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Will practice in all courts of Acco-
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Accomac and Northampton counties.
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Practices in all the courts on the
Eastern Shore of Virginia.
Will be at Eastville and Accomac
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Attorneys-at-Law,
Offices—Eastville, Northampton Co.,
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convenient by railroad and water.
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map of Peninsula.
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Special attention paid to the Adjust-
ment of Foreign and other Claims.
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made a specialty. Correspondence
solicited.

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Accomac C. H., Va.
Thoroughly equipped with latest
and best instruments offers his ser-
vices to citizens of Accomac.
Will meet all engagements promptly

Agents for the Angle Lamp.

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FANCY ARTICLES,
DRUGS,
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SEEDS, & C.,
Kept on hand at Lowest Prices

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and our Stock is complete and ready
for close buyers in the following lines:

Hardware, Cutlery, Tools, Sash, Doors, Moulding, Paints, Oil,
Glass, Roofing Paper, Poultry Wire, Screen Wire, Screen Win-
dows and Doors, Pump Tops, Pump Points and Pipe, Cream
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Nickel Ware. Don't forget our line of Buggy Harness and
Whips. We have straight whips from 4 1/2 ft. to 10 1/2 ft. in length.

Call and examine our stock.
BELL & JUSTIS,
Hardware Dealers,
ONANCOCK, VA.

COME NOW.

We have a few heavy Merchandise in the way of

Suits, Pants, Shoes, Blankets and Comforts,

which we will close out at just

one-half 1/2

their value in order to make room for

Spring Goods Now Arriving Daily.

Come Now and Save Money.

Very truly,
Glick & Co., ONANCOCK, VA.
—The Busy Corner—

J. P. CAULFIELD & CO.,

222 N. Howard St.,
Baltimore, Md.

PIANOS and ORGANS.

BY THE BEST MAKERS.

We handle nothing but high grade goods

Our prices and terms will interest you.

Write for Catalogue, and mention this paper.

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IT CAN.

Without the use of the knife, we cure Cancers, Tumors, and
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Our patients are our best friends. Come and see what we
have done and are doing. If then you are not satisfied that we
do all we claim, we will pay all of your expenses. If you can-
not come, send for printed matter, or state your case, and we
will be glad to correspond with you.

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Near Ice Plant, Crisfield, Md.
Carroll Crockett, Manager.

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wharf on Peninsula.

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ments, Headstones,
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Kept on hand at Lowest Prices

TALMAGE

SERMON

By Rev.
FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.,
Pastor of Jefferson Park Presby-
terian Church, Chicago

Chicago, April 26.—In this sermon
the preacher shows by argument and
illustration the folly and danger of
writing letters when the mind is in-
fluenced by anger or otherwise so ex-
cited and disturbed as to obscure the
rational judgment. The text is Daniel
vi. 8, "Now, O king, establish the de-
crees, and sign the writing, that it be
not changed."

King Darius was about to be caught
in a trap. The jealous state officers,
who had long been plotting against the
young prime minister, had at last
found a way in which they thought
they could destroy him. "Alas!" they
chuckled. "We will make the king sign
this young upstart's death warrant. He
will not know that he is doing it. We
shall play upon our royal master's
vanity and ask him to send forth a
public letter and sign it, so that the
decrees cannot be changed."

This public letter, or proclamation,
was a singular document. It was dex-
terously devised to exalt the king's su-
premacacy and was well calculated to
please an oriental despot by making
him appear to his subjects as the ex-
clusive source of all good. It requir-
ed every subject making any request
of God or man, save to the king only,
for a period of thirty days. These plot-
ters knew that Daniel was in the habit
of praying to God every day, and they
were sure that he would continue to do
so in spite of the king's proclamation.
He would thus become an offender
against the law and would incur the
penalty, which was to be cast into the
den of lions. "Now," they would say
when the king signed the paper, "we
shall destroy that prime minister.
We could not do it by the sword, but
we shall do it by the king's impulsive
pen." Their plot operated as they ex-
pected, and Daniel was thrown into
the den of lions. We know how the
king lamented signing the letter, but
how powerless he was to recall his sig-
nature.

