

Peninsula Enterprise, PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT ACCOMMAC C. H., VA.

J. W. EDMONDS, Owner and Editor.

Subscription Rates: 1 Copy, one year, \$1.00; 6 months, 60c; 3 months, 35c; and a copy for six months free to the one sending club.

Advertising Rates: 1 Inch, one insertion, \$1.00; 1 " three, 1.75; 1 " one year, 7.50.

GUNTER & BLACKSTONE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

ACCOMMAC C. H., VA. will practice in the Courts of Accommac and Northampton counties.

NEELY & QUINBY, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

L. FLOYD NOCK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

JOHN W. EDMONDS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

N. J. W. LECATO, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

DR. LEWIS J. HARMANSON, DENTIST.

JUDGE GEO. T. GARRISON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

DR. LEWIS J. HARMANSON, DENTIST.

L. W. CHILDREY, GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT.

C. H. BAGWELL, CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR.

RUPERT I. CHRISTIAN, BRICKLAYER & PLASTERER.

BLACKSTONE & BELL, DRUGGISTS.

INSURANCE: The undersigned, in the interest of the VALLEY MUTUAL LIFE and VIRGINIA FIRE AND MARINE Insurance Companies...

G. G. SAVAGE, Agent, Eastville, or Shady Side, Northampton county, Va.

Fowler, Foote & Co. Manufacturers of FISH GUANO.

CEDAR ISLAND, ACCOMMAC COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

Pure Fish Guano, all of which they are prepared to supply those wishing a first-class fertilizer.

THE Improved White Sewing Machine STANDS AHEAD OF ALL OTHERS.

It has no Rival. Others blow and try to put it down, but IT STANDS BOLD AT THE FRONT.

People of Accommac Appreciate Its Merits.

THE WHITE Sewing Machine.

It stands bold at the front.

People of Accommac appreciate its merits.

THE WHITE Sewing Machine.

It stands bold at the front.

People of Accommac appreciate its merits.

THE WHITE Sewing Machine.

It stands bold at the front.

People of Accommac appreciate its merits.

THE WHITE Sewing Machine.

It stands bold at the front.

People of Accommac appreciate its merits.

THE WHITE Sewing Machine.

It stands bold at the front.

People of Accommac appreciate its merits.

THE WHITE Sewing Machine.

It stands bold at the front.

People of Accommac appreciate its merits.

THE WHITE Sewing Machine.

It stands bold at the front.

People of Accommac appreciate its merits.

THE WHITE Sewing Machine.

It stands bold at the front.

BROWNE'S SUPERIOR Cedar Island Guano.

The cheapest fertilizer on the market according to results ascertained by the farmer and chemist.

ANALYSIS: Moisture det. at 100c, 10.26; Soluble Phosphoric Acid, 2.17; Reverted Phosphoric Acid, 6.46; Available Phosphoric Acid, 5.83; Insoluble Phosphoric Acid, 2.45; Nitrogen, 4.82; AMMONIA, 5.88; Potash, 3.05.

CEDAR ISLAND GUANO is a complete manure, containing all the elements of good plant food.

ORRIS A. BROWNE, Accommac C. H., Va.

CAIT. O. A. BROWNE—Dear Sir: I used half a ton of your "Cedar Island Guano" last year on corn and can say that it doubled my crop in corn and fodder.

CAIT. O. A. BROWNE—Dear Sir: I used half a ton of your "Cedar Island Guano" last year on Sweet Potatoes, and I am perfectly well satisfied with the result.

CAIT. O. A. BROWNE—Dear Sir: I used half a ton of your "Cedar Island Guano" last year on Sweet Potatoes, and I am perfectly well satisfied with the result.

CAIT. O. A. BROWNE—Dear Sir: I used half a ton of your "Cedar Island Guano" last year on Sweet Potatoes, and I am perfectly well satisfied with the result.

CAIT. O. A. BROWNE—Dear Sir: I used half a ton of your "Cedar Island Guano" last year on Sweet Potatoes, and I am perfectly well satisfied with the result.

CAIT. O. A. BROWNE—Dear Sir: I used half a ton of your "Cedar Island Guano" last year on Sweet Potatoes, and I am perfectly well satisfied with the result.

