnuts at a time. "How do you like life here?" said he to the cook, somewhat patronizingly.

"First rate," was the reply . the monosyllabic potentate, dropping his dough into the fat.

"Hunting parties?"

"Game every evening," glancing at various discolored packs of cards.

Laddy did not see the glance. His eyes sparkled. "Ever see a catamount?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Crying round the camp soon's it's dark."

"Really?" with his eyes opening wider.

"Way they hev. Cry like a child ter toll the men out."

"Do they ever go?"

"Who?"

"Why, the men?" wishing this one were more communicative.

"What 'd they go for? Ter be torn ter pieces?"

Laddy looked at him a moment, trying to extract what might be a kernel of truth from the chaff. "Can I have a doughnut?" he asked then.

"All you want." And, helping himself to that very solid reality, he went out to investigate the oxen, the logging roads, the great frozen lake upon which the logs were hauled to be all afloat and ready with the breaking up of the ice in the spring. And then, in less than no time, he had his skates on and was out exploring over that crystal glass of the lake, making "figgery eights," cutting his name with his heel, doing the outside roll and speeding away over the long reaches among the islands with which the great lake was sprinkled.

It was light much longer out on the open ice than in the dim aisles of the woody places; and delighted and exhilarated with the glow of his swift motion, Laddy did not think anything about time till he saw large snow flakes dancing all about him, when he turned and found that the light was only that of a gray gloaming, and a chill, damp wind was blowing in his face with a snow storm on its wings. However, there would be no trouble about skating back, and he went flying against the wind, when all at once the screw of one of his skates snapped and sent him tumbling headlong, rolling over and over. When he had picked himself up and adjusted the skate again he could not tell in what direction he had been going, up or down, along or across the lake. The shores all looked alike. There were no lights of the camp, whether hidden by the islands or the projecting shores, and try as he might to find the track of his skates he could not, either for the dim light or the snow that had covered and was covering it. The gloom was deepening, too. When he had skated a mile and still saw no lights of the camp, he was sure he had been turned about, and he reversed his motion and went in the other direction. But still there were no lights—not a twinkle anywhere, and when he hallooed no answer came but a far off echo.

Well, this would never do, he said; some one of all these logging paths would lead to camp, of course. And he took off his skates and climbed the shore and went trudging and whistling along. But still no lights. Well, hadn't the camp been on the edge of the lake? He would wind along the edge, then, and sooner or later he must come to it. Alas! it began to seem as if it would be later, much later, rather than soon. And now it was more than dusky among the trees; he had lost the broad gleam of the lake; he had lost the main logging path along the shore; he did not know which one of all the dim openings was the right one; the snow was bewildering; it was already dark—and he was lost himself.

He sat down on a fallen log; the snow was whirling and floating and falling round him. Now and again a soft bough swept low and touched his cheek in a sort of cold caress. He thought he would lie down under the lee of the log and stay all night, he was so tired.

He sat down there and leaned against the tree. Nothing was of any use. In spite of himself the tears spurted forth. He was lost in the woods. He was going to freeze and die here. He was going to be buried in the snow. He should never see his darling mother again. Oh, if he had only taken the baby up when she reached her hands to him the other morning!

No; he should never see them again. It was all up with him. He had been a wicked boy; he must take what came. But how they all must feel; oh, how badly they would feel! Annie would cry fit to break her heart. His father would forgive him, but he would declare he never could forgive himself, and he would be pursued by the sorrow of it all his life. And his dear, dear, dear mother—the image of her pale, sweet face was too much for him, and he was crying himself with all his might. And then, wearied out, and wondering if he should go to heaven, or where, and if it was very hard to die—and sending up now a prayer for his safety, and now a prayer that they might not feel too badly at home, all at once, he was sound asleep, and the great hemlock tree was bending down its branches heavy with snow about him, and sheltering in its kind embrace the poor, lost, lonely little fellow. When at last, roused by the commotion about him, the cry of voices, the blast of horns, the flash of lanterns, Laddy sleepily opened his eyes again, he might, indeed, have thought it was heaven, with some great light glowing on an angel's face, only he knew he deserved nothing of that sort. In another moment he saw that it was his mother, and without asking how she came there he had thrown himself into her arms.

