Feed

Your nerves upon rich, red blood and you will not be nervous. Blood is made rich and pure by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills are always reliable. 25 cents.

HER POSITION PAYS.

Queen Victoria Has Found Ruling a Very Profitable Calling.

Victoria has found queenhood a very profitable calling. Figures for fifty-seven years of her reign show that the British people have given her under the name of civil list expenditures $110,275,000. In addition to this vast total, $48,676,765 has been expended for the maintenance of seventeen residences, stables and the like. The total direct expenditure of the Queen alone is over $1,800,000 a year. There is at this date an annual expenditure in addition for other members of the royal family of $1,300,000. The thrity old lady who has this vast income at her disposal has taken care to "make hay while the sun shines." Of course, the money has been voted to enable her to keep up the ornamental state considered necessary for a royal position. But it is just this she does not do. Victoria, besides valuable continental property, is the owner of three estates in the United Kingdom. They are Balmoral, in Aberdeenshire, Scotland; Osborne House, Isle of Wight, Hampshire, and Charlemont, Surrey. They embrace 5,561 acres, with a rental value a year of $27,805. At twenty years' purchase that would be $556,100. In fact, they are worth double that amount.

Queen Victoria, they say, has her little superstitions. She believes that articles made by blind persons bring good luck; that spilling salt brings bad luck; and she would probably not give sixpence for her kingdom if by any untoward chance thirteen persons happened to sit at the royal dining table. She has her pet dislikes, too, and among these is a hearty destation of nicknames; another is an antipathy as to the smell of furs, particularly of sealskins.

It Referred to the Dog.

In a well-known street in London a beggar was often seen plodding about with a small dog. The dog was held by a piece of chain, and had round his neck a placard, with "Pity the Blind" in large, red letters. Mr. T——, passing one day, dropped a sixpence into the man's outstretched hand.

"Halloa!" he cried, as he was turning away, "was that a halfsovereign I gave you?"

"No, sir—no," answered the beggar; "only sixpence."

"So," said Mr. T——, "you are not blind, after all?"

"Bless you, sir, no!" he replied. "You see, the placard refers to the dog. He's blind—not I!"

Miss Townley—Yes, indeed, uncle, I love birds. Uncle Greenfield—I thought you hated them. Miss Townley—Why! Don't you see I have four in the house? Uncle Greenfield—I see you have—in cages.—Life.

Cabs in London.

Standings are provided for only 5,000 cabs in London, though there are over 11,000 licensed vehicles.

WOMEN WANT TO KNOW

TO WHOM CAN THEY TELL THEIR TROUBLES?

A Woman Answers "To Me"—Anxious Inquirers Intelligently Answered—Thousands of Grateful Letters.

Women regard it as a blessing that they can talk to a woman who fully understands their every ailment, and thus avoid the examinations, experiments and theories of incompetent physicians, whose sex deprives them of knowing by experience. The endless confidence placed in Mrs. Pinkham by American women, prompts them to seek her advice constantly.

Female diseases yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once. Inflammation, ulceration, falling and displacement of the womb, ovarian troubles, spinal weakness and kidney complaints, all have their symptoms, and should be "nipped in the bud." Bearing-down pains, backache, headache, nervousness, pains in groins, lassitude, whites, irregularities, dread of impending evil, blues, sleeplessness, faintness, etc.

Here is testimony right to the point:

"The doctors told me that unless I went to the hospital and had an operation performed, I could not live. I had falling, enlargement and ulceration of the womb.

"I was in constant misery all the time; my back ached; I was always tired. It was impossible for me to walk far or stand long at a time. I was surely a wreck. I decided that I would give your Compound and Sanative Wash a trial.

"I took three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and used two packages of Sanative Wash, and I am now almost well. I am stouter and healthier than I have ever been in my life. My friends and neighbors and the doctors are surprised at my rapid improvement. I have told them all what I have been taking." —MRS. ANNETTA BICKMEIER, Bellaire, Belmont Co., O.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Shall We Have Another Chance."

