

The Commonwealth

VOLUME XVII--NO. 56.

HARRISONBURG, VA., THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1882.

TERMS:--\$1.50 A YEAR.

OLD COMMONWEALTH.

STAUNTON.

Staunton is a moderate sized town situated on the Valley pike, about 25 miles south of Harrisonburg. It is also a way-station on the C. & O. R. R. It is rather a good town with many good people in it. Like Harrisonburg it is an "ancient town," and as we were early taught to respect old age we have respect for Staunton; in fact, we rather like the place for many reasons. To please and gratify its citizens we sometimes call it a "city," though in perpetrating this joke we find it difficult to suppress a smile and keep a serious countenance. Staunton is not a big "city," not as large as New York or even Baltimore, unless it is measured by the pretensions of some of its "city" folks, then it is awful big. The average Stauntonian seems to think that his "city" is the hub of creation around which all things revolve, but we outside barbarians must be pardoned if we think this is a delusion. For the last hundred years Staunton has been especially noted for being very hungry for all of the good things floating around, and for its avidity in gobbling them up when they come in reach. Her maw is never full. If any of the provincial towns like Harrisonburg asks for a bite, or even a taste, the ire of the "city" is at once excited; she gets her back up high and growls and snorts en masse upon Harrisonburg for its presumption in asking for a few crumbs. Rockingham's Senator introduced a bill in the State Senate last week, designating Harrisonburg instead of Staunton as the place where the Court of Appeals should hold its sessions, whereupon our usually amiable cotemporary, the *Valley Virginian*, got upon its "high jinks," and so great was its indignation that it forgot all the kind and pleasant things it had time and again said of Harrisonburg in times past, and berated the "ancient village" most roundly for presuming to want the Court of Appeals, or anything else, when Staunton wanted it; and alleged that Harrisonburg was so stuck up because the Federal Court meets here that it wants some of the institutions controlled by the State. This is a big joke, and we rather suspect the Major for poking fun at Staunton in making this charge. Just think of what Staunton has had from the State: more than a million dollars has been spent by the State on its institutions located there; the Court of Appeals has held its sessions there for years; the State spent millions in boring a hole through the Blue Ridge to take in Staunton; and (now hold your breath) for years Staunton aspired to be the Capital of the State, and did its level best to realize this, but couldn't make it, possibly for want of a "corner lot," or even level ground, big enough to plant the Capitol on. Were the "corner lots" in the city commensurate in size with the big notions of the aforesaid average Stauntonian, President Arthur might now be holding his levees in Staunton instead of Washington. But, neighbor, keep cool; don't tear your hair or paw the earth; this won't save you; the Court of Appeals is on its way to this "ancient village," where we propose to take good care of it, and furnish it ample accommodations. Look out for your "corner lots" you may have a landslide some of these days which will cover them up. Just keep cool, up there in the "city," warm weather is approaching, and it won't do to fret and fidget. Be philosophical: "What can't be cured must be endured."

Our cotemporary should reflect, too, that if the Court comes here it will be by the authority of the legislature, whose wisdom it has commended. It you do go back on your boyhood home, don't go back on the legislature which you helped to elect, and in whose devoted paths you have so far faithfully followed. Remember "the King can do no wrong."

THE GALLOWS.

Last Friday found three more murderers to be launched into eternity. Of course the miscreants were ready to go, or so claimed. It is strange how well murdering a fellow-being fits the criminal for Heaven and in such a short time too. Dock Wright, colored, was hung at Chatham, in Pittsylvania county, at 11:18 a. m., on Friday last, for the murder of Coleman Arthur, in Feb. 1881. He declared he was going to Heaven. Two colored men were hung at Selma, Alabama, on the same day, for murder. They protested their innocence of course, though they were guilty beyond doubt, and along with all the red-handed murderers who have been executed in this great country, "have gone to join the angels." What use there can be for a hell we cannot see, if all these brutes and fiends are going to a home of eternal bliss.

A bill to prohibit Chinese immigration, and forbidding State or Federal Courts to naturalize Chinese, for a period of twenty years, which has passed both houses of Congress by decisive votes, has not been signed by the President. In the meantime the measure is extensively discussed, and speculation is indulged as to whether or not the bill will receive Mr. Arthur's signature.

Franklin J. Moses, once carpet-bag Governor of South Carolina, has gotten in jail again for swindling. Since his exit from South Carolina he has been living off the Northern people by his dishonest tricks. They upheld Moses while he robbed the people of South Carolina, and the people of that State cannot be sorry that he is practicing his wiles upon them. He has frequently been in jail, but has always heretofore been able to escape conviction.

THE JUDICIAL BILL.

That bill of abominations, known as the Judiciary Bill, which has been before the General Assembly ever since the extra session begun, got its quietus by being defeated in the State Senate on Thursday last. This was a surprise to the Mahonites and a clap of thunder from a clear sky could not have started them more.

This action of the Senate probably will end this matter for this session, although a bill to reduce the number of Judicial Districts was immediately presented. The defeated bill provided for twelve districts. Ross Mahone has sworn a great oath that this last bill shall be passed, but we do not see how he can get it through, as the new bill goes to the foot of the calendar, and when the appropriation and finance bill is acted upon the Democrats will be able to break the quorum by returning to their homes or refusing to vote. Such a course would be entirely justifiable in view of the revolutionary and, in many instances inamous, conduct of the coalition slaves who so servilely to the whip held in the hand of the "Boss."

It is possible that another surprise will follow when the vote is announced in the Senate on the "Commissioner of Sales" Bill, which surely deserves the same fate as the Judiciary Bill, for they are of like infamous character, and equally share the favor of the unscrupulous and venal horde, who loudly proclaim their patriotism, yet have no such feeling, and whose motives in any act are only governed by the amount of money to be made out of it.

On Friday night last an attempt was made to destroy, by the use of dynamite the Andre monument, at Tappan, N. Y. Investigation is going on, and Mr. Cyrus W. Field, who had the monument built, promises some surprising developments. May be.

P. S.—Another attempt to destroy the monument has since been made.

This paper did not try to make it appear last week that Hon. John Paul remained here for the purpose of dividing county offices, and the attempt to give it that coloring indicates a want of sense to comprehend or a venal purpose, which is less honorable.

Jesse James Killed.

St. Louis, April 3.—A dispatch from St. Joseph, Mo., says: Charles and Robert Ford, who at one time belonged to the James gang, and were engaged in the Winston and Blue-Clout train robberies, have been in St. Joseph for a week for the purpose of arresting Jesse James, but being afraid it is alleged, to make the attempt, they shot at him down at Thirteenth and Lafayette streets to day, and then surrendered to the authorities and were lodged in jail. There is tremendous excitement over the affair, several thousand people being on the streets. The wife of the desperado was on the way in a few minutes after they shot at him down at Thirteenth and Lafayette streets to day, and then surrendered to the authorities and were lodged in jail. There is tremendous excitement over the affair, several thousand people being on the streets. The wife of the desperado was on the way in a few minutes after they shot at him down at Thirteenth and Lafayette streets to day, and then surrendered to the authorities and were lodged in jail.

Ex-Auditor Massey and Gen. Mahone. CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., April 3.—Ex-Auditor Massey spoke for an hour and thirty minutes at the courthouse this afternoon, giving an expose of the designs and methods of the Mahone government in Virginia, and announcing his intention of canvassing the entire State in opposition to "bossism" and autocracy. He denounced the attempt to blacken his character by the charge of corruption as infamous, and as coming from those who had never been elected themselves without fraud. He said that Mahone had a boundless ambition, with an infinitesimal sense of gratitude, never forgot an injury and never remembered a kindness. The audience was composed of all parties, and were thoughtful and impressed.

A "GO AS YOU PLEASE" WALKING MATCH.—There will be a walking match on the first day of the Baldwin Augusta Fair in October next—10 miles go as you please, five or more to start. Entrance \$5, to which the Fair Company will add a purse amounting to the winner of the match, and the money to be divided between the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd places. This race will be open to all, and will be an interesting feature of the coming Fair. Go in to training boys, and don't let the long speeches of Harrisonburg get away with you.—Staunton Spectator.

EMIGRATION TO THE WEST.—We are always sorry to hear of any Virginians leaving the State to remove elsewhere, and hence regret to learn, from a correspondent of the *Virginia*, that the following families from the neighborhood of Hermitage in this county are about to remove to the West: J. E. Coffman and family, Abraham Whitmore, J. Yount, I. Sproul, Barbara Yount, Mrs. Betsy Garber, J. Niswanger, Mr. Payne and wife, and L. Davis and wife.—Staunton Spectator.

The tonic effect of Kidney-Wort is produced by its cleansing and purifying action on the blood. Where there is a gravelly deposit in the urine, or milky,ropy urine from disordered kidneys, it cures without fail. Constipation and piles readily yield to its cathartic and healing power. Put up in dry vegetable form or liquid (very concentrated), either acts promptly and surely.—Troy Times.

POLICIES ISSUED.—We learn that the amount of policies issued by the Valley Mutual Life Insurance Company during the month of March, was four hundred and sixteen thousand five hundred dollars, and during the three months of January, February and March, the policies issued amounted to one million dollars.—Staunton Spectator.

"Rough on Rats."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, beet-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers, etc. 15c. Druggists.

Consumption.

AN ALLIGED SURE CURE.

The following communication as will be seen was originally intended for the *Chicago Tribune*, and the gentleman who has had it in his possession since the time it was written assures us that he has seen the remedy tried and knows it to be a cure. As the gentleman is anxious that the public should be benefited by it, we give it to our readers:

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., July 4, '78. To the Editor *Chicago Tribune*: It is proverbial that of all the depressing and life-taking affections to which the human race is subject, there is none so distressingly painful to the mind, or so sure in its (imaginary) fatal result, as what is known as consumption of the lungs. Indeed the mere mention of the word consumption to a patient with a cough, no matter how slight, takes away from him all his hopes of cure—casts him, as it were, into the abyss of hopeless despair and gloom. And yet facts show that with proper attention to diet and exercise (mental and physical), and the occasional administration of some simple medicine for the general health, there is always a good prospect of cure—partial at least, if not total.

