

JUDGE NOT HARSHLY.

BY J. VICK.

When you meet with one suspected
Of some secret deed of shame,
And for this, by all rejected,
As a thing of evil fame,
Guard thine every look and action,
Speak no word of heartless blame;
For the slanderer's vile detraction
Yet may soil thy goodly name.

When you meet with one pursuing
Ways the lost have entered in,
Working out his own undoing
With his recklessness and sin,
Think, if placed in his condition,
Would a kind word be in vain?
Or a look of cold suspicion
Win thee back to truth again.

There are spots that bear no flowers,
Not because the soil is bad,
But the summer's genial showers
Never made their bosoms glad.
Better have been the blinding
Doomed sometimes with disdain,
Than by judging others blindly
Doom the innocent to pain.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell,
We feel, but never tell.
The heart's wound that fills the heart,
Whose hopes are bounding high
In an unending record kept,
Those things shall never die.

AUNT HETTY'S VALENTINE.

BY IDA ROLAND.

A cheerless, rainy morning in an old-fashioned country house, Cora Marvin and her school-friend, Lou Mahony, out of town for a month's visit, sat disconsolate by the fire with nothing to do. The day that had passed had been so full of excitement that to pass a day quietly by the fire seemed undurable to them.

Suddenly Lou sprang to her feet upsetting her chair and the cat, and commenced clapping her hands.

"What is the matter now," said Aunt Hetty, startled by this new move.

"Why, we forgot all about Valentine's day. We can have lots of fun out of that."

"To be sure! Did you ever send any valentines, Auntie?"

"Not many, Cora. But I used to receive a great many. We used to have a great deal of sport over them at school. The boys would put them in our desks at recess, and it did not take us long to find out who the sender was. There were not so many comic ones sent in those days."

"But more that meant something," said Lou, quickly.

Aunt Hetty laughed. "Yes, some of them meant a great deal."

"I wish you had saved some to show us," said Cora.

"You go up stairs and look in the old writing-desk in the hall. I shouldn't wonder if you found some in that box in the corner next to the window. I thought of burning them the last time I cleaned house, but must have forgotten it; for I saw them there the other day."

It is doubtful whether the girls heard her last words. They both started as soon as she spoke, and were soon in front of the old desk searching for the valentines. When the box was found, they tumbled them out upon the floor, and seated themselves to examine at their leisure.

"What horrid writing!" whispered Lou, looking first to see if the door in the hall below was closed.

"A proposal as I live," giggled Cora. "Some love-struck school boy."

There were hearts and cupids in abundance. Some were very handsome in spite of their age; others quite ridiculous. Aunt Hetty smiled to hear the merry peals of laughter that came down the old stairs, and made the house ring, as they came across some that were unusually funny.

"I am glad I kept them, if they will amuse the girls," she thought.

Her work fell from her lap, and the dark eyes gleamed with interest in the fire. Gay, cheerful Aunt Hetty was gone, and in her stead a lonely, sad-hearted woman mused over the past. It must have been the sound of that girlish laughter that made her forget the present, and let her mind wander back to the time when she was young and happy.

Not that she was unhappy now; but it was a happiness that was calm and quiet, that sprang from feeling that a duty was being performed. Not the happiness she once dreamed might be hers. Soon the sound of gay laughter ceased. All was quiet above. Were the girls so soon tired of this new amusement, she wondered. Let us go back and see. Still seated on the floor, half-covered with papers of all sorts; their faces quite sober, but full of excitement.

"What shall we do," whispered Cora.

"Take it down and tell her how we found it."

"I hate to. Perhaps she has already seen it, and we have had our trouble for nothing."

"I tell you I am the first person that took that out, after it was put in by the writer," said Lou, decidedly.

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"It's a pretty valentine any way. But what a queer one, made to open in that way. How did you come to think that little mirror was a door."

"Because I saw one like it once. But I never thought this was a love letter, or I wouldn't have broken the seal."

"Did you break the seal, Lou?"