How many people have had similar
cause for regret! How often words
written under a hasty impulse have
recalled on the writer! Spoken words
may be forgotten, but written words
do not change. They may be used to
condemn the writer long years after
they were written; aye, after he him-
self is dead.

Never write an important letter until
you have had plenty of time to think
it over. Foolish would be that lawyer
who would quickly give a decision
upon any important case of his client
hearing all the statements of his client
the wise lawyer says: "Wait until to-
morrow, or next week, and I will tell
you what I believe you ought to do. I
do not wish to answer you without con-
sideration. I wish to think this mat-
ter over very carefully." A prominent
lawyer of the west once told me that
when he was preparing a case for court
he spent one half his time thinking of
the arguments which his opponent
might present and then a great part of
the other half in preparing to refute
them. And yet the strange fact is that
men and women often, in the moments
of greatest mental excitement, will sit
down and dash off a letter upon the
most important of subjects; without
giving the brain time to cool or the bal-
ance of judgment to settle down in the
right equilibrium they will hastily com-
mit words to paper which will decide
their whole earthly and perhaps their
heavenly destiny.

When Friend Turns Upon Friend.
My father used to impress this
thought upon me by the recollections
of an awful night which he passed in
an ordeal of indescribable horrors. A
very near and dear relative of his was
his intimate associate for many years.
They were to each other as intimate as
brothers. They confided in each other
everything. Time passed on, and there
was a rupture. The friendship was
broken. What did that relative do?
He immediately took all the letters
which my father had written and hand-
ed them over to the newspapers for
publication. The night that my father
often told me, was the most awful
night of his whole life. He knew that
he had done no wrong, but he was
afraid that in a confidential corre-
spondence of many years he might
have written something which in the
eyes of the world might be imprudent.
All that night he tramped the floor.
When the first ray of daylight told
that the dawn was near, he went out to
buy the morning newspaper which con-
tained the published private correspondence.
He read those published letters in the
street. When he returned, the first words
he said to mother were: "Thank God,
there is nothing compromising that I
have written! Thank God! Thank
God!" That is not the only illustration
which might be given where a friend
has turned upon a friend. Then, my
brother, to either friend or foe alike
never write anything which may some
day be able to stand the test of the
public print.

Never write a letter with a vengeful
pen, dipped into an ink well filled with
hatred. When one has been unjustly
attacked, it is very easy for an in-
jured man to say: "I wish I could see
that man. I wish I could give him a
good piece of my mind. I wish I could
tell him in plain, blunt language what
I think of him and his actions. As I
cannot see him, I will just sit down
and write him a letter. Then he will
see how I feel. I will write a demostri-
cative philippic. Vituperations and de-
nunciations, contemptuous exhortation,
stinging ironies, bitter epigrams and
whole verbal avalanches of invective
are gathered together upon the letter
sheet at the pen's touch. Then he
rushes away to the post office and
buys a special delivery stamp. He
pounds it upon the envelope with a
blow that sounds like a foundry in-
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ing to himself: "There, I have relieved my
self of that matter. I have told that
man just what I think of him and his
actions. If he should ever repeat the
offense, I shall not only write to him
another letter, but I shall expose his
actions to his employers, his wife, chil-
dren and to the public at large."

The Revengeful Letter.
Now, my friend, in one sense it may
ease your mind to write a vengeful
letter, but what good does such a letter
do? Does it make you more gentle to
you? Does such a letter ever make a man
feel any kinder or more gentle to the
world at large? Have you made him
a better man? Have you made your-
self a better man also? In fact,
in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred
does not such a letter damage your
neighbor and also do more damage to
the sender than it does to the man to
whom the letter is sent? I once read
of an eastern tyrant who wanted to

AN ADMIRAL'S MISTAKE.