CAIT. O. A. BROWNE—Dear Sir: I used half a ton of your "Cedar Island Guano" last year on Sweet Potatoes, and I am perfectly well satisfied with the result.

CAIT. O. A. BROWNE—Dear Sir: I used half a ton of your "Cedar Island Guano" last year on Sweet Potatoes, and I am perfectly well satisfied with the result.

CAIT. O. A. BROWNE—Dear Sir: I used half a ton of your "Cedar Island Guano" last year on Sweet Potatoes, and I am perfectly well satisfied with the result.

CAIT. O. A. BROWNE—Dear Sir: I used half a ton of your "Cedar Island Guano" last year on Sweet Potatoes, and I am perfectly well satisfied with the result.

CAIT. O. A. BROWNE—Dear Sir: I used half a ton of your "Cedar Island Guano" last year on Sweet Potatoes, and I am perfectly well satisfied with the result.

CAIT. O. A. BROWNE—Dear Sir: I used half a ton of your "Cedar Island Guano" last year on Sweet Potatoes, and I am perfectly well satisfied with the result.

CAIT. O. A. BROWNE—Dear Sir: I used half a ton of your "Cedar Island Guano" last year on Sweet Potatoes, and I am perfectly well satisfied with the result.

CAIT. O. A. BROWNE—Dear Sir: I used half a ton of your "Cedar Island Guano" last year on Sweet Potatoes, and I am perfectly well satisfied with the result.

CAIT. O. A. BROWNE—Dear Sir: I used half a ton of your "Cedar Island Guano" last year on Sweet Potatoes, and I am perfectly well satisfied with the result.

CAIT. O. A. BROWNE—Dear Sir: I used half a ton of your "Cedar Island Guano" last year on Sweet Potatoes, and I am perfectly well satisfied with the result.

CAIT. O. A. BROWNE—Dear Sir: I used half a ton of your "Cedar Island Guano" last year on Sweet Potatoes, and I am perfectly well satisfied with the result.

CAIT. O. A. BROWNE—Dear Sir: I used half a ton of your "Cedar Island Guano" last year on Sweet Potatoes, and I am perfectly well satisfied with the result.

CAIT. O. A. BROWNE—Dear Sir: I used half a ton of your "Cedar Island Guano" last year on Sweet Potatoes, and I am perfectly well satisfied with the result.

CAIT. O. A. BROWNE—Dear Sir: I used half a ton of your "Cedar Island Guano" last year on Sweet Potatoes, and I am perfectly well satisfied with the result.

CAIT. O. A. BROWNE—Dear Sir: I used half a ton of your "Cedar Island Guano" last year on Sweet Potatoes, and I am perfectly well satisfied with the result.

CAIT. O. A. BROWNE—Dear Sir: I used half a ton of your "Cedar Island Guano" last year on Sweet Potatoes, and I am perfectly well satisfied with the result.

CAIT. O. A. BROWNE—Dear Sir: I used half a ton of your "Cedar Island Guano" last year on Sweet Potatoes, and I am perfectly well satisfied with the result.

CAIT. O. A. BROWNE—Dear Sir: I used half a ton of your "Cedar Island Guano" last year on Sweet Potatoes, and I am perfectly well satisfied with the result.

"TREASURE FOR TRYING." Away with thy fear, Hope on and hope over!

OLD BULLION'S BRIDE. Let me see—where was it that I first met her? Oh, yes, it was under the superb arches of High Bridge, boating by moonlight.

"Hullo, you!" cried out a clear incisive young voice. Where are you going to? Why don't you look which way you are steering?"

"Old Mottimore," he responded joyously. "Why, who on earth would have thought of finding you dreaming on Harlem river. Here! Come into my boat; hitch on your old craft behind, and let me introduce you to Miss Sophy Adriance."

"I looked as sharply at Miss Sophy Adriance as I could, and my own modesty would let me, for I knew that she was the especial admiration of my friend, Charley Dresden."

"I don't understand you," said Sophy, looking wistfully at me. "Are you not to become the wife of Mr. Bullion, the banker?" I asked, sternly.

