Boils and Pimples Give Warning.

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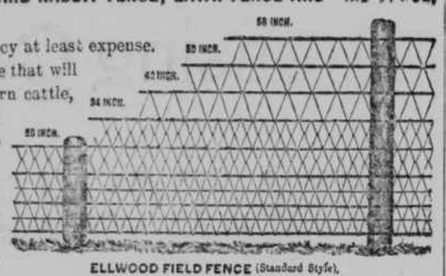

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R. D. FUNKHOUSER,
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NOTICE:

Oct. 25, '99.

The tax bills for the Corporation of Woodstock, Va., for the year 1899 are now in my hands. Parties desiring to pay before Dec. 1, '99, will please call at my office, in Court yard.

After Dec. 1, 5 per will be added and the bills turned over to Collector, to be collected according to law.

Respectfully,
M. W. MAGRUDER,
Treas. Corp. of Woodstock, Va.
to dec. 1st

MILLINERY GOODS.

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Prices reasonable. Miss Hollaway, an excellent trimmer is now with us and will make every effort to please you. sep. 29—

---

with this than anything that has preceded. Behold the almost miraculous printing press! Do you not feel the ground shake with the machinery of the New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and western dailies? Some of us remember when the hand ink roller was run over the cylinder, and by great haste 800 copies of the village newspaper were issued in one day and no lives lost. But invention has crowded invention and wheel jostled wheel, stereotyping, electrotyping, taking their places, Benjamin Franklin's press giving way to the Lord Stanhope press, and the Washington press and the Victory press and the Hoe perfecting press have been set up. Together with the newspapers comes the publication of innumerable books of history, of poetry, of romance, of art, of travel, of biography, of religion, dictionaries, encyclopedias and Bibles. Some of these presses send forth the most accursed stuff, but the good predominates. Turn on with wider sweep and greater velocity, O wheel—wheel of light, wheel of civilization, wheel of Christianity, wheel of divine momentum!

On those four wheels—that of the sewing machine, that of the reaper, that of the railroad locomotive, that of the printing press—the world has moved up to its present prosperity.

And now I gather on an imaginary platform, as I literally did when I preached in Brooklyn, specimens of our American products.

Bountiful Harvests.

Here is corn from the west, a foretaste of the great harvest that is to come down to our seaboard, enough for ourselves and for foreign shipment. Here is rice from the south, never a more beautiful product grown on the planet, mingling the gold and green. Here are two sheaves, a sheaf of northern wheat and a sheaf of southern rice, bound together. May the band never break! Here is cotton, the wealthiest product of America. Here is sugar cane, enough to sweeten the beverages of an empire. Who would think that out of such a humble stalk there would come such a luscious product? Here are palmetto trees that have in their pulses the warmth of southern climes. Here is the cactus of the south, so beautiful and so tempting it must go armed. Here are the products of American mines. This is iron, this is coal, the iron representing a vast yield, our country sending forth one year 800,000 tons of it, the coal representing 160,000 square miles of it, the iron prying out the coal, the coal smelting the iron. This is silver, silver from Colorado and Nevada, those places able yet to yield silver napkin rings and silver knives and silver casters and silver platters for all our people. Here is mica from the quarries of New Hampshire. How beautiful it looks in the sunlight! Here is copper from Lake Superior, so heavy I dare not lift it. Here is gold from Virginia and Georgia.

I look around me on this imaginary platform, and it seems as if the waves of agricultural, mineralogical, pomological wealth dash to the platform, and there are four beautiful beings that walk in, and they are all garlanded, and one is garlanded with wheat and blossoms of snow, and I find she is the north, and another comes in, and her brow is garlanded with rice and blossoms of magnolia, and I find she is the south, and another comes in, and I find she is garlanded with seaweed and blossoms of spray, and I find she is the east, and another comes in, and I find she is garlanded with silk of corn and radiant with California gold, and I find she is the west, and, coming face to face, they take off their garlands, and they twist them together into something that looks like a wreath, but it is a wheel, the wheel of national prosperity, and I say in an outburst of Thanksgiving joy for what God has done for the north and the south and the east and the west "O wheel!"