It is my purpose with your permission, to give comfort and hope to the consumptives of the land, and genuine aid, if they will accept of it, by advising the use of an exceedingly plain prescription. In doing this, I trust I may be spared the charge of acting from sinister motives, as was the case when I recommended the use of chloroform in the cure of drunkenness, and through which advice, I am very glad to report, very many homes have been made happy. The world is full of cough and consumption specifics as all know, and pages of almanacs, magazines and advertising newspapers are filled with certificates and affidavits of so-called cures; but let the afflicted bear this important verity in mind: No cough mixture can reach the lungs. Lung tubercles, let them be of either the gray or yellow variety, can never be removed except by absorption. Nature is healed under the carbon in the blood, is in sufficient quantity to have its proper chemical action with the oxygen in the air inhaled with each inspiration.

The majority, if not all, consumption specifics in market have in them sufficient quantity of opium or morphine to render them soothing, or enough rum, whisky or alcohol to render them stimulative. In either case parties using them feel, for a time at least, that there is benefit from their use. It is a fatal mistake to suppose. Nearly all such preparations are injurious. I need not describe the symptoms of consumption, as they are so well known and so frequently heeded that even the most unintelligent can diagnose the disease from the hectic spots in the cheeks, the terrible exhausting cough, purulent expectorations and wasting body; nor will I here put down the thousand and one opinions already printed as to its causation. It is well enough to say that when it is once seated, strenuous efforts to check its progress must be made. Nature herself always ways her hand, and with slight aid, she usually succeeds. Be hopeful then, ye afflicted ones.

Let us compare life to a burning lamp. If we supply oil as rapidly as the flame consumes it, the lamp remains unburnt, and the lamp throws out its given light; but if we fail to supply the oil needed to produce the flame, it is a foregone conclusion; the wick becomes consumed, the light grows dim, flickers and finally goes out altogether. In other words the light dies because there is too much oxygen and not enough carbon. So it with a consumptive's life. The disease he suffers from is a wasting—an internal fever which consumes the carbon in his blood more rapidly than the food he eats can supply it. If carbon was furnished as fast as the disease exhausted it, the body would not waste; if it was put into the blood in excess of what the disease required there would be an increase in the strength and bulk of the body, instead of a decrease. Like the lamp the supply of oil in the body must be equivalent to the demand, or in excess of it. If the blackened character by the charge of corruption as infamous, and as coming from those who had never been elected themselves without fraud. He said that Mahone had a boundless ambition, with an infinitesimal sense of gratitude, never forgot an injury and never remembered a kindness. The audience was composed of all parties, and were thoughtful and impressed.

Some months ago the little daughter (aged fourteen), of a trunkmaker of this city, one McGorden—I am permitted to use his name—was pronounced a hopeless consumptive, and to have been her at that time one would have said she was a good ground for the decision, as she was a mere skeleton, had a terrible cough, expectorated over half a pint of greenish blood-streaked tubercular matter, and so exceedingly nervous that she could scarcely sleep at all night or day. She had had long and long with the cough and consumptive specifics, and one or two physicians had tried their skill on her, but without avail—her life gradually drawing to a close. Meeting her father (who was almost heart broken at the thought of soon losing his only child), I gave him this prescription: One-half pound finely cut up beef-liver (fresh), one drachm pulverized charcoal, four ounces pulverized sugar, four ounces rye whiskey, one pint boiling water. Mix all together, let it stand in a cool place over night, and give from one to two teacupfuls, and repeat before each meal. This was tried, and in four or five weeks this little girl was so rosy and healthy, free from all cough and other symptoms of disease, that it was considered almost a miracle in the neighborhood. What caused this great change? Simply the supplying of her system with more carbon than the disease could exhaust, thereby giving nature the upper hand in the conflict.

I have used this preparation very frequently and have never found it to act otherwise than beneficial. The doses should be small at first, until the stomach becomes used to it, and then gradually increased. Let all consumptives try it who read this—weighing themselves before they commence, and again after they have taken it for a week or ten days. To their astonishment they will find that instead of their bodies wasting away they will gain in strength and flesh. And then let them be kind enough to report the result to the *Chicago Tribune* for the benefit of that class of lung sick people who are afflicted with any remedy unless they pay \$1 a bottle for it, or double that sum for a prescription. Respectfully, etc., M. D. MUNGER, M. D.

Mr. Wilcox, a so-called Readjuster Democrat, has renounced the faith and boldly fled to the embrace of the Republican party. As soon as some other can gather sufficient courage they, too, will throw of the mask that conceals their true inwardness. They are not sneaks, oh, no; too virtuous for that.—Fred. Star.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS.

TAKEN IN.—The inhabitants of Charlottesville were all "taken in" on the last of April by a report being circulated that Rhodes, the murderer of Mr. and Mrs. Massie, had been captured, and was now on the road to the town. We understand our friend "Buck" Treiber procured a rope, and at the head of the indignant populace, awaited the "grand entry," and at last accounts they were still waiting.

NARROW ESCAPE.—On Thursday evening last Miss Fannie Shacklett whilst out horse-back riding, accompanied by other young ladies, was thrown from her horse and considerably bruised. Her injuries, which were at first thought to be serious, we are happy to state are not of a dangerous character, and the young lady is again out.

Woodson & Allen's fine minstrel troupe are on the road this way. The bills are already here, and due announcement will be made of the date of their appearance. The troupe has been enlarged and is one of the best travelling. Their budget of fun is inexhaustible.

Our thanks are tendered to Messrs. Ruebush, Kieffer & Co., Dayton, for a copy of the Minutes of the Virginia Annual Conference of the U. B. Church, session of 1882, held at Dayton in March last. It contains a great deal of interesting information in regard to that church.

For several nights past a bright light has been observed to the west of us. The smoky appearance of the sky may be due to this fact, and possibly the mountains may be on fire a few miles west of this place. We have not heard of any buildings being burned.

The *Bridgewater Journal* and *Staunton Spectator* will now have to retire since the *Richmond Dispatch* has gone into the snake story business. The *Dispatch* can show its snake.

(Correspondence of the *Chicago Times*, Aug. 19, 1881.)

The World's Epileptic Institute.

While passing through St. Joseph, Mo., and having heard a great deal about the World's Epileptic Institute located here, I concluded to pay the celebrated institution a short visit. We were met by Dr. Richmond, the proprietor, who has gained a reputation as broad as the land. He is a rather small, yet prepossessing man, of very affable and gentlemanly manners. He gave us a full and complete history of the institute, showing us through his palatial and mammoth institution. It is a five-story building, 200x180 feet, with basement, and contains over three hundred patients, and can accommodate five hundred patients, and each and every room is furnished in the most elegant and lavish manner. But we will begin at the office, which is a large room furnished with rosewood furniture throughout. In the office are thousands of photographs of those who have been benefited by the Nervine. The office is elegantly papered, and are pictures decorated with rich and costly pictures, relieved here and there by busts in stone and bronze of eminent men of this and other countries. In connection with this mammoth building is the doctor's private office, the printing department, bindery, tank room, packing, bottling and consultation rooms, barber shop, drug store, etc., all of which are fitted up regardless of expense. The second floor has the hospital office, dining, billiard and smoking rooms, many guest chambers and several parlors. The third and fourth floors are all rooms, all of which are furnished with Brussels carpets and the finest furniture. The billiard room has six tables, all of which are free to the guests of the institute, and the bath room is large and neat, and is also free to guests. The entire building is surrounded on the east and south by an elegant five acre park, in which are lovely trees, beds of rich and rare plants, gravel walks and drives, delirious walks, and a most beautiful and comfortable house. There are also a number of fountains that add wonderfully to the beauty of the park, which is truly one of the most lovely and attractive in the western country, and the Institute has no equal for luxury and comfort in the world. Everything is perfection, and the visitor is at once charmed with the entire palace and its surroundings. An idea of the immensity of the doctor's business may be given when we say that on the day we visited the Institute he showed us to his express room, where he saw expressmen take goods labeled to the following places, to say nothing of hundreds of orders from all quarters of America: Lyons, France; Geneva, Switzerland; Madrid, Spain; Brussels, Belgium; Cape Town, Africa; Shanghai, China; Yokohama, Japan; Bombay, India; Melbourne, Australia. The doctor employs hundreds of men and women in his Institute in the several branches, aside from the immense force required to conduct the hotel. It is worth a visit, and Dr. Richmond extends to all a cordial invitation to come and see the Institute. He and his wonderful medical discovery have given to St. Joseph a good name all over the habitable globe.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANOTHER GRAND OPPORTUNITY.

The Greatest Bargains that can be Bought in Harrisonburg.

A Splendid Stock of New Goods at Bottom Prices.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

MEN'S, YOUTHS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING.

Hats, Gaiters, Furnishings, Goods, Trunks, Rubber Goods, &c.

At a Greatly Reduced Price.

At a Greatly Reduced Price.

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DIED.

Winfield Scott Kenon, son of the late Lieut. P. P. Kenon, died, of this county, died after a lingering illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude, in the 35th year of his age, at White Hall, Grimes county, Texas, on March 10th, 1882.

At her home, in Carroll Co., Miss Mary, on the 13th of March, 1882, of pneumonia, Mrs. Hannah Harrison, widow of the late Daniel Harrison, formerly of Rockingham.

At the residence of his uncle, Mr. Ed. H. Mason, near Mt. Clinton, Rockingham Co., on Sunday night last, the 20th of March, 1882, Mr. Almer Jones, aged 60 years.

March 23, 1882, at his home, near Meyerhoeffer's Store, in Rockingham Co., Joseph Altfater, well advanced in life.

Near Woodstock, on the 25th inst., Mr. Geo. Hann, in the 84th year of his age. His sufferings for some weeks before his death were of the most excruciating nature.

At his residence, near Plains, Rockingham Co., Va., on March 30, 1882, Josiah Silvius, aged 37 years, 7 months, and 4 days.

Harrisonburg, April 5, 1882.	
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OLD COMMONWEALTH.

HARRISONBURG, VA.

Thursday Morning, - - April 6, 1882.

IN APRIL.

How do I miss thee! As the violets miss
The sun, when clouds have hidden it. Dear one,
With thine own tell me, whether in heaven the
sun
Misses the violet it cannot kiss!

—Alice Rollins, in the Century.

A SEWING-GIRL.