Then, of course, Aunt Hetty never saw it. What shall we do," groaned Cora.

"There is no use groaning, girlie. Of course, I'm sorry we read it. It's the most romantic thing I ever heard about. To think of this little mirror hiding that letter, all these fifteen years. I verily believe I have found out the reason she never married."

"He loved her like everything, didn't he?" said Cora, looking down at the letter written in a firm, round hand. Commenced: "My dear Hetty," and signed, "Herbert Stacy."

"Yes, he must have loved her. But he was a big fool to suppose she would ever find this letter."

"I don't know. It does look like a door after all."

"Come on. I want to see how she will look when she reads it."

Aunt Hetty looked up with a smile as the girls entered.

"You found some funny things up there, I should judge from the amount of laughing I heard."

"Yes," said Lou, advancing quite timidly for her; "and we found this," holding out the letter. "It was back of the little mirror in the headboard."

And they went sorrowfully back to the desk and put away the papers they had scattered, feeling that they were in some way to blame for Aunt Hetty's trouble.

Many years before the time of which I have written, the school board at Shelby, engaged for a teacher, a young man, who was a student at one of the neighboring colleges; and who by teaching part of the time, was trying to educate himself.

Being well pleased with his success the first winter, they urged him to come back the next. He did so. And everybody believed that no one but Mr. Stacy could teach the school at the centre. It was no wonder that he was a favorite. He was a gentleman of culture and refinement. And although he had been used to associating with people who were better educated than the simple country folks at Shelby, he adapted himself to their customs, and won all their hearts by his cordial manner. That among the many young girls of the place, he preferred the society of pretty Hetty Marvin, was plainly seen by all, but not wondered at, for Hetty was considered the smartest girl in the place. But it was hard to tell from the gay girl's manner, how she regarded the handsome schoolmaster, that followed her every movement with adoring eyes.

Pretty girls do not always wear their hearts on their sleeves, and Hetty was not easy to read.

At last he left. Never to return, as he told many of his friends, with a look of pain in his eyes.

Time passed on; and Hetty still laughed and flirted. Whether she jilted Herbert Stacy, or whether the gossips were mistaken was never known.

The years rolled by and changed the gay, thoughtless girl, into a thoughtful, self-reliant woman. The death of her parents left her alone at the home-stead. And six months before this story opens, one of her brothers sent her his only daughter. The girl was motherless, and needed the kind care she could give her. So her life was filled. She had been quite contented if not quite happy always.

Loving Herbert Stacy with her whole heart, when he left her as he did without a word, she preferred living her life alone to marrying, when her heart had been given to another. The most bitter thing to her was the thought that would sometimes intrude itself into her mind, that he was unworthy of the love she had given him. Seeking her love as he had, and then leaving her.

Think what her thoughts must have been on that dreary February morning, as she sat with his letter in her hand. The letter that told her what all these long, weary years she had yearned to hear. He had loved

her. What matter if she found it out too late. The thought would brighten her future life. Would make it so different from the past. Where was he now? Married doubtless, and happy in some distant city. Fifteen years change people so. Dead perhaps. What mattered it. He had loved her. Thank God for that.

Aunt Hetty did not appear at dinner time, and the girls stayed up stairs very quietly all the afternoon. They were quite surprised at tea time, to see her as cheerful and bright as ever. They had expected something very different. How little they understood her. Seeing the girls felt badly, she said: "You read the letter, girls?"

"Yes, auntie, we did not know."

"Never mind. I am glad you found it."

"Where is he now?" Cora ventured to say.

"I don't know, Cora. We will not talk about it any more."

That night after the rest of the household were quiet, there was a whispered consultation in the girl's room that lasted some time. And if one could judge from the low, eager tones, it would seem that a very important subject was being discussed.

The next morning the two girls departed for the village at an early hour; looking so mysterious, that Hannah as she watched them scamper down the lane, muttered to herself: "There is mischief afoot, I'll warrant you."