"Oh, dear no," said Sophy. "That's mamma!" "Eh?" gasped I. "She's to be married next week! Did you know it?"

"I stared straight before me. Well, I had got myself into a pretty pickle by meddling officiously in affairs that didn't concern me."

"Look here, Miss Adriance," said I, "I will tell you all about it." So I did. I described old Bullion's letter, my own false deductions therefrom, and the rash deed banker's correspondence to Charley Dresden.

"And now," said I, "do you wonder that he is indignant?" Sophy's face grew radiant.

"But there's no harm done," said she. "No real harm, I mean. Because I've written him a long letter all about mamma and Mr. Bullion, which he must have received almost the next mail after he sent off this cruel, cruel sheet of reproaches."

Sophy was a true prophet. There was no "real harm" done. The next mail brought a letter full of entreaties to be pardoned, and a brief, brusque note to me.

I stood up with old Ben. Bullion, and that full-blown rose, Sophy's mamma, after all; and when Charley Dresden came home I cut the big wedding cake at his marriage feast.

A Mother's Love. Mothers live for their children, make self-sacrifices for them and manifest that tenderness and love so freely, that the name mother is the sweetest in human language.

I spent an evening with her afterward at the genteel boarding house where she and her mother—a nice, bright-eyed little woman, the full-blown rose to correspond with Sophy's budding loveliness—dwelt in the cosiest of apartments, furnished in dark blue reps, with a turn-up bedstead, ingeniously disguised as a high-backed sofa, and canaries and geraniums in the windows.

"It is so kind of you to come," said Sophy, with a gentle pressure of the hand when I went away. "I am so glad to welcome Charley's friends."

And I felt that I could cheerfully sit through another evening of commonplace chit-chat and photograph albums for such a reward as that.

Well, Charley Dresden went away, and as he didn't particularly leave Sophy Adriance in my charge, I didn't feel called upon to present myself at the genteel boarding house. I supposed, naturally enough, that all was going right, until one day I received a note from my old friend, Bullion, the banker, a man of sixty, who wears a wig and spectacles, and counts his income upon the double figures.

Bullion wrote from Saratoga, where he had gone because he didn't know what else to do with himself in the dull season. He asked me to be his groomsmen—Bullion was going to be married.

"Of course, you'll think it a foolish thing for me to do," wrote Bullion; "but even at 60 a man has not entirely outlived the age of sentiment; and when once you see Sophy Adriance you will forgive any seeming inconsistency on my part."

"How to Live Long. We have to a great extent the power of prolonging our lives. Living by rule and obeying nature's simple laws may seem very irksome to people at first, but doing so soon becomes a habit, and a blessed habit, and one that tends to happiness, to comfort, and to length of days."

A great deal might be said about the benefit of regularity in our mode of living. As a proof of the beneficence of regular living the fact is that old people who have once settled down in a kind of groove of life cannot be unsettled therefrom, even for a few days, without danger to health and life itself.

That was enough. I went home and enclosed Bullion's letter in another envelope, directing it to poor Charley Dresden's address, Poste Restante, Vienna, adding a few lines of my own, wherein I endeavored to mingle consolation and philosophy as aptly as possible.

And then I wrote, curiously declining to "stand up" with old Bullion. It was but a few weeks since—evidently that the waiter showed an elegantly dressed young lady into my room at the hotel. I rose in some surprise. Aside from old Aunt Miriam Platt and my landlady, my lady visitors were few. But the instant she threw up her thick tissue veil I recognized the soft blue eyes and damask rose cheek of Sophy Adriance.

"Oh, Mr. Mottimore!" she cried piteously, "I know you won't mind my coming to your parlor, because you seem exactly like a father to me." I winced a little at this. "But I have received such a letter from Charley, and as—as you've known him a long time, I thought perhaps you could explain it to me. Oh, I have been so wretched. And indeed, indeed, I didn't deserve it!"

She gave me a tear-blotted letter and then sat down to cry quietly in the corner of the sofa until such times as I should have finished its perusal.

"What does he mean, Mr. Mottimore?" asked Sophy plaintively, "when he accuses me of deceiving him, of selling myself to the highest bidder? Oh, it is so dreadful!" I folded the letter and looked severely at her.