"Now, girls, this won't do," said Madame Molini, pouncing upon the six pale sewing-girls, like a wolf into a flock of lambs. "No, it will never do in the world! I don't pay you all exorbitant wages to set with your hands folded like fine ladies. Miss Sedgewick, are you waiting for that lavender silk polonaise. Lucy Lisle, why do you not go on with those buttonholes? Miss Fox, you will be so good as to change your seat from the window to the middle of the room at once!"

"But Madame, I can't see there to lay on these fine bias folds!" pleaded Miss Fox.

"You mean you can't see the carts and carriages in the street, and the type-setting at the windows opposite?" retorted Madame Molini, with some remembrance of the "Muller's" and "a good deal of Miller's" apprentice, in the goodly city of Cork, before she set up on Sixth avenue as a French modiste.

Lucy Lisle caught up her work.

"I stopped just a minute, madame, with that last stick in my hair," she said, and began to stitch away with eager haste.

"If you're sick," said Madame, severely, "you had better go home and send for the doctor. While you are here your time is mine, bought and paid for!"

While Miss Sedgewick, in self-defense, urged that she had not enough silk to trim the polonaise and was waiting for more.

"Not enough," shrilly repeated Madame—
"not enough! I measured that trimming myself, and I know there is enough. You may just nip that off again, and sew it on higher up, and more economically; and I shall deduct this morning's lost time from your wages! What's that, Flora Fay—the mode-colored silk dress? Finished? And where are the two and a half yards now were left?"

"I picked them up with the dress, madame," said Flora Fay, an innocent, blue-eyed young girl recently from the country, who stood in an unconsciously graceful attitude, before the fat and florid dressmaker.

"Then you were a goose for your pains," shortly retorted Madame Molini, as she unfurled the parcel, abstracted the piece of glistening unit silk, and whisked it away upon the shelf. "Two yards and a half isn't much, but it is better than nothing."

Flora Fay opened her innocent blue eyes wide.

"What is she going to do with it?" she asked Miss Fox, in a whisper, as Madame rustled off to scold the errand boy for putting too much coal on the grate.

"Don't you know?" said Miss Fox, laughing.

"Cabbages!" repeated Flora, in amazement. "I don't understand you."

"You will when you see the mode silk made up into a sleeveless basque for madame," said the other, "trimmed with the grimp that was left from Mrs. Ossett's dinner-dress, and the pearl fringe from Mrs. Ossett's white damask ball costume."

"But you don't mean," said the breathless Flora, "that madame takes the silk that is left from the customers' dresses?"

"Gossip!" said Miss Fox, "don't talk nonsense any longer. It is what every fashionable dressmaker does, and—"

"There's the reception room bell," shrilly called Madame. "Miss Fay, answer it at once!"

Harry Drake was standing in the room, all glistening with satin drapery, gilded moldings and huge mirrors, when Flora came in—Harry Drake, the young sea-captain who boarded at the same quiet and inexpensive house where Flora was allowed a half bedroom at a reasonable rate, on account of Mrs. Sedgewick having once boarded a summer at the old Fort. Harry, among the Berkshire hills, and still retained a kind recollection of Mrs. Fay's kindness during an illness which overtook her.

"Oh, Miss Fay, is it you?" said Harry. "Do you work with satin and gold, you seem to be in very comfortable quarters."

"But I don't stay here all the while," said Flora, noting how his glance wandered from gilding to fresco, Amstelcarpet to brocade, and then to the young sea-captain who stood before her, "I saw in a little dark room, where there is a stifling smell of coal gas, and no carpet on the floor."

"I've come for a dress," said Captain Drake, plunging headlong into his subject, after the fashion of men in general—"my sister's dress. She is to be married next week, and one of her friends coaxed her to have her dress made here. Miss Fort, rescue—she's only my half-sister, you know," in answer to Flora's look of surprise; "but she is going to marry well, I hope."

"It's the mode-colored dress," said Flora, with brightening eyes. "I helped to trim it myself. Yes, it's all ready."

And presently Madame came smiling in, with the bill, and the dress folded neatly in a white pasteboard box, and Captain Drake departed with a dim idea that Madame Molini perfectly comprehended the art of high chairs.

Miss Fort, yet herself came the next day. She was a lady not lacking in quiet resolution. She knew her rights, and was prepared to defend them.

"Where is the material I sent?" said she to Miss Fox, who was in attendance in the reception room.

"I had purchased enough for a new waist and sleeves, and it is not all here."

"You must be mistaken," said Miss Fox, with an aspect of polite impudence.

"The bias puffs and folds cut up the material shockingly, and—"

"But at this moment," said little Flora Fay who was packing some tulle caps and felus in to a bandbox, at the back of the room, rose and came forward, with deepening color.

"There are two yards and a half of the mode-colored silk of a Fox," she interrupted—"don't you remember?" on the shelf in the back room."

Miss Fox colored and bit her lip.

Madame Molini, with ominously-darkened face, twitched the two yards and a half of silk off the shelf, folded it into a paper, and handed it to Miss Fort, muttering something about a mistake made by one of her young women; and the young lady departed, a little dubious as to whether or not the fashionable dressmaker had intended to cheat her.

fill my wishes. You have intermeddled unwarrantably in the matter of that silk, and I repeat that you are no longer in my employ."

"So poor little Flora went crying home, with a vague comprehension that she had been discharged because she had spoken out the truth."

It was nearly a fortnight afterward that Captain Drake noticed the absence of Miss Fay from the table at the boarding house.

"Is your little blue-eyed lodger ill, Mrs. Dodds?" he asked. "I don't think I have seen her of late."

"No, she's not ill," said the landlady. "That is to say, not exactly sick. But she will be if she don't look out. She's boarding herself Captain Drake on bread and crackers, and such like, poor dear! and wasting away like a little shadow, because she's lost her situation at that dress-making place, and don't see her way clear to another. And she won't run into debt, she won't even for a pair of white shoes. Ah!" the good woman added, "I can remember when she was the pet and darling of the old folks at home, before they lost their all, running about among the daisies and buttercups like a sunbeam."

"But how did she come to lose her place?" asked Captain Drake.

And Mrs. Dodds, who liked to hear the sound of her own voice, told the whole story.

"It's a shame!" cried the Captain.

"Just what I say myself," nodded the landlady.

And the next day, Miss Fortesque (who is Mrs. A. Wright now) came to see Flora Fay.

"It was all my fault," said she, with affectionate vehemence, "that you lost your situation—and oh, if you would come and stay with me, and help me, I would esteem it such a favor! Would you, please?"

"Are you quite sure that I can make my self useful?" said Flora, a little hesitatingly.

"Yes, quite," said Mrs. A. Wright.

"I'll go," said the young country-girl, who seemed to expand into a different creature. Captain Drake, the most devoted brother in the world, came there every day; and Flora, all unconscious of her own feelings, began to watch for his daily visit as a heliotrope-blossom watches the sun.

Until, at last, there was talk of another long voyage to Japan, and then Flora grew pale and nervous again.

"I—I have been here long enough," she said. "If I go to the exchange Bureau, they will perhaps tell me of a new situation. And I need a change."

But Captain Drake went straight to the root of the matter.

"Flora," said he, "are you unwilling that I should sail to Jeddo?"

"I—always and in all circumstances," said Flora, hanging down her pretty head. "But of course Captain Drake, you must do as you please."

"Yes, of course," he answered, absently, and when he was gone, Flora shed a few quiet tears over the table linen she was hemming for Mrs. A. Wright.

"How bold and unmanly it is of me," she thought, "to let myself care for a man who does not think twice of me? If he had cared one iota for me, would he not have said so then?"

But the next evening, at dusk Captain Drake sauntered in with that swinging gait of his, as if he were still treading the deck of an outward-bound vessel.

"Don't run away, Flora," said he, as the girl caught up her work, and prepared for a precipitate retreat.

"Do you want to speak to me?" she faltered, with downcast eyes.

"Don't always want to speak to you?" said Captain Drake, said he, "and hear what I've been planning?"

"Now it is coming," thought Flora, with a sick feeling at her heart. He is going to be married, and he is coming to tell me so."

"I have decided to give up the seafaring business," said Captain Drake.

"Have you?" muttered Flora, faintly. "I'm so glad."

"And I've bought a farm in Connecticut," he went on—"the old Berkshire farm, Flora, where you were born and brought up. I'm going to be a farmer!"

She looked at him, the rose and lily following each other across her cheeks.

"He cried, involuntarily, if I could only see the dear old place once more!"

"But I won't go there to live," said the Captain, determined, "unless you'll go there with me, Flora, as the farmer's wife! What do you think of it, little girl? Shall it be a partnership?"

And when Mrs. A. Wright came in, the papers were all sealed, signed and delivered, the "partnership" was a foregone conclusion!

"I don't know how I shall succeed as a farmer," said Captain Drake, to his sister; "but if little Flora here is only with me, I shall be able to make a place out of it. I haven't courage to undertake it."

And when Mrs. A. Wright took Flora's hand in hers, the girl whispered:

"I think I'm the happiest creature in all the wide world to-night. Because, dear Mrs. A. Wright, he loves me!"

Coldest and Hottest Regions.

Where is the coldest known region? Up to the present time, Yakutsk, in Northeast Siberia, has often been cited as the place of our earth where winter is coldest. But a distinguished traveler has recently discovered, and claims that to Werkhgorsk, in North-east Siberia, in longitude 134 degrees east from Greenwich, and latitude 67½ north, belongs that honor. The lowest winter recorded at Yakutsk is 77.3 degrees Fahr. below zero, and at Werkhgorsk, 87.0 degrees below zero.

The hottest spot in the world is believed to have been discovered in the desert interior of Australia. A thermometer, graduated to 127 degrees Fahr., was hung on a tree, sheltered from both the sun and wind, and at the hottest of the day, the thermometer rose till it burst the tube, and the temperature must have been thus at least 128 degrees, apparently the highest ever recorded in any part of the world.

One of the hottest localities on the globe is along the Persian Gulf, where rain seldom ever falls. At Bahrain the arid shore has no fresh water, yet a considerable population contrives to exist there, thanks to the copious springs of fresh water which issue from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is secured by divers, and brought to the surface by a pump-skin gear. The source of these submarine springs is thought to be the green hills of Oman, some five or six hundred miles distant.

Two young men who move in the very best society were on a spree not long since, and as they were prattling well-on their way, and of them said to the other in an undertone of voice:

"Let's bid each other good night, Bill."