The facts in the case were that when Laddy had not returned to the camp, there had been an alarm given and the whole body of men had gone out in search parties after him and Old Peachblow. It was one of these parties, passing in the distance, that had brought him back from his instant's dream of the wild ladies an hour or so before. And his mother—driving down from the upper camp, with a jingle of bells and flashing of sleigh lamps, just as a group of the men had paused, wondering at this place not far from the wayside, where for a circle of some dozen yards in diameter the snow was pretty well trodden down round the old postoffice tree, the very circle where poor Laddy had done his tramping—his father had stopped and come to see what was the cause of the excitement; and his mother had presently followed and had seen him in beneath the great hemlock boughs first of all. Oh, how sweet and dear his mother was! How warm her arms were—her face like some lovely, bright, cold flower! Could it be possible—was he found—was he going to see his dear home once more, and Anne and the baby? His heart beat in his throat with joy. He felt like kneeling down in the snow and thanking the great Power that had spared him. And he never noticed the big pea jacket that had been spread over him, and from which Old Peachblow was shaking the snow.

"I'll—I'll go to Bowdoin, father!" stammered Laddy. "You may punish me—I ought to be punished. "I'll—I'll learn the lines of the Greek ships by heart, too. I'll—I'll go to Bowdoin—only just let me go home with you first."

"I guess he's cured," muttered Old Peachblow to Mr. Earl, handing up the reins.—Harriet Prescott Spofford in New York World.

Difference in Ancient and Modern Feet.

Unquestionably the human foot, as represented by old sculptors, was larger than the modern one, and, in fact, the primitive foot of all people of whom we have any record, either in printing or statuary, was considerably larger than the restricted foot of modern times. The masculine foot, forming an approximate average of four different countries, was about 12 inches long. This would require at least a No. 12 or 12½ shoe to cover it comfortably.

The average masculine foot today is easily fitted with a No. 8½ shoe, and is, therefore, not above 10 7-16 of an inch. Now, by the old sculptural rule of proportion, a man five feet nine inches in height should have a foot 11½ inches long, or one-sixth his height. It was of no great consequence what size sandal he wore, but he would have required a modern shoe of at least a 10½ for a minimum fit or a No. 11 for real comfort.

For women, allowing for the difference in the relative size of the two sexes, which was about the same then as now, a woman of 5 feet 3 inches in height would have had a foot ten inches long, requiring a moderate shoe—it ought to be spoken only in a whisper—No. 6 as the most comfortable for that foot, or a No. 5½ as the limit of torture. The reason for the difference between the old classical foot and the modern one is obvious. Restriction is what has done it.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

A Cardinal Bird Who Waits on a Robin.

In a certain family in Buffalo there is a caged robin which has been the household pet for ten years. The robin is now aged. He has lost all his teeth and one eye, and his plumage wouldn't be looked at twice by a milliner. His legs are weak and so are his toes, and he can no longer cling to his perch and warble hilariously. So he sits on the floor of his cage, and, like the dove in the song, mourns and mourns and mourns. At any rate he did until a cardinal bird was put in a cage with him.

The cardinal bird is in the heyday of youth, and from the first he cast a pitying eye on his aged companion. After observing him awhile it occurred to him that he might fill up some of his spare time waiting on him. So he now takes the bread and things that are put in the cage and moistens them and rolls them into wads or pellets and rams them down the robin's œsophagus.—Buffalo Courier.

Mixed Weather.

Ted, a little fellow of 4 years, makes a great pretense of reading the morning newspaper.

"Well, Teddy, what kind of weather are we to have today?" asked his father.

Ted kept his eyes fixed on the paper.

"Let me see!" he answered. "It's to be fair and cloudy, with nort' wind and rain, also warmer and snow by high wind and sleet when it clears up."—Youth's Companion.

Milk should be strained immediately after drawing, and aerated to eliminate any objectionable odors

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By virtue of a certain deed of trust, executed by H. D. Messler and wife to the undersigned, dated December 5th, 1889, and of record in the clerk's office of Henrico County Court, default having been made in the payment of a portion of the money secured thereby, and being required so to do by the beneficiary therein we shall proceed to sell at public auction upon the premises, on

MONDAY, JUNE 9th, 1890,

at 6 o'clock P. M., the property, described as above.

The lot fronts 26 feet on the southside of Beverly street, and runs back between parallel lines 200 feet, one and one half inches to an alley in common. Terms cash as to expenses of sale, and $55; balance upon such terms as will be announced at sale.

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$150,000 CITY OF PORTSMOUTH, VA., 5 PER CENT. 30-YEAR BONDS, DATED JANUARY 1ST, 1890. INTEREST PAYABLE JANUARY AND JULY.

We control and offer for sale, at par and accrued interest, and recommend to investors, the above described bonds, reserving the right (which will very probably be exercised) to advance the price at any time without notice.

