



THE PATRIOT AND HERALD.

THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1882.

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GOOD-BYE.

"Good-bye," a lover whispers,
Standing beside the gate;
"Tis hard to leave you,
But we cannot alter fate;
Think of me, love, for aye,
Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye."

"Good-bye, dear mother; hold me
Close to your loving heart.
Ah! how it hurts to say it,
To know that we must part;
List, list the wild heart cry,
"Good-bye, mother, good-bye."

The little wasted fingers
Rest calmly in our own,
And baby's bright young spirit,
Without a sigh or moan,
Steers for its home on high,
Followed by our "good-bye."

Bring hither spotless lilies,
Roses and milk-white phlox,
With loving fingers strew them,
Inside the rosewood box,
For maidens, too, must die,
"Good-bye, alas, good-bye."

Thus, at each cross and turn,
All through the ceaseless rush
Of restive, busy life,
From morning's earliest blush
To evening's latest sigh—
Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye.

Mariner on life's ocean,
Mourner beside the tomb,
Traveler along earth's highway,
These words thy path illumine—
Beyond these changeful skies
There'll be no more good-byes.

A DISH OF GREEN PEAS.

A True Story of the Seventeenth Century,
Located at Newbury, Massachusetts.]

BY MARY E. MOFFAT.

"Mammy, tum out! my bwther
Donny is a-fightin'; tum quick!"

Mrs. Chase was busy at the churn, and it was a critical moment for the butter, as it was just "coming"—that is the cream had separated from the milk, and had resolved itself into golden-hued particles, which, by a faithful manipulation of the dasher, would soon collect into that most delicious of all dairy products—butter. But the rosy-cheek urchin's distressed appeal for help must not be disregarded. Her third daughter, Priscilla, a comely maiden of eighteen, was standing by the kitchen table—her round, white arms bared almost to the shoulders, as she beat away energetically at the yellow yolks of the eggs before adding the necessary ingredients—flour, sugar, and butter—of which her 'gold cake' was to be composed.

"Pris, do run and see what that boy is up to now! I do declare he bothers the life a-most out of me with his pranks, and if he's taken to fighting, I'm sure he'll be the death of me!"

Priscilla's red lips parted in a smile as she set down her dish.
"You are as young looking as I am; that don't look much like dying, mother; and I dare say, if Johnny's been fighting, he's had sufficient provocation. For he's as sunny-tempered, good-natured a boy as you'd find in a day's travel."

Her mother's eyes followed the trim, lithe, girlish figure with a look of pride, as Priscilla started on her errand.

"She's her father all over," she said half aloud; "always ready with an excuse for the biggest delinquent under the sun. She's got his snapping black eyes, and curly hair, too."

"Where's Pris, mother?"

"Gone to see what John's up to," was Mrs. Chase's answer. "It takes me to fly around after him."

"Can you come and give me a start at the wheel, mother? It's got into a contrary fit, and the yarn breaks every minute or two."

"Wait a while, Sally, the butter's nigh ready to take out. After I get it into the bowl I'll come."

"Let me finish it, mother, for I'm in a hurry to get my stint of yarn done, I'm going with the berrying party to the mountain this afternoon."

"No, daughter; this is my butter for packing for winter, and they say if two have to do with it, it spoils its chance for keeping sweet and nice. Now, if we were going to use it right away, 'twouldn't make a mite of difference."

As she spoke the busy hands kept pace with her words, and soon the compact yellow mass was in the big

wooden butter-bowl, and was being carefully salted before it was carried into the spring-house, to get thoroughly cool before it was worked free from the least possible suspicion of buttermilk.

While Mrs. Chase was doing this, Sally caught up the dish Priscilla had left, and commenced beating its contents so vigorously that by the time her sister had returned it was one mass of foaming froth.

"Well, Pris, what was the matter?" Priscilla's laughing eyes contradicted her pettish words.

"Oh, it was about that never-to-be-heard-of-last-of-dish-of-peas! There's a boy visiting his cousins at the Hill farm, and Johnny beat him at a game of ball. He was greatly put out, and it appears his folks used to live in Newbury, and so he had heard something about father's being fined, and must needs throw it up at John in an insulting way. I, for one, am mighty glad he got his pay for it, though I suppose mother won't feel so."

"No, Priscilla, I'm very sorry," said Mrs. Chase, who had come from the spring in time to hear the last of the explanation, "and it will make your father feel put out, too, when he comes home from his voyage and hears that his son has punmeled a stranger lad."

"Well, mother, I agree with Pris," said Sally. "If 'stranger lads' don't behave, they should be taught how. But, as I live, here is father now!"

Captain Aquila Chase was a finely built, stalwart man, looking the profession he followed so perfectly that it needed only a glance to tell one that he had always been a sailor. All other things were for the moment forgotten as wife and children gave him a loving welcome; so Johnny's affairs, for the time, were left in a state of quiescence. But the matter came up again. In those good old days, a father who did not govern his children, and, if need be, punish them, would not have been considered fit to be the head of a family.

