

John R. Row. S. J. Turlington.
REW & TURLINGTON.
Attorneys-at-Law.

Offices—Accomac C. H. and Parkley.
Will be at Court House every Wednesday and court days.

STEWART K. POWELL.
Attorney-at-Law.

Will practice in all the courts of Accomac and Northampton counties.
Office—Onancock, Va.
Will be at Accomac C. H., every Wednesday and court days.

N. B. Wescott. B. T. Gunter, Jr.
WESCOTT & GUNTER,
Attorneys-at-Law.

Offices—Accomac C. H., and at home of N. B. Wescott, near Mappsburg
Practice in all courts on the Eastern Shore of Virginia.

JOHN E. NOTTINGHAM, JR.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Franktown, Va.

Practices in all the courts on the Eastern Shore of Virginia.

Will be at Eastville and Accomac C. H. first day of every court and at Eastville every Wednesday.

Otho F. Mears. G. Walter Mapp
MEARS & MAPP,
Attorneys-at-Law.

Offices—Eastville, Northampton Co., and Accomac C. H.

Practices in all courts on the Eastern Shore of Virginia.

U. Q. STURGIS,
Attorney-at-Law.

OFFICES—Accomac C. H., Onancock and Eastville.

Practices in all courts on Eastern Shore. Bankruptcy cases a specialty.

JOHN S. PARSONS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Accomac C. H., Va.

Will practice in all courts of Accomac and Northampton counties.

T. B. QUINBY,
Attorney-at-Law
Office—Accomac C. H.

Telephone connection.
Prompt attention to all business.

L. FLOYD NOCK,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public,
Accomac C. H., Va.

Will practice in all courts of Accomac and Northampton counties.

Prompt attention to all business.

DR. H. D. LILLISTON,
DENTIST.

Accomac C. H., Va.,
(near Baptist Church.)

Office hours from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

DR. L. J. HARMANSON,
DENTIST—
Onancock, Va.

Office hours from 9 a. m., to 5 p. m.

DR. THOS. B. LEATHERBURY,
DENTIST,
Onancock, Va.

Office hours from 9 a. m., to 5 p. m.

DR. E. U. POTTER,
DENTIST.

Will be at Bloom Tuesday and Wednesday, and at Marsh Market Friday of second week in each month for the practice of his profession.

FRED E. RUEDIGER,
COUNTY SURVEYOR,
Accomac C. H., Va.

Thoroughly equipped with latest and best instruments offers his services to citizens of Accomac.

Will meet all engagements promptly.

Office of L. F. J. WILSON,
Stockton Ave., Greenbackville, Va.

Notary Public, General Conveyancer and Special Collector of Claims. Special attention paid to the Adjuster of Foreign and other Claims. Homestead Deeds and Deeds of Trust made a specialty. Correspondence solicited.

Agents for the Angle Lamp.

WM. P. BELL & CO.,
Accomac C. H., Va.,
DRUGGISTS
A full line of
FANCY ARTICLES,
DRUGS,
OILS,
PAINTS,
SEEDS, & C.,
kept on hand at Lowest Prices

Notary Public, General Conveyancer and Special Collector of Claims. Special attention paid to the Adjuster of Foreign and other Claims. Homestead Deeds and Deeds of Trust made a specialty. Correspondence solicited.

Agents for the Angle Lamp.

WM. P. BELL & CO.,
Accomac C. H., Va.,
DRUGGISTS
A full line of
FANCY ARTICLES,
DRUGS,
OILS,
PAINTS,
SEEDS, & C.,
kept on hand at Lowest Prices

Agents for the Angle Lamp.

WM. P. BELL & CO.,
Accomac C. H., Va.,
DRUGGISTS
A full line of
FANCY ARTICLES,
DRUGS,
OILS,
PAINTS,
SEEDS, & C.,
kept on hand at Lowest Prices

Agents for the Angle Lamp.

WM. P. BELL & CO.,
Accomac C. H., Va.,
DRUGGISTS
A full line of
FANCY ARTICLES,
DRUGS,
OILS,
PAINTS,
SEEDS, & C.,
kept on hand at Lowest Prices

Agents for the Angle Lamp.

