

Wm. D. Lout
D. C. County Court.

The Old Commonwealth.

"IMPRIMATUR:"

HARRISONBURG, VALLEY OF VIRGINIA, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1866.

NO. 18.

THE OLD COMMONWEALTH.

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TERMS.—Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum in advance.

Advertisements of one square, (ten lines, or less, counting square), inserted three times for \$2; longer advertisements at special proportion.

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"GENTLEMEN'S RESORT."

In Rear of American Hotel, Harrisonburg, Va.

"GOOD IDEA SALOON."

In Rear of Hills Hotel, Harrisonburg, Va.

SHERRY & GRIM.

Publishers and Proprietors.

VOL. I.

POETRY.

THE OLD CRIST MILL.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

The old grist mill stands beside the stream,
With bending roof and leaning wall,
So old that when the winds are wild,
The miller trembles lest it should fall.

But most and try never were,
Bedrocked it ever from year to year.

The dam is steeped and walled green,
The gates are raised, the waters pour,
And tread the old wheel's slippery steps,
The lowest round for evermore.

Millhands they have a sound of the,
Because they cannot climb it higher.

From morn till night, in autumn time,
When heavy harvest loads the plains,
They drive the faster to the mill,
And back anon with loaded wains.

They bring a heap of golden grain,
And take it home in meal again.

The mill inside is dim and dark,
But peering in the open door,
You see the miller sitting round,
And dusty about the floor.

And by the shaft and down the mill,
The yellow meal comes pouring out.

And all day long the unweaned chaff
Flies round it on the sultry breeze,
And stings like a settling snow,
Or golden-winged and belted bees.

Or sparks around a blacksmith's door,
When billows blow and forges roar.

I love my pleasant quiet mill,
It minds me of my early prime;
'Tis changed since, then, but not so much
As I am by decay and time.

Its wheels are mused from year to year,
But mine all dark and bare appear.

I stand by the stream of life;
The mighty current sweeps along,
Lifting the food-gods of my heart,
It turns the magic wheel of song.

And grinds the ripening harvest brought,
From out the golden field of thought.

SELECT STORY.

TURNING THE TABLES.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Philemon Hayes and Fanny Ray had been just three weeks married.

They sat at their breakfast in their cozy dining room one fine morning in summer, totally infatuated with each other. Never such happiness as theirs before.

The felicity of Adam and his lady before they made the acquaintance of the serpent, was not to be mentioned in the same breath.

They kissed each other between every cup of coffee, and made a practice of embracing at least twice—sometimes thrice—during every meal. Just now, they were speaking of disagreements. Some friends of theirs had fallen out, and refused to fall in again.

"We never will disagree, will we?" Phil, dear, asked Fanny.

"Disagree! will the heavens fall?" returned Phil tragically.

"I sincerely hope not. It would be decidedly disagreeable—laughed Fanny, but if I thought we should ever quarrel, and have had thoughts towards each other, I should be tempted to terminate my existence."

"My precious Fanny!" cried Phil, springing up and upsetting the toast plate on the carpet, of which he was entirely oblivious in his eagerness to get his arms around Fanny—"my little, foolish darling! as if we should ever be so absurd! (a kiss) May I be quartered (another kiss) if ever I will speak one word that will cause a tear to fill the divine eyes of my dearest (a third exclamation) Fanny!"

"O, how happy you make me, Phil! I shall try so hard to be the faithful, loving wife you deserve. Now finish your breakfast, dear. The toast will be growing cold. And, oh, Phil! did you notice Mrs. Smith's horrid new bonnet last night! I declare! it destroyed all my pleasure in the music! I do wish people who will wear such tasteless bonnets would stay at home from those delightful concerts!"

"So do I, Fanny! I noticed the ugly thing the moment we entered the hall. Blue flowers and pink ribbons, and she calls it a Creole!"

"No, my love, the flowers were green. Green and blue look so much alike by gas light."

"I know they do, but I noticed it so particularly that I could not be deceived! Blue—especially light blue—looks fearfully on a dark complexioned person."

"So it does, Phil! I quite agree with you dear. But the flowers were not blue, they were green. I saw them at Mrs. Gray's shop, before they were purchased."

"My dearest Fanny! of course you think yourself right, my love, but I have a very good eye for color, and I noticed these flowers with great attention. Blue anemones with yellow centres."

"Green hibiscus with white centres, my dear Phil! Very pretty for a light-skinned woman, but horrid for a brunette!"