TEXT: "If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." - Eccl. ii., 3.

There is a hovering hope in the minds of a vast multitude of people that there will be an opportunity in the next world of correcting the mistakes of this; that however complete a shipwreck we may make of our earthly life, it will be on a beach up which we may walk to a palace; that as a defendant may lose his case in a Circuit Court and appeal it and have it go up to the Supreme Court or Court of Chancery and all the costs thrown over on the other party, so a man may lose his case in this world, but in the higher jurisdiction of eternity have the decision of the earthly case set aside, all the costs remitted and the defendant be triumphant forever.

The object of my sermon is to show you that common sense declares with the text that such an expectation is chimerical. "If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." There are those who say that if the impenitent and unfortunate man enters the next world and sees the disaster, as a result of that disaster he will turn, the distress the cause of his reformation; but we have ten thousand instances all around about us of people who have done wrong and disaster suddenly came upon them—did the disaster heal them? No, they went on. There is a man flung of dissipations. The doctor says to him: "Now, my friend, if you don't stop drinking and don't stop this fast life you are living, you will die." The patient thanks the physician for his warning and gets better; he begins to sit up, begins to walk around the room, begins to go to business and takes the same round of grog shops where he got his morning dram and his evening dram and the drams between. Down again. Same doctor. Same physical anguish. Same medical warning. But now the sickness is more protracted, the liver more obstinate, the stomach more irritable, the digestive organs more rebellious. But still, under medical skill, he gets better; goes forth, commits the same sacrilege against his physical health. Sometimes he wakes up to see what he is doing, and he realizes he is destroying his family and that his life is a perpetual perjury against his marriage vows, and that that broken-hearted woman is so different from the roseate wife he married that her old schoolmates do not recognize her on the street, and that his sons are going out in life under the taunt of a father's drunkenness, and that his daughters are going out in life under the scarification of a disreputable ancestry. His nerves are all a jangle. From crown of head to sole of foot he is one aching, rasping, crucifying, damning torture. Where is he? He is in hell on earth. Does it stop him? Ah! no. After awhile delirium tremens pours out upon his pillow a whole jungle of hissing reptiles. His screams horrify the neighbors as he dashes out of bed crying, "Take these things off of me!" He is drinking down the comfort of his family, the education of his children, their prospects for this life and perhaps their prospects for the life to come. Pale and convalescent he sits up. Physician says to him, "Now, my good fellow, I am going to have a plain talk with you. If you ever have an attack of this kind again you will die. I can't save you, and all the doctors in creation can't save you." The patient gets up, starts out, goes the same round of dissipation and is down again; but this time medicines do not touch his case. Consultations of physicians say there is no hope. Death ends the scene. That process of inebriation and physical suffering and medical warning and dissolution is taking place within a stone's throw of where you sit and in every neighborhood of Christendom. Pain does not reform. Suffering does not cure. What is true in regard to one sin is true in regard to all sins, and yet men are expecting in the next life there will be opportunity for purgatorial regeneration.

Again, I wish you to further notice that another chance in another world means the ruin of this. Now, suppose a wicked man is assured that after a lifetime of wickedness he can fix it all right in the future? That would be the demoralization of society, that would be the demolition of the human race. There are now men who are kept on the limits of sin by their fear. The fear that if we are bad and unforgiven here it will not be well for us in the next existence, is the chief influence that keeps civilization from rushing back into semi-barbarism, and keeps semi-barbarism from rushing back into midnight savagery, and keeps midnight savagery from rushing back into extinction. Another chance in another world means the demolition of this world.