So John received a serious admonition, and promised not to again "disturb the peace," unless taken by surprise, as in this case. "For you know, father, said the manly little fellow, it's mighty hard for a boy to hear another one throw dirt on any one's father, and not double up your fists and at him. But I don't want to have you think I'm going to be a bad one, and I'll try my best to keep in, even if they do talk about 'peas.' I don't see, though, what boys want to tell lies about you for."

"It isn't a 'lie,' my son. It is 'true.' John looked aghast.

"Do you mean to say that you—Captain Aquila Chase—were ever fined for an offense against the law?"

The captain laid his brown hand carelessly on the mass of yellow curls which covered Johnny's head, and smiled down at the distressed, boyish face.

"It is true, John, but the fine was remitted. So you see it couldn't be anything so terrible after all."

"I wish you'd tell me about it, father. I'm old enough to keep a secret."

And John straightened himself with an air of dignity which was so impressive that the captain laughed outright.

"I'm not much in the narrative line, my son, but I'll ask your mother to tell the story to all the children sometime. Then you can see what a dreadful offense it was which caused me to be hauled over the coals."

John never suffered a promise to be forgotten for lack of a reminder.

So that very evening, as the family party were all gathered together in the huge kitchen, the captain with his pipe, the mother with her basket of family mending standing beside her on the table, the daughters with their knitting, the boys cutting out odd bits of wooden ware with their jackknives—all, as was the fashion of the times, usefully busied, even to the one guest, Reuben Plumer, who was holding a skein of yarn for Priscilla to wind, the captain astonished his wife (after a meaning whisper from John) by saying:

"Mother, I promised John to-day that I'd ask you to spin a yarn for him and the children about that dish of vegetables you once cooked for me which came near being such an expensive one."

"Why, father?" said Mrs. Chase, with a glance toward their visitor.

"Never fear but Reuben has heard

it before," said the captain, "and I'd like to have the white and black of the whole thing known correctly." A story never loses by being told.

All chimed in after the captain: "Oh, please tell us!"

"And so Mrs. Chase had no alternative but to begin.

"It was only a few days after father and I were married, and during that time he had not been able to give me much of his society. But you all know, being a sea-faring man, children, that the time of such on dry land is but short. He had been off on a longer voyage than usual, and unless my memory's playing me a trick, I think he'd been away nine months. I used to worry about him a good deal, fearing he'd get the scurvy from being so long on ship-board and eating nothing but 'salt tack,' as the sailors call it. The chief pleasure I took just about then was trying to keep something a-growing in my garden that he was fond of, so as to give him a treat when he got home. But it was getting late in the season, and it wasn't the easiest thing in the world to keep anything green there. I had planted peas so as to have them come in rotation, and the pods on the very last crop were just filled out on a Saturday morning."

"Oh, if Aquila will only come home now!" was my earnest wish; and the very next day we saw his ship spreading her sails, like so many white birds; and it wasn't long before I had my wish. Almost the first thing I said after the first meeting was over was:

"Oh, Aquila, how I wish you'd got home yesterday. You'd have had such a nice dinner!"

"Why, wife," he said, "why can't I have the same to-day I'd have had yesterday?"

"They're peas," I answered, "and they ain't picked. I've been a saving them till you came home."

"Surely," said he, "there wouldn't be any harm in picking 'em if it is Sunday. Don't you remember how the Saviour and His disciples picked corn and ate it, and rebuked the Pharisees for what they said about it? And you know we haven't any Pharisees about us—only neighbors."

"So the peas were picked and I cooked them, and I declare I never enjoyed anything in my life as I did to see your father eat them after being so long deprived of all green vegetables."

"But how about the Pharisees, mother! Were there any?" asked the captain, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Yes; there was a man—I can't call him a neighbor—who was strolling about in the fields, and he saw the captain picking the peas, and went and made a complaint against him that he was breaking the Sabbath."

"Wasn't he a mean one?" said Johnny, indignantly.

"Oo'd have fought him, wouldn't 'oo, Donny?" chirped his baby brother, and John sank at once into silence at this reminder of his own misdeeds.

A laugh ran around the circle at this sally from the little one of the flock.

Then Priscilla whispered to Reuben:

"How can you have a man for a father-in-law who has been guilty of such a misdemeanor?"

And Reuben whispered back: "You can't shirk out of your bargain to marry me on any such grounds as that, Miss Pris, for I had heard the story long before I laid eyes on your face."

This little bit of play was interrupted by a question.

"But did the people take any notice of the man's complaint, father?" asked Sally.

"Law is law, and they had to investigate the matter; but you can form your own opinion as to how heinous my offense was considered. They fined me thirty shillings, but they remitted it again at their next meeting, merely suggesting that the offense should not be repeated."

"But, father, do you think there was any harm in what you did?" asked Priscilla.