At different times in Europe they have tried to get a congress of kings at Berlin or at Paris or at St. Petersburg, but it has always been a failure. Only a few kings have come. But on this imaginary platform that I have built we have a convention of all the kings—King Corn, King Cotton, King Rice, King Wheat, King Oats, King Iron, King Coal, King Silver, King Gold—and they all bow before the King of kings, to whom be all the glory of this year's wonderful production!

A PRISMATIC COURTSHIP.

Nemesis Takes a Hand In a Vassar Joke.

The Fuerst Bismarck was just leaving the dock at Hoboken. Up and down the gangplank surged a moving throng—stewards laden with hand baggage, trucks piled with steamer trunks, girls in seagoing costume, with their arms filled with roses and faces bright with anticipation; older women with sober countenances, speaking seriously to grown sons and daughters who were to be left behind; business men looking important and college graduates still care free and intoxicated with their newly found liberty. It was a motley crowd, pushing, chatting, laughing in the bright June sunshine.

The gong sounded for the last time, the stewards rushed about, shouting "All ashore!" and the final messages arose in chorus. Slowly the great ship swung around, and the cable loosened. The faces on the dock were gradually lost in a confused sense of color.

"We are really off, auntie," said a girl's voice gayly. "Now, don't cry, for you know you are delighted to go. Uncle Tom will be all right without you. Indeed, I've no doubt he will enjoy himself hugely." She laughed mischievously and put her arm around her portly companion, who sniffed audibly behind her handkerchief.

John Towner, who was standing by, glanced at the pair as they disappeared in the cabin.

"Pretty girl," he murmured as he chose a cigarette. "If she were only Priscilla, now, what a heavenly time we would have." He sighed pensively. "However, there's no use wasting wishes over that, and I suppose I'd better be getting my seat at the table."

As he took his place in line in the dining saloon the same pretty girl stood near him. She stood so near, in fact, that as he gave the steward his card her eye fell upon it as it lay on the table. A look of bewilderment and intense embarrassment crossed her face; she flushed painfully and glanced involuntarily at him in evident distress. Towner stared back at her in astonishment. In an instant she recovered her composure, drew herself up haughtily and turned away.

"What in the name of common sense was the matter with her?" he muttered as he sought his stateroom. "I never laid eyes on her before, and why she should be so awfully upset on seeing me, or, rather, on seeing my name, passes me."

He sat down on the edge of his berth to think it over. He was perhaps unused to the ways of the world, still he had had four years at college and flattered himself that he knew something of society. But this experience was a new one to him. He felt strangely flattered by the unknown's mysterious knowledge of his name.

"She will probably sit near me," he thought, "and I will find out what the trouble is."

It was with undue haste that he sought the table at the first sound of the gong, but his eye searched in vain the faces of those nearest him. Evidently she had given the steward particular instruction to put her seat as far as possible from the one labeled "Mr. John Towner, Biloxi, Miss.," for he finally discovered her at the extreme limit of the room.

The third morning was bright and sunny, and the decks were crowded.

"Where shall I put your chair?" said a despairing voice at Towner's elbow. "The steward has disappeared, and there isn't an empty inch of room."

"Allow me!" he exclaimed, inwardly rejoicing as he seized the steamer chair. "There's a nice sheltered place just around the corner." And he led the way.

"Thank you so much," said the aunt, sighing, as she dropped heavily into the comfortable seat as he settled it. "I still feel the effects of yesterday's illness. Priscilla, dear, can't you find a place too?"

The girl flushed again and turned abruptly away.

"Thank you, auntie, but I am going for a book," she called back over her shoulder.

Towner tucked the rug snugly around the elder lady's feet.

"Might I bring my chair, too?" he inquired, with becoming meekness. "It is so pleasant here."