They returned after a few hours, and went immediately to their room, where after the door was bolted, Lou went through a series of antics that would have been quite astonishing to a beholder, if they had not known the state of her mind.

"I can't help it, Cora," she said, after she had danced all over the bed and upset all the chairs. "I must give vent to my feeling some way or I shall burst. It's just too splendid for any use, to think we found out so nicely where he was. I thought I should die when you questioned old Mr. Dean, in that careless way."

"Do you think he mistrusted?" said Cora, quite alarmed.

"Of course not. You looked as innocent as a lamb. If it had been one of the gossiping old ladies that abound in this neighborhood, they might have suspected something. I dare say the old gentleman has forgotten all about it. He thought us wonderfully interested in that catalogue. I hope I haven't lost that catalogue he gave me. No, here it is."

And out of Cora's pocket came a blue-covered book, on the second page of which they found the words that had so delighted them: "Professor of languages, Herbert F. Stacy."

Now for the letter. And after much laughing and whispering, the following epistle was produced; composed by both, but copied, and signed by Cora.

SHELBY, February 8th.

"DEAR SIR:—Pardon me for taking this liberty. I have something to tell you that I think you would like to hear."

"You perhaps remember sending a valentine, many years ago, to Miss Hetty Marvin, which contained a letter."

"That letter was discovered for the first time yesterday."

"She was very much affected when she read it, and I think has remained single all these years for your sake."

"I think if you would send her another valentine this year, it would meet with better success."

"Her niece,"

"P. S.—I forgot to say that Aunt does not know that I am writing this."

"There," said Lou, with a sigh of relief. "The thing is done."

"It sounds first rate," said Cora, reading it over with a decided relish. "Now for the directions, and it is ready. I want to get it off, my hands as soon as possible, for fear I shall relent and tear it up. I am awful afraid, Lou, that we will get ourselves into a muss over this."

"Who cares? I, for one, like a muss once in a while."

In the afternoon there was another hasty trip to the village, and the letter was safely deposited in the post office.

After that, there was a lull in their excitement. Cora evidently repented having meddled with the affair at all. And it tasked Lou's ingenuity to the utmost to keep her from confessing the whole thing to Aunt Hetty, who wondered what made her gay little niece so low spirited.

"You will spoil the whole thing if you do," scolded Lou.

"I don't care," sobbed Cora. "I just happened to think this morning, that perhaps he is married. Wouldn't it be dreadful?"

Lou dropped on the carpet, quite speechless, for once. But soon broke out into such hearty laugh that Cora was forced to join, while the tears were yet on her cheeks.

"I don't see what you see in it to laugh at," she said, at length.

"I am laughing to think what a nice muss we have made if he is married. Wouldn't he and his wife have a jolly quarrel if she should get hold of that letter of yours?"

"I wish I never had written it."

"Pshaw! It's no use to whine about it now. Let's go this afternoon and see if you do not get an answer. He may write."

Aunt Hetty made no objections when the girls proposed a walk that afternoon. She thought the fresh air might do Cora good. She had been feeling so badly. This touched the child's heart so, that she would have then and there made a full confession of her secret, if Lou had not raised her eyebrows in such an alarming manner, that she was frightened into keeping quiet.

"Yes, there was a letter for 'Miss Cora Marvin,' and as soon as they had got far enough out of the village, not to be observed, they opened it and read as follows:

"MISS CORA:—You did not need to apologize for writing to me. You have done me a kindness I can never repay."

"I will bring your aunt's valentine this year in person. Do not mention it to her, as I wish it to be a surprise."

"Very truly yours,"

HERBERT F. STACY."

Feb. 10th, 1871.

"Short and sweet," pouted Cora. "I think he might have told me all about it. I am glad he is coming, though. What will Aunt Hetty say?"

Lou did not take it so coolly. She pranced all the way home, and would have stood on her head in the snow, if she had not been afraid of breaking her neck.

They came into the house glowing with the exercise in the clear, cold air, and brimming over with the importance of their secret. Four more days. Could they possibly wait that long without betraying it?