WM. P. BELL & CO.,
Accomac C. H., Va.,
DRUGGISTS
A full line of
FANCY ARTICLES,
DRUGS,
OILS,
PAINTS,
SEEDS, & C.,
kept on hand at Lowest Prices

Agents for the Angle Lamp.

WM. P. BELL & CO.,
Accomac C. H., Va.,
DRUGGISTS
A full line of
FANCY ARTICLES,
DRUGS,
OILS,
PAINTS,
SEEDS, & C.,
kept on hand at Lowest Prices

Agents for the Angle Lamp.

WM. P. BELL & CO.,
Accomac C. H., Va.,
DRUGGISTS
A full line of
FANCY ARTICLES,
DRUGS,
OILS,
PAINTS,
SEEDS, & C.,
kept on hand at Lowest Prices

Agents for the Angle Lamp.

Pungoteague Academy.

(Incorporated 1899.)
Session 1900-1901 Opens Thursday, September 6th, 1900.

A. C. Southall, A. B., Randolph-Macon College, Associate
H. A. Wise, B. S., Va. Polytechnic Institute, Principals.

Primary Department.
Miss Patty Jefferson Taylor, Charlottesville, Va., graduate of Edge Hill School. Holds certificate of local examinations of University of Va., seven year's experience in teaching in the city schools, including those of Baltimore. Latest improved method of object teaching. Drawing taught in all Primary Grades.

Music Department.
Miss Margaret Rattaille, Peabody Conservatory Baltimore, and graduate in voice culture and certificate of proficiency in general musical knowledge and piano forte playing, Hollins Institute, Va. Former teacher of instrumental and vocal music in Southside Female Institute, Va.

Art Department.
Miss Patty J. Taylor, student of Le Conte, New York Art League and Paris.

Tuition.
\$20, \$30, \$40 and \$45 according to grade. Music \$30 per session. Apply to Principal of Pungoteague Academy for Prospectus.

Mason and Tyler Institute.
ONANCOCK, VA.

SESSION OPENS ————— SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1900.

Mr. C. W. Mason, A. B. & S., Hampden Sidney College, Associate
Miss Mary R. Tyler, Maryland State Normal School, Principals.

Mrs. Maggie Hozer, Instructor
Miss Annie Fosque, Instructor

RATES FOR SESSION.
Primary Department \$15. Intermediate Department \$30. Academic Department \$35. Additional but moderate charges for instruction in Latin, French or German, and Art. All pupils may take drawing and physical culture without extra charge.

This school is located in a quiet and refined section of the town. The former Presbyterian church will be fitted up with modern equipments to be used jointly with Miss Tyler's school room. Ample room and appointments for boys and girls. Board can be obtained at reasonable rates in private homes in the town. Apply to

C. W. Mason or Miss Tyler,
ONANCOCK, VA.

1786. Margaret Academy. 1900.
Onancock, Va.

REV. R. A. ROBINSON, A. B., B. D., HEADMASTER.

A christian home school for boys and girls. Five in Faculty. English, Classical and Music Courses. Personal attention. Thorough Study-hall. Library. 5 acre Lawn. Terms reasonable. Pupils received at any time. Session 1900-1901 closes June 15th, 1901.

College of William and Mary,
WILLIAMSBURG, VA.

Two Hundred and Eighth Session.

1st—Full Normal Course, Board including fuel, lights and washing \$100.00 a month. No tuition fees for students in Normal Department.
2nd—Full Collegiate Course.

Session begins first Thursday in October.
Send for Catalogue.

LYON G. TYLER, M. A., L. L. D.

Hay, Coal, Flour, Bricks, Lime, Lathes,
Shingles, Terra Cotta Piping,
General Merchandise.

IN Fertilizers, we have Baugh's 7 per cent., Rogers Best, Peruvian Guano, Rogers No. 2, Baugh's Double Eagle and Corn Phosphate, for round potatoes, peas, onions, corn and sweet potatoes.