"By all means," was the gracious reply, and in a moment the two were engaged in conversation.

"That's a most charming young man, my dear," said Mrs. Hunter complacently as she smoothed her hair for luncheon. "His name is Towner, and he is from the south. He has graduated from Cornell and is going abroad on a business trip. He is engaged to a Vassar girl, a Priscilla somebody. I told him you were at Vassar and must know her, as she is a junior too."

"Oh, you told him I must know!" repeated her niece.

"Certainly I did. He is anxious to meet you, and as he is engaged of course it is all right for you to know him. Indeed, I told him I hoped we should see a great deal of him. He is really delightful, and it's so convenient to have some one to fix your chair and run errands, you know."

Priscilla groaned. "Well, auntie, you've done it this time. Mr. Towner is the one man in all the world I would have avoided. I can't tell you the story—it's a secret—but it's about the girl he is engaged to, and it is going to be very embarrassing to me."

"Dear me, Priscilla, how I do wish you had only told me before!" said her aunt complainingly. "Your habit of reticence is most annoying. I've asked him to change his seat to the one next you at table, and he is going to. Indeed, he rather suggested it. So we will have to see him all the time."

"Never mind, auntie; it's Nemesis, that's all," said her niece, with calm despair.

That Towner felt the frigidity of the atmosphere as they met at luncheon was inevitable. But with a cheerful resolution he set himself to overcome Miss Barton's open dislike. His tact, his gayety, his avoidance of all difficult subjects and, above all, the utter absence of questions from his conversation gradually thawed the chill of the girl's manner, and by the next day she was almost her own bright, easy self once more.

A light rain now set in, and Mrs. Hunter was kept in the cabin for several days by fear of rheumatism. Priscilla, however, and Towner sat in their cozy nook on deck and enjoyed it after youth's reckless fashion. Suddenly the moment came so dreaded by the girl.

"Mrs. Hunter tells me you are from Vassar, Miss Barton, and I want to ask you about Miss North. As she is in your class you must know her, and, as your aunt has probably told you, I am engaged to her."

"In that case, Mr. Towner, you must know her far better than I," replied Priscilla, smiling constrainedly.

"Miss Barton, please don't think it queer, but I want to tell you a secret. You have been so kind to me and have such a—well, almost a sisterly way of treating a fellow, if you will excuse my saying so, that I know you will advise me what to do. Indeed, it seems as if my meeting you were really providential."

"Don't you think, Mr. Towner, that you would much better not tell me. You see, I am a stranger to you, and in a week we shall separate and probably never meet again, and then you would regret having confided in me. Oh, I am quite sure you would better not!"

"I know it would seem foolish under other circumstances, Miss Barton, but when I tell you the story you will understand my anxiety, if you will allow me?"

He leaned eagerly forward, and Priscilla dropped her eyes in confusion. Taking her silence for consent, he began:

"You see, it was this way: I'm an only child, and I've seen little of young people. I had a tutor and never went to school until I came north to college, and you can imagine it was rather an ordeal to be thrown suddenly among so many men. I kept rather to myself and didn't meet many fellows. There was one man there, however, who was very good to me. His name was Hal Somers."

Priscilla turned her head still further away and picked nervously at the fringe of her steamer rug.

"One day," continued Towner, "he brought me the photograph of a pretty girl. It was one of those soft, rather indistinct pictures, like a composite, you know, only it wasn't one. It had such deep, beautiful eyes and such a way of seeming to look a fellow right through that it made a strange impression on me. It was of Hal's cousin, a girl at Vassar, Priscilla North. Well, before I knew where I was he got me into a correspondence with her by sending messages first and then notes. I never wrote to a girl before, but if all girls write as she does they are a bright set. Why, Miss Barton, her letters fairly scintillated! And no two were alike. There was the charm of it. They were 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe,' only all were simply exquisite. No wonder I fell in love with her! Well, to make a long story short, we became engaged, and then, naturally, I wanted to see her. And here the strange part begins. I cannot meet her. I am never to see her."