They came very near forgetting the other missives they were to send, in thinking of the surprise that was coming.

The four days soon passed, although they seemed to drag, as days never dragged before. St. Valentine's Day dawned bright and clear. The girls were up earlier than usual and fluttered about the house all the morning, in such an excited manner, that even Aunt Hetty began to suspect that something was going to happen. After dinner Lou coaxed her to let her do her hair up in a more stylish way, and cautiously slipped a rose from the flower-pot that stood in the window, and twined it among the braids.

They were all quietly sewing when the cars came in, about three o'clock in the afternoon. And as the whistle was heard the girls trembled with excitement.

By and by a quick, firm tread was heard on the walk outside, a step on the porch, and the old knocker came down with a clang. Cora tried to rise, but her limbs were so weak that it seemed impossible.

It was Lou who flung open the door and ushered in the tall, handsome gentleman, who caught Aunt Hetty in his arms as she came forward to meet him.

It was Lou who dragged Cora out of the room into the hall, where they both sat down on the oil cloth, and cried, till they were summoned back to the sitting-room.

I am afraid it would have been some time before the summons came if Cora had not sobbed so loud that the lovers heard her. When they came into the room it was with red eyes and faltering steps. But the warm welcome they received brought smiles and banished the tears.

Aunt Hetty had learned their part of the story, but in her happiness could not chide them for the trick they had played her, since it had brought her valentine.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton alludes to the fact that some women suffragists picked up an orphan boy, bought him nice clothes, educated him for the ministry, and when they went to hear his first sermon were struck with consternation to hear the text: "Let the woman keep silent in the church."

General Toombs was discussing the merits of the late Governor Joe Brown with a pious friend of the latter, who replied that when the great day shall come Joe Brown will lead a longer column than General Toombs. "Yes," replied the General, "and when the head will be from eighteen to twenty inches below the surface."

THE MORNING LAND.

They sailed from out the sunrise
Into the light of day,
Into the blaze of noon,
With all its gorgeous ray;
Out of the night of darkness,
Out of the house of pain,
Swift through the morning sunrise,
Swift through the day again.
Sail on, sail on! Life's flowing river
Leads forever to the Giver!
Sail on, sail on! thy bark must be
Forever toward eternity.
Into the silent darkness
Into the unknown deep,
Over the silent river,
Fare, and never weep!
On the shore there's a waiting,
Love's light to clasp thy hand,
Joy of the hereafter.
In that Morning Land.—(Sprague.)

What Evils Rise from Gossip.

Gossip, public, private, social—to fight against either by word or pen, seem after all like fighting shadows. Everybody laughs at it, protests against it, quite innocently unconscious, in such a small way, harmless way—yet we do it. We must talk about something, and it is not all of us can find a rational topic of conversation, or discuss it when found. Many, too in their hearts hate the thought of tattling or tale bearing, are shy of lifting up their voices against it, less they should be ridiculed for Quixotism, or thought to set themselves up as more virtuous than their neighbors. Others like our lamentable friends, Maria and Bob, from mere idleness and indifference, long kept hovering over the unclean stream, at last drop into it and are carried away by it. Where does it land them—ay, where? If we, or any one were to unfold on this subject only our own experience and observations, not a little more than a volume would it make. Families set by the ears—parents against children, brothers against brothers, not to say anything about the brothers and sisters-in-law, who seem generally to assume with the legal right the legal title to the interminable squabbling. Friendships sundered, betrothals broken, marriages annulled, while in the latter kept utterly to be a daily torment, temptation and despair. Acquaintances that would otherwise have maintained a safe and not unkind indifference, forced into absolute dislike—originating in they knew not what, but there it is. Old companions that would have borne each others little annoyances, and kept an honest affection until death, driven at last into open rupture or frozen into a coldness more helpless still which no after growth will ever have power to thaw.

Truly, from the smallest little Pedlington that carries on year by year its bloodless wars, its daily chronicles of interminable nothings, to the great metropolitan world, fashionable, intellectual, noble or loyal, the blight and curse of civilized life is Gossip.