Furthermore, my friends—for I am preaching to myself as well as to you—we are on the same level, and though the platform is a little higher than the pew, it is only for convenience, and that we may the better speak to the people; we are all on the same platform, and I am talking to my soul while I talk to yours—my friends, why another chance in another world when we have declined so many chances in this? Suppose you spread a banquet and you invite a vast number of friends, and among others you send an invitation to a man who disregards it, or treats it in an obnoxious way. During twenty years you gave twenty banquets, a banquet a year, and you invite your friends, and every time you invite this man, who disregards your invitation or sends back some indignity. After a while you move into a larger house and amid more luxurious surroundings, and you invite your friends, but you do not invite that man to whom twenty times you sent an invitation to the smaller house. Are you to blame? You would only make yourself absurd before God and man to send that man another invitation. For twenty years he has been declining your offers and sending insult for your kindness and courtesy, and can he blame you? Can he come up to your house on the night of the banquet? Looking up and seeing it is a finer house will he have any right to say: "Let me in. I have declined all those other offers, but this is a larger house, a more luxuriant abode. Let me in. Give me another chance."

God has spread a banquet of His grace before us. For three hundred and sixty-five days of every year, since we knew the difference between our right hand and our left, He has invited us by His Providence and by His Spirit. Suppose we decline all these offers of kindness. Now the banquet is spread in a large place, in the heavenly palace. Invitations are sent out, but no invitation is sent to us. Why? Because we declined all those other banquets. Will God be to blame? Will we have any right to rap on the door of heaven and say: "I ought not to be shut out of this place: give me another chance?" Twelve gates of salvation standing wide for free admission all our life and then when the twelve gates close we rush on the bosses of Jehovah's buckler, saying: "Give me another chance." A ship is to sail for Hamburg. You want to go to Germany by that line. You see the advertisement of the steamer's sailing. You see it for two weeks. You see it in the morning papers and you see it in the evening papers; you see it placarded on the walls. Circulars are thrown into your office telling you all about that steamer. One day you come down on the wharf and the steamer has swung out into the stream. You say: "Oh, that isn't fair. Come back, swing up again to the docks. Throw the planks ashore that I may come on board. It isn't fair. I want to go to Germany by that steamer. Give me another chance." Here is a magnificent offer for heaven. It has been anchored within our sight year after year, and all the benign voices of earth and heaven have urged us to go on board since it may sail at any moment.

Suppose we let that opportunity sail away, and then we look out and say: "Send back that opportunity; I want to take it; it isn't treating me fairly. Give me another chance." Why, my brother, you might as well go out and stand on the Highlands at the Navesink three days after the Majestic has gone out, and shout: "Captain, come back; I want to go to Liverpool on the Majestic. Come back over the sea and through the Narrows and up to the docks. Give me another chance." You might as well do that as, after the last opportunity of heaven has sped away, try to get it back again. Just think of it! It came on me yesterday in my study with overwhelming impressiveness. Just think of it. All heaven offered us as a gratuity for a whole lifetime, and yet we wanting to rush against God, saying: "Give me another chance!" There ought to be, there will be, no such thing as posthumous opportunity.

You see common-sense agrees with my text in saying that "if the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." You see this idea lifts this world from an unimportant way-station to a platform of stupendous issues, and makes all eternity whirl around this hour. Oh, my soul! my soul! Only one trial, and all the preparation for that trial to be made in this world, or never made at all. Oh, my soul! my soul! You see this piles up all the emphasis and all the climaxes and all the destinies into this life. No other chance. Oh, how that intensifies the value and the importance of this chance.

Alexander and his army used to come around a city and they would kindle a great light, with the understanding that as long as that light was burning the city might surrender, and all would be well, but if they let that light go out, then the battering rams would swing against the walls and there would come disaster and demolition. Oh, my friends, all you and I need to do to prepare for eternal safety is just to surrender to the King and Conqueror, Christ. Surrender hearts, surrender life, surrender everything. The great light keeps burning, light kindled by the wood of the cross, light flaming up against the dark night of our sin and sorrow. Oh, let us surrender before the light goes out, and with it our last opportunity of making our peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, my brother, talk about another chance; this is the supernal chance. In the time of Edward II., at the battle of Musselburgh, a private soldier saw the Earl of Huntley had lost his helmet. The private soldier took off his helmet and went up to the Earl of Huntley and put the helmet on his head. Now, the head of the private soldier uncovered, he was soon slain, while his commander rode in safety through and out of the battle. But it is different in our case. Instead of a private offering a helmet to an earl, it is the King of heaven and earth offering a crown to an unworthy subject, the King dying that we might live! Oh, tell it to the points of the compass, tell it to day and night, tell it to earth and heaven, tell it to all the centuries and all the millenniums that God has given us a magnificent chance in this world and that we need no other chance in another!