"I am not a theologian, Pris, so I cannot answer for that standpoint. One thing I can say, however, with conviction of its truth; the Government must be obeyed. My error was in not being posted as to the code at that time; for I never in my life have, knowingly, disregarded the law of

the land, and I hope my children will be able to say the same when they are as old as I am."

"Even if it is an unjust and silly law, father?" from irrepressible John.

"Yes, my son; for in a young colony like this it takes strange, out-of-the-way rules to meet all of the strange cases that must inevitably come up before the courts. Now, wife, let's have some of those harvest apples, and, boys, run and bring down some of your stock of butternuts from the garret, and give us a treat."—N. Y. Weekly.

A New Liquor Tariff.

A Washington letter says: Maine authorities have lately found that the liquor men in that State have discovered a new way to evade the prohibitory and punitive laws against the sale and consumption of ardent spirits. In conversation with several members of the Ways and Means Committee, Congressman Dingley explained the new device. It appears that under an old decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, which has since been reaffirmed in several instances, a man may import or may buy from a bonded warehouse any liquor in original packages, that the importation, sale or purchase of liquor in such original packages cannot be interfered with under color of any State or municipal law or regulation.

The sharp dealers in ardent spirits therefore, have opened a lively trade by importing in 'original packages' whiskey, brandy, etc., from the Dominion of Canada. The 'original packages' are made small expressly for this trade and the dealers on the borders are advertising by hand bills and otherwise that they can furnish liquors at reasonable prices in 'original packages' to individuals for their own use. Congressman Dingley expects to appear before the Ways and Means Committee shortly and ask aid to put a stop to this practice which he says is rapidly increasing the use and assumption of liquor in Maine, in defiance of the State law and at the same time discouraging American producers of ardent spirits.

Hold on, Boys.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just to swear, lie, or speak harshly.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to punch, scratch, steal or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running off from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon, or others are angry with you.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their mirth, games, and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times for it is of more value than gold, high places or fashionable attire.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to virtue—it is above all price to you, at all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.

Two sides to it: "There are two sides to anything," said the lecturer. "I repeat it, there are two sides." At this juncture a tired looking little man stood up in the front seat to say: "Well if you have no objections, I will just step out and see if there are two sides to this hall. I know there is an inside, and if I find there is an outside you'll know it by my not coming back. You needn't be alarmed if I shouldn't return."

And as he walked up the aisle he was followed by the admiring eyes of the whole audience. Their sympathies were with him, but they were deficient in moral courage.

The largest meteoric stone on record is preserved at the Milbourne Museum. It weighs twenty-five tons, and fell in 1860.

Porpoises are often seen to form a ring about a shoal of small fish, by driving them into a mass obtain a hearty meal.

Among English peasants the fore of a bare worn constantly in pocket is considered a charm against rheumatism.

Tony, The Bootblack.

"Have you heard of Tony?" asked Jake Muggins, the bootblack.

"Yes," was the brief reply, as his companion drummed a tune on the lamp-post. "No business to be a sneaking around that."

"Why, 'twas his reg'lar beat. He's cleared a'much' a dollar thar some days. 'Twar'n't his fault that the injine backed. And he's got a lame mother and two little sisters to git grub fur."

"Sposin' he has. There's other fellows that's got plenty of that kinder work," said the other roughly.

"That's so," was the response, as Jake hitched up his much patched trousers. "That's so," he repeated, slowly, "but then, we aint smashed up by an injine and made mince-meat of, and then carried home to ones as we've helped, and can't help any longer."

"How'd he git hit?" asked the second boy, as he bent down to brush a capacious boot just then offered by a gentleman.

"He was hit by the injine and was knocked clear across two tracks, and they say his head was broke, 'n back was broke; and he's broke I guess all over."

"Who's that?" asked the gentleman, looking at the boys from under bushy eyebrows.

"One of us fellows; Tony Reed. He was a first-rate fellow, too; good at a shine, and 'ad knowed better days. Folks liked him, and we fellows liked him, and he got lots of chances; but he's used up pretty bad now. Last night he was standing on the railroad track, and a injine just backed over a sudin, and it hit him and sent him a flying, and smashed him all up. I guess his mother feels bad; and she is lame anyway."

"Tony Reed! Tony Reed!" mused the gentleman. "So that was his name was it? A fine little fellow, hay? Yes. Well, let mesee. Can I trust you boys?"

"Trust us? Well, you just put us in the Bank of England and I bet we know better than to touch a cent I guess we would, and the little fellow gave a chuckle."

"He's a English chap, he is," said Jake the first boy, hitching at his trousers, "but he's all right. Him and me's pardners," and with this rather dubious compliment, Jake attempted to stop a seedy and shaky man, who had probably been in the gutter to the extent of overshoes, at least.

"Have a shine, sir."

"I'll make daylight shine through you if you don't let me 'lone,' was the tipsy reply.

"Tony Reed?" mused the stranger.

"I saw the accident in the morning newspaper. One of you, you say? A bootblack?"