IN Terra Cotta Piping we have the following sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12, 15, 18, 20 and 24, bought direct from the kilns and sold cheaper than wholesale city prices. 18, 20 and 24 inch for well tubes will cost about the same as cypress tubing superior to it in quality and will last a century.

IN General Merchandise our stock is always full, well selected and in great variety, and we carry in addition to above also Plows, Cultivators, 14 tooth Harrows and other Farming Implements, Hay, Flour, Potato Bed Frames, 6x8 Glass, Egg and Stove Coal 2,340 lbs. to the Ton, &c., also J. W. Masury & Son's Best Liquid Paints. We buy for spot cash and sell at the lowest margin of profit.

John W. Rogers & Bros.,
ONLY, VA.

E. W. POLK,
Formerly of — POLK & BENSON —

MERCHANT TAILOR
Pocomoke City, Md.

Will visit Accomac C. H., every court day.

E. H. BENSON,
Successor to POLK & BENSON,

Merchant Tailor, Pocomoke City, Md.

Will visit Accomac C. H., every court day with full line of Samples of Suitings in their Seasons

Pocomoke Marble Works.
Manufacturers of—
Marble and Granite Monuments, Headstones, Tablets, &c.

J. HENRY YOUNG,
Proprietor,
Pocomoke City, Md.

T. C. KELLAM, Onancock, Va., Agent.

SPREAD THE GOSPEL.

DR. TALMAGE URGES CHRISTIANS TO SEEK NEW FIELDS.

Efforts of the Churches Should Be Directed Toward Saving Sinners. They should get in sympathy with those outside their pale.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 30.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage points to fields of usefulness that are not yet thoroughly cultivated and shows the need of more activity. The text is Romans xv, 20, "Just I should build upon another man's foundation."

In laying out the plan of his missionary tour Paul sought out towns and cities which had not yet been preached to. He goes to Corinth, a city famous for splendor and vice, and Jerusalem, where the priesthood and the sabbath were ready to leap with both feet upon the Christian religion. He feels he has special work to do, and he means to do it. What was the result? The greatest life of usefulness that a man ever lived. We modern Christian workers are not apt to imitate Paul. We are content with people's foundations. If we erect a church, we prefer to have it filled with families all of whom have been pious. Do we gather a Sabbath school class, we want good boys and girls, hair combed, faces washed, manners attractive. So a church in this day is apt to be built out of other churches. Some ministers spend all their time in fishing in other people's ponds, and they throw the line into that church pond and jerk out a Methodist and throw the line into another church pond and bring out a Presbyterian, or they go to a religious whole in some neighboring church, and a whole school of fish swim off from that pond, and we take them all in with one sweep of the net. What is gained? Absolutely nothing for the cause of Christ. What strengthens an army is new recruits. While courteous to those coming from other flocks, we should build our churches not out of other churches, but out of the world, lest we build on another man's foundation.

The fact is this is a big world. When in our schoolboy days we learned the diameter and circumference of this planet, we did not learn half. It is the latitude and longitude and diameter and circumference of want and woe and sin that no figures can calculate. This one spiritual continent of wretchedness reaches across all zones, and if I were called to give its geographical boundary I would say it was bounded on the north and south and east and west by the great heart of God's sympathy and love. Oh, it is a great world! Since 8 o'clock this morning 60,000 persons have been born, and all these multiplied populations are to be reached by the gospel. In England or in our eastern American cities we are being much crowded, and an acre of ground is of great value, but in western America 500 acres is a small farm, and 20,000 acres is a usual possession. There is a vast field here and everywhere unoccupied, plenty of room more, not building on another man's foundation.

Need of Churches.
We need as churches to stop bombarding the old ironclad sinners that have been professed 30 years of Christian assent. Alas for that church which lacks the spirit of evangelism, spending on one chandelier enough to light 500 souls to glory and in one earthen pillar enough to have made a thousand men pillars in the house of our God forever, and doing less good than many a log cabin meeting house with tallow candles stuck in wooden sockets and a minister who has never seen a college and does not know the difference between Greek and Choctaw! We need as churches to get into sympathy with the great outside world and let them know that none are so broken hearted or hardly bested that they will not be welcomed. "No," says some fastidious Christian; "I don't like to be crowded in church. Don't put any one in my pew."