"Miss Adriance," said I, gravely, "it strikes me you are trying to play a double part here. The affianced bride of Benjamin Bullion ought hardly to hope to retain the allegiance of poor Charley Dresden into the bargain."

"I don't understand you," said Sophy, looking wistfully at me. "Are you not to become the wife of Mr. Bullion, the banker?" I asked, sternly.

"No, sir. Miss Sophy's spending a few weeks with a friend at Saratoga," she answered promptly.

That was enough. I went home and enclosed Bullion's letter in another envelope, directing it to poor Charley Dresden's address, Poste Restante, Vienna, adding a few lines of my own, wherein I endeavored to mingle consolation and philosophy as aptly as possible.

And then I wrote, curiously declining to "stand up" with old Bullion. It was but a few weeks since—evidently that the waiter showed an elegantly dressed young lady into my room at the hotel. I rose in some surprise.

Aside from old Aunt Miriam Platt and my landlady, my lady visitors were few. But the instant she threw up her thick tissue veil I recognized the soft blue eyes and damask rose cheek of Sophy Adriance.

"Oh, Mr. Mottimore!" she cried piteously, "I know you won't mind my coming to your parlor, because you seem exactly like a father to me." I winced a little at this.

"But I have received such a letter from Charley, and as—as you've known him a long time, I thought perhaps you could explain it to me. Oh, I have been so wretched. And indeed, indeed, I didn't deserve it!"

She gave me a tear-blotted letter and then sat down to cry quietly in the corner of the sofa until such times as I should have finished its perusal.

"What does he mean, Mr. Mottimore?" asked Sophy plaintively, "when he accuses me of deceiving him, of selling myself to the highest bidder? Oh, it is so dreadful!"

I folded the letter and looked severely at her.

"Miss Adriance," said I, gravely, "it strikes me you are trying to play a double part here. The affianced bride of Benjamin Bullion ought hardly to hope to retain the allegiance of poor Charley Dresden into the bargain."

"I don't understand you," said Sophy, looking wistfully at me. "Are you not to become the wife of Mr. Bullion, the banker?" I asked, sternly.

"Oh, dear no," said Sophy. "That's mamma!" "Eh?" gasped I. "She's to be married next week! Did you know it?"

"I stared straight before me. Well, I had got myself into a pretty pickle by meddling officiously in affairs that didn't concern me."

"Look here, Miss Adriance," said I, "I will tell you all about it." So I did. I described old Bullion's letter, my own false deductions therefrom, and the rash deed banker's correspondence to Charley Dresden.

"And now," said I, "do you wonder that he is indignant?" Sophy's face grew radiant.

"But there's no harm done," said she. "No real harm, I mean. Because I've written him a long letter all about mamma and Mr. Bullion, which he must have received almost the next mail after he sent off this cruel, cruel sheet of reproaches."

Sophy was a true prophet. There was no "real harm" done. The next mail brought a letter full of entreaties to be pardoned, and a brief, brusque note to me.

I stood up with old Ben. Bullion, and that full-blown rose, Sophy's mamma, after all; and when Charley Dresden came home I cut the big wedding cake at his marriage feast.

A Mother's Love. Mothers live for their children, make self-sacrifices for them and manifest that tenderness and love so freely, that the name mother is the sweetest in human language.

I spent an evening with her afterward at the genteel boarding house where she and her mother—a nice, bright-eyed little woman, the full-blown rose to correspond with Sophy's budding loveliness—dwelt in the cosiest of apartments, furnished in dark blue reps, with a turn-up bedstead, ingeniously disguised as a high-backed sofa, and canaries and geraniums in the windows.

"It is so kind of you to come," said Sophy, with a gentle pressure of the hand when I went away. "I am so glad to welcome Charley's friends."

And I felt that I could cheerfully sit through another evening of commonplace chit-chat and photograph albums for such a reward as that.

Well, Charley Dresden went away, and as he didn't particularly leave Sophy Adriance in my charge, I didn't feel called upon to present myself at the genteel boarding house. I supposed, naturally enough, that all was going right, until one day I received a note from my old friend, Bullion, the banker, a man of sixty, who wears a wig and spectacles, and counts his income upon the double figures.