"Yes sir, and he's got a lame mother and two—"

"That will do," replied the gentleman. "I am in a hurry, but here is some change you can carry to Tony. Honor bright now."

"Honor bright," was the response, his eyes shining as the silver passed into his hand.

"There, I can't stop to count it, but you carry it to that poor boy's home and give it to his mother."

"I'll do it sir, was the quick response. "Say Jake, here is a lift, eh?"

"'Aint for us," said Jake very gravely.

"Well we can pay ourselves for carrying it."

"No we can't nuther; we are to take that money to Tony Reed's and give it to him."

"I say I shall pay myself."

"I say you shant," and by this time Jake's fist was doubled up.

"Here, yer fool, I was only a-trying yer," said the gardner, with an amazing assumption of dignity.

"I'm glad to see you acquitting yourself as you ought to. Now s'pose we take the money."

After a few moment's thought, Jake said, "I tell you what, let us see if we can't git the fellows to give some dimes for Tony and his lame mother."

"All right!" and the two boys went among the 'fellows' from corner to corner, and to their honor be it said hardly a bootblack withheld his mite, and some of the little fellows gave the whole price of a shine. Presently a motley procession of eight or ten boys, straight and stooping, slightly and unsightly, might have been seen wending their way to the

north part of the city, full of fun, talking and laughing, until they came to a narrow street where Tony lived with his mother.

Coarse though they were; strange and various in experience; callous as to the finer sentiments of human nature generally, not one of them spoke above a whisper as they stopped at the house and grouped themselves about the door.

"Who'll go in," asked one and another.

"Let Jake go, Jake and his pardner," said a tall fellow, kicking at a miserably lean dog that was sniffing about.

"You can tell 'em that we are all plagny sorry, or something like that, and we will all put in something to help Tony."

"And tell Tony we're sorry as he got knocked," said another.

"And let us say as we will stand by him till he gets up agin," suggested still another.

"Yes, we will go an extra shine for him."

I am sure could you have looked into those common boyish faces, you would have seen something there which was not of self, or even of this world. They earned their bread by making pennies in season and out of season and they knew the value of a penny. They were what men in the street might call 'a hard lot.' But they had hearts, and their hearts, at this time at least, were in the right place.

A moment more and Jake and his pardner were lost to them and were slowly ascending the rickety stairway.

"Mercy sakes," cried an aged crone as the two boys entered the room in which she lived.

They saw a crouching figure at the fire—a thin, cheerless fire it was. They saw two pretty, pale-faced little girls sobbing in each other's arms piteously.

And they saw something else. A board stretched across two chairs, and a figure that did not stir, under a white cloth.

"I say," whispered Jake under his breath. "Tony's gone."

"Gone where," asked his pardner, who was obtuse.

"Gone, Dead!" was the scared whisper. "Don't you see," and he pointed at the still white form.

At that moment came a wail from the broken hearted mother.

"O Tony! O Tony! My poor dead boy!"

"I say, I can't stand this," said the pardner, and he looked pale and tears were in his eyes.

Jake left thus to his own resources thought a moment. Then he walked over to the fire, touching the woman on the arm, and as she looked up, he poured all the money into her lap.

"A strange gentleman giv some on it, and we boys too—all on us. We give it to Tony. We liked Tony."—And then he turned with blurred eyes, and blindly felt for the door, and went down stairs followed by his pardner.

"What's up, he's crying!" exclaimed one of the boys, as Jake stepped once more upon the sidewalk. "What did he say?"

"Nothin'," muttered Jake drawing his sleeve across his eyes.

"Nothin'!" they all cried out indignantly.

"Nothin'—there aint no Tony up thar—he's dead."

Who Kissed Away the Tears.

Is anything stranger than the bit-man heart? Nature sends a frail, green vine creeping across the earth to reach a grim wall and cover its ugliness—to reach a dead branch and cover it with life. We bless nature as we see these things, and yet we do not realize that human hearts are ever doing the same.

One day, months ago, a rosy-faced child looking from a window saw a queer old man go limping past. It tapped on the pane and the old man looked up. The sight of that sweet face opened his heart, and he went on his way feeling richer than for many months past. He was the grim wall—the child was the green vine. He passed again, and again the child was at the window, and for days and weeks they never missed seeing each other. At each meeting the vine crept nearer to the wall—the wall appeared less grim and forbidding. One day the 'wall' laid his old hat for a better one. Another day he had a new coat. Again he was clean shaven, and the 'vine' scarcely recognized him. No one knew the old man, but all knew that he was feeling the influence of the vine.

A week ago as the old man passed he missed the face at the window. Was he too early or too late? He lingered and looked and seemed lost. It was the same next day, but a kind heart pitied him and sent out word that the child was sick. The green vine had reached the wall—only to be blighted. Two days more and there was crape on the door. The child was dead. It had fallen asleep in death without a struggle, knowing nothing of the grand hereafter, but having no fear. On its pale cheek was a tear—a single tear which glistened like a diamond. No hand was dared wipe that tear away. It seemed a tie between the present and the past—the living and the dead.