"Why Fanny! how absurd! As if I could not determine a color, when I studied it half the evening."

"But it was by gas light, my love. It would look altogether different by daylight. It was such a pale green."

"It was such a pale blue. I remember, I thought of the sky before a storm."

"Why Fanny! how ridiculous! It was sky blue."

"How do you contradict me, my dear Philemon. It was a very light green."

"And I insist it was blue!"

"Do you mean to tell me I lie?"

"I mean to tell you, you are mistaken!"

"Which amounts to the same thing?"

"You make the application, Mrs. Hayes."

"Mr. Philemon Hayes."

"Price—I don't see as it makes much difference. If there is twice as much money going, and every body gets twice as much for everything he raises, and pays twice as much for everything he

buys, it all comes out square at the end, and there is this gain in the operation; those who save money, or make a profit, make double, as neighbor Brown explains about paying his farm debt.

Butler.—That's so.

Greene.—So I think.

Moore.—So do I.

Baker.—There is a little drawback. I keep the accounts of widow Roberts, who has the mortgage on Brown's farm, and the \$400 he pays, don't go only half so far in supporting her, and educating her children.

Travis (the school teacher). Yes it does, for I only get \$30 a month for teaching Robert's and others' children, and I used to get \$25, with wheat at 75 cents.

Rev. Corey.—And I only get \$600 a year, while I always had \$500 with wheat at 75 cents and sugar at 10 cents.

Several Voices.—That ain't quite square.

Knox (editor).—And you only pay me \$2.50 a year for my newspaper, which you thought cheap at \$2, five years ago, though I have now to pay three times as much for everything I use in making a newspaper.

Greene.—Why don't you raise your prices, too?

Knox.—People won't stand it. I must keep along with no profit, or even at a loss, hoping for better times, or else lose my subscribers, and let the paper go down. Why, when I raised the price from \$2 to \$2.50 a year, a good many stopped the paper, among them Brown himself, though I paid him double for his wheat.

Brown.—I didn't stop it so much for the price; I went in for paying for my farm by extra economy.

Knox.—Yes, he followed my advice for people to economize and pay their debts now. But let us see if Brown began at the right place. On one Saturday I published in my paper that wheat had advanced 15 cents a bushel. On Monday Brown went to market with his wheat, and sold 60 bushels at one cent advance over the old price, and thought he did well. He came home boasting about it, until he met neighbor Johnson, who got the 15 cents advance, because he read my paper, and was wide awake. Brown's loss on 60 bushels would pay four years' subscription.

Brown.—Don't say anything more about that Knox, and put me down a subscriber for life.

Knox.—I have heard of several other such losses by those who stopped my paper. Not to be too personal, as some of them are here. I will call them A, B, C, etc. A paid 4 per cent more fees on \$71 taxes, because he did not see the collector's notice in my paper, and thus lost \$2.84, to save \$2.50. B paid \$3 the same way. C failed to bring in his claim against an estate, because he did not see in my paper the legal notice limiting the time. That cost him \$44, to save \$2.50 subscription. D sold 200 pounds of wool at 62 cents, because he did not see an advertisement of Smith, right here at home, offering 70 cents. That cost him \$16, to save \$2.50. F's boys went down to the village every night or two, to get the news and local gossip, because they had no paper at home, and one of them fell into bad company, and is ruined. I know 20 cases where people lost money for not learning what is going on. I gather up all that is going on in business and society, and condense it into my columns. It is important for every man to know all about home matters, and I doubt if there is a man in this whole town who would not, in the course of a year, get some information, that would pay him back more than \$2.50 a year. And then think of a household sitting down together 365 days in a year, and having nothing to talk about, except their own affairs, and a few items of gossip, gathered up by occasional contact with other people.

Taylor.—Let me help Editor Knox's argument. Wife read to me an item he published about a humbug, which he copied from one of his exchange newspapers from abroad. Next day one of the humbugs came round with his article, and was so plausible that he almost persuaded her into paying him \$3, for his swindling recipe; but the editor's caution kept her back.

Knox.—Yes, and do you know that the fellow sold more than fifty of the humbug recipes hereabout, at \$3 a piece? But not to any of my subscribers.

Potts.—Put me down as a subscriber, Knox, here is your two dollars and a half.

Shaw.—And me too.

Knox.—Thank you gentlemen. I'll try to make a better paper than ever. Every dollar helps; a new subscriber only adds to my expense the cost of paper. If everybody took the paper, and thus dividing the cost of getting news, setting type, office rent, etc., I could double the value of the paper to each. Please talk the matter over with other neighbors and see if it cannot be done.