"Why you ain't going home already? It's right in the shank of the evening."

"Of course I've got to go, but after while we won't know each other from a shade of lost leather, so let's say 'good night' right now before it's too late."

The practice of thinning potato vines to two stalks in the hill, when they exceed the normal height, has been annually a correspondent of *The American Cultivator*, and his father before him for fifty years. This is done at hoeing time—the superfluous (weakest) stalks being treated as weeds. The effect is, as may be supposed, an increase of large, handsome tubers. The object is a cutting seed to single eye is in part to prevent overcrowding and competition of stalks.

THE FLIGHT OF THE RAVEN.

BY GEO. T. STANBURY.

Once again, lone and weary, I sat pondering on the dreary
Phantoms starting from the legends of the long forgotten lore,
Once again, as I sat shivering from the light,
My faint eye, yielding
To the power these ghosts were wielding, there
was rapping at my door,
And it broke upon the stillness like that rapping
at my door

Which I heard so long before.
Once again, I had, half dreaming, in the throng
of fancies streaming
Through my mind, seen many a vision of the
happy days of yore,
And the whirly storm that bound me in my
lonely chamber, found me
Seeing with the fancies round me, face and
form of lost Lenore;

Face and form of that rare maiden I had loved,
so long before,
And will love for evermore.
But her well remembered features, mingling
only with the creatures
Of my fancy, and the shadows that were float-
ing on my door,
My caresses fond eluded; When I'd clasp her,
they intruded;

Till my reason, oft deluded, caught the rapping
at my door,
And with sudden terror linked it with that
rapping at my door
I had heard there long before.

Linked it with that night of sadness, when the
demon lord of madness
Took his station in my chamber, heralded by
tempest's roar.
At the thought my eyes I lifted; to that haunted
spot they drifted;
Fixed as though he ne'er had shifted, with his
shadow on the floor,
Sat the grim and ghastly raven who had perched
above my door,
There to sit forever more.

And the ghastly, damnd infernal fiend had
laid his grisly grasp
On my soul as he had laid his cursed shadow on
my door.
When, in howling storm benighted, he within
my chamber lighted,
And each hope was crushed and blighted in
my soul forevermore,
There the sullen gloomy devil ever muttered
o'er and o'er
His infernal "Never more."

On this second night of vision, whilst the wind
in wild derision
Hiddeous, mock'd my growing terrors, e'en the
raven at my door
Grew in grim and gaunt proportions, and the
grisly weird, caricature
Seem'd a ghastly death's distortions, in the
shadow on the floor,
While unceasing he muttered mid the night's
tempestuous roar
His eternal "Never more."

Still the sickly light was flaring; still I had not
found the darning
To arise and seek in darkness, what I've sought
in vain before;
Still the rapping was repeated as if entrance
was entreated;
Still my coward soul retreated from the ter-
rifying door;
Still I dreaded lest another like that one above
my door
Should pursue me ever more.

Wildly grew the storm-wind's shrieking, and each
rusty chunter creaking
Added new fantastic terrors to the goblins
there before.
Frequent was that dark bird's muttering, and
unclear his fluttering,
As if e'en he dreaded uttering—and from very
dread forbore
Uttering what his soul delighted till the storm's
concealment
Forced it from him—"Never more."

Filled with mad despair, I vainly sprang to
clutch the black, ungainly,
Brooding, taunting and tormenting wanderer
from the nightly shore;
Then, with frantic desperation, overcoming
hesitation,
Conquering my trepidation, open wide I dashed
the door.

"Come!" I shrieked, "Come all damnation!
Join these shadows on my floor—
Come as shadows, birds or devils; come with
tongues a thousand more.
Taunt me wild with "Never more"!"

Then with very horror gasping, frenzied, mad,
and wildly clapping
In my hands my throbbing head, I fell upon
my chamber floor;
Fell upon the velvet seating where that awful
shade was floating
From the raven who sat gloating all my dread-
ful misery o'er.
Then I cried, "Oh God forgive me!" I, who
never prayed before,
Cried, "Forgive, if nothing more!"

Suddenly out fled the chilliness, in the chamber
fell a stillness;
Deep profoundest hush contrasting all the riot
there before.
In a lethargic amazement, I beheld from door
and casement,
Aye, as if from very basement stealing upward
through the floor,
An unearthly, heavenly radiance creeping ev-
erywhere o'er.

While I lay there on the floor.
Instantly a sweet calm filled me; then a long-
ing wild hope thrilled me,
For I felt and knew the calmness I had felt but
once before.
Only once, when she was dying, and our fare-
well kiss was sighing;
And in my chamber lying, felt the presence
of Lenore.

Then the very air grew purer than it e'er had
been before,
And I thought 'twas for Lenore.
But my coming senses, freeing from their dim-
med cloud a being
Such as they had never met in all the golden
days of yore.
Robed in brilliant shining tresses is the angel
form which presses
Lightly as the soft caresses of the lips of loved
Lenore.

On the cushion's violet lining she had pressed
so oft before.
'Twas an angel; not Lenore.
Brilliant eyes were flashing, burning, as she to
the raven turning,
Calmly pointed with majestic motion to the
open door.
Then abashed and cowed, he fluttered from his
perch, and nothing uttered,
Not a syllable he muttered as he passed beyond
the door.

And my soul grew calm and tranquil when the
shadowy form he took
To be gone forever more.
Then to me she cried, "Oh mortal! I am sent
from Heaven's portal
To remind you, God is loving, has been, will be
ever more;
And the words thy spirit broken, by its weight
of woe has spoken,
"God forgive me," are the token which I wait-
ed at the door.
Lift your eyes in faith to Heaven, and the God
whom you adore
Will sustain you ever more."

"Angel," said I, "glorious being sent from Heav-
en and foretelling
That to me she cried, "Oh mortal! I am sent
from Heaven's portal
To remind you, God is loving, has been, will be
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Lift your eyes in faith to Heaven, and the God
whom you adore
Will sustain you ever more."

All that God in wondrous mercy for us mortals
has in store;
Tell me truly, if in Heaven, I can walk as one
forgiven,
Since I've long against it striven till my heart
is rent and sore!

Can my God so soon offend now forgive?
Speak, I implore!
"Jesus lives," the angel answered, "He can
save from perils sore,
In His love, rest ever more."

Then I knew the lesson taught me, and my new
found faith now brought me
From the darkness of despair to see a brighter,
happier shore.
Now my way grows ever clearer, and I feel
the presence nearer,
In that sweet calm growing deeper, of the form
of loved Lenore.

For I know I'll clasp the maiden whom the
angel will restore
When my day of life is ending, and my spir-
it's flight is tender
There to join immortal beings thronging on
the other shore;
Oh I know they will have told her that I'm
hastening to fold her
To my eager arms and hold her to the soul she
loved before,
For I know that God will give me back my
loved and lost Lenore
In that long forevermore.

Mr. Spurgeon's Conversion.
I will tell you how I myself was brought
to the knowledge of this truth. It may
appear the tale of a dream, but it is no
else to Christ. I pleased God in my
childhood to convince me of sin. I lived
a miserable creature, finding no hope, no
comfort, thinking that surely God would
never save me. At last the worst came to
the worst—I was miserable; I could do
nothing, anything, my heart was broken
in pieces. Six months did I pray, prayed
agonizingly with all my heart, and never
had an answer. I resolved that, in the
town where I lived, I would visit every
place of worship in order to find out the
way of salvation. I felt I was another day,
and to God, and I was sure there was
some good truth, that surely God would
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OLD COMMONWEALTH

HARRISONBURG, VA.

THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 6, 1882.

Literary.

Blackwood's Magazine for March, just republished by THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., 41 Barclay Street, New York, is largely devoted to reviews of books. "Martin's Horns" is, perhaps the most interesting of these notices, as it gives a biographical sketch of the poet, with so many quotations from his writings that it has the character of a collection of poems. "Lord Crawford and the House of Mar" is more historical in its tone, and in the story of Elyse de Mar and the Countess Isabel explains the cause of the abolition of the ancient earldom. Besides these we have descriptions of four new novels; one by a new author, J. H. Shorthouse; the others by our old friends Henry James, Jr., Gerard, and Blackmore. "The Fixed Period" has really come to an end, and so has the pretty little story begun last month. "Western Wanderings" describes some pretty rough traveling from Downing, New Mexico, to New Orleans, and thence to St. Domingo and the other West India Islands. The traveler seems to have been looking out for good positions for settlers. There is also a short address to John Bright, in verse, and an account of the meeting of Parliament.

The periodicals (reprinted by THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., 41 Barclay Street, New York), are as follows: *The London Quarterly*, *Edinburgh*, *Westminster*, and *British Quarterly* Reviews and *Blackwood's Magazine*. Price, \$3 a year for *Blackwood's*, \$2.50 for any one of the Reviews, and only \$10 for all.

Philadelphia Medical Journal for March.

The March number of the *Philadelphia Medical Journal* will be found full of good things and a vast improvement upon preceding numbers. It contains eight choice selections of "sheet-music," as follows: "Romance," by Beethoven; "The Joyous Farmer," by Schumann; and "Marquis de Marquis," by Morley; all exquisite instrumental pieces. "Marching Song" and "When Hopes are Dead," beautiful and popular songs, composed respectively by Guonod and Professor David Wood; "The Willow and the Lily," one of the prettiest ballads from Stephen and Solomon's New Comic Opera, "Claude Duval," now all the rage; and "When Autumn Leaves are Falling Round," one of the latest and best songs of the day. All these selections are arranged for the piano, and the fact that so many superb pieces are given in a single number of the *Journal* proves to be the most attractive and cheapest musical periodical in the country. In addition, there is a vast fund of musical news and gossip, able editorials discuss fearlessly the most prominent topics of interest, and the plots of the new operas, "Claude Duval" and "The Widow," are presented in full. Another feature is a capital little story, "Lava's Artifice," written by George D. Cox. It will be concluded in the April issue. Published by Wm. Neville, No. 1300 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

GENERAL CONFERENCE DAILY.

O. P. FITZGERALD, D. D., Editor.

One Dollar for the Session.

A daily journal of 16 pages, pasted and trimmed in the same form as the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, will be issued from the Publishing House during the session of the General Conference, which meets on the first day of May next.