"That is—rather peculiar"— murmured Priscilla.

"Peculiar? It's unaccountable! She says she is forbidden to make acquaintances by her grandfather, with whom she lives, so I can't go to the college. At the end of the term she rushes off west—she lives in Wisconsin. And in vacation she travels! And here I am in the ridiculous position of being engaged to a girl I've never seen. Now, Miss Barton, I beg you to tell me all about her. You know her, of course."

Towner leaned his head on his hand and gazed earnestly at the girl. She slowly turned her eyes from the horizon and bent them on him with a troubled expression. How handsome he looked with that eager face; how his hair curled in the little damp rings about his temples! She turned away again. "Mr. Towner," she began after a pause, "I cannot say that I do know Miss North. I—I would rather not talk about it," she ended abruptly.

Towner stared at her. "Why, what can you mean?" he said incredulously. "Surely you must know her! What possible reason can there be for your silence?"

Priscilla still hesitated. Then, suddenly turning impetuously to him, she said, with little gasps between her sentences:

"Mr. Towner, you will never, never forgive me, but you ought to know the truth, and I suppose I must be the one to tell you Hal Somers is my cousin. That was a composite photograph, touched up so it looked like an ordinary one. And there is no Priscilla North! I've been dreadfully ashamed of the part I've had in it all, though it was only lending half my name and copying the letters for the girls, so they would all be in one handwriting. After all, I'm glad of a chance to end it. I don't ask you to forgive me, for I suppose you can't, but I do want to say I'm heartily ashamed and sorry."

Towner had turned very white.

"I don't understand," he said, slowly, at last. "Somers is your cousin, but you did not write the letters."

"He knew any number of the girls at college, but it was in coming to see me he suggested the plan to the others."

"How many were in this pleasant arrangement?" inquired Towner in a hard tone.

"Only three," replied Priscilla deprecatingly. "You see, Hal suggested that you needed to be educated to a knowledge of women and from more than one side. Most men know lots of girls, you see, and you knew none, so these three said they would form a sort of prism, and you should see three sides of the ewig-weibliche, you know."

"I do know indeed," said Towner grimly. "I know more of women than I ever dreamed."

"It was only a schoolgirl trick," pleaded Priscilla, "and we never meant to hurt you. We thought you would really be amused when you knew"—

"Amused!" exclaimed the man with an unmirthful laugh. "You play with a man's best feelings and expect him to be amused! Those girls must be specimens of the 'new woman' I heard defined the other day. 'One who had forgotten how to be a lady and not learned to be a gentleman.'"

"I don't wonder you feel so," said Priscilla humbly, and then there fell a long silence.

When the gong rang for luncheon, Towner rose and helped her to her feet in silence.

"Aren't you coming down?" she inquired timidly.

"Thanks; no. I've food for thought," he replied, lifting his hat formally.

The next days were gloomy enough. Towner seldom appeared at meals, and when he did he was taciturn. As Mrs. Hunter talked incessantly she did not notice his silence, but Priscilla felt cowed by it.

"Gibraltar tomorrow!" called some one as they stepped on deck after dinner on their last day.

The girl involuntarily glanced at Towner, who stood near, and caught his eyes fixed on her with a softer light than they had known.

Her heart felt lighter. She had suffered these past days from remorse. Mrs. Hunter went to her stateroom to pack, and Priscilla stood alone near the bow of the ship.

The air was soft and summer like; the moon shone bright and clear from a deeply purple sky. She turned at the sound of footsteps. Towner stood beside her.

"Our voyage is over," he said. "Are you going to make me any reparation for my wrongs?"

"How can I?" she inquired faintly.

"You have taken away one Priscilla from me. I loved her. I was engaged to her. The least you can do is to give me another Priscilla in her place."

"But you don't know me"—

"I know you as well as I knew her," he said firmly.