"My Life Has Been a Strange One."

Thus spake a lady to a friend, as she neared the grave. It afforded her no comfort as she reviewed life, nor encouragement as she looked to the future. What had been her life? For more than fifty years she had read her Bible but little, attended meetings occasionally, at her convenience or pleasure, heard the gospel preached as though she heard it not, gave few if any hours of serious thought to the interests of her soul or the claims of God, had sought the world with unusual avidity and success, but found it unable to sustain her in the day of darkness—all was sad and comfortless.

Reader, what is your life? Is it strange, viewed in the light of the word of God, of eternity? See to it that you plant not the seeds of sorrow in your bosom, lest they germinate when no remedy can be found. Than a life of vanity, of worldliness, nothing is more distressing when death draws near. We may be poor, illiterate, obscure, but that is nothing; but to have lived careless of God and our soul is worse than all things else that are undesirable.

FINE FRENCH MUSTARD.—Take a quarter of a pound of the best, fine, yellow mustard; pour over it enough vinegar and water, equal parts of each, to make a very thin paste; add a pinch of salt, and a bit of cayenne root not larger than a pea. Set it on the stove, and while it boils, stir in a tablespoonful of flour. Let it boil for twenty minutes, stirring it continually. Just before it is done stir in a small teaspoonful of honey. When cool, put it in bottles and cork very tight. This is the recipe for the real French mustard for which a very high price is paid.

Practice and Principle.

Practical knowledge is knowledge that can be used or applied to some useful purpose. It is a gross error to suppose that the various arts and processes used in common life are independent of theory and abstract speculation. To the untalented mind, the astronomer is a visionary, sitting in his observatory in the lone night hour, gazing at those far off myriad points of light, and spending his days in the solutions of equations and problems as unintelligible to most people as the fantastic characters on a China teacup. Yet, without his labors, even the common family almanac could not be prepared; the sailor could not be furnished with his chart, and of course, could never venture upon the deep out of sight of land. Indeed, would be ignorant of the laws of the currents and winds, at whose mercy he coasts along the shore.

Our standard weights and measures are all based upon astronomical work far above the reach of ordinary culture. In agriculture, the man who has a knowledge of the principles which govern the growth of the vegetable kingdom, who knows the nature and capacities of his soils, the habits and requirements of his crops, and adapts one to the other has the reputation of being a good manager. But many of these principles have been reached only by the studies of secluded chemists and abstracted botanists. By tracing out the slow development of principles and applying those principles in the laboratory and in the field, they have found out the laws upon which nature acts from seed time to harvest. Book-farming may be laughed at by those who love darkness, but it is too late, at this day, for any man to deny, with his eyes open, the utility of a knowledge of principles in the pursuits of agriculture.

Poison.

Something needs to be done in almost all cases before a doctor can be had; if a scalding sensation is experienced in the throat it is most likely an acid poison, and disorganizes or destroys the covering or lining or flesh of the parts, setting up destructive inflammation on the instant, and very speedily fatal from its violent action on the stomach; this is especially the case with metallic poisons; swallow instantly half a pint of sweet oil—that is best; if not at hand, melted lard or butter, the object being to dilute the poison and spread the oil as a protective coating over the inner lining of the throat, stomach and bowels. Landanum or other anodyne is, sometimes taken by mistake or otherwise, in excess. Swallow strong coffee or the whites of several eggs instantly; all these are things to be done while the doctor is coming. Let every family remember that sweet oil, the whites of eggs, and strong coffee antagonize a larger number of poisons than perhaps all other things together.

If landanum or any other poisons, not burning the throat, is taken and is promptly discovered, the best plan is to get it out of the stomach instantly, which is done by stirring a tablespoonful of ground mustard in a tumbler of water, and drinking it down at once; almost before it is down the whole contents of the stomach begin to be ejected.

Winter Dessert.