Bullion wrote from Saratoga, where he had gone because he didn't know what else to do with himself in the dull season. He asked me to be his groomsmen—Bullion was going to be married.

"Of course, you'll think it a foolish thing for me to do," wrote Bullion; "but even at 60 a man has not entirely outlived the age of sentiment; and when once you see Sophy Adriance you will forgive any seeming inconsistency on my part."

"How to Live Long. We have to a great extent the power of prolonging our lives. Living by rule and obeying nature's simple laws may seem very irksome to people at first, but doing so soon becomes a habit, and a blessed habit, and one that tends to happiness, to comfort, and to length of days."

A great deal might be said about the benefit of regularity in our mode of living. As a proof of the beneficence of regular living the fact is that old people who have once settled down in a kind of groove of life cannot be unsettled therefrom, even for a few days, without danger to health and life itself.

That was enough. I went home and enclosed Bullion's letter in another envelope, directing it to poor Charley Dresden's address, Poste Restante, Vienna, adding a few lines of my own, wherein I endeavored to mingle consolation and philosophy as aptly as possible.

And then I wrote, curiously declining to "stand up" with old Bullion. It was but a few weeks since—evidently that the waiter showed an elegantly dressed young lady into my room at the hotel. I rose in some surprise.

groove of life cannot be unsettled therefrom, even for a few days, without danger to health and life itself. They may have, perhaps their regular time for getting up in the morning, certain methods of ablation, certain kinds and quantities of food and drink, certain hours for taking these, certain times for rest, exercise, and recreation, and a hundred of other things which, taken separately, may seem but trifles, but taken in the aggregate make up their lives, and they know and feel that they must not be unsettled. The wheels of life will run out-over rough and irregular roads. Habits, whether good or bad, are easily formed when one is young, but when one gets up in years it is terribly difficult and oftentimes dangerous to set them aside. Therefore, study, if you would live long, to be regular in your habits of life in every way, and let your regularity have a good tendency.

"Read Less; Think More." The late Charles O'Connor, perhaps the most profound lawyer New York City has produced, gave a piece of advice to a young man which is as valuable as any legal opinion for which the distinguished lawyer ever received a fee. A lad wrote to him, giving a long list of books which he had already gone through, and asking advice as to a course of reading. Mr. O'Connor replied that he had not only not read, but had not known even by name one-half of the books his correspondent appeared to have read. He would not therefore, undertake to advise him what to read, but he could safely advise him to read less, and think more."

"What does he mean, Mr. Mottimore?" asked Sophy plaintively, "when he accuses me of deceiving him, of selling myself to the highest bidder? Oh, it is so dreadful!"

I folded the letter and looked severely at her.

"Miss Adriance," said I, gravely, "it strikes me you are trying to play a double part here. The affianced bride of Benjamin Bullion ought hardly to hope to retain the allegiance of poor Charley Dresden into the bargain."

"I don't understand you," said Sophy, looking wistfully at me. "Are you not to become the wife of Mr. Bullion, the banker?" I asked, sternly.

"Oh, dear no," said Sophy. "That's mamma!" "Eh?" gasped I. "She's to be married next week! Did you know it?"

"I stared straight before me. Well, I had got myself into a pretty pickle by meddling officiously in affairs that didn't concern me."

"Look here, Miss Adriance," said I, "I will tell you all about it." So I did. I described old Bullion's letter, my own false deductions therefrom, and the rash deed banker's correspondence to Charley Dresden.

"And now," said I, "do you wonder that he is indignant?" Sophy's face grew radiant.

"But there's no harm done," said she. "No real harm, I mean. Because I've written him a long letter all about mamma and Mr. Bullion, which he must have received almost the next mail after he sent off this cruel, cruel sheet of reproaches."

Sophy was a true prophet. There was no "real harm" done. The next mail brought a letter full of entreaties to be pardoned, and a brief, brusque note to me.

I stood up with old Ben. Bullion, and that full-blown rose, Sophy's mamma, after all; and when Charley Dresden came home I cut the big wedding cake at his marriage feast.