A dream. I am in the burnisher judgment hall on the last day. The great white throne is lifted, but the Judge has not yet taken it. While we are waiting for His arrival I hear the immortals in conversation. "What are you waiting for?" says a soul that went up from Madagascar to a soul that went up from America. The latter responds: "I was in America forty years ago, and I heard the gospel preached, and I had plenty of Bibles in my house, and from the time that I knelt at my mother's knee in prayer until my last hour, I had great opportunities; but I did not improve them, and I am here to-day waiting for another chance. "Strange, strange," says the soul just come up from Madagascar. "Strange; why, I never heard the gospel call but once in all my life, and I accepted it, and I don't want another chance." "What are you waiting for?" says one who on earth had very feeble intellect to one who had great brain and whose voice was silvery, and who had scepters of power. The latter replied: "I had great power on earth. I must admit, and I mastered languages and I mastered libraries, and colleges conferred upon me learned titles, and my name was a synonym for eloquence and power; but somehow I neglected the matters of my soul and I must confess to you I am here to-day waiting for another chance." Now, the ground trembles with the advancing chariot. The great folding doors of the burnished hall of judgment are thrown open. "Stand back," cry the ushers, "and let the Judge of quick and dead pass through." He takes the throne. He looks off upon the throngs of nations come to the last judgment, come to the only judgment, and one flash from the throne reveals each man's history to himself, and reveals it to all the others. And then the Judge says: "Divide!" and the burnished walls echo it, "Divide!" and the guides angelic answer, "Divide!" and the immortals are rushing this way and that, until there if an aisle between them, a great aisle; and then a vacuum, widening and widening, until the Judge looks to one side of that vacuum, and addresses the throne and says: "Let him that is righteous be righteous still, and let him that is holy be holy still." And then, turning to the throng on the other side of the vacuum, He says: "Let him that is unjust be unjust still, and let him that is filthy be filthy still." And then He stretches out both hands, one toward the throng on each side the vacuum, and says: "If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be!" And then I hear something jar with a great sound. It is the closing of the Book of Judgment. The Judge ascends the stairs behind the throne. The Hall of the last Assize is cleared and shut. The High Court of Eternity adjourned forever.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

By the explosion of a portable boiler at Rochester, N. Y., three men were probably fatally and twenty slightly injured.

The steamer Oceanica, of the Lehigh Valley Transportation Company, and the propeller Chisholm were sunk in a collision in Lake St. Clair.

A cloudburst at Mogollon, New Mexico resulted in the loss of several lives and the destruction of considerable mining property. Damage was also done at Graham and other points.

Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus K. Martin, of Brooklyn, while walking on the Prospect Park and Coney Island Railroad tracks, at Kings Highway, were struck by a train and instantly killed.

A freight house being erected in South Boston for the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad collapsed, and ten men were injured, Adolphus McKenna, aged 24 years old, fatally.

A Rock Island extra freight, carrying stock, was wrecked at the sugar mills, four miles west of Topeka, Kansas. Four men stealing a ride in the feed-box of a stock car were almost instantly killed.

The Rev. John H. Stewart, aged 60, and for thirty-two years a member of the Methodist ministry, was struck by an engine while driving over a railway crossing near his home in Cataraqui, Ontario, and killed.

Fire destroyed the Van Wert County, Ohio, Infirmary. The thirty inmates barely escaped with their lives. Two were badly burned, an old woman had both arms broken and half a dozen suffered slight injuries.