Portsmouth is a conservative and growing city, with a population of 12,000, most advantageously situated on Norfolk Harbor, opposite the city of Norfolk, Va.

It may now be considered practically the outlet and ocean terminus of three great railroad systems, to-wit: The Seaboard Air Line, the Atlantic Coast Line, and the Richmond and Danville, the two latter systems reaching the ocean over the Norfolk and Carolina Railroad (completed March, 1890), which they jointly own, extending from Tarboro, N. C., to Portsmouth, a distance of about 100 miles.

Besides the e roads, a great addition was made to the railroad facilities of the port by the opening in February, 1890, of the Atlantic and Danville Railroad from Portsmouth to Danville, which road is now being extended under the charter of another company into the rapidly developing mineral region of Southwest Virginia.

We take the following extracts from a letter just received from Mr. James H. Toomer, the chairman of the Finance Committee of the Common Council of Portsmouth, who, under date of April 28th, 1890, writes us officially as follows:

* * * "The opening of the Atlantic and Danville Railroad has already done much for the city, and we are hoping for an increase of business in all lines. * * * Portsmouth has never repudiated any of her debts, and to-day there is no claim of any kind against the city due and unpaid."

The assessed valuation of taxable property for 1889 was about $4,000,000. The true valuation for that year was conservatively estimated at $6,000,000. Since the close of the year, new and important railroad lines have been opened and other advances in the growth and prosperity of the city have taken place.

The assessment now being made should show a very material increase in values of all kinds.

The city tax rate of Portsmouth is $1.80, the same as that of Norfolk.

The total bonded debt, including this issue of bonds, is $591,500, or about $45 per capita. The per capita debt of Norfolk, for whose 5 per cent. bonds 108 has been bid, is $82. The bonded debt per capita of Danville, Va., a city but little larger than Portsmouth, and whose 5 per cent. bonds also command a premium, is $68. At par and interest these are decidedly the cheapest and most attractive high grade municipal bonds in the State.

The available assets of the city are valued at about $390,000, including one-half interest in the Norfolk County Ferries, $110,000, and public buildings valued at $83,000.

The legality and regularity of this issue of bonds has been examined into and approved by our counsel, Messrs. White & Garnett, leading lawyers of Norfolk, Va.

We especially recommend these bonds to savings institutions, fiduciaries, and others to whom absolute security is a greater object than a high rate of interest.

The bonds are redeemable after 1910 at par, at the pleasure of the city.

THOMAS BRANCH & CO.,
Bankers, Richmond, Va.
JOHN L. WILLIAMS & SON,
May, 1890. Bankers, Richmond, Va.

A full report of the affairs and finances of Portsmouth may be found on pages 81 and 82 of John L. Williams & Son's Manual of Investments for 1890.

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It is no experiment nor an untried remedy. Hundreds of persons in this city have used or are now using this medicine, and the cures effected in many cases are miracles.

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Beware of fraudulent imitations. They are usually cheaper, as they use that method of imposing on the public. One of them held their price at $2.50 per gallon for nearly two years. Not being able to get their medicine in at that, they have now reduced it to $1.50, which is evidence enough that it has not met with success. A good medicine sustains itself in all communities. A counterfeit medicine is the last thing on earth a suffering man wants. The genuine sold only by

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Send for free pamphlet, "History of the Microbe Killer."

LEGAL NOTICES.

VIRGINIA—IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE CHANCERY COURT OF THE CITY OF RICHMOND, THE 24TH DAY OF MAY, 1890.—IN VACATION.

A. L. Fuqua and Jennie Fuqua, his wife, ... Plaintiffs
against
Theodore Carrington's heirs..... Defendants.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to supply a link in the chain of title to lot at southeast corner of Twenty-seventh and M streets, described on Henrico county land books as lot on Twenty-seventh street, square No. 81, Adams, &c. and to set up a lost deed from Theodore Carrington and wife to Vincent Lucas, and obtain a reconveyance of the property.

And affidavit having been made and filed that the defendants are parties unknown, they are ordered to appear here within fifteen days after due publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interests herein.

A copy—Teste:
CHARLES W. GODDIN, Clerk.
J. ALSTON CABELL, p. q. my25-sn-4w

TO THE PUBLIC.

