



S. JAMES TURLINGTON,
Attorney-at-Law.
OFFICES—Accomac C. H. and Fair Oaks, Va.
Practices in all the courts on the Eastern Shore of Virginia.

JNO. R. and J. HARRY REW,
Attorneys-at-Law.
Offices—Accomac C. H., and Parkersley at Accomac C. H., every Wednesday.
Will practice in all the courts on the Eastern Shore of Virginia.

ROY D. WHITE,
Attorney-at-Law.
Offices: Parkersley and Accomac C. H. Practices in all courts of Accomac and Northampton Counties. Prompt attention to all business.

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JOHN S. PARSONS,
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Accomac C. H., Va.
Will practice in all courts of Accomac and Northampton counties.

BEN T. GUNTER,
Attorney-at-Law.
Accomac C. H., Va.
Will practice in all the courts of Accomac and Northampton counties.

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, H. first day of every court and at Eastville every Wednesday.

W. F. MEARS, G. Walter Mapp
MEARS & MAPP,
Attorneys-at-Law.
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U. Q. STURGIS,
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Offices—Accomac C. H., Onancock and Eastville.
At Accomac C. H. every Monday Wednesday.
Practices in all courts on Eastern Shore. Bankruptcy cases a specialty.

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Thoroughly equipped with latest best instruments offers his services to citizens of Accomac.
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Dry Goods, White Goods, Notions, Hosiery, Neckwear, Underwear, Shoes in all qualities and styles for men, youths, boys, ladies, misses and children, Mattings, Carpets, Floor and Table Oil Cloths, Etc.

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Meats—Fresh and Salt—all kinds.

Hay, Corn, Oats, Bran, Middlings, Chops, Wheat, Rye, Etc.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Building Material, Building Hardware, Feed, etc.

Are you going to build, if so it will pay you to inspect our stock of

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, Stair Rails, Newels,

Brackets, Porch Trimmings, Building Hardware, Florida and North Carolina Shingles, Ceiling, Flooring, Cypress Lumber and lathes. Georgia Pine Heart a specialty.

We are headquarters for

Everything in the Feed Line.

In large quantities and sell at the smallest possible margin, Hay, Corn, Oats, Bran, High grade Middlings and chops.

Our Carriage, Wagon and Harness Department

is full and complete, we invite your inspection before buying.

We also carry a full stock of

Coal, Bricks, Lime, Cement, Salt, Terra Cotta Piping, American and Ellwood wire Fence,

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Do you intend to paint your dwelling, if so use

Hirschberg, Hollanders Stag Brand, R. M. Paste paint. It is the best and cheapest (One gallon makes two). We carry a full assortment of colors.

If you wish to contract for a building give us a call. Our Architect, W. M. Bowen will furnish you with latest designs, plans, etc., and will do your work in the best workmanlike manner.
We give you a few names as reference of work done by us, O. L. Ewell, Augustus J. Parks, Columbus Bundick, all of Parkersley, and Will Matthews, E. W. Russell and Ashton J. Lewis, all of Leemont, Va.

We ask a share of your patronage, and assure you that any orders by phone or mail will receive prompt attention.

Parkersley Coal and Supply Co.

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Near Ice Plant. Crisfield, Md.

The plant of the F. W. Shivers Co. having been purchased and added to that of the Crisfield Ice Cream Co. gives us capacity of 1,000 gallons daily.

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Can ship by Express to any station or by steamer to any wharf on Peninsula

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Temperanceville Bank.

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H. L. Nock, Assistant Cashier.

Responsibility to Depositors, \$50,000.

Now open for business.

Money loaned, secured by deed of trust on Real Estate.

3 per cent. allowed on time Deposits. Patronage Solicited.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

This is a medicine of great worth and merit. Try it when you have a cough or cold and you are certain to be pleased with the quick relief which it affords. It is pleasant to take and can always be depended upon. For sale by B. S. Ashby & Co., Accomac, and all county agencies.

Cured of Lame Back After 15 Years of Suffering.

"I had been troubled with lame back for fifteen years and I found a complete recovery in the use of Chamberlain's Pain Balm," says John G. Bisher, Gilliam, Ind. This liniment is also without an equal for sprains and bruises. It is for sale by B. S. Ashby & Co., Accomac, and all county agencies.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Tax Notices.