Foreman Peter Ryan, John Manning and John Campbell were killed in the St. Lawrence Mine, at Butte, Montana, by the failure of a clutch on the hoisting engine to work, which permitted the cage to drop to the bottom of the shaft, a distance of 1256 feet.

Engineer Fred. Romp, of "Flyer No. 1," going west; Engineer Wm. Johnson, of fast freight, coming east, and Fireman Huff, of the flyer, were killed in a collision at Torch, W. Va., on the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern. Two other train men were probably fatally injured.

The second section of a West-bound train on the Denver and Rio Grand Railroad was wrecked about eight miles west of Pueblo, Colorado. Engineer Charles Davenport and Fireman W. F. Reppert were instantly killed. About twenty passengers were injured, but none seriously. It is thought the accident was caused by the spreading of the rails, due to the intense heat.

George R. Sims, the London writer, is at the head of an anti-bald crusade. It is stated that he calculates he has caused hair to grow on 50,000 bald heads. His recipe is paraffin oil.

The bust of Madame Calve, which is executed by the Countess Fedore Gleichen, is said to bear a wonderful resemblance to the gifted artiste.

Winifred Dickson, a women surgeon, has been appointed examiner in surgery in the College of Dublin.

THE CUBAN WAR.

Great Mortality in Spanish Camps Due to Yellow Fever.

100,000 MEN IN THE FIELD.

The Spanish Commander to Be Given Another Chance to Crush Out the Rebellion Before the Administration Takes Any Action.

A despatch from Washington says:—For more than a year the government of Spain has been struggling to subdue the uprising in Cuba, and has employed her best generals and the flower of her standing army. Her two leading commanders, Weyler and Campos, both of whom had previously seen active service in Cuban revolts, have been in charge of the Spanish forces, and so far neither has apparently brought the war any nearer a termination than it was nine months ago. Now Spain is to make what is generally regarded as her last onslaught on the rebels, and, failing in this, it is declared, she will ask either for peace or acknowledge the independence of the island.

Great Loss of Life From Disease

None but the military authorities in Madrid know the actual cost of the war to Spain nor the number of lives sacrificed in the campaign. Probably in no recent war has the slaughter in camp through the ravages of disease been greater and the loss in actual conflict been less. There has been a season of inactivity in which both sides have almost declared a temporary truce, laid down their arms and agreed to wait until the rains ceased and the weather becomes more suited for fighting. Not since June has there been any serious engagements, and in the few meetings between the insurgents and Spanish troops the loss on both sides has been slight compared to that caused by the sickness in camp.

General Lee's Reports.

General Lee has thus far made no important report on the situation, and his dispatches to the State Department are merely routine in character and throw no new light on the future relations of this government toward the Spanish insurrection. They tell, however, of the disastrous effect of the summer on the Spanish ranks, and show that yellow fever and other scourges incident to such climates have played the usual havoc with the men and will probably continue to thin out the ranks for a month yet.

Knowing that the insurgents are better—physically—adapted to withstand the climate General Weyler has remained passive, and comforted himself with the cheering information from home that next week the first embarkation of additional soldiers from Spain will occur and that these will be followed a week later by another detail of equal strength and fighting efficiency, so that by September 15 Spain will have in Cuba 40,000 more soldiers to augment the already large force of men camping in and around Havana and waiting for the cool weather for active service to be again resumed.

Weyler Will Have 100,000 Men.

There are now under Weyler probably 50,000 men, and with troops now preparing for Cuban duty he should have in a month nearly 100,000 men under his control to oppose the insurgents. The strength of the latter is difficult to estimate, but probably it does not exceed 25,000. Of this number two-thirds are well equipped, while the remainder depend for equipment upon those who fall or are disabled for active service. Weyler, notwithstanding his unpopularity at home, will probably remain in charge of the Spanish army and conduct the campaign, although serious charges are said to be on their way to Madrid from subordinates alleging cruelty, incompetence and other complaints, which, if true, would seem to demand his recall. Spain, however, it is recognized in Washington and at Madrid, must fight out her Cuban cause under Weyler's direction.