This paper will contain a directory of the General Conference, a list of the fraternal delegates from other churches, the Pastoral Address of the Bishops, and full report of the proceedings of the Conference.

Short-hand reporters will take down speeches verbatim, and the reader may expect to be fully informed on all matters of interest.

Many questions of importance and general interest to our whole Church will come before this body. Among them may be mentioned the election of Bishops, the expansion of our missionary operations, our Publishing interests, and the question of Fraternity.

Many persons desire to preserve the proceedings and debates of the Conference in permanent form; and for this reason we have determined to print it on a good quality of paper, with new type, and in a 16-page quarto form, so as to be conveniently bound.

With the expectation of a very large circulation, we have determined to put the subscription price, including postage, at \$1; and will furnish a bound volume to all subscribers who notify us at once, for \$1.50. Send \$2.50, and get a current copy during the session, and a handsomely bound copy soon after the adjournment of the Conference.

A small amount of space can be spared to advertisers, and as the circulation will be general and first-class, more desirable medium can be found. We especially call the attention of our school and college presidents to this opportunity. We have fixed the rates for the session at one dollar per line, or single insertion ten cents per line. Nothing admitted except from first class houses or institutions.

All newspapers which publish this prospectus, and call attention to it, will receive a copy during the session.

Our ministers are requested to read this notice in all our congregations, and urge them to subscribe. No commissions can be allowed; but the expense of transmitting the money by registered letter or money order may be deducted.

Subscribe early that we may have your name listed before the Conference meets. Address Southern Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.

J. B. McFERRIN, Agent.

L. D. PALMER, Manager.

How to Treat Your Watch.

Wind it up at the same time every day. Keep it in as even a temperature as possible. Sudden transition from heat to cold may cause the main-spring to break. If you would keep it clean never put it in any pocket except one of leather. Those pockets which are lined with cloth, cotton or calico, give by the constant friction a certain fluff, which enters most Watch Cases and makes its way to the delicate parts of the watch. So that the pocket is turned and cleaned often, and take an old linen handkerchief and wipe carefully all the dust from under the back, level and cap of the case. But above all you must be sure that the Case fits firmly and to be sure of this, select one where the parts (crown, back, cap, etc.) are each made from one piece of metal.

The JAMES BOSS' PATENT STIFFENED OR FILLED GOLD Watch Case is so made, and not only does such a Watch Case become stronger and more perfectly, but it enables the manufacturer to turn and form three pieces of metal (the outer case being gold and the inner one of an inferior metal) into shape for the round parts, making to all appearances and practical purposes just as good a Watch Case as the solid gold, at about one-half the cost to the purchaser.

There are nearly one hundred thousand of these Watch Cases now carried, and their good qualities are acknowledged by the same number of happy possessors.

All Jewelers keep them, also illustrated catalogues for gratuitous distribution.

The greatest living calculator is the gas meter man. He can tell to a fraction how much gas a family ought to use without once looking at the indicator.

SCIENTIFIC.

(Prepared Expressly for this Paper.)

In a recent lecture, Prof. Edward Frankland stated that six millions of tons of coal are probably burned in London during the winter months, and the quantities of steam, soot, tar and sulphurous acid discharged into the air as products of this combustion are enormous. These products unite to form the London fogs. Steam supplies the basis of all fog, and the vapor particles become covered with tar, which renders them more permanent, dirt is necessary to produce fog, while sulphurous acid promotes it. Dr. Frankland illustrated these points by experiment. To prove the effect of dirt in the air he filled a large flask with moist air freed from dirt by filtering, then cooled the flask, when a slight mist was formed which disappeared in a moment; repeating the experiment with air containing its normal charge of dirt, the fog was much more dense and lasting. Tarry matters render fogs persistent by retarding evaporation. He believes that the general substitution of anthracite for bituminous coal would do much toward freeing the metropolis from its fogs, as the discharge of tar and soot into the atmosphere would thus be vastly lessened.

A very general idea is that a tendency to certain diseases is indicated by certain types of faces, as is shown by the frequent use of such phrases as "consumptive looking." The subject has been investigated by Dr. Galton and the anatomist, whose conclusions thus far fail to support the belief that certain physical characteristics prove a special liability to consumption or other disease, although it may perhaps be shown that the effects of the disease when commenced may be influenced by such.

Prof. Boyd Dawkins, in depicting the appearance of the world before man, recently described America in theocene as being connected with Europe by a heavily wooded barrier of land stretching past the Faroe Islands; while the alligators and fishes of Europe were indistinguishable from those of this continent.

A Spanish physician, Dr. Olive, makes use of powdered cobwebs as a remedy for fevers.

Seasons of low water in the lakes of Switzerland offer favorable opportunities for adding to our knowledge of the ancient lake-dwellers. The water of Lake Constance has lately been lower than at any other time since 1805, and advantage has been taken of it to examine a number of lacustrine dwellings, with the result of numerous discoveries of implements.

An interesting experiment is said to have been made with a hibernating hedgehog, in which the brain of the sleeping animal was removed, then the entire spinal cord, but for two hours hardly any change was noticeable in the action of the heart; and a day afterward that organ contracted when touched by the operator.

During an address by Prof. W. E. Ayrton on the "storage of power," the lecture theatre was lighted, a circular saw driven and an elevator operated by means of electric energy which had been stored the previous day in Faure accumulating batteries. The total quantity of energy was 50,000,000 foot-pounds—a little more than twenty-five horse-power exerted for one hour. A single cell, containing 81 pounds of lead and red lead, is found to store 1,440,000 foot-pounds of energy.

Paper made from strong fibres can now be compressed into a substance so hard that nothing but the diamond can scratch it.

It has been proven by direct comparison that objects which are white by sunlight appear yellow under the electric light, and red when seen by gaslight. "The illusion," says Dr. Werner Siemens, "arises from our being accustomed to see the earth redly illuminated after sunset, and on this basis forming a different scale of colors for ourselves. Daylight would accordingly be almost as black as night under the electric light. This false idea would disappear if electric illumination became general."

It has been affirmed that it is possible to transmit electric energy for working motors to a short distance only. M. Debedat has shown, however, that a considerable percentage of the original power may be made available at a distance as great as fifty miles.

A new method of illumination, adopted in a lighthouse of New South Wales, consists of an arrangement for the use of gas in clear weather and the electric light when cloudy.

The largest trees known are probably a *Eucalyptus amygdaloides*, "Peppermint tree," growing in the Dandenong district of Victoria, Australia, which is said to measure 370 feet to the starting point of the crown, and 417 feet to the top, and another specimen of the same species, mentioned by Baron Ferdinand von Muller as having attained the height of 480 feet.

There is a young editor wandering on the face of the earth who formerly published a paper at Storm Lake, Iowa. He left the day after the issue of his last paper, and is supposed to be crossing the State on foot to get away from an infuriated female populace. It seems there was a concert given by young ladies of the city, and the gallant young editor wrote it in splendid shape. The same day he visited a herd of short-horn cattle, owned by a farmer in the vicinity, and he was told the cattle also. The cross-eyed foreman of the office got the two articles mixed as follows: "The concert given last evening by sixteen of Storm Lake's most beautiful and interesting young ladies was highly appreciated. They were elegantly dressed and sang in a most charming manner, winning the plaudits of the entire audience, who pronounced them the finest short-horns in the county. A few of them are of a rich, brown color, but the majority are spotted brown and white. Several of the heifers were fine-bodied, tight-limbed animals, and promise to prove good property."

Concerning Goats.
"Goats is valuable property hereabouts," said an old Gowanus "long-shoreman." "I don't know what the poor women would do without 'em. A spry young nanny, when she's feelin' well, will give one quart of milk twice a day. Good rich milk, too. It makes splendid coffee. One half of them boys play'n' around the dock there is been raised on nanny's milk. Their own natural mothers can't stand to work hard and give their children the proper amount of milk; and besides, goat's milk is better than their own—stronger like. There is a difference in goat's milk, owin' pretty much to what they eat. The Italians up around Harlem can't afford much, and their goats has to live on oyster cans and sardine boxes, while these here goats about Gowanus and South Brooklyn eats theater advertisements and show bills the whole winter, and anybody who knows anything about goats knows that makes a difference in their milk."

People are constantly changing their homes from the East to the West and from South to North or vice versa, in search of a healthy state. If they would learn to be contented, and to use the celebrated Kidney-Wort when sick they would be much better off. The whole system can be kept in a healthy state by this simple but of actual remedy.—Observer.

The readjusters, who told the score or two of taxpayers who vote for them that they would reduce the expenses of the State, put a stop to the extravagance of the "Bourbon" keepers of the treasury, even lower taxation, have not only quadrupled money on the Governor's Mansion, increased the number of State employees and raised the pay of some of them, and appropriated money by the hundred thousands for negro normal schools, though the negroes already have one, while the white people have none, but have even established a pension bureau, through which to provide for life for their favorites or others whom they may wish to retire in order to make places for those whose support they bought with the promise of office. The carpet bidders, during their sway in the more Southern States, never set law and morals at defiance with more reckless audacity than the readjusters have done in Virginia.—*Alexandria Gazette*.

The Rice Production of the United States.—The census of 1880 shows that in 1879 on 1,679 acres Alabama produced 810,889 pounds of rice, an average of 514 pounds per acre. In Florida 2,561 acres produced 1,294,677 pounds, an average of 508 pounds per acre. Georgia on 34,978 acres grew 25,369,687 pounds, an average of 728 pounds per acre. In Louisiana 42,000 acres produced 23,188,311 pounds, Mississippi on 3,801 acres, 1,718,951 pounds; North Carolina, on 10,846 acres, 5,609,191 pounds; South Carolina, on 78,388 acres, 52,077,515 pounds; Texas, on 835 acres, 92,183 pounds. The total production in the country was 110,131,973 pounds.

The Republicans in Congress do all they can to advance the personal and party aims of the individual friends of the Administration in Virginia, but are utterly opposed to doing anything that will benefit Virginia. Their caucus has determined that there shall be no reduction in the tax on tobacco, and yesterday their House committee on education and labor reported adversely upon Mr. Dezenod's bill to pay William and Mary College \$65,000 for property destroyed by the Federal soldiers during the civil war.—*Alex. Gazette*.

A Foolish Mistake.