Notice is hereby given that the State Tax and County Levy for the year 1905 are now due, and that in pursuance of law, we will be at the following named places in said districts at the time herein specified, for the purpose of collecting said taxes and levies, viz:

Appointments of John H. Hopkins, Mappsville, October 5, 6 and 7. Bloxom, October 12, 13 and 14. Temperanceville, October 19, 20 and 21. New Church, October 26, 27 and 28. Parkersley, November 4th, 25th and 30th. Sanford, November 8, 9 and 10. Saxis, November 8, at night. Cattail, November 11, morning. Mearsville, November 11, afternoon. Greenbackville, November 13, at night. Chincoteague, November 14, 15 and 16. Horatoun, November 16, at night. Hallwood, November 17, afternoon and night. Madeson, November 18th. Hopeton, November 23, morning. Newtown, November 23, afternoon. Hunting Creek, November 24, morning. Leemont, November 24, afternoon. Accomac, November 6, 8 and 29.

Appointments of Edwin T. Powell, Painter, October 3, 4 and 5. Only, October 6, morning. Locustville, October 6, afternoon. Cashville, October 12, morning. Finneys, October 12, afternoon. Chesconessing, North Side, October 14, morning. Melfa, October 17, afternoon. Belle Haven, October 20, afternoon. Pungoteague, October 21, November 4, 16, 17 and 18. Kellier, November 3. Accomac C. H., October 30, November 6, 8, 27, 28 and 29. Onancock, October 14 and 23, November 11 afternoon, and 28, 29 and 30 all day. Wachapreague, November 13, 14 and 15. Tangier, November 9, 10 and 11. Harborton, November 17, at night. All 1904 Capitation Taxes unpaid by November 15th, 1905, will be returned Delinquent.

The payment of Capitation Tax for 1905 will be required six months before an election in order to vote. We recommend to all the payment of their taxes before the penalties are added. December 1st, 1905, and interest after June 15th, 1906, will be charged from December 15th, 1905.

John H. Hopkins, Treasurer, Edwin T. Powell, D. Y. Treas., of Accomac County, Va.

To the Farmers of the Eastern Shore.

I am sorry I could not fill the orders you gave me for my patent barrel during the Irish potato season. I wish to say to you that I am now in a better position to furnish you with a better sweet potato and give you a better made barrel. Those of you, who have used my barrel, I am quite sure have found it all claim for it and will say to those who have not used them that the barrel you should use for three reasons.

1st. Because they are the standard size and all the same.
2nd. Because they are ventilated and there is no chipping of barrels to be done.
3rd. Because they will stand the weather, both sunshine and rain, cannot dry out and fall to pieces and are always ready for use.
I will be glad to supply you at any point possible. I ask you to send in your orders at once so that I can supply as many of you as I possibly can as you know it is impossible to furnish all at the same time so do not wait until the day you want them.
All orders received by word, mail or phone, will be promptly attention and will be filled according to your turn. To those who have been dealing with me I thank them for their patronage and ask for a continuance of the same and those who have not I ask to give me a trial.

John W. Taylor, Hallwood, Va.

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Call attention to their large stock of

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Builders' Hardware, Shingles, Laths, Lime, Bricks, and Building Material generally, Paints, Oils and Painters' Supplies.

We are prepared to cut house bills to order; also manufacture barrel staves and heads of good quality. Our grist mill will run every Saturday. Notwithstanding reports to the contrary.

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MARTIN & MASON CO.,
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Builders' Material

We have a large line of all kinds of BUILDERS' MATERIAL,

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We name in part:

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A trial order will convince you that we can save you money.

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Calmage Sermon

By Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D. D.

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 24.—The preacher today, talking for his theme the vacation's end, when the multitudes are flocking back from seashore and mountain, shows us that home has its own peculiar blessings, which are never better appreciated than on return after absence. The text is Ephesians v. 20, "Giving thanks always for all things unto God."

Some people are "weeping Jeremiahs." They are always seeing ominous visions and dreaming portentous dreams and prophesying evil. Their prophecies are never like the chirps of the red breasted robins, harbingers of the spring. They are like the autumnal frosts, forerunners of winter's storms. They prophesy pains and miseries and wars and massacres and tomahawks and tortures at the stake, amid a chorus of blood curdling yells and Indian whoops. They are not like the ancient astrologers, who used to foretell a glorious career for the newborn babe from the solar system hovering over the cradle on the night of the babe's nativity. They never see stellar letters of gold. They only see eclipses and tornadoes and absence of all light. In the black pages of the troubles that are past and the forecasts of the troubles that are to come.