Policy of the Administration.

The Secretary of State and the President are said now to have reached a perfect understanding with the Spanish government relative to Cuba, and from sources believed to be most trustworthy it is learned that no further declaration of policy on the part of the administration may be expected for a reasonable time. It can be announced on the authority of an assistant Secretary of State, who presumably knows whereof he speaks, that Weyler will be allowed to try his hand once more, before any action is taken by the United States looking to the recognition of the insurgents' belligerency or a recommendation to Congress for some decisive move. The administration has inofficially been made cognizant of Spain's intentions, and desires to perform a friendly act in permitting her to use her best efforts to bring the war to a close.

The Outlook for the Insurgents.

General Weyler has made known to his government his purpose of making a vigorous warfare on the insurgents soon after the arrival of reinforcements, and seems confident that before the close of autumn he will have the battle won. Among military men it seems remarkable that the insurgents, with their inferior force poorly armed, fed and equipped, should stand so long against a modern army like Spain's, and they cannot foresee victory for the followers of Maceo and Gomez when the additional troops reach Havana and begin active operations. At no time has the insurgent army been half the strength, they declare, of the Spanish forces, and with a large increase from home they realize there must be some excellent generalship and the fiercest sort of fighting by the insurgents if they hope to prolong the warfare through the winter, and eventually weary Spain and bring about the independence of the island before another warm season comes around.

CIRCUS TENT MOBBED.

Mountaineers Demand to See Everything Advertised.

Tuesday was an exciting day in Sevierville, Tenn. Some time ago the "European Circus," a wagon show, billed the place for a performance.

This being the first show to visit that mountain-town, a company of white-caps sent the circus people word in advance that everything on the bills had to be showed or the tent would be torn down and burned.

The show arrived and as soon as the tent had been erected, drunken men and boys cut the guy ropes and a general fight followed.

Twenty men were badly hurt but only one arrest was made.

The parade was given under arms and pickets were about the tent at the afternoon performance.

VIRGINIA STATE ITEMS.

The joint committee appointed by the last General Assembly of Virginia to investigate the Fox Island grant to William Ellinger, reassembled at Accomac C. H., and continued the examination of witnesses. The committee consists of Senators La Cato and Stubbs and Delegate Hathaway and Booker. The session was consumed in the discussion of disputed points, and in the examination of Dr. John W. Bowdoin, commissioner of fisheries for Virginia by whom this area was assigned to Ellinger. During the examination of Dr. Bowdoin the fact was developed that in making the assignment to Ellinger he had followed the survey made by Lieutenant Hodgkins, of the United States coast and geodetic survey, who had been employed to do the work. When the committee met they informed Mr. Ellinger that he might testify if he desired to do so, but Mr. Ellinger said that, while he was ready to go on the stand, he would not do so unless the committe requested it. When the committee showed no disposition to examine Mr. Ellinger his counsel, Judge L. C. Bristow, called him to the stand for the specific purpose of explaining some obscure or conflicting statements in the testimony of certain witnesses. When all the evidence was in Judge Bristow proceeded to sum up the case in a very able argument, in which he contended that the matter was readjudicated and could not be disturbed. At the conclusion of Judge Bristow's speech the committee adjourned to meet at Cape Charles City next week, when they will formulate their report.

Dr. Robert B. Taylor died at his home, 50 Bute street, Norfolk. Dr. Taylor was born in Norfolk fifty-nine years ago, but spent his most active years on the Eastern Shore of Virginia. He was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute and a physician by profession, which profession he followed for many years in Eastville. During the late war he held a commission as major in the Ninth Virginia Regiment and served most of the time in the army of Northern Virginia under Geo. Robert E. Lee.

Accomac farmers have stopped digging sweet potatoes owing to the low prices. Some have got as low as 25 cents per barrel.

Captain Richard Q. Frayner has withdrawn as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Congress in the Richmond district.