A Mother's Love. Mothers live for their children, make self-sacrifices for them and manifest that tenderness and love so freely, that the name mother is the sweetest in human language.

I spent an evening with her afterward at the genteel boarding house where she and her mother—a nice, bright-eyed little woman, the full-blown rose to correspond with Sophy's budding loveliness—dwelt in the cosiest of apartments, furnished in dark blue reps, with a turn-up bedstead, ingeniously disguised as a high-backed sofa, and canaries and geraniums in the windows.

"It is so kind of you to come," said Sophy, with a gentle pressure of the hand when I went away. "I am so glad to welcome Charley's friends."

And I felt that I could cheerfully sit through another evening of commonplace chit-chat and photograph albums for such a reward as that.

Well, Charley Dresden went away, and as he didn't particularly leave Sophy Adriance in my charge, I didn't feel called upon to present myself at the genteel boarding house. I supposed, naturally enough, that all was going right, until one day I received a note from my old friend, Bullion, the banker, a man of sixty, who wears a wig and spectacles, and counts his income upon the double figures.

Bullion wrote from Saratoga, where he had gone because he didn't know what else to do with himself in the dull season. He asked me to be his groomsmen—Bullion was going to be married.

"Of course, you'll think it a foolish thing for me to do," wrote Bullion; "but even at 60 a man has not entirely outlived the age of sentiment; and when once you see Sophy Adriance you will forgive any seeming inconsistency on my part."

"How to Live Long. We have to a great extent the power of prolonging our lives. Living by rule and obeying nature's simple laws may seem very irksome to people at first, but doing so soon becomes a habit, and a blessed habit, and one that tends to happiness, to comfort, and to length of days."

A great deal might be said about the benefit of regularity in our mode of living. As a proof of the beneficence of regular living the fact is that old people who have once settled down in a kind of groove of life cannot be unsettled therefrom, even for a few days, without danger to health and life itself.

That was enough. I went home and enclosed Bullion's letter in another envelope, directing it to poor Charley Dresden's address, Poste Restante, Vienna, adding a few lines of my own, wherein I endeavored to mingle consolation and philosophy as aptly as possible.

And then I wrote, curiously declining to "stand up" with old Bullion. It was but a few weeks since—evidently that the waiter showed an elegantly dressed young lady into my room at the hotel. I rose in some surprise.

Aside from old Aunt Miriam Platt and my landlady, my lady visitors were few. But the instant she threw up her thick tissue veil I recognized the soft blue eyes and damask rose cheek of Sophy Adriance.

"Oh, Mr. Mottimore!" she cried piteously, "I know you won't mind my coming to your parlor, because you seem exactly like a father to me." I winced a little at this.

"But I have received such a letter from Charley, and as—as you've known him a long time, I thought perhaps you could explain it to me. Oh, I have been so wretched. And indeed, indeed, I didn't deserve it!"

She gave me a tear-blotted letter and then sat down to cry quietly in the corner of the sofa until such times as I should have finished its perusal.

"What does he mean, Mr. Mottimore?" asked Sophy plaintively, "when he accuses me of deceiving him, of selling myself to the highest bidder? Oh, it is so dreadful!"

I folded the letter and looked severely at her.

Angeworm Potpie. "Ma, yonder's a man wot's goin' a fishin'!" The speaker was a small boy, whose parents live in a cabin and cultivate a small patch of ground in the mountains near the route of Vanderbilt's proposed South Pennsylvania Railroad.

Ma was busy washing clothes and made no reply. The youngster, impatient of such neglect, determined on a more personal appeal to her attention.

"Ma, may I go and see him dig bait?"

"Go 'long," said the materfamilias, curtly. The boy started off with a run, but as he approached the object of his journey he slowed up, as if awed by a nearer view of years it is terribly difficult and oftentimes dangerous to set them aside.

Therefore, study, if you would live long, to be regular in your habits of life in every way, and let your regularity have a good tendency.

"Read Less; Think More." The late Charles O'Connor, perhaps the most profound lawyer New York City has produced, gave a piece of advice to a young man which is as valuable as any legal opinion for which the distinguished lawyer ever received a fee.

A lad wrote