My brother, what will you do in heaven? When a great multitude that no man can number assemble, they will put 50 in your pew. What are the select few today assembled in the Christian churches compared with the millions outside of them? Many of the churches are like a hospital that should advertise that its patients must have nothing worse than toothache or "run rounds," but no broken heads, no crushed ankles, no fractured thighs. Give us for treatment moderate sinners, velvet coated sinners and sinners with a gloss on it. It is as though a man had a farm of 3,000 acres and put all his work on one acre. If he raise never so large ears of corn, never so big heads of wheat—he would remain poor. The church of God has bestowed its chief care on one acre and has raised splendid men and women in that small inclosure, but the field is the world. That means North and South America, Europe, Asia and Africa and all the islands of the sea. It is as though, after a great battle, there were left 50,000 wounded and dying on the field and three surgeons gave all their time to three patients under their charge. The major general comes in and says to the doctors, "Come out here and look at the nearly 50,000 dying for lack of surgical attendance!" "No," say the three doctors, standing there fanning their patients; "we have three important cases here, and we are attending to them, and when we are not positively busy with their wounds it takes all our time to keep the flies off." In this awful battle of sin and sorrow, where millions have fallen on millions, do not let us spend all our time in taking care of a few people, and when the command comes "to the world," say practically, "No; I cannot. I have here a few choice cases, and I am busy keeping off the flies." There are multitudes today who have never had any Christian worker look them in the eye and with earnestness in the accentuation say, "Come!" or they would long ago have been in the kingdom. My friends, religion is either a sham or a great reality. If it be a sham, let us disband our churches and Christian associations. If it be a reality, then great populations are on the way to the bar of God unfitted for the ordeal. And what are we doing?

Drop Religious Technicalities.
In order to reach the multitude of outsiders we must drop all technicalities out of our religion. When we talk

to people about the hypostatic union and Panch encyclopedism and Erastianism and Complutensianism, we are impotent and as little understood as if a physician should talk to an ordinary patient about the pericardium and intercostal muscle and scorbatic symptoms. Many of us come out of the theological seminaries so loaded up that we take the first ten years to show our people how much we know and the next ten years to get our people to know as much as we know, and at the end we find that neither of us knows anything, as we ought to know. Here are hundreds of thousands of sinners, struggling and dying people who need to realize just one thing—that Jesus Christ came to save them and will save them now. But we get into a profound and elaborate definition of what justification is, and after all the work there are not, outside of the learned professions, 10,000 people who can tell what justification is. I will read you the definitions: "Justification is purely a forensic act, the act of a judge sitting in the forum, in which the Supreme Ruler and Judge, who is accountable to none and who alone knows the manner in which the ends of his universal government ought to be obtained, reckons that which was done by the substitute in the same manner as if it had been done by those who believe in the substitute and purely on account of this gracious method of reckoning grants them the full remission of their sins."

Now, what is justification? I will tell you what justification is—when a sinner believes, God lets him off. One summer in Connecticut I went to a large factory, and I saw over the door written the words, "No Admittance." I entered and saw over the next door, "No Admittance." Of course I entered. I got inside and found it a pin factory, and they were making pins very serviceable, fine and useful pins. So the spirit of exclusiveness has practically written over the outside door of many a church, "No Admittance." And if the stranger enters he finds practically written over the second door, "No Admittance," and if he goes in over all the few doors across written, "No Admittance," while the minister stands in the pulpit hammering out his little niceties of belief, pounding out the technicalities of religion, making pins. In the most practical, common sense way and laying aside the nonessentials and the hard definitions of religion go out on the God given mission, telling the people what they need and when and how they can get it.