Don't make the mistake of confounding a remedy of merit with quack medicines. We speak from experience when we say that Parker's Ginger Tonic is a sterling health restorative which will do all that is claimed for it. We have used it, and it has served with the happiest results for Rheumatism and when worn out by overwork. See adv.—Times.

Grateful to Invalids.

Floreston Golongne grateful to invalids, because it is refreshing without the sickening effect of most perfumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MOST POPULAR
SEWING MACHINES
is the
LIGHT-RUNNING
NEW
BEST MADE
SIMPLE
STRONG
SWIFT
SURE
HAS NO EQUAL
IS ALWAYS IN ORDER
A LIFETIME
SURPASSES ALL OTHERS
New Home Sewing Machine
30 UNION ST. NEW YORK
CHICAGO ILL.
ORANGE MASS.

D. H. LANDES, REAR HARRISONBURG, VA.
mar26m

Hardware and Stoves

A LARGE STOCK OF

IRON, NAILS, GLASS,

CARRIAGE AND BUILDERS' HARDWARE.

All Sizes of

Cook and Heating Stoves

AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.

—AGENT FOR—

DUPONT'S RIFLE AND BLASTING POWER.

J. WILTON,

HARRISONBURG, VA.

New Grocery House,

OPPOSITE SPOTSWOOD HOTEL.

HARRISONBURG, VA.

I respectfully say to the public that I have opened business in the Sibley building, opposite the Spotswood Hotel, where I shall be pleased to have all house-keepers call and purchase their

FAMILY SUPPLIES,

embracing any and all articles in the line of groceries. I cannot specify stock in detail, but invite all to come and see. Prices very low, and terms cash.

Respectfully,
T. ASHBY LONG.

NOTICE.
In the year of T. A. Long's Grocery Store will be found my Fresh Meat Market. Fresh Meats Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Best of Beef, Mutton, Pork, etc., on sale, and meats delivered free of charge to all parts of town. Patronage respectfully solicited.
mar14

Dr. A. BUCHER,
DENTIST,
BRIDGEWATER, VA.

Artificial teeth \$15 a plate. Gold fillings \$1.00. Gold and Platinum Alloy fillings 75 cents. Extracting a specialty.
Office at Doe Hill, Highland Co., Va.
Jan 20

A week in your own home. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. H. HALL & Co., Portland, Maine

\$60

He Did Not Mince Matters.

A representative of the Lynn (Mass.) *Zion*, in his ramble throughout the city, gathered, among other scraps of interest and information, the following: The first place visited by the reporter was the fruit store of Mr. J. Levett, No. 67 Market street, in response to a rumor that the proprietor had been cured of the rheumatism by the great remedy. Mr. Levett, not being in, the reporter had a talk with his son, Mr. Levett stated that his father had been cured of an exceedingly bad attack of rheumatism by the St. Jacobs Oil. He had the disease in his right arm and shoulder, which became perfectly helpless after being affected a few hours. His pain was so great that he could not rest in comfort or attend to business with any degree of satisfaction. After enduring this sort of thing for some time, he purchased a bottle of the Great German Remedy and began to apply it. He just used the Oil for all it was worth. After pursuing this mode of treatment for three days the pain was banished and his father was in a perfectly healthy condition. He has never since felt the rheumatic pain.

The over stocking of land is one of the surest methods of ruining pastures. Many farmers cannot be made to believe that they are getting the full benefit of a pasture unless the grass is eaten off a little faster than it has time to grow; consequently, all who put this method in practice always have bare pastures and poor cattle.

There is nothing better for a fertilizer of grape-vines than ground bones. It seems to afford the vine and fruit just the elements they require.

LEGAL.

VIRGINIA, TO WIT:—In the Clerk's Office of the Circuit Court of Rockingham County, on the 2nd day of March, A. D., 1882.
I, Andrew, administrator de bonis non of John H. Price, dec'd., Complainant,
vs.
Zachariah McDaniel, William Carrier, and Rebecca his wife, David Hoffman, in his own right, and as administrator of Ambrose Hoffman, dec'd., James Hoffman, Isaac Hoffman, Luther Hoffman, Frank Hoffman, John Manger, and Eliza his wife, the heirs at law of Henry Miller, dec'd., S. P. H. Miller, Hiram H. Miller, J. G. H. Miller, Joseph H. Rite, and Sarah E. his wife, Hiram A. Rite, and Margaria his wife, J. W. Rite, and Martha his wife, and Thomas Shifflett, and Henrietta his wife, the heirs at law of Henry Miller, dec'd., Defendants.

IN CHANCERY.
The object of this suit is to recover the sum of \$400, with interest on \$200, part thereof, from September 1880, and on \$200, part thereof, from September 1881, and on \$200, part thereof, from September 1882, and on \$200, part thereof, from September 1883, and on \$200, part thereof, from September 1884, and on \$200, part thereof, from September 1885, and on \$200, part thereof, from September 1886, and on \$200, part thereof, from September 1887, and on \$200, part thereof, from September 1888, and on \$200, part thereof, from September 1889, and on \$200, part thereof, from September 1890, and on \$200, part thereof, from September 1891, and on \$200, part thereof, from September 1892, and on \$200, part thereof, from September 1893, and on \$200, part thereof, from September 1894, and on \$200, part thereof, from September 1895, and on \$200, part thereof, from September 1896, and on \$200, part thereof, from September 1897, and on \$200, part thereof, from September 1898, and 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Old Commonwealth

THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 30, 1883.

J. K. SMITH, Editor and Publisher.

Subscription Rates:
One Year, \$1.00
Six Months, .60
Three Months, .35
Four Months, .50
Two Months, .25
Cash in advance only received.

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1 inch, one time, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents; 1 inch, three months, \$3.00; six months, \$5.00; one year, \$10.00. Two inches, one year, \$15.00. One column, one year, \$10.00; half column, \$5.00; quarter column, \$2.50. CENTS, \$1 per line per year. Professional cards, five lines or less, \$5 per year. Advertising bills due quarterly in advance, if not otherwise contracted for. Year advertisers discounting before the end of the year will be charged transfer rates, unless otherwise agreed.
Address letters or other mail matter to THE OLD COMMONWEALTH, Harrisonburg, Va.
[Entered as the P. O. Harrisonburg, Va., as second-class mail matter.]

Look Out for the X Mark.
On your paper, it is notice that the time for which you have paid has expired, and if you want the paper continued you must renew your subscription at once. This paper is stopped in every case at the end of the time paid for. If errors occur they will be cheerfully corrected.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.
Rake up the yards.
Go on with garden planting.
If you can't get cabbage, try kale.
There was thunder and lightning here on Sunday night.
Have you colored your eggs yet? Get Pans' dyes of the druggists.
Are you going to join the B. B. C? Iodine 25 cents an ounce.
The professors are around with the long-handled whitewash brushes.
The shirt sleeves to be seen were an evidence of Sunday's warmth.
Clean the Court-yard, or put up billboards and shut the place from view.
Those fond of good music should attend the Episcopal church on Sunday next.
This town needs a new directory. Nobody knows where anybody lives now.
Scatter lime plentifully around the back yards, in damp cellars, etc. Don't neglect this.
To see the spring styles of new clothes oia the stream to the cemetery on Sunday afternoon.
Oh! for a hall, a hall, a water haul, Sam Hall; anything to satisfy the demands of the town.
No March wind was ever yet strong enough to blow a fellow off a newly vanished chair.
The walking on April 1st was particularly good, and the number of pedestrians considerably increased. "Oh! ain't you smart?"
"Palm Sunday" was observed by the Catholic people of this place on Sunday last. There were some visitors from Staunton and other points. Father O'Ferrall officiated at the Catholic Church.
J. E. & O. B. Roller have removed their office to the Effinger building near the First National Bank. The room lately occupied by them will now be occupied by Messrs. Talliaferro, & Ney, as a wall paper store.
Rev. J. S. Bennick, minister of the Evangelical church, of New Market, died at that place on March 26th, aged 44 years, 5 months and 29 days. He was a popular preacher and was held in high repute in his church for ministerial ability.
Rev. James E. Armstrong preached morning and evening in the West Market street M. E. Church South on Sunday. Mr. A. began his ministry here on Sunday morning, having been appointed to this station by the Conference recently held in Fredericksburg. His sermons created a very favorable impression.
Geo. S. Christie, the old reliable merchant tailor left on Monday morning for Eastern markets to buy goods, and will have many of them here by Friday next. Mr. Christie has taken the agency for Wamaker & Brown, Philadelphia, and his customers and the public generally are respectfully invited to call and examine his samples.
Come on with your spring supplies, from our truck patches. If you would realize handsome prices. Peas, corn, tomatoes, onions, kale, sprouts, etc., are abundant in the city markets, and some of these are finding their way here. The prices are steep, but the drought of last Summer was followed by a Winter of scarcity of vegetables and everything in that line at almost any price is grabbed for with greediness. If our country friends have anything of new growth in the way of vegetables, in this market they can realize big prices in cash.
Those of our merchants who have not already done so, will probably make their journeys northward this week to buy Spring and Summer goods. Soon the fashions of the new season will be seen in every bazaar, and on bright Spring days the ladies will be out in force engaged in the agreeable labor of shopping. To learn where to go so as to save time in looking, we advise that the advertising columns of the newspapers of the county be consulted. If a dealer is too niggardly to advertise he is not the person you want to deal with. If a liberal advertiser it may be depended upon as a safe rule that he is a liberal and fair dealer. We are open to contracts for advertising space. We have it to sell but not to give away.

Spring-Stray Thoughts.

This beautiful season of the year is here, and all animate nature rejoices. Its coming is always heralded by the swelling buds and flowering blossoms; by buzzing bees, the hum of flies, the campering of animals, the spring blades of grass which clothe the fields with green, and man, partaking of the awakening of nature, from its rest of the winter season, rejoices as the spring marches on in its cycle of seasons. Philosophers tell of the reasons why seasons change; tell us why we have not all summer, or winter. But its prosaic teachings have not developed freely to our minds the causes of the change we see going on about us, but only so far as to make us satisfied that God in infinite wisdom guides and directs, and by His high decree it is controlled. Naturally we come to think of the change of seasons as in accord with God's will; that it has been the same, Winter, Spring, Summer and Fall, each in turn, ever since we were born, and a change that comes because it does. Primarily it is the wise order of a beneficent and gracious Father, who keeps time itself in motion; who makes and unmake worlds; who rolls a world into infinite space, and sets it upon its revolutions and change of seasons, with the ease that a boy would roll a marble off of his hand. Old Time almost reels with the weight of the records of changing seasons. For a period longer than poor humanity can count, and of which we have lost the record, has the cycle of seasons been revolving. Mountains have risen by upheavals of nature and in the course of ages have been enveloped in seas; continents form a part of the bed of bounding billows where erst a part of the world's inhabitants dwelt. The changes in seas and continents have made changes in the temperature of latitudes. At some time, probably, where we dwell the monsters of the deep had their play grounds. The Valley of the Mississippi may have been a great inland sea, and if so how sadly at fault is the reckoning of the scientific engineer, Capt. Eads, when he prescribes plans for confining into deeper but narrower limits the Father of Waters?