"Please, can I see the—the child?" It was the old man—the grim wall—who knocked timidly at the door and spoke thus. They knew him by sight, and they led him into the room where the vine lay dead. He stood over the coffin for a moment, lips quivering and eyes full of tears, and then he bent over and kissed the face which would watch for him no more. When he had gone they looked for the tear. He had kissed it away! Old and poor and unknown, he had reaped a treasure such as all the millions of the world could not buy.—Detroit Free Press.

A member of the Chinese legation at Washington is twenty-nine years of age and boasts that he is a grand father.

Food for young and old.

Food and medicine for young and old, prepared without fermentation, from Canadian Barley Malt, Hops, Quinine, Bark, etc., "Malt-Bitters" are warranted more Nourishing, Strengthening, Vitalizing and Purifying, by reason of their richness in Bone and Muscle Producing Material than all other forms of malt or medicine, while free from the objections urged against malt liquors.

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LOCAL DEPARTMENT

Local Briefs.

Mr. C. E. Iron left Monday for Rogersville, Tenn.

J. B. Rhea has just received a large stock of spring goods.

Mr. Heptinstall, brother of R. M. Heptinstall is visiting the town.

Mr. Geo. F. Crush, of the firm of Geo. F. Crush & Co., was in town last week.

Miss Maggie Gilmore, left last Monday for Charlottesville to visit her sister.

Mr. R. M. Heptinstall has removed to the store room opposite Sheffey's Drug Store.

An unknown colored man has his foot cut by the freight train at Wallace's Switch on last Monday.

J. B. Rhea is now selling the cheapest goods ever offered in this market. Go and see for yourselves.

Mr. Ike Floyd, a compositor on the Conservative-Democrat has accepted a position on the Wytheville Enterprise.

Mr. Harvey Musser is now confined to his bed and we are sorry to say in a very critical condition.

Frank, the Clothier from Wytheville will be at the Exchange Hotel next Monday with a full line of Spring Clothing.

We received a call from the Business Editor of the Emory Clarion, of E. & J. College, Mr. R. M. Richardson, last Monday.

No patient requires to catch the rheumatism. A cold and inattention to it, and you have it—the rheumatism. We cure ours with St. Jacobs Oil.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

J. F. & E. P. Pendleton ask all who are indebted to them to come forward and settle up as they propose to make a change in their business.

James Atwell, a lunatic, was taken to Williamsburg by Messrs. C. F. Bonham and Jno. E. Sexton on last week. They took the train on last Saturday night.

Part of a Bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic cured me of rheumatism. My dyspeptic wife got so much relief from the balance that she tried another bottle and now we truly say we have never had better health.—Boston Mechanic.

Mr. J. W. Roberts with the wholesale Drug House of Sandford Chamberlain & Albers, of Knoxville Tenn., was in town yesterday. The sales of this reliable house through Southwest Va., and East Tenn., amounts to nearly one thousand dollars per week.

Mr. R. Fuller Woodward, General Agent for Evans & Co's., Patent Convex Miniatures and Oil Porcelain Portraits is stopping at the Exchange Hotel, where the citizens of Marion and vicinity are invited to call and see specimens of his art. He guarantees thorough instructions in Miniature Painting for a moderate tuition fee. Those who cannot come to the Hotel will be visited at their residence. apr13-ts.

Oscar Wilde has returned to England for Geo. F. Crush & Co. have received and opened such a beautiful stock of fine dress goods and fancy notions, that he must needs return home and teach his countrymen the aesthetics of America, which surpassed the "Lily and the sun flower."

New Advertisements.

We call attention to the advertisement of McADAMS & BERRY who have the largest and most complete Clothing and Merchant Tailoring establishment in Richmond. They have long by honest dealing enjoyed a fine trade, and are constantly increasing their business.

ANDREW ANTONI is the veteran Confectioner of Richmond. He has recently fitted up his always handsome establishment in the most elegant style. It is a beautiful place, and one where persons can get the very best articles at reasonable prices. Do not fail to call on Antoni when you go to Richmond.

A. L. ELLETT & Co., have the wholesale dry goods Emporium of the South. It is a strong and most reliable firm, in every way worthy of the confidence of our merchants.

RANDOLPH & ENGLISH are the largest book dealers and stationers in Virginia. It is an old established firm, one with which we have for years had most pleasant business relations. We recommend it to the confidence of our readers.

Anecdote of Mrs. Partington.

One of those nice young men who part their hair in the middle, asked Mrs. Partington the other day how old she was, and she replied "Eighty-three." He heaved a sigh and said, "Before I am that old I shall be food for worms." "La me," exclaimed the old lady, "are you troubled with 'em? You should use Mrs. Winslow's Vermifuge; and some of Hart's Antibilious Pills would be good for you. You ought to get ahead of them worms at once," and the good old soul moved on.