Save the Skeptics.
Comparatively little effort as yet has been made to save that large class of persons in our midst called skeptics, and he who goes to work here will not be building upon another man's foundation. There is a large number of them. They are afraid of us and our churches, for the reason we do not know how to treat them. One of these men I met and heard with what tenderness and pathos and beauty and success Christ dealt with him: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first and greatest commandment, and the second is like unto it—namely, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these." And the scribe said to him, "Well, Master, thou hast said the truth, for there is one God, and to love him with all the heart, and all the soul, and all the strength, is more than whole burnt offerings and sacrifices." And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, he said unto him, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." So a skeptic was saved in one interview. But few Christian people treat the skeptic in that way. Instead of taking hold of him with the gentle hand of love we are apt to take him with the pinches of ecclesiasticism.

You would not be so rough on that man if you knew how he lost his faith in Christianity. I have known men skeptical from the fact that they grew up in houses where religion was overdone. Sunday was the most awful day in the week. They had religion driven into them with a trip hammer; they were surfeited with prayer meetings; they were stuffed and choked with catechisms; they were often told that they were the worst boys the parents ever knew because they liked to ride down hill better than to read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Whenever father and mother talked of religion they drew down the corners of their mouth and rolled up their eyes. If any one they will send a boy or girl to run sooner than another, that is it. If I had such a father and mother, I fear I should have been an infidel.

Grounds For Unbelief.
Others were tripped up to skepticism from being grievously wronged by some man who professed to be a Christian. They had a partner in business who turned out to be a first class scoundrel, though a professed Christian. Many years ago they lost all their faith by what happened in an oil company which was formed amid the petroleum excitement. The company owned no land, or, if it did, there was no sign of oil produced; but the president of the company was a Presbyterian elder and the treasurer was an Episcopalian vestryman, and one director was a Methodist class leader and the other directors prominent members of Baptist and Congregational churches. Circulars were got out telling what fabulous prospects opened before this company. Innocent men and women who had a little money to invest, and that little their all, said: "I do not know anything about this company, but so many good men are at the head of it that it must be excellent, and taking stock in it must be almost as good as joining the church." So they bought the stock and perhaps received one dividend so as to keep them still, but after awhile they found that the company had reorganized and had a different president and different treasurer and different directors. Other engagements or ill health had caused the former officers of the company, with many regrets, to resign. And all that the subscribers of that stock had to show for their investment was a beautifully ornamented certificate. Sometimes that man, looking over his old papers, comes across that certificate, and it is so suggestive that he vows he wants none of the re-

ligion that the president and trustees and directors of that oil company professed.

Of course, their rejection of religion on such grounds was unphilosophical and unwise. I am told that many of the United States army desert every year, and there are many court martials every year. Is that anything against the United States government that swore them in? And if a soldier of Christ deserts is that anything against the Christianity which he swore to support and defend? How do you judge of the currency of a country? By a counterfeit bill? Now, you must have patience with those who have been swindled by religious pretenders. Live in the presence of others a frank, honest, earnest Christian life, that they may be attracted to the same Saviour upon whom your hopes depend.

Remember skepticism always has some reason, good or bad, for existing. Goethe's irreligion started when the news came to Germany of the earthquake at Lisbon Nov. 1, 1775. That 60,000 people should have perished in that earthquake and in the after rising of the Tagus river so stirred his sympathies that he threw up his belief in the goodness of God.

Light Up Darkness.
Others have gone into skepticism from a natural persistence in asking the reason why. They have been fearfully stabbed of the fatal interrogation point. There are so many things they cannot get explained. They cannot understand the Trinity or how God can be sovereign and yet man a free agent. Neither can I. They say, "I don't understand why a good God should let sin come into the world." Neither do I. You say, "Why was that child started in life with such disabilities, while others have all physical and mental equipment?" I cannot tell. They go out of church on Easter morning and say, "That doctrine of the resurrection confounded me." So it is to me a mystery beyond unravelment. I understand all the processes by which men get into the dark. I know them all. I have traveled with burning feet that blistered way. The first word that children learn to utter is generally papa or mamma. I think the first word I ever uttered was "why." I know what it is to have a hundred midnight our their darkness into one hour.