Just here is where science leaves us to grope our way, for with all its capacity to throw an electric light upon many mysteries, when it comes to fathom the profound depths of this, it founders, deals in technicalities, which give no light, leaves us in darkness, and we are forced back to the homely argument—that seasons change, that winter goes and Spring comes—because it does.

Spring! This beautiful and we all love it. We all hail its coming with delight. Nature is awakening from repose. Joy festoons, beautiful as they are as they hang pendant from leafless branches and glitter and sparkle in the light of a Winter day's oblique sun, at this season give way to re-awakening nature, which garlands itself with lovely flowers. Beautiful Spring.

You who have observed the seasons come and go these many years, whether or not you have made scientific inquiries into the cause—have you ever been inspired by the comforting and soul-lifting symbol it so beautifully typifies? How like human life, and how aptly it teaches of that life hoped for beyond this. First your youth is symbolized by Spring; your manhood by Summer; your declining days make the Autumn of your existence, and gradually the days shorten into the Winter solstice, when icy death enfolds all of you that is mortal. To stop here would be to paint a dark picture. God does not intend that it shall be dark. Human vision stops at the closed grave, but just here His work begins anew, for He breaks the icy bonds of Death and in the resurrection of His creatures typifies this beautiful season, and the imprisoned soul rejoices in a new life.

MAIL CHANGES.—Petitions have been forwarded to the P. O. Department making changes in the time of carrying the mail, on the Port Republic, McGeheysville and Lacey Spring routes. When the change is effected all of the mails will leave in the afternoon after the arrival of the Northern mail instead of as heretofore. Returning the mails will get here in time to connect with trains East and West.

If the back-road mail from Dayton by Sangerville to Staunton can be changed so as to accommodate the people on that route, the arrangements will be satisfactory all around.

EXCURSION.—On the morning of May 12th an excursion will leave Richmond for Cincinnati, on which round-trip tickets are placed at a low rate. The excursion is to the Musical Festival at Cincinnati, commencing May 16th, or to the Jockey-club races at Louisville, Ky., beginning on the same day. The tickets will be good until the 28th of May. The fare for round-trip from Staunton to Cincinnati or Louisville is fixed at \$9.00, which is so low as to assure a large sale of tickets. A schedule for the excursion train will be issued about May first.

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Personal.

Mrs. A. M. Hamilton and son are visiting in Eastern Virginia.
Mrs. Maddux, daughter Blanch, and son Jefferson are at the Pollock House.
Ed. S. Conrad, Esq., returned from from Florida last week. Ed is delighted with the South, and says: "Young man, go South."
We are glad to state that Charlie Strother is improving very fast.
Judge Robert Johnston is again out and slowly improving.
Martin Kelley, who has been in business here for some time, left for Roanoke on a prospecting tour on Monday last. May success attend him.
Hon. John Paul returned to Washington Friday.
Dr. T. N. Sellers, J. M. Weaver, Esq., Prof. J. W. Taylor, of this county, and A. E. Randall, of Page county, were in town on Saturday.
W. M. Loewenbach and E. W. Silbert got home on Friday evening. This is for their Highland friends.
On Monday last R. O. Beard left our city, where he has been engaged in business for the past three years, to reside among the "scenes of his childhood"—his home—in Augusta county. We regret to lose him, not only as a citizen, but as one of the "Boys in Gray."

Mr. Geo. E. Sipe will start on a business trip through Albemarle and Clark counties and the city of Richmond on Friday next.
The three Misses Gallinger, who have just arrived here from Germany, are the guests of Mr. I. Hollander, one of whom is the sister of Mrs. Hollander.
Staunton was well represented here on Sunday last by a number of ladies and gentlemen, and were the recipients of the unbounded hospitality of their many friends.
Albert Wilton, who has been connected in the hardware business with his brother, J. Wilton, Esq., of this place, left for Washington Territory on Tuesday last.

Our young friend, Chas. H. Chandler, returned last Saturday from a two-week's trip to his home in Mount Holly, Va., and gently intimated to our reporter that he had had a "boss" time.
W. H. Ritenour left this (Wednesday) morning for Philadelphia and New York. Look out for extra nice goods in the watch, clock, jewelry and silver-ware line when he returns.
C. H. Eshman left for Baltimore on Wednesday last to purchase his usual large and elegant stock of clothing.

Post Office Discontinued.
The post office at Broadway, in this county, has been discontinued, we are sorry to learn. As near as we can understand there is some spite work about the matter, which it appears so disgusted the P. O. Department that an agent was sent up from Washington who closed the post-office there and all mail matter is ordered to Timberville, about two miles off. This is a matter of serious inconvenience to the people of Broadway, and as it is a growing village with a rapidly increasing population, the pique of a couple of individuals should not be allowed to hamper its prosperity. Let proper representations be made to the Department and a new postmaster appointed, who will be acceptable to all the people. Some of the trouble which has caused the discontinuance of the post-office at Broadway, was in operation before the recent change in the appointment of a new postmaster.

Prosperous.

Mr. Samuel Hile, who is engaged in foundation and house-building at Shenandoah Iron Works, informs us that all is life and "go" at that point. We are pleased to hear that prosperity abounds in that locality, and hope it may continue until the village shall grow into a large and prosperous city. And why should it not? What is there to prevent the realization of the hope we have expressed? If properly developed it will become. It does not lack for enterprise; it has capital, energy, and almost unbounded resources from which wealth is created, in its exhaustless iron beds; its water power; its timber; its facilities for marketing its products, etc. It has timber for coal, for lumber, laths, shingles; it has rocks for lime in endless abundance or for melting ores; in its vicinity various minerals abound; saw mills, grist-mills, stores and mechanical industries are numerous, and its farming lands adjacent are largely composed of alluvial, rich river bottom. What more is needed to make it a flourishing and prosperous community, when we yet add to the account plenty of good schools, churches, &c.?

Mr. Hile is a good workman in his line of business, and is greatly pleased with the outlook of prosperity, which, he says, abounds in that place and vicinity. We surely join in the wish that his hopes of the future of Shenandoah Iron Works may be more than realized. It certainly lacks no advantages that make large towns and great wealth.

A Ten Strike.

A young German-American, Hermann D. Hartjen, left his old grandparents in Germany to escape the military duty of the Fatherland and to better his fortunes. He was only twenty-one, and found a place to work at the Ten pin Alley of H. Billenberg, a compatriot who enjoys a high repute, at No. 100 Raymond St., Brooklyn. He was a saving young man, and invested one dollar in the February drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery (he was not sure of the stability of the savings institutions), and he received \$15,000. He is now a popular leader of youth in the city churches. He is about to return to superintend the removal of his grandparents here. He will invest in the next drawing which takes place April 11th before he leaves, and you can learn anything about it by writing to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La.

The Weather.

Thursday, March 30—A pretty Spring day.
Friday 31—Bright and clear but colder than yesterday.
Saturday, April 1—Warmer; sun shone bright. Afternoon slightly hazy. High wind most of the day.
Sunday, 2—A beautiful, warm Spring day; bees humming and peach and apricot bloom and young leaves beginning to color the trees beautifully and adorn the shrubbery. Afternoon windy and cloudy. Falling weather threatened.
Monday, 3—Rain last night. Morning temperature cooler, but the fresh Spring air is delightful. Cloudy morning.
Tuesday, 4—A beautiful Spring day. Afternoon cloudy and threatening rain. Evening hazy.
Wednesday, 5—Variable but pleasant.

Post Office Discontinued.

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Barking.

Last week Mr. Wallis, of Honck & Wallis, went into the mountains of Brock's Gap, and taking hands with him, erected the necessary buildings for shelter, and the firm has engaged between 75 and 100 hands to peel bark for their extensive steam tannery in this place. The buildings erected by Mr. Wallis and his hands were put up so quick as to entitle him to be ranked as a champion housebuilder. One building is 40 by 21 feet; another 16 by 12 feet; another 21 by 16 feet. They are covered with clap-boards, and with the necessary furniture are quite comfortable mountain houses. Doors and windows were provided for the houses in advance, and only required to be put in place to complete them. Mr. W. returned on Tuesday morning to his mountain fastness, and he is in danger of becoming so infatuated with the new life in Brock's Gap, that if he does not return before, we may look for him out some day as the representative of that young State in legislative halls. *Vive la Wallis.*

The finest on the market is Rosenheim's celebrated Spring Dale Whiskey. For sale by John Kavanaugh, at the Farmer's Home, and by Lamb Brothers, Harrisonburg. t June 8

Butter will probably experience a sudden fall in price because of the speedy and abundant growth of grass. This is sad news perhaps to the sellers, but it will rejoice the hearts of the buyers, who for months have been compelled to pay very high prices because of the partial failure of last year's hay and other crops. At from 30 to 40 cents a pound for some of the good, bad and indifferent butter sold here within the last six months there has been reasonable cause for complaint upon the part of householders. Much of it was very bad at that.

Knows his Rights.—The following is so appropriate at this season of the year, when people are engaged in garden work, that we cannot refrain from giving it local prominence, and urge that every household adopt a similar mode of breaking up a serious trouble and a cause of general complaint between neighbors.
Under the caption of "A Big Business," William Harwood, publishes the following advertisement in one of the Annapolis papers: "Having been some years in the business of Raising Chickens for my Neighbors, feeding them in my garden on sugar corn, pine tomatoes and Savoy cabbages, I propose this season to extend my business and share the profits, feeding one-half for the other."

Notice.