Pertinent illustration: Some years
ago an admiral of the United States
navy was being bitterly assailed by
his enemies, who took from the private
war files a certain letter. In that let-
ter he had discussed the principles
which, in his opinion, should govern
promotion in the navy and had insisted
that courage alone did not qualify a
man to be a commanding officer. Re-
minding the government how often, as
in the case of the Franco-Prussian war
of 1870, an act of discourtesy and pre-
cipitated a conflict, he pointed out
that a brave officer lacking education,
training and diplomatic tact might in-
fluence the nation in serious difficulties.
It was therefore wise in making pro-
motions to consider the character and
antecedents of the man. The admiral's
advice was sound, but his letter was
published at a time when there were
other questions relating to his own
record under discussion, and it
created a prejudice against him which
conducted to the premature termination
of a brilliant career.

Our political history furnishes a still
more impressive illustration. A series
of letters written by a prominent
statesman were secretly copied from
the business files of the man who re-
ceived them and were published to the
world at a crisis of that statesman's
career, just at the moment when his
rivals were interested in having the
public eye turned to the worst construc-
tion upon them. They were misconstrued
and misrepresented and resulted, twenty
years ago, in the annihilation of the
writer's political aspirations. Pertin-
ent illustration the third: The impu-
sive letter written by George Washing-
ton's most intimate personal friend in
the army, Colonel Joseph Reed, to Gen-
eral Charles Lee. That letter practi-
cally destroyed Joseph Reed's whole fu-
ture career. My brother, with such
examples before you, ask yourself if
you can afford to write any letter which
will not bear the test of wholesome pub-
licity. However sure you may be of
your correspondent, who will rightly
understand them, do not forget that in
the changes of life they may fall into
the hands of malicious and hostile per-
sons.

Furthermore, you should not write a
letter which cannot be rightly read by
the whole world at large, because you
do not know how soon the friend to
whom you have written may become
your enemy. Oh, how easy it is to
snap the ties of friendship which bind
human heart to human heart. Brothers
who once slept in the same cradle
and played in the same nursery and
were the subjects of the same prayers
can become so bitter in their hatred
that they will even fight a mortal com-
bat over their parents' graves. Friends
who once loved as a Jonathan and a
David may come to hate each other as
Cain hated his brother Abel. The friend
of today who has now become the enemy
of tomorrow always try to destroy you
by the evidence of the unguarded let-
ters which you have written in times
of love.

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neighbor and also do more damage to
the sender than it does to the man to
whom the letter is sent? I once read
of an eastern tyrant who wanted to

DESTROY AN ENEMY.

He invited this en-
emy to sup with him. While they sat
at most he had the waiter bring in two
glasses of wine, the one poisoned and
the other not. But when the king of-
fered to his guest a cup he (the king)
by mistake took and drank the poi-
soned cup. Like the king, is it not al-
ways the case when a man writes a
purely vengeful letter that he is hurt
more in the sending than the enemy is
in the receiving? Did not the officers
of state prepare their own death war-
rant when they persuaded Darius to
send forth the public decree by which
they hoped to destroy the prime min-
ister?

Never write a letter without realiz-
ing that in it you have the mightiest
opportunities of testifying for Jesus
Christ. We have all studied the far-
reaching effect in a literary sense of
letter writing. The private corre-
spondence between individuals fills
some of the brightest and the most
interesting books of literature. The
love letters of Elizabeth Barrett and
Robert Browning, the tender words
which were sent east and west across
the Atlantic ocean when Thomas Car-
lyle, the mighty sage of English let-
ters, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, the
gentle sage of Concord, corresponded;
the letters of Robert Louis Stevenson
to his friends, scattered all over the
world; the letters of Cleopatra and of
the younger Pliny, letters of Juno
to the Emperor Constantine and letters
of the apostles—these letters are the
most fascinating because, like the
mountain streams, they sparkle
under the overhanging evergreens of
the affections. They were murmuring
for the most part into the ears of
only one nightingale and moistening
the throat of but one songster or song-
stress.

Many have studied the effect of let-
ter writing in a political sense. We
know the effect of Samuel Adams'
famous Revolutionary letter. We know
that Alexander Hamilton's let-
ter, by the power of public letter
writing, defeated Aaron Burr for the
gubernatorial chair of New York state
and caused him to challenge Hamilton
to a deadly duel. We know how
George Washington by letter writing
after his retirement from the presiden-
tial chair practically directed the final
legislation. We know how the famous
"Letter of John Jay," written against
the British ministry, mightily changed
the reading upon the pages of English
history. And if we are able to study
the influence of letter writing in a lit-
erary and political sense can we not
study its influence in a spiritual sense?