Several Voices.—We will.

The velvet moss grows on stony rocks—the mistletoe flourishes on the naked branches—the ivy clings to the neighboring ruins—the pine remains fresh and fearless amid the mutations of the passing year; and Heaven be praised, something green something beautiful to see, and grateful to the soil, will, in the darkest hour of fate, still twine its tendrils around the desolate temples of the human heart.

Grandma.—Well, Charley, and what have you been learning to-day?

Charley.—"Pneumatics, gra'ma; I can tell you such a dodge! If I was to place you under a glass receiver, and exhaust the air, all your winks would come out as smooth as gran'pa's head!"

An Irish painter declares that among other portraits, he has a representation of Death as large as life.

Mr. Farnsworth's Tub.

[Written for the Commonwealth.]

Housekeeping.

Have you ever attempted to keep house for yourself? I did—and "thereby hangs a tale." She who has been my companion and housekeeper for nearly forty years—who, when I brought her home, wore the blush of youth, but now, alas, bears the wrinkles of time—she who has cooked my dinners, darned my clothes, lectured me, and slapped the babies for forty years or more, took a notion that she must leave home to visit her friends. She proposed—I was astonished. I could not conceive how such a thing was possible—could not comprehend it, and finally begged her to mention it to me at least three times a day until I got used to the idea. At last I concluded that I had seen how she kept house long enough for me to know how to take care of myself for a month. We talked over the matter for two months, and then she went. I was alone. Ah, sir, you don't know what that word means. I whistled, I sung, I chewed tobacco, I smoked tobacco, but every time I looked across the hearth, and seen an empty chair, I felt that I was alone. I went to the larder, but the gay and pleasant company there could not drive the feeling away; there was no one waiting for me at home, and I felt alone. I am getting too sentimental for an old man. But still it was too evident that I was alone, and my own housekeeper.

When I rose in the morning, I remembered that the first thing to be done was to make up the bed. I stripped it of its clothing and commenced beating the bed, as I had seen my better half do, but basting did no good. The more I beat the worse it got, until I had all the filling gathered in the middle, looming up like a mountain before me, and the bed-cord peeping out at each end. I commenced on it again, and soon everything was at the other end. I muttered over some pious-sounding words and went at it again, this time getting everything on one side. Concluded to let it alone and see if it would not settle down itself, and commenced getting breakfast.

Here I felt that I was at home. I knew that I could cook. I had seen breakfast served up often. Remembering that the first thing was to put the coffee on to boil, I put a handful of coffee in the boiler, and went out to cut meat to fry. On my return, my nose caught the fumes of burning coffee. I ran to the fire and picked up the boiler. The bottom remained on the fire, and the top fell on the hearth. Just then the idea struck me that coffee would not boil unless water was poured over it. I was almost in despair, but thought I would have better luck with the steak. Put it in the frying-pan and commenced to read the last paper while it was frying. In a minute or two, I smelled burnt beef; looked in the frying pan and found my steak cooked enough to grind in a coffee-mill. It had positively refused to fry without grease. Your knowledge of me will satisfy you that the whole book of Job would not have been sufficient to quiet my nerves; and here let me remark that when the old boy was trying to get to put him to house-keeping by himself, my hope of a breakfast was suddenly cut short; so, swallowing a piece of cold pork and a glass of water, I left the house to take care of itself.

But the climax of my cooking was yet to come and the next day it did come. It was one thing that I love above another that thing is baked beans. I concluded to have a change from cold pork and water to baked beans. Thought I would cook enough to last me several days. And I did. Put the dinner pot over the fire, half-filled it with water, and filled up with beans. Set it on a fire and went out to have a talk with a neighbor while the beans were cooking. Was gone two hours. I had beans. Beans in the pot—beans outside the pot—beans in the fire—beans on the hearth—beans not quite warmed through—and beans burned clear through—beans everywhere. I let them alone and jumped into bed—covered my face up, but still I could see and smell the beans. I dreamed of beans—dreamed that I had been converted into a bean vine, and was hanging full of beans.

When morning came, I telegraphed to Betty to come home, that I was dying of beans—on the brain. We have had beans plenty ever since, and if you and your family, and your friends and their families are fond of beans, come and stay a month with us.