For Sale at Lowest Market Rates.

300 Bags Rio, Laguayra and Java Coffee 300 lbs Rio and Refined Sugar, 250 " half lbs, and 400 new mackerel and Herring, 150 lbs Molasses and syrups, 300 Kegs Bred Soda, 200 Cases Canned Tomatoes, 100 " Sweet Corn, 100 " Cane Syrup, 500 sacks Liverpool fine salt, 500 tons high grade fertilizers, 500 " Pure Leaf Bone Meal. Leo Taylor, & Co. Lynchburg, Va.

Easter Week.

There were services held in the Episcopal church on Good Friday by the Lutheran Congregation. On Sunday services were held in all the churches.

County and Circuit Courts.

Next Monday will be the regular term of the county court as well as circuit. There are now confined in the jail three prisoners indicted for murder, who will be tried in Judge Kelly's court.

Death of an Aged Lady.

Mrs. Barbara Killinger, one of the oldest citizens of this county died on last Sunday morning. She was buried on Monday at Royal Oak Graveyard.

New Church Organ.

The congregation of the Baptist church have purchased an organ from Mr. Chas. H. Maury, who is agent at this place for all kinds of musical instruments.

The Ladies can now buy every variety of Dress trimmings at Geo. F. Crush & Co., for they have a beautiful stock of plain and watered silks, brocaded satins, "Roman stripes" etc.

The Peaches all Gone.

Well, we suppose Jack Frost has succeeded at last in killing all the peaches. A heavy frost fell on last Wednesday morning. On Monday we had a heavy storm and the weather has been very cold ever since.

A Live Merchant.

We are always pleased to note any improvement in the way of business, which our merchants may engage in. We called on Mr. J. B. Rhea a few days ago to see the stock of goods he has just opened in Marion. His stock is complete in every particular and we were glad to see that Mr. Rhea had not only brought on good goods but that his prices were extremely low. He has a complete line of Ladies dress goods, shoes & hats, while his general stock of Clothing, Boots, Hats and Hardware was complete in every particular. He sells to all alike, having no special price for any. Call and see him.

Bold Robbery.

On the night of the 11th inst., Mr. Edward Magruder, who returned a few days ago to his father's home at Chatham Hill, was robbed of valuable and money. The thief entered his room while he was asleep and took his gold watch, sleeve buttons, shirt buttons and something over a hundred dollars in cash. His entire loss will foot up more than two hundred dollars.

G. F. Crush & Co., would call especial attention to their beautiful assortment of Ladies neck wear, consisting of silk ties, silk lace, spanish lace, fishus, mulls and Indian Lawns.

Death of Another Old Citizen.

Mr. Colbert Brown, who was paralyzed some weeks ago, died at his home near Marion on Saturday morning at 4 o'clock, and was buried on Sunday.

Jailed.

John Bowser, who broke open the store of Mr. Legrand Sexton, at Chatham Hill, and was captured in Giles county last week, was brought here on last Friday and lodged in the jail.

A fine variety of Ladies, Misses and children shoes, mens Hats and Clothing, Trunks, Valises etc., can be found at J. B. Rhea's.

Horse Thief and Burglar Captured.

On the night of Sunday the 2nd inst., the store house of Legrand Sexton, at Chatham Hill, Smyth county, was broken open and about \$75 worth of goods, a saddle, bridle, and halter stolen. Discovery of the robbery was made the following morning, (Monday) and also the fact that a fine mare, the property of an old colored man, a tenant of Mr. Sexton had been stolen. The store had been entered by boring out a window blind.

Suspicion was directed to a young man by the name of John Bowser, who had been stopping in the neighborhood for several days previously, but who was missing the morning of the robbery. No pursuit was made till the day following, when Mr. A. G. Cox started in pursuit, following him to Bland C. H., when the pursuit was continued by Messrs. Wirt Dunlap and L. F. Grayson, who rode all night, overtaking and capturing Bowser at Mason and Snidow's ferry, in this county, about four miles east of this place the next morning, just as he was entering the boat to cross the river. They left this place Thursday morning with their prisoner for Smyth.

John Bowser, the thief is 25 years of age, rather good looking, and seemingly of very good sense and well informed. He is a carpenter by trade and had previously worked at it at Chatham Hill. He seems quite penitent and attributed his ruin to want of proper early training, and the evil influences, by which he has since been surrounded.

He made several attempts to sell the horse and a fine pair of boots he had with him, between this place and the ferry, where he was captured, and some parties he met in the road. Bowser will most probably be sent to the penitentiary for a term of not less than eighteen years.—Pearisburg Virginian, 7th inst.

Photographs! Photographs!

J. L. Thornton the photographer is now at Marion, occupying the gallery opposite the post office. He is prepared to furnish all styles of photographs and gems at most reasonable prices. He will be here no longer than the last of the month, so call without delay.

An Ex-Consul's Story.