Letters From a Mother.
Let us first see the spiritual influence
of letter writing in your own life.
Strange to say, you do not remember
much about your mother's life. I mean
as you sit there with her portrait
exactly as she looked and the tone of
her voice. She has been dead many
years. Then you have forgotten to a
great extent her words of advice in the
home, but you have never forgotten
her letters. Somehow, after you left
home, the words which she wrote to
you made a far greater impression than
the words which she spoke. If I should
go into your home and ask for your
most valuable collection of papers you
would in all probability show me the
collection of old yellow letters. They
were written by her hand. You have
read them over and over again. Some
of those letters are stained as though
the children had splattered water upon
them. They are stained with your
tears as well as perhaps with hers.
The gospel advice in those letters
which you were able to read in the
quietude of your own room is today
the sweetest lesson that your mother
ever taught. What has been true in
the past is true in the future. The
greatest lesson that my father
taught me was not by the lip, but
with the pen. Though I had lived
with him for eighteen years he never
so overwhelmingly affected me as on
the day I left for college. He placed
in my hand a letter. He told me to
read it in the train. In this letter, on
one half sheet of paper, he wrote these
words: "In college you will find two
groups: Group one, those who go to
college because their fathers send
them there. Boys who drink and
smoke and who cheat at their examina-
tions. Failure. Group the second,
boys who go to college to prepare for
life's struggle; boys who study hard
and go to church and the prayer meet-
ing, especially the prayer meeting. Suc-
cess. Then that honor me, I will hon-
or. And they that despise me shall be
lightly esteemed." That was all he
wrote, but those written words, far
more uttered, burned themselves into
my innermost being. That letter of his
illustrated the power of a spiritual pen,
wielded in a Christian home.

But why circumscribe this thought
within the four walls of a home? The
spiritual power of gospel letter writing
is seen everywhere that it has been
tried. To what could Malthe Babcock's
wonderful spiritual influence be
most attributed? It was without
doubt one of the most successful min-
isters in the American pulpits at the
time of his death. To his marvelous
and yet simple eloquence, which Sun-
day after Sunday crowded the famous
Bible church of New York city to the
doors? No, not chiefly. To his sweet
and winsome personality in personal
contact? No, not principally. The
greatest part of his influence was won
for them, the church, by the power
of personal letter writing. One of his
old classmates told me that Dr. Bab-
cock never left a member of his
congregation get out of his reach. He
kept a book filled with dates. On the
birthdays of his boys at college he
would drop them each a short letter,
telling them to improve their oppor-
tunities and how much their parents
and pastor were thinking and praying
for them. On the sad anniversary of
the death of children he would drop a
sympathetic note to the broken hearted
parents, telling them how thankful
they ought to be that their little ones
have now been able to spend one or
two years in heaven, telling them how
happy they ought to be that the part-
ings would not now be very long.
When the anniversary of a young girl's
advent into the church came, he would
drop a letter, hoping that her year
of faith in Christ had been a happy
year. In this way Dr. Babcock reached
out everywhere and bound his people
to him with links of steel. By this sys-

PNEUMATIC CHISELS.

Granting Carving is Now Performed
With Air Tools.

An industry in which pneumatic tools
bid fair to effect a revolution is the
working of granite. Up till a few
years ago the granite tombstones which
are to be seen in every cemetery and
the elaborately carved granite blocks
which are so popular for the fronts
of banks and public houses were
dressed by hand with a hammer and
chisel in much the same way as we
may suppose the Egyptians carved the
sphinx. Now a jet of air is doing the
man's work, and instead of expend-
ing much time and muscle on his task
the workman has simply to guide the
pneumatic chisel over the surface of
the stone.