I have appointed JOHN WALLACE, Spotswood Bar, Harrisonburg, agent for the sale of my pure, old Augusta County Whiskey and request all persons wanting it to call upon him. He can supply it as it may be wanted, and for medical and family use it is well adapted, being perfectly pure. Having discontinued my sales rooms in Harrisonburg, Mr. Wallace is my sold agent there. Respectfully,
D. BEARD.
March 30, 1882, tf

Dr. R. E. L. Grimes is in the city soliciting subscriptions for "Gaskell's Compendium of Forms." We regard this as one of the most practically useful books we have ever seen and it is being received with favor everywhere. We have made a casual examination of this splendid book and find it is really a "compendium" of useful and practical information. Bankers, merchants, lawyers, scholars and students have especial use for this book.

"Buchupalpa." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. \$1. Druggists.

Personal.

Mrs. A. M. Hamilton and son are visiting in Eastern Virginia.
Mrs. Maddux, daughter Blanch, and son Jefferson are at the Pollock House.
Ed. S. Conrad, Esq., returned from from Florida last week. Ed is delighted with the South, and says: "Young man, go South."
We are glad to state that Charlie Strother is improving very fast.
Judge Robert Johnston is again out and slowly improving.
Martin Kelley, who has been in business here for some time, left for Roanoke on a prospecting tour on Monday last. May success attend him.
Hon. John Paul returned to Washington Friday.
Dr. T. N. Sellers, J. M. Weaver, Esq., Prof. J. W. Taylor, of this county, and A. E. Randall, of Page county, were in town on Saturday.
W. M. Loewenbach and E. W. Silbert got home on Friday evening. This is for their Highland friends.
On Monday last R. O. Beard left our city, where he has been engaged in business for the past three years, to reside among the "scenes of his childhood"—his home—in Augusta county. We regret to lose him, not only as a citizen, but as one of the "Boys in Gray."

Mr. Geo. E. Sipe will start on a business trip through Albemarle and Clark counties and the city of Richmond on Friday next.
The three Misses Gallinger, who have just arrived here from Germany, are the guests of Mr. I. Hollander, one of whom is the sister of Mrs. Hollander.
Staunton was well represented here on Sunday last by a number of ladies and gentlemen, and were the recipients of the unbounded hospitality of their many friends.
Albert Wilton, who has been connected in the hardware business with his brother, J. Wilton, Esq., of this place, left for Washington Territory on Tuesday last.

Our young friend, Chas. H. Chandler, returned last Saturday from a two-week's trip to his home in Mount Holly, Va., and gently intimated to our reporter that he had had a "boss" time.
W. H. Ritenour left this (Wednesday) morning for Philadelphia and New York. Look out for extra nice goods in the watch, clock, jewelry and silver-ware line when he returns.
C. H. Eshman left for Baltimore on Wednesday last to purchase his usual large and elegant stock of clothing.

Post Office Discontinued.
The post office at Broadway, in this county, has been discontinued, we are sorry to learn. As near as we can understand there is some spite work about the matter, which it appears so disgusted the P. O. Department that an agent was sent up from Washington who closed the post-office there and all mail matter is ordered to Timberville, about two miles off. This is a matter of serious inconvenience to the people of Broadway, and as it is a growing village with a rapidly increasing population, the pique of a couple of individuals should not be allowed to hamper its prosperity. Let proper representations be made to the Department and a new postmaster appointed, who will be acceptable to all the people. Some of the trouble which has caused the discontinuance of the post-office at Broadway, was in operation before the recent change in the appointment of a new postmaster.

Prosperous.

Mr. Samuel Hile, who is engaged in foundation and house-building at Shenandoah Iron Works, informs us that all is life and "go" at that point. We are pleased to hear that prosperity abounds in that locality, and hope it may continue until the village shall grow into a large and prosperous city. And why should it not? What is there to prevent the realization of the hope we have expressed? If properly developed it will become. It does not lack for enterprise; it has capital, energy, and almost unbounded resources from which wealth is created, in its exhaustless iron beds; its water power; its timber; its facilities for marketing its products, etc. It has timber for coal, for lumber, laths, shingles; it has rocks for lime in endless abundance or for melting ores; in its vicinity various minerals abound; saw mills, grist-mills, stores and mechanical industries are numerous, and its farming lands adjacent are largely composed of alluvial, rich river bottom. What more is needed to make it a flourishing and prosperous community, when we yet add to the account plenty of good schools, churches, &c.?

Mr. Hile is a good workman in his line of business, and is greatly pleased with the outlook of prosperity, which, he says, abounds in that place and vicinity. We surely join in the wish that his hopes of the future of Shenandoah Iron Works may be more than realized. It certainly lacks no advantages that make large towns and great wealth.

A Ten Strike.

A young German-American, Hermann D. Hartjen, left his old grandparents in Germany to escape the military duty of the Fatherland and to better his fortunes. He was only twenty-one, and found a place to work at the Ten pin Alley of H. Billenberg, a compatriot who enjoys a high repute, at No. 100 Raymond St., Brooklyn. He was a saving young man, and invested one dollar in the February drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery (he was not sure of the stability of the savings institutions), and he received \$15,000. He is now a popular leader of youth in the city churches. He is about to return to superintend the removal of his grandparents here. He will invest in the next drawing which takes place April 11th before he leaves, and you can learn anything about it by writing to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La.

The Weather.

Thursday, March 30—A pretty Spring day.
Friday 31—Bright and clear but colder than yesterday.
Saturday, April 1—Warmer; sun shone bright. Afternoon slightly hazy. High wind most of the day.
Sunday, 2—A beautiful, warm Spring day; bees humming and peach and apricot bloom and young leaves beginning to color the trees beautifully and adorn the shrubbery. Afternoon windy and cloudy. Falling weather threatened.
Monday, 3—Rain last night. Morning temperature cooler, but the fresh Spring air is delightful. Cloudy morning.
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Barking.

Last week Mr. Wallis, of Honck & Wallis, went into the mountains of Brock's Gap, and taking hands with him, erected the necessary buildings for shelter, and the firm has engaged between 75 and 100 hands to peel bark for their extensive steam tannery in this place. The buildings erected by Mr. Wallis and his hands were put up so quick as to entitle him to be ranked as a champion housebuilder. One building is 40 by 21 feet; another 16 by 12 feet; another 21 by 16 feet. They are covered with clap-boards, and with the necessary furniture are quite comfortable mountain houses. Doors and windows were provided for the houses in advance, and only required to be put in place to complete them. Mr. W. returned on Tuesday morning to his mountain fastness, and he is in danger of becoming so infatuated with the new life in Brock's Gap, that if he does not return before, we may look for him out some day as the representative of that young State in legislative halls. *Vive la Wallis.*

The finest on the market is Rosenheim's celebrated Spring Dale Whiskey. For sale by John Kavanaugh, at the Farmer's Home, and by Lamb Brothers, Harrisonburg. t June 8

Butter will probably experience a sudden fall in price because of the speedy and abundant growth of grass. This is sad news perhaps to the sellers, but it will rejoice the hearts of the buyers, who for months have been compelled to pay very high prices because of the partial failure of last year's hay and other crops. At from 30 to 40 cents a pound for some of the good, bad and indifferent butter sold here within the last six months there has been reasonable cause for complaint upon the part of householders. Much of it was very bad at that.

Knows his Rights.—The following is so appropriate at this season of the year, when people are engaged in garden work, that we cannot refrain from giving it local prominence, and urge that every household adopt a similar mode of breaking up a serious trouble and a cause of general complaint between neighbors.
Under the caption of "A Big Business," William Harwood, publishes the following advertisement in one of the Annapolis papers: "Having been some years in the business of Raising Chickens for my Neighbors, feeding them in my garden on sugar corn, pine tomatoes and Savoy cabbages, I propose this season to extend my business and share the profits, feeding one-half for the other."

Notice.

I have appointed JOHN WALLACE, Spotswood Bar, Harrisonburg, agent for the sale of my pure, old Augusta County Whiskey and request all persons wanting it to call upon him. He can supply it as it may be wanted, and for medical and family use it is well adapted, being perfectly pure. Having discontinued my sales rooms in Harrisonburg, Mr. Wallace is my sold agent there. Respectfully,
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CHINA, BUT NOT CHINESE.—It will do you good just to see the stock of goods in the store of J. A. Loewenbach & Son. In China were they can please all tastes, even the most aesthetic. The new styles of ware are novel and beautiful. We cannot enumerate their immense stock in detail, as the line of goods carried by this house is the largest to be found in the Valley, and buying from first-hands the firm are able to duplicate Baltimore wholesale bills, and in many instances sell for much less. W. M. Loewenbach is again absent this week on a commercial trip, and the wholesale trade of Loewenbach & Son has grown to large proportions under his energetic activity. "Billy" is too clever a fellow not to succeed in business.

REAL ESTATE SALES.—Staples & Moffett last week sold a farm of 350 acres on Rappahannock River, known as the "Losh estate," in Fauquier county, Va., to John W. Good, of Shenandoah county, for \$10,250; a sash factory, near Mt. Clinton, in this county, belonging to James C. Helzel, to A. D. Weaver for \$800, equivalent to cash; a building (one story) on East-Market street, in this place, lately occupied by Wright Gatewood as a tin-shop, to Jno. R. Saum, for \$620.

Spring Dale Whiskey has a world-wide reputation and can be had of H. Rosenheim, Baltimore. He being the exclusive patentee, and proprietor of that celebrated brand. For sale by John Kavanaugh, at Farmer's Home, and by Lamb Brothers, Harrisonburg. t June 8

ALMOST A FIRE.—On Monday forenoon the house of Jno. C. Morrison, on German street, was discovered to be on fire, but its early discovery and prompt action put it out with but slight damage. A good sized hole was burned in the roof.

Especially Mention.

Having been appointed by the manufacturer agent for the sale of D. Beard's celebrated Augusta County Whiskey, all who may want any of this pure liquor will find it on sale at my bar. JOHN WALLACE. tf

QUARTERLY MEETING.—The first quarterly meeting for Harrisonburg station, M. E. church south, will be held on Saturday and Sunday next. Dr. John S. Martin, P. E., will preach on Sunday.

Joseph Bowman, living on the Warm Springs Turnpike, has purchased the small farm belonging to Noah Blosser, and containing 67 acres, for \$2,500, the same as cash. The land lies near Mr. Bowman's farm.