Mr. FELIX W. KLEMM is no longer connected in any way with the firm of C. F. Sauer & Co.
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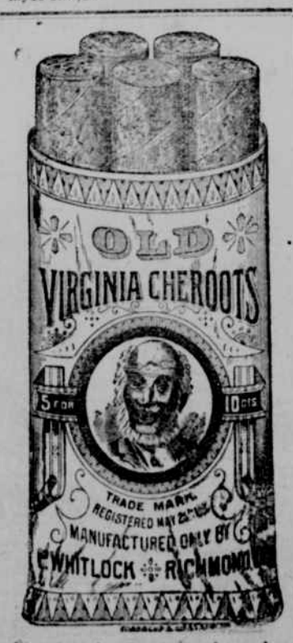
my15-1aw,4w*



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For Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Cancer, Tumors, Chronic Sores, Boils, Blotches, Mercurial Affections, Enlarged Joints, Sciatica, Mercurial Rheumatism, and all other Diseases caused by Impure Blood.

THE PROOF.

ST. CLAIRE HOTEL, Richmond, Sept. 16, 1889.
A. B. CHEMICAL COMPANY:

I have prescribed your A. B. C. Alterative and Tonic in many cases of blood disease with very decided benefit. In one case the patient had been confined to his bed for many months. His condition was so hopeless that his medical attendants had abandoned him. I found him dreadfully mutilated by a most formidable constitutional disease. The bones of his face and nose had been severely attacked, and a portion of them removed. Sloughing ulcers had invaded parts of his body and face. His shins were affected with large tumors or nodules. His throat was ulcerated, and his soft palate pierced by disease. His windpipe was involved, and his voice husky from specific inflammation of the vocal chords. The only prescription used from the date of my first visit (on the 20th day of July) to the date of this report was your Alterative in full doses. All his sores have entirely healed. His appetite is good. He suffers no pain, and is rapidly improving in health. He is able now to leave his room, and has visited my office several times. In my opinion no question can arise as to the cause of his recovery. A. MONTEIRO, M. D.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
SEND FOR TREATISE ON
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No. 20 TAYLOR ST.,
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AMERICAN BLOOD CURE. TONIC.

For Wasting Diseases, such as Hemorrhages, Weak Lungs, Long Continued Coughs, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Chronic Ulceration of the Bowels, Dyspepsia, General Debility, Chlorosis (Green Sickness), Leucorrhœa, and all Diseases Peculiar to Women. It is the best Remedy yet devised for the cure of FEMALE WEAKNESS. It invigorates and builds up the System. Try it.

Read the Proof.

RICHMOND, VA., Sept. 23, 1889.

I feel it my duty to write and attest the efficacy of "American Blood Cure Tonic." It is evidently a great alterative tonic. I have used it for several months in my family for chronic ulceration of the bowels; the patient's physician pronounced the trouble a very bad form of dyspepsia. After a year's treatment, with constant, gradual wasting of patient, the doctor recommended, as a change, out-door country air. I suspected tubercular trouble and commenced the use of the tonic. The patient soon began gradually to improve, and is now entirely well and hardy. M. E. DOSWELL,
509 N. Eighth St.

A. B. C. CHEMICAL CO.
Drawer No. 921, Richmond, Va.

606 W. MARSHALL ST.,
Richmond, Va., Sept. 26, 1889.

I cheerfully attest the merits of "A. B. C. Tonic." For years I have been a great sufferer from a hacking cough. I was quite feeble and much wasted when I began the use of the Tonic. I have used the remedy for four or five months. My cough has disappeared, and I am greatly strengthened and invigorated. I have recommended it to several friends who have used it with similar results. I strongly endorse it as worthy of a fair trial in any lung trouble. Respectfully,

MRS. L. H. ULLETT.

Female Irregularities.

No. 621 N. SIXTH STREET,
Richmond, Va., Aug. 1, 1889.

Allow me to add my testimony to that of many others as to the efficacy of that most excellent medicine—A. B. C. Tonic. It acted like a charm upon my wife, giving her almost instant relief. I consider it among the best of medicines for diseases peculiar to females.

Respectfully,
G. L. BOSHER.

RICHMOND, Aug. 27, 1889.

After a thorough test of A. B. C. Tonic in my own household, I cheerfully state that I believe it to be an absolute specific in cases to which ladies are subject to at certain periods of life, and where an arrest of depletion in physical strength is sought. Very respectfully,

JAS. D. CRAIG.

AMERICAN BLOOD CURE. Expectorant.

For the speedy relief and cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Croup, Sore Throat, and for the relief of consumptive patients in the advanced stages of the disease.

In hacking or continual coughs use "A. B. C. TONIC" in addition.

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