One quart of milk, six eggs, reserving the whites of two, which beat to a stiff froth, and when the milk boils, drop in in spoonfuls; in a minute or two remove carefully to a plate; after beating the eggs light pour the boiling milk slowly into the egg, stirring the egg quickly the while; sweeten it and place over the fire, stirring it all the time until it simmers—it must not boil. If it should curdle pour it immediately into another pan and stir until cool.

Place sponge cake, moistened with Madeira wine (and on which preserved strawberries or other fruit has been spread,) in the bottom or side of a glass, or China bowl, and when the custard is cool, flavor with vanilla, and pour into the bowl, placing the white balls carefully on top; then surround the bowl with ice, or stand it in cold water until required.

CURE FOR A BURN.—Take essence of peppermint and whiskey, in proportions of one part peppermint and three parts of spirits, and apply with cloths, and it gives perfect relief instantly. Peppermint and sweet oil is equally as good, put on with cotton. This should always be at hand whenever there is danger of such accidents.

A young gentleman speaking of a young beauty's fashionable yellowish hair called it pure gold. "It ought to be," said a bystander, "it looks like twenty four carrots."

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How to Tell Good Flour.—The first method of telling if flour is good, is looking at the color. Good flour has always a straw tint pervading the white. Bad flour has a dead white color, bluish tint, and white specks all through it. The next method is to try the adhesiveness of the flour. Wet a little and knead it between the fingers; if it works soft and sticky, it is bad, but if it is stiff and plump, it is good; if you pinch up a little lump of flour dry, and throw it at the wall or some other smooth surface, it clings to it if it is good; but if it is bad, it will fall to the ground in dust. Flour which stands these tests is sure to be good.

According to the ideas of the editor of the "Planter's Banner," if carpet-beggars had been known in the time of Macbeth, the witches might have saved themselves an immense amount of trouble in going so far for some of the ingredients of their celebrated hell-broth, and improved on it by resolving one of those peripatetic animals. He says:

"The devil first invented snakes, fleas, scorpions, tarantulas, centipedes, mosquitoes, gnats, hyenas, owls, buzzards, hawks, vultures, alligators, stingarees, gars, sharks, chiggers, and vampyres; and, to concentrate the meanness and devilry in creation, he put these in a cauldron and boiled them down and produced a carpet-bagger, as the grand masterpiece of satanic hate. And Satan smiled when his eye first rested on his last born and favorite bantling."

A MAN who had lost two wives wished one monument to be erected to their memory; but as the first wife had been a treasure, and the second a regular virago, he caused the monument to be erected at his first wife's grave, and on it inscribed: Here lies the body of Mrs. E. Sexton, A Wife who never vexed one.

Then carved underneath pointing to the second wife's grave, with this line: Can't say that of the next one.

An exchange says that the new style of collars for gentlemen is simply terrific. They are an economical article, however, as with moderately long pantaloons they do away with all necessity for a shirt.

As enthusiastic African, who had "spent de winter in Janany," found it an earthly paradise. He said he could "lie abed, and, putting his arms out de windy, pick apples, oranges and Jamaica run right off de trees."

There is a book with the dangerous title of "Pocket Lawyer." We should not much like a book with this title, for we are afraid if we ever get the lawyer into our pockets, we should never be able to get him out.

The corporation of London discovered an error of £20 in their accounts. A professional accountant was called in and fixed the thing up right. His charge was £482.

A boy in Chillicothe, Ohio, mistook a Union Torpedo for a gum-drop and only discovered his mistake after the top of his head had been blown off.

A VICTIM of Greeley's handwriting says: "If Horace had written that inscription on the wall in Babylon, Belshazzar would have been a good deal more scared than he was."

A MAN arriving home at a late hour a little the worse for too much supper, hatless and coatless, was asked by his indignant spouse: "Where's your hat and coat?" "Sent 'em, dear, (lie) to the Chicago sufferers."

"Excuse me, madam, but I would like to ask why you look at me so savagely?" "Oh, beg pardon, sir; I took you for my husband."

An Irish school-master recently informed his pupils