Mr. James Reamer of the Howard House, Baltimore, has purchased the Curry farm, 153 acres, near Waterford, Loudoun county, for $30.25 per acre. This farm fifteen or twenty years ago would have sold for $60 per acre. It is one of the best farm in Loudoun county.

Edward Harlow, a freight conductor on the Louisville and Nashville Road, was killed at Bigstone Gap, while looking between cars for tramps. His head was ground off under the wheels.

The venerable James L. Quillen, aged 88 years, died at his home in Atlantic City, ward of Norfolk.

A party of English capitalists have for several days past been in Norfolk for the purpose of looking over the ground in this vicinity with a view to establishing a large iron manufacturing plant to give employment to about 300 men.

Since the recent dry dock disaster at the Brooklyn yard the department has caused an examination of each dock at the various yards to be made. On examination of the wooden dock at the Norfolk yard it was found that the entrance to the dock needed attention; also the mud-mill at the bottom against which rests the caisson. When it is in position it is very much worm eaten. The yards and docks department will begin work on this dock at once.

The jury in the Weatherholtz murder case, at Woodstock, after being out for half an hour, returned a verdict of murder in the second degree, fixing the punishment in the penitentiary at eighteen years, that being the full extent of the law. Counsel for defense moved for a stay of sentence. At 3 o'clock court was convened again, and on refusal of counsel for the accused to enter motion for new trial, the court on its own motion set aside the verdict and awarded a new trial, giving as his reasons for so doing that the verdict was contrary to the evidence in the case, as either Weatherholtz was either guilty or not guilty of murder in the first degree. The case is set aside for the September term. Reports from the locality of the killing show the people there to be outspoken in their denuncination of the verdict. This case has attracted more attention than any case ever heard before this court. Judge Newman, fearing mob violence sent the prisoner to the Winchester jail for safe-keeping. He was in charge of Sheriff Wightman and Jailer Wenger. It will be remembered that on February 4 Elmer A. Weatherholtz, after escaping from the county jail here, lay in wait in a barn near Forestville, shot and instantly killed his young wife. Fleeing and being pursued he was caught near Harrisonburg in June.

Pickett Confederate Camp, of Richmond, has accepted the kind invitation of the Philadelphia Brigade to be with them on the 16th of September at Washington and on the 17th at Sharpsburg. A large number, it is expected will go.

Governor O'Ferrall has refused a pardon for Robt. K. Goodwin, of Rockbridge county who was bookkeeper in the Bank of Lexington, which was wrecked by the large defalcation of C. M. Figgatt, its cashier.

The Old Dominion cotton-mills at Richmond, which have been closed for about two years, are expected to start up in full blast some time in the near future.

The barn of John W. Good, in Fauquier county, was struck by lightning and burned, with its contents. Loss, $2,500; no insurance.

DEVASTATION AND DEATH.

Cyclone Sweeps Over Alabama, Leaving Terror and Desolation.

News was received in Selma from Augustine, Perry county, Ala., 14 miles from a telegraph station, that a terrible and most destructive cyclone swept over that place Thursday, leveling everything in its path.

Twelve colored and three white people were killed by houses falling in on them, and ten other persons were more or less injured. Twenty-four head of horses and mules were crushed to death by falling barns.

The cyclone was followed by the heaviest rain that has fallen in that section in 15 years. Creeks and branches were converted into raging torrents, sweeping away cotton, corn and other crops, causing heavy loss to planters.

SLAIN BY TURKISH TROOPS.

Eighty Helpless Macedonians Said to Have Been Killed.

The Turkish troops are reported to have massacred eighty old men, women and children in the villages of Trambuno and Komino, Macedonia.

The remainder of the inhabitants escaped to the mountains. The troops carried off the crops and burned both villages.

A Towel of Blotting Paper.

The most curious use to which paper is to be put is that suggested by the recent patenting of a blotting paper towel. It is a new style of bath towel, consisting of a full suit of heavy blotting paper. A person upon stepping out of his morning tub has only to array himself in one of these suits, and in a second he will be as dry as a bone.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
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