To the Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle:

A late United States Consul at one of the English inland ports, who is now a private resident of New York, relates the following interesting story. He objects, for private reasons, to having his name published, but authorized the writer to substantiate his statement, and if necessary, to refer him in his private capacity, any person seeking such reference. Deferring to his wishes, I hereby present his statement in almost the exact language in which he gave it to me.

C. M. FARMER.

1990 Third Avenue, New York.

"On my last voyage home from England, some three years ago, in one of the Cunard steamers, I noticed one morning, after a few days out of port, a young man hobbling about on the upper deck, supported by crutches and seeming to move with extreme difficulty and no little pain. He was well dressed and of exceedingly handsome countenance, but his limbs were somewhat emaciated and his face very sallow and bore the traces of long suffering. As he seemed to have no attendant or companion, he at once attracted my sympathies, and I went up to him as he leaned against the taffrail looking out on the roaming track which the steamer was making.

"Excuse me, my young friend," I said, touching him gently on the shoulder, "you appear to be an invalid and hardly able or strong enough to trust yourself unattended on an ocean voyage; but if you require any assistance I am a robust and healthy man and shall be glad to help you."

"You are very kind," he replied, in a weak voice, "but I require no present aid beyond my crutches, which enable me to pass from my state room up here to get the benefit of the sunshine and the sea breeze."

"You have been a great sufferer, no doubt," I said, "and I judge that you have been afflicted with that most troublesome disease—rheumatism, whose prevalence and intensity seem to be on an alarming increase both in England & America."

"You are right," he answered, "I have been its victim for more than a year, and after failing to find relief from medical skill have lately tried the Springs of Carlsbad and Vichy. But they have done me no good, and I am now on my return home to Missouri to die, I suppose. I shall be content if life is spared to me to reach my mother's presence. She is a widow and I am her only child."

"There was a pathos in his speech which affected me profoundly and awakened in me a deeper sympathy than I had felt before. I had no words to answer him, and stood silently beside him watching the snowy wake of the ship. While thus standing my thoughts reverted to a child—a ten year old boy—of a neighbor of mine residing near by my consulate residence, who had been cured of a stubborn case of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and I remembered that the steward of the ship had told me the day before that he had cured himself of a very severe attack of the gout in New York just before his last voyage by the use of the same remedy. I at once left my young friend and went below to find the steward. I not only found him off duty, but discovered that he had a bottle of the Oil in his locker, which he had carried across the ocean in case of another attack. He readily parted with it on my representation, and hurrying up again, I soon persuaded the young man to allow me to take him to his berth and apply the remedy. After doing so I covered him up snugly in bed and requested him not to get up until I should see him again. That evening I returned to his stateroom and found him sleeping peacefully and breathing gently. I roused him and inquired how he felt. "Like a new man," he answered with a grateful smile. "I feel no pain and am able to stretch my limbs without difficulty. I think I'll get up." "No don't get up to-night," I said, "but let me rub you again with the Oil, and in the morning you will be able to go above." "All right," he said laughing. "I then applied the Oil again, rubbing his knees, ankles and arms thoroughly, until he said he felt as if he had a mustard poultice all over his body. I then left him. The next morning when I went upon deck for a breezy promenade, according to my custom, I found my patient waiting for me with a smiling face, and without crutches, although he limped in his movements, but without pain. I don't think I ever felt so happy in my life. To make a long story short, I attended him closely during the rest of the voyage—some four days—applying the Oil every night, and guarding him against too much exposure to the fresh and damp breezes, and on landing at New York, he was able without assistance, to mount the hotel omnibus, and go to the Astor House. I called on him two days later, and found him actually engaged in packing his trunk, preparatory to starting West for his home, that evening. With a bright and grateful smile he welcomed me, and pointing to a little box carefully done up in thick brown paper, which stood upon the table, he said: "My good friend, can you guess what that is?" "A present for your sweetheart," I answered. "No," he laughed—"that is a dozen bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, which I have just purchased from Huddnut, the druggist, across the way, and I am taking them home to show my good mother what has saved her son's life and restored him to her health. And with it I would like to carry you along also, to show her the face of him, without whom, I should probably never would have tried it. If you should ever visit the little village of Sedalia, in Missouri, Charlie Townsend and his mother will welcome you to their little home,

with hearts full of gratitude, and they will show you a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enshrined in a silver and gold casket, which we will keep as a parlor ornament as well as memento of our meeting on the Cunard steamer. "We parted, after an hour's pleasant chat with mutual good-will and esteem, and a few weeks afterwards I received a letter from him telling me he was in perfect health and containing many graceful expressions of his affectionate regards."—Brooklyn Eagle.

McAdams & Berry,

Cor. 10 and Main St's. RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Leading Clothiers

FINE READY-MADE CLOTHING

Most Complete Stock ELEGANT CUSTOM CLOTHING

Gent's FURNISHING GOODS.

MEN AND BOYS HATS.