Such men are not to be scoffed at, but helped. Turn your back upon a drowning man when you have the rope with which to pull him ashore and let that woman in the third story of a house perish in the flames when you have a ladder with which to help her out and help her down rather than turn your back scornfully on a skeptic whose soul is in more peril than the bodies of those other endangered ones can be. Oh, skepticism is a dark land! There are men who would give a thousand dollars, if they possessed them, to get back to the placid faith of their fathers and mothers, and it is our place to help them, and we may help them, never through their words, but always through their hearts. Their education, when brought to Jesus, will be mightily effective, far more so than those who never examined the evidences of Christianity. Thomas Chalmers was once a skeptic, Robert Hall a skeptic, Robert Newton a skeptic, Christina Evans a skeptic. But when once with strong hands they took hold of the charter of the gospel they rolled it on with what momentum!

If I address such men and women today, I throw out no scoff. I implied then by the memory of the good old days when at my mother's knee they said, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and by those days and nights of scarlet fever in which she watched you, giving you the medicine in just the right time and turning your pillow when it was hot and with hands that many years ago turned to dust soothed away your pain and with voice that you will never hear again, unless you join her in the better country, told you to never mind, for you would feel better by and by, and by that dying couch where she looked so pale and talked so slowly, catching her breath between the words, and you felt an awful loneliness coming over your soul—by all that I beg you to come back and take the same religion. It was good enough for her; it is good enough for you. Nay, I have a better plea than that. I plead by all the wounds and tears and blood and groans and agonies and death throes of the Son of God, who approaches you this moment with torn brow and lacerated hands and whipped back and saying, "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Help the Drowning.
Again, there is a field of usefulness but little touched, occupied by those who are astray in their habits. All northern nations, like those of North America and England and Scotland—that is, in the colder climates—are devastated by alcoholism. They take to fire to keep up the warmth. In southern countries, like Arabia and Spain, the blood is so warm they are not tempted to iced liquors. The great Roman armies never drank anything stronger than water tinged with vinegar, but under our northern climate the temptation to heating stimulants is most mighty, and millions succumb. When a man's habits go wrong, the church drops him, the social circle drops him, good influences drop him, we all drop him. Of all the men who get off the track but few ever get on again.

Now my summer residence there is a life saving station on the beach. There are all the ropes and rockets, the boats, the machinery, for getting people off shipwrecks. One summer I saw there 15 or 20 men who were breaking after having just escaped with their lives and nothing more. Up and down our coasts are built these useful structures, and the mariners know it, and they feel that if they are driven into the breakers there will be apt from shore to come a rescue. The churches of God ought to be so many life saving stations, not so much to help those who are in smooth waters, but those who have been shipwrecked. Come, let us run out the lifeboats! And who will man them? We do not preach enough to such men. We have not enough faith in their release. Alas, if when they come to bear us we are laboriously trying to show the difference between subslarism and supralarism, while they have a hundred

vipers of remorse and despair coiling around and biting their immortal spirits. The church is not chiefly for goodly sort of men, whose proclivities are all right and who could get to heaven praying and singing in their own homes. It is on the beach to help the drowning. Those bad cases are the cases that God likes to take hold of. He can save a big sinner as well as a small sinner, and when a man calls earnestly to God for help he will go out to deliver such a one. If it were necessary, God would come down from the sky, followed by all the artillery of heaven and a million angels with drawn swords. Get 100 such redeemed men in your churches, and nothing could stand before them, for such men are generally warm hearted and enthusiastic. No formal prayers then. No heartless singing then. No cold conventionalisms then.

The Gospel Ship.
Destitute children of the street offer a field of work comparatively unoccupied. The uncared for children are in the majority in most of our cities. When they grow up, if unreformed, they will outvote your children, and they will govern your children. The whiskey rings will hatch out other whiskey rings, and grog shops will kill with their horrid stench public sobriety unless the church of God rises up with outstretched arms and folds this dying population in her bosom. Public schools cannot do it. Art galleries cannot do it. Almshouses cannot do it. Jails cannot do it. Church of God, wake up to your magnificent mission! You can do it! Get somewhere, somehow to work!