"But you corresponded with her," she faltered.

"So I will with you."

There was a pause. Towner looked anxiously at the girl, who again willfully kept her eyes averted.

"But how can I make amends," she exclaimed at length, "when there was no other Priscilla at all?"

"You can give me one now," he replied, fondly laying his hand on hers as it rested on the railing.

"Perhaps it's my duty," she murmured.

"I'm sure it is," he replied, and kissed her.—Woman's Home Companion.

Some of Our Wonders.

"Returning to this country on a steamer recently," says the Chicago News, "an American found himself besieged by a young Englishman, who was determined to find out as much as possible about the new world before the steamer landed. He had been warned to keep a sharp lookout for hostile Indians, who sneaked about the streets looking for a chance to pounce upon and kill unsuspecting foreigners and then make their escape by running around the corner and posing quietly before a cigar store until the crowd rushes on.

"He then asked about crocodiles and if they could be found in large numbers. The unsophisticated Britisher was solemnly assured that they were not so numerous in the Hudson river as they were some time ago and that the most of them are found at Niagara falls, where the water falls 175 feet. It is a very interesting sight, he was told, to stand on the high rocks above and watch the powerful animals swim up over the falls."

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Assets, December, 31st, 1891	$74,359 95
Assets, December, 31st, 1892	$178,602 81
Assets, December, 30th, 1893	$210,437 76
Assets, December 31 1894	$441,977 37
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Mar. 9—tf

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EASTWARD.	No.14 A. M.	No.36 P. M.	No.72 P.M.
Lv. Harrisonburg	6 45	3 10	7 13
" Linville	6 50	3 26	7 35
" Cowans		3 35	7 50
" Broadway	7 06	3 41	7 58
" Timberville	711	3 47	8 06
" New Market	7 17	3 56	8 20
" Quicksburg			
" Mt. Jackson	7 30	4 1	8 42
" Edinburg	7 44	4 31	9 27
" Woodstock	7 53	4 43	9 48
" Maurertown			
" Tom's Brook			
" Fishers Hill			
" Strasburg	8 22	5 14	10 55
" Riverton	8 42	5 37	
Ar. Front Royal	8 52	5 47	
" Plains	9 58	7 00	
" Manassas	10 50	7 55	
		P. M.	
Ar. Washington	12 00	9 05	

WESTWARD	No.13 P. M.	No. 9 A. M.	No. 71
Lv. Washington	4 01	8 01	
" Manassas	5 03	9 35	
" Haymarket	5 30	10 04	
" Plains	5 53	10 30	
" Rectortown	5 15	10 51	
" Delaplane	6 30	11 00	
Lv. Front Royal	7 07	11 40	A. M.
" Riverton	7 18	11 52	
		P. M.	
" Strasburg	7 37	12 15	5 50
" Fishers Hill			
" Tom's Brook			
" Woodstock	8 08	12 45	7 12
" Edinburg	8 18	12 55	7 44
" Mt Jackson	8 24	1 09	8 17
" Quicksburg			
" New Market	49	1 23	8 47
" Timberville	8 57	1 30	9 03
" Broadway	9 03	1 36	9 12
" Cowans	909		6 22
" Linville	916	1 47	9 36
Ar. Harrisonburg	930	2 00	10 00

Trains Nos. 13, 14, 71 and 72 run daily except Sunday. Nos. 5 and 36 daily.

Arrive at and depart from Pennsylvania R. R. Passenger Station, Washington, D. C., where both trains make immediate connection for and from Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York.

For detail information applin to Agent of the Southern Railway, or write to L. S. BROWN, Gen'l Agent, 19 Fifteenth St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Fist. G. GANNON, J. M. CULP, W. A. TURK, Gen. Pass. Agt. Traffic Man. G. P. A. Washington, D. C.

N. & W. Ry. Norfolk and Western Railway

Schedule in Effect Nov. 19 1899.

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South and Westbound 9.48 a. m. 6.57 p. m.

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