In conclusion, let me advise you, that whatever you think or do, never admit it to thought into your brain that you can keep house; and if your better-half ever speaks of leaving home, make up your mind at once to say no, or pack up and go along with her.

ZEN.

How to Destroy Weeds.

W. C. Pinkham, in the Country Gentleman, gives the following as his plan for eradicating briars, bushes, &c.: "Any time in August or September, (pay no attention to the moon), cut them as near the ground as practicable, then plow the ground thoroughly, or if not plowed, pasture it in the spring and summer; the weeds are kept from the grass into a foot above. Do not attempt it in the spring. The best way to increase and multiply them is to plow them in the spring and summer, and sow to oats. By this means you will improve their growth immensely."

Babies resemble wheat in many respects—First—both are good for much till they arrive at maturity. Secondly—both are bred in the house, also the flower in the family. Thirdly—both have to be cradled. Fourthly—both are generally well thrashed before they are done with.

A certain attaché of the Treasury Department in Washington, who is well-known as an inveterate toper, on being asked by a popular friend what he did for a living, replied, "I sucked a bottle part of the time, and the United States Treasury the rest."

Blessed is the bald-headed man, for his wife cannot pull his hair.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

We will thank our readers for all local occurrences in their immediate localities. If they do not desire to write a communication for the public eye, let them send us a brief statement of everything of interest in their respective communities. A list of marriages, deaths, accidents, &c. We will put them in form. The more facts of this kind we can get, the better it will suit us and our readers.

Rags Wanted!

We will pay the highest price, in cash or good clean linen and cotton rags. Bring them at once to this office.

A DREAM.—We dreamed a few nights ago—and what do you suppose we did dream? We thought we had made off with a bill for subscription against those of our subscribers who have not paid in advance, as per rates. We enclosed each man's bill in his paper, and on the following Court-day, (some sooner), every man came up promptly and settled his account, had his bill receipted, and went on his way rejoicing. Glorious dream! We awoke—but our fingers to see whether it was really so. Found it was—and, furthermore, that the first part of the dream was actually so. We sent the bills. Whether the happy conclusion vanishes into air, and proves but a dream, depends on the disposition of our patrons. We hope it will not. We want money to buy paper, ink, &c., and to feed the half-starved "Commonwealth" battalion. We want some change to come over the spirit of our dream. If not, we see no use in dreaming. We shall cease to dream, and make up our minds that we are living in a world of stern realities.

Almost a Fire.—On Sunday evening last volumes of smoke were discovered rising from the roof of the American Hotel. On the instant all hands were taken with a violent fit of fire on the brain. Fortunately it was nothing more than a foul chimney discharging itself of the soot of ages—being "purified by fire." Had the Hotel really been on fire, as widely as the day was, where would the fire have stopped? This warning should open the purse-strings of our moiety men in behalf of a Fire Company. We have the material, in the young men of our town, for an efficient corps of firemen. Why not purchase them an engine, hose, &c., and allow them to protect your property? They are willing. The cause is yours—not theirs. The Arkansas traveler idea of not having roofs on houses in dry weather because they don't need it, and not being able to put them on when it rains, will do very well to laugh at, but when we come down to plain common sense it will not answer.

THE RAILROAD.—We are happy to inform our readers that the bill amending the charter of the Manassas Gap and Winchester and Potomac Railroad Companies, has passed both houses of the Legislature of Virginia. It is now before the Senate, and we expect to hear the whistle of the locomotive in our quiet town. The party who proposed furnishing the posts and rails for fencing in the town, is hereby informed that we have no need for said posts and rails. We can now furnish cross-ties. We are giving to have a railroad. We predict that the first ten o'clock train will arrive at precisely sixty minutes past nine. Hip, hurrah!

NEW AND DANGEROUS COUNTERFEITS.—Lord's Detector says that one of the most dangerous counterfeiters of the national currency that has yet appeared is the fifty dollar compound interest note. It is a fac simile of the genuine note. The general appearance, like the one hundred dollar note of the same issue, is calculated to deceive the best judges. All that have come under our observation thus far bear date July 15, 1884, and letter C. The date and letter, however, may easily be altered. The female figure on the left end is rather coarsely executed, and the visage of the male portrait on the right end is not so well done, having much the appearance of a mislaid tag. The lettering is almost faultless; but the shading is heavier and much darker than the genuine note. The counterfeit is about one-sixteenth of an inch narrower than the good note, and a fraction shorter.