These pessimists are always dreading a dirge. They never make an inventory of their blessings. They are never happy for what they have. They are always dwelling on the things which they have not and which they would like to have. These modern pessimists are like the farmer who when it rains grumbles and says: "This rain is killing my corn. Corn needs sunshine." And when the sun shines then he complains that the drought is killing his hay. "Grass," he says, "needs rain, not sunshine." These pessimists are always grumbling, always complaining. Every Monday is for them a blue Monday and every Sunday a blue Sunday. They grumble in the morning. They grumble at night. They grumble all the time. They think they live in the poorest country, surrounded by the meanest people, at the most unfortunate of all times. The country is for them always rushing toward hopeless smashup. They are never happy unless they are miserably happy. If they ever reach a better condition they get there, they will complain about the architecture of the white mansions and complain about the glare of the streets of gold and complain about the weakness of the gates of pearl and complain about the style of the celestial music. These pessimists were not born under "a lucky star." They were born, according to the teaching of ancient astrology, amid the absence of all light, unless that light was the flashing light of the lightning. These pessimists derive the motive of their music from the growlings of a tempest and not from the notes of a sweet throated, happy nightingale.

The Chronic Grumbler.

Paul, in the words of my text, huris his anathema against the chronic grumbler. He bids us look upon the bright side and not the dark side of life. We should find a sweet nectar in every flower and a blessing in every moment. We should be like a wasp gathering honey and not like a wasp thrusting sting. That beautiful spirit of contentment and thankfulness to God as had an aged octogenarian. Some one said to him, "Grandpa, when is the happiest time of life?" He answered: "When spring comes and under the influence of the gentle warmth of the atmosphere the buds commence to turn into flowers I think to myself, 'Oh, what a beautiful season is spring!' Then, when summer comes and covers the trees with thick foliage, when the birds are so happy in singing their pretty songs, I say to myself, 'Oh, summer is a fine thing!' Then when autumn comes and I see the same trees loaded with the most tempting fruits, I cry out, 'Oh, how magnificent is autumn!' And finally, when the rude, hard winter makes its appearance and there are neither leaves nor fruits on the trees, then through their naked branches I look upward and perceive better than I could ever do before the stars that glitter in the sky." Aye, like the aged Christian and like Paul of my text, amid all things we should learn to give thanks unto God.

Give thanks unto God for all things. Yes, we ought to be ready to do that. But in order to bring our spiritual lesson a little nearer home let us make an inventory of some of the blessings which naturally have come to those of us who have just returned home from our summer vacations. Many of us during the past summer have been away to the mountains or down to the seashore, seeking rest and physical and mental strength and recreation. We have been to the old treadmills of city life. Some of us when boarding the train for home did so with a sigh. "Well," we said, "fun is over for one year." Now for another twelve months of hard grind." We sighed thus, as though all the pleasures of life were found in vacations. Are they? Let us see. Let us study for a little while the blessed recitation which should come to every healthy man and

healthy woman from a summer vacation. Let us make a short summary of the blessings of our city lives and see how much there is in them for which we ought to thank God.

We should in the first place thank God for our homes. I do not here thank the world home in the broad, but in the narrow sense. It may be but a humble cottage with poor, worn furniture; but it is home, and every article in it has its tender associations. Perhaps it is more affluent. Then there is the more care for gratitude to God. Then we should humbly thank God for our beds and carpets and pictures upon the walls, our dining room tables and kitchens and for the four walls of our own libraries. I want you to thank God today for your city home which a few weeks ago you looked upon as a prison, but now, with its rooms and its closets and its familiar entrance, you consider the most blessed place in all the world.

Blessings of Home.