The saving in manual labor is very
great. The work is done more rapidly
and more cheaply by these tools than
by hand and, it might also be said,
more efficiently, for a pneumatic chisel
can be operated in recesses and out of
the way places in which there would
not be room to strike a blow with an
ordinary hammer. Aberdeen is the
center of the granite industry in Great
Britain, and there is no granite work-
ing establishment there of any conse-
quence which has not an equipment of
pneumatic tools. The heart of a pneu-
matic plant is the compressor, or pump,
which forces the air into a large tank
or reservoir. From this central point
the air is conveyed in pipes to all parts
of the works, and the connection with
the actual tool is made with a length
of India rubber hose, so that the work-
man can move the apparatus from
place to place.

Where a workman would have had a
hammer and a chisel in his hands now
he has a pneumatic chisel, and he has
simply to direct it in the required posi-
tion. The number of blows that a
tool like this strikes is marvelous. The
jet of compressed air operates a piston,
to which either a hammer or a chisel
can be attached, and the admission of
the air can be so regulated by valves as
to give anything from 2,000 to 15,000
strokes a minute. As might be sup-
posed, the vibration caused by such a
rapid movement as this is very great.
A visitor to a granite yard is generally
given one of these pneumatic tools to
hold, and unless he grips it tight it is
apt to jump out of his hand. One
would think that the constant use of
such tools would injure the workman's
arms and lead to cramp. So far, how-
ever, there have been no instances of
this.—Sphero.

AN ARAB'S HORSE.
The Story of an Englishman's At-
tempt to Purchase It.

In his "Souvenirs d'un Voyage" M.
Spoll describes a visit to Arabia and
the attempt of an English friend to
buy an Arabian horse. The Englishman
was at great pains to induce the Arab
who owned the horse to agree to sell
him. He persuaded the man to make
an appointment to conclude the sale
after employing "as much diplomacy
as would be used in a year in making
or breaking the balance of power in
Europe."

On the eventful day the Englishman,
with M. Spoll and M. Lascaris, rode to
the rendezvous and found the Arab
sitting by his horse, which was browsing
quietly.

"La salam alaik" (I salute you, be-
gan the Englishman cautiously. "What
shall I pay you for your horse?"
"Who knows?" said the Arab.
"Throw on my cloak here whatever
you offer."

Three thousand piasters fell at the
feet of the impassive Arab, then 10,000,
then 10,000 more. The Arab's eye
shone. Ten thousand piasters more won
him. "Ah," he said, going up to his
majestic animal, "we must part."

The Englishman began to bridle the
horse. The Arab bobbed. Suddenly the
intelligent animal, perceiving his new
owner, sprang away and neighed
mournfully. No one could doubt that
he knew what was going on.

With one bound the child of the desert
was in the saddle. "Adieu!" he said.
"Your money could never replace my
only friend!" And he vanished in a
cloud of dust.

"Stupid!" cried my English friend,
and then we rode home in silence.

Mirth, Not Misery, Loves Company.
I have always doubted the propo-
sition that "misery loves company" and
have believed that such a statement
was first put forth by some arch hypo-
crite whose misery was but a pretense
and who was beckoning some other
sinner sufferer into a quiet corner
where they could both be jovial on the
sly.

However slight my knowledge of uni-
versal misery may be, I can attest
from personal experience that my own
misery claims solitude and slips away
by itself and turns the key upon the
curious world, asking nothing so much
as to be "let alone." I do not care to
weep in company, nor would I understand
to have a chorus of other weepers
sob in unison with me. Rather would
I remain in unmolested wretchedness
until my tears had vanished and my
eyes and nose assumed normal appear-
ance.

'Tis mirth then, and not misery,
which pines for company. Fun cannot
thrive alone and flourishes only among
congenial spirits. Our laughter must
be shared, our smiles responded to, and
every glance of merriest needs recog-
nition to make it worth the while.—
Caroline Ticknor in Atlantic.

The Essential Thing.
The primary class in Sunday school
was listening to a lesson on patience.
This, according to the Boston Herald,
was what came of it, at least in the
minds of the more literal minded chil-
dren.

The topic had been carefully ex-
plained, and as an aid to understand-
ing the teacher had given each pupil a
card bearing the picture of a boy fish-
ing.

"Even pleasure," said she, "requires
the exercise of patience. See the boy
fishing. He must sit and wait and
wait. He must be patient."