Counterfeit twenties of the national currency are being extensively circulated throughout the Western States. All that we have yet heard of have been on the First National Bank of Indianapolis; but the plate may be easily changed to represent the same denomination of any other national bank.

There are some three or four different plates of counterfeit twenty-dollar legal tender notes in circulation. In many cases the defective engraving and bad general appearance of the fraudulent note will enable its detection.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—We are indebted to the publisher, CHARLES J. PETERSON, 306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, for the February and March numbers of this inimitable monthly. Besides the magnificent Mezzotint and other steel engravings, colored fashion plates wood cuts, &c., Peterson always abounds with choice poetry, stories, Household Receipts, the Toilet, and everything that goes to make up a Lady's Magazine. Single copies, per year, \$2; a club of five, can get it one year for \$8, and one copy for the get-up of the club.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.—Wednesday next is St. Valentine's day. This is the day for choosing patron saints in Rome and sweethearts in America. Pitch in ye belles and beaux! Secure a Valentine this time and be happy. Well does the Postmaster remember this day, and how eagerly the anonymous missives are snatched from his hand and perused in the quiet chamber.

GROUND-HOG DAY.—Friday last was the day according to ancient belief, on which the ground-hog peeps from his hole, and if he finds snow or clouds, he comes forth and walks abroad; if he sees the sun shining he draws back again, knowing that the winter is not half finished, or that six weeks more of rough weather are in store for us. As Friday was a clear day, sufficiently so for Mr. Ground-Hog to see his shadow, we presume we are to have the rough weather for six weeks. We would have been under many obligations to the animal if he had not attempted to come forth until a cloudy day was on hand.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The February number of this favorite journal is upon our table. It is filled with its usual variety of entertaining, instructive and useful reading matter for the Family Household. Its superb fashion-plates and steel engravings are alone worth the price of the subscription. Every lady should subscribe for Godey.

FRANZ.—The Barn belonging to G. S. MEER, near Mt. Jackson, was destroyed by fire on Thursday night, the 1st inst., together with its contents, 16 mules, &c. Supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

CONCERNING THE SOUTH.—The President has transmitted to Congress the report of General Sherman upon the condition of the Military Division of the Mississippi. The report recommends the reconstruction of the line of railway between Little Rock and Duval's Bluff, by which communication with Memphis will be direct and vastly convenient in a military as well as a business point of view, and to establish this purpose, he suggests that in case three regiments of colored troops, now serving in that District, are not mustered out, one or two of them be detailed for the work. He speaks of the political condition of the District as gratifying, and states that the negroes can all find profitable and lucrative employment, and are protected in all their rights and property by civil authorities. "I met no one," he says, "citizen or soldier, who questioned or doubted that their freedom was as well assured in Arkansas as in Ohio."

The response of Chief Justice Chase made last October to the President, "touching the holding of the civil courts of the United States in the insurrectionary States, for the trial of crimes against the United States," has also been submitted. His chief reason for not holding a court in Virginia, as in other Southern or "Rebel" States, was that a civil court, in a district under martial law, can only get by the sanction and under the supervision of the military power, and he could not think that it would become the Judges of the Supreme Court to exercise jurisdiction under such conditions. He is therefore unwilling to hold such courts in such States within his jurisdiction, which includes Virginia, until Congress shall have acted upon the whole subject.

Important Law.—Concerning the sale of empty Casks with Inspection marks thereon. OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE, WASHINGTON, January 3, 1886. From information received at this office, it is apparent that the provisions of the 59th section of the act of June 30th, 1884, as amended March 3, 1885, in relation to the purchase and sale of empty casks with the inspection marks thereon, are very often disregarded.

By these provisions of the law a penalty of three hundred dollars is imposed for the purchase or sale of each cask so marked.

The object of the law is to prohibit the traffic. The penalty is severe, and intentionally so. But parties to the contract are liable. If the vendor permits the empty cask to pass out of his hands without removing the inspection marks, he is liable to the penalty. If the purchaser receives the casks with the inspection marks thereon, he also is subject to the penalty.

If there is a purchase or sale of an empty spirit cask with the inspection marks thereon, the intent is immaterial—or rather, the proof of the offense is conclusive to the intent.

The special attention of all officers of internal revenue is called to this matter, and they are hereby instructed to cause prosecutions to be commenced for all violations of this provision of the law which may come to their knowledge, and see that the law is strictly enforced in this behalf.