The Prussian cavalry mount by putting their right foot into the stirrup, while the American cavalry mount by putting their left foot into the stirrup. I do not care how you mount your war charger if you only get into this battle for God and get there soon, right stirrup or left stirrup or no stirrup at all. The unoccupied fields are all around us, and why should we build on another man's foundation? I have heard of what was called the "thundering legion." It was in 179 a part of the Roman army to which some Christians belonged, and their prayers, it was said, were answered by thunder and lightning and hail and tempest, which overthrow an invading army and saved the empire. And I would to God that our churches might be so mighty in prayer and work that they would become a thundering legion before which the forces of sin might be routed and the gates of hell might tremble. Launch the gospel ship for another voyage. Heave away now, lads! Shake out the reefs in the foretopsail! Come, O heavenly wind, and fill the canvas! Jesus aboard will assure our safety. Jesus on the sea will beckon us forward. Jesus on the shore will welcome us into harbor.

Ingalls at College.
"It is interesting to note," says the Springfield Republican, "that the late John J. Ingalls came close to paralleling the career of another man—namely, Lowell, who was rusticated before his class exit, and was not present at their graduation. As Mr. Ingalls himself stated the case: "I delivered a scathing review of the faculty of our college, taking as my subject 'Mummy Life,' and I treated it in such a manner as to horrify my own mother, who had come to see me graduate, as well as the entire faculty. The college professors thought to head me off by revising my oratory and cutting the heart out of it. But when I came to speak I added all they had omitted, and paid my respects to the faculty in some trenchant words of criticism. They debated for some time whether they should hold my diploma, but they said that my oration had so much wit and pith in it that, while it cut deeply, they admitted a great part of it was true."

The fact is that this was forgiven shows that at William college, really had no 'Mummy Life,' and indeed, Mr. Ingalls never failed to express his reverence for Mark Hopkins."

Not Ashamed to Own It.
Judge Ed Jared in his recent experience as a census enumerator in Murfreesboro had to get a "cullud lady's" census, and the following dialogue was called off:

"'How old are you, Mary?'"
"Oh, Lordy, mister, I dunno."

"'Were you born in Tennessee?'"
"No, sah, I was born in Salem."

"'Where was your father born?'"
"He bawn dar too."

"'Where was your mother born?'"
"She bawn in Eagleville."

"'Can you read?'"
"Yes, sah."

"'Write?'"
"Yes, sah."

"'Speak English?'"
"No, sah."—Murfreesboro News-Banner.

Klondike Doughnuts.
Next to taking a Klondike cook strives to achieve distinction by his doughnuts. This may appear frivolous at first glance and at second, considering the materials with which he works, an impossible feat. But doughnuts are all important to the man who goes on trail for a journey of any length. Bread freezes easily, and there is less grease and sugar and hence less heat in it than in doughnuts. The latter do not solidify except at extremely low temperatures, and they are very handy to carry in the pockets of a Mackinaw jacket and much as one travels along. They are made much after the manner of their brethren in warmer climates, with the exception that they are cooked in bacon grease. The more grease the better they are. Sugar is the very scarce, very mild more grease. The men never mind on trail. In the cabin—well, that's another matter. Bread, bread is good enough for them then.—Harper's Bazar.

For three days and nights I suffered agony untold from an attack of cholera morbus brought on by eating cucumbers," says M. E. Lowther, clerk of the district court, Centerville, Iowa. I thought I should surely die, and I tried a dozen different medicines but all to no purpose. I sent for a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and three doses relieved me entirely." This remedy is for sale by Wm. P. Bell & Co., Accomac C. H., Va.

TALK WITH

KELLY & NOTTINGHAM,

Onancock, Va.

We represent Fire Insurance Companies that pay losses in the event of fire.

No reliable Insurance Agency can write your insurance at a lower rate than we can make you.

It will be a matter of economy, on your part, to consult us before placing your insurance.