It is a strange fact that, in order to appreciate our city homes as well as our other blessings, most of us have to be deprived of them for awhile. We are a great deal like that quaint laborer who was a hod carrier. A friend was commiserated with him because he had to carry his heavy load of bricks up the ladders to the top of a high wall. "Oh," he said, "I do not mind it going up much, for when I reach the top I always feel so contented when I put my load down." Most of us, once in awhile, have to carry a heavy load in order to be happy when we do not have any loads to carry. We must be separated for a time from our blessings in order to appreciate them when they come back to us. We are like some people living in the climate of southern California, one of the most glorious climates in all the world. Here people sometimes grow absolutely tired of the sunshine. "Oh," said a man to me some time ago, "I wish I could get rid of the sun. I am so tired of looking at it. It is beautiful day after beautiful day for week in and week out and for month in and month out. I would that I could see just one old fashioned New England storm or Illinois blizzard." "Yes," I answered my friend. "You wish you could see a Chicago blizzard again, but as soon as it begins to howl about you and send its chill winds running up and down your backbones and make you hunch the fire you would mightily glory with it." For what? Instead of the warmth of the California sun, it does seem strange that perpetual blessings can pull upon us. We must be deprived of blessings for a little while to appreciate them when we get them back. This fact is especially true of the comforts of our city homes.

Longing For the Country.

When the summer months draw near last spring the city home did not look as attractive to us as it is today. We longed for that little cottage by the seashore, or we longed to give up housekeeping and have a change of cooking and go and board at the summer hotels. We pictured the beautiful visions of sitting under the trees and hearing the bees hum. Our mouths watered at the idea of eating the fresh laid eggs and drinking the warm milk, thicker than our city cream. The trucks were packed, the tickets were bought, the city home was deserted. For what? Instead of the exchanged cottage by the sea, some of us returned to our comfortable city homes for a little handbox of a house. It was so small that we had to go out into the front yard to turn around, or else we might have done ourselves a physical injury. Or, instead of the great wide parlors of our city home, we were shut up in two or three little rooms of a hotel, where it was so hot that, like the chickens on a sultry day, we had to keep our mouths open most of the time to catch our breath. Then the food, rich milk? Fresh laid eggs? Delicious vegetables? Oh, no! The best of the farm products are sent to the city markets, not to the country. We were crowded and jostled. We had to read our books in stiff backed, uncomfortable chairs, or sit down under the trees, where we were always afraid of being stung by the "yellow jackets." Instead of our great big closets we had to live for the most part in trunks. And the beds? Oh, my! The mattresses must have been made out of savings. And everywhere you turned you kept longing for the comforts of your city home. Now, my friends, are we back to our city homes. Let us thank God for them. Let us thank God for the simple, wholesome meals we have. Let us thank him for the sitting rooms, with their big, comfortable chairs, and for the bedrooms, where we have a place for everything and everything in its place. Do not talk to me of the sublime blessings of a summer watering place, but of the sublime blessings and comforts of our own city homes.

The Gold Setting.

We should also thank God for our city homes in a broad sense. What the gold setting is to the precious stone, the halls, the walls, the fireplaces, the bedrooms, the sitting and dining rooms and the parlors are to the family jewels we call our wives, our husbands, our fathers and mothers and children and brothers and sisters. There is an old motto which we often hear upon the street: "What is home hear upon the street." We sometimes hear it flippantly spoken. But I do not ask the question in a reverential question in a broader sense. I ask, "What would home be without all the children and the parents being gathered together under the same roof?" In truth, it would not be a home. Thus today, amid the blessings of our vacation compensations, I thank God that our families are reunited. I thank God that father sits at one end of the table and that mother sits at the other end of the table and that all the children

are lined up between, with the two places of honor next to the mother reserved for the two youngest in the family.

No; there is not one missing. As you look about the long table at your Sunday dinner today you will find them all there. Many a day has passed since the first day of last July that you would have given a good deal to have the whole family about you, as you have this Sabbath morning. In the school first place, no sooner did the children close last summer than the school went everywhither. One of your boys went everywhither. One of your daughters went to visit a school friend in the east or on the ranch, your wife had to take the sick child down to the seashore, you as the husband and father were away for some time on a business trip, and when you returned you had to spend most of your time in the city. You snatched your Sundays off and a few days here and there to go to the country, but for the most part you were alone. Now the family is reunited. Schools have opened. The boys and girls have to come back to their books. The many dangers of travel are past. Say what you will, you worried a great deal about that boy of yours using that gun. Yes; you are all home again, safe and well. Thank God today for your reunited families! "Amen! Amen!" I can hear from dozens of grateful lips as a great climax to this domestic thanksgiving.

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