E. A. ROLLINS, Commissioner.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. FOR 1886. THE FASHION MAGAZINE OF THE WORLD. Literature, Fine Arts, and Fashions. The most magnificent steel engravings. Double Fashion Plates. Wood engravings on every subject that can interest ladies. Crochet, knitting, Netting, Embroidery, Articles for the Toilet, for the Parlor, for the Household, and the Kitchen. Everything in fact, to make a complete Lady's Book. THE LADIES' FAVORITE FOR 34 YEARS. Godey's Magazine has been able to compete with it. None stand up to it. Godey's Receipts for every department of a household. These alone are worth the price of the Book. Model Cottages (no other Magazine gives them), with diagrams. Drawing Lessons for the young. Another specialty with Godey. Original Music, worth \$3 a year. Other Magazines publish old worn-out music, but the subscribers to Godey get it before the music stores. Gardening for Ladies. Another peculiarity with Godey. Fashions from Messrs. A. G. Stewart & Co., of New York, the millionaire merchants, appear in Godey. No other Magazine that has them. Ladies' Bonnets. We give more of them in a year than any other Magazine. In fact, the Lady's Book enables every lady to be her own bonnet maker. MARTIN HARRIAND. Author of "Alice," "Hidden Path," "New Side," "Nemesis," "Miriam," writes for Godey each month, and for no other magazine. A new novel by her will be published in 1886. We have also retained all our old and favorite contributors. TERMS OF GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR 1886. (From which their can be no deviation.) The following are the terms of the Lady's Book for 1886. One copy, one year, \$3.00. Two copies, one year, \$5.00. Three copies, one year, \$7.50. Four copies, one year, \$10.00. Five copies, one year, and an extra copy to the person getting up the club, making nine copies, 14.00. Eight copies, one year, and an extra copy to the person getting up the club, making twelve copies, 21.00. Eleven copies, one year, and an extra copy to the person getting up the club, making fifteen copies, 27.50. All additions to clubs at club rates. Godey's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine will be sent, each one year, excepted, for \$5.00. We have no club with any other magazine or newspaper. The money must all be sent at one time for any of the clubs. CANADA SUBSCRIBERS must send 24 cents additional for each subscriber. N. E. GODEY. No. 2, Corner Sixth and Chestnut Sts. Dec. 20.

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TERMS INvariably CASH. Office at his residence, next to opposite Hill's Hotel, Main Street, Harrisonburg, Va. Oct. 11, 1885-ly

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MEDICAL NOTICE. DR. GORDON & WILLIAMS have again associated themselves, in the practice of Medicine.

Office in the building, formerly occupied by Joseph Shue, as a Book Store. [Dec 18 1885]

D. T. Z. OFFUTT, Having located in Harrisonburg, Va., for the practice of the various branches of his profession, respectfully solicits patronage to the public. Office—Opposite Hill's Hotel, Main Street. Residence—Female Seminary.

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BYRON, WOODSON & COMPTON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. ALEX. C. BYRON, JOHN C. WOODSON and Wm. B. COMPTON have associated themselves in the practice of Law in the County of Rockingham, and will attend the Courts of Shenandoah, Page, Highland and Piedmont.

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GENTLEMEN wishing to "drive dull care away" by engaging in the "double game of billiards" will find two fine tables, with all necessary appointments at the Saloon opposite the American Hotel (up stairs).

OYSTERS! Parties wishing to indulge in these delicious bivalves will find them at all times in season, singing epicurean melodies of departing spirits at our tables.

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Forward of the Order of the day.

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UNITED STATES INTERNAL REVENUE, Collector's Office 2d Dist. of Va. (HARRISONBURG, VA.) January 22 1886.

I have this day removed my Office from Lynchburg to Harrisonburg, and request that all persons who were assessed in the months of September, October and November, with licenses, Monthly Returns, Income, Gold-Washer, Silver and other taxes, come forward promptly and pay their respective dues.

Office hours from 9 o'clock A. M. until 4 o'clock P. M.

Office in the room occupied by the Assistant Assessor in the American Hotel.

SAMUEL R. STERLING, Col. 2d Dist., Va. Jan. 24.

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Office north side of the square, one door west of Shacklett's. Address: JONES & BERLIN, Harrisonburg, Va. Oct. 18-ly.

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On the first of January we will commence the publication monthly in the City of Baltimore of a LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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THE COSMOPOLITE will be devoted to LITERATURE, ART REVIEWS, SCIENTIFIC PAPERS, and GENERAL READING, and we shall number among its contributors some of the first literary men of the South, with others from the North and from London and Paris.

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