Drop us a postal and we will send you samples and prices.

Goods sent per Express to all parts of the country C. O. D., with privilege of examination, apr133m

ANDREW ANTONI,

Manufacturing CONFECTIONER

And Wholesale Dealer in FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS,

1105 MAIN STREET, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

april 13 6m

BOOKS. BOOKS. RANDOLPH & ENGLISH,

RICHMOND, VA., Have on hand the largest stock of LAW, SCHOOL AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS

In the State. A full line Stationery and Blank Books. Country merchants are requested to examine. apr13y

A. L. ELLETT & CO., Dry Goods AND NOTIONS,

10, 12 & 14 Twelfth Street, RICHMOND, VA. apr13 6m

THE LARGEST YET! FASHIONABLE MILLINERY

The last of this week I will receive the Largest and Finest Stock of Millinery ever brought to Marion.

LATEST MODERN STYLE HATS BONNETS,

Flowers, Ribbons, Ladies' Neck Ware, Silk Trimmings and NOTIONS!

A Complete and Elegant Stock.

Our prices will be the same as heretofore as cheap as the cheapest. Call early and make your selections. You cannot fail to be pleased.

MRS. E. N. SPRINKLE, MARION, SMYTH CO., VA. mh23 ts

COLONNADE HOTEL, ARINGDON, VA. CHAS. HARRIS, PROP'R. FORMERLY OF SALTVILLE, VA. Having leased the above-named Hotel, I respectfully invite my friends and the traveling public, to give me a call, and I promise to do all I can to make their stay comfortable and pleasant. CHAS. HARRIS. mh23-ts.

GUGGENHEIMER & Co. IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS

HAVE LARGELY INCREASED THEIR STOCKS OF WHITE GOODS, NOTIONS,

Hosiery, Gloves, Mens' Hats, Millinery,

CLAIM that the exhibit from the above departments, as well as in DOMESTICS, PRINTS, WOOLENS, &c.

represents more Goods especially suited to the wants of the trade of Virginia, Tennessee and North Carolina than is shown by any one house in the land.

Our salesmen carry full lines of samples from all departments, Hats included, in at least one trip each season: and as our basis for low prices, cannot be successfully competed with, we are very certain that a trial order will promote and increase business relations.

Guggenheimer & Co., 154 and 156 Main Street, LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA.

feb21 81

SPRING GOODS!! CHEAP GOODS G. G. GOODSELL,

At the old Thurmon stand is now getting in a Large and Complete stock of NEW GOODS

Which will be sold as low as they can be had anywhere in the county.

DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS AND SHOES

FANCY GOODS, &c., &c. CLOTHING, HARDWARE,

GROCERIES, CHINA, GLASS, QUEENSWARE

And in fact everything to be found in a first-class store.

Come and see the Goods now in stock and see if we will not give you good bargains.

We keep no shoddy goods on our shelves and what you buy from us may be relied upon as first-class.

DON'T FORGET GOODSELL

At Thurmon's old stand, MARION, VIRGINIA.

sp9-4r7 ts

MANUFACTURER OF MEN AND YOUTH'S CLOTHING,

1315 Main Street RICHMOND, VIRGINIA. mh23ts

JOSEPH M. BLAIR, Eleven years experience in the City of Richmond.

GROCER No. 526 Main Street RICHMOND, VIRGINIA. mh23ts

CHARLES F. TAYLOR & Co., WHOLESALE GROCERS

AND LIQUOR DEALERS, 14 and 16 South Thirteenth between Main and Cary Streets, RICHMOND VIRGINIA.

A large and carefully selected stock always on hand. Special attention paid to orders. mh23ts

R. M. HEPTINSTALL, Manufacturer and dealer in STOVES AND TINWARE

MARION, VIRGINIA. Can furnish you with everything kept in a first-class Stove and Tinware House. ROOFING AND GUTTERING A SPECIALTY.

INDUCEMENTS TO MERCHANTS, ap21y

MARKETS.

PRICE CURRENT BY

J. R. HOOKADAY,

1308 Cary Street, RICHMOND, VA.

Wholesale

COMMISSION MERCHANT

And dealer in Fruits and Vegetables, Seed Potatoes, Seed Oats, and Field Seeds generally. Order and Consignments Solicited. Quick Sales and prompt Returns

Table with market prices for various goods like Apples, Butter, Beans, etc. Columns include item names and prices.

DR. J. E. BENTLEY, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Has permanently located here and offers his professional services to the afflicted. All calls in town and country promptly attended to. Office: Marion House. jly28y

A. G. PENDELTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Will practice in the courts of Smyth, Wythe, Grayson, Tazewell and Washington counties. mh23ts

ROBERT A. RICHARDSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Practices in the courts of Smyth, Wythe, Grayson and Tazewell, and the Supreme Court of Appeals, at Wytheville. my117q

FRANK T. BARR, ATTORNEY, And Counsellor at Law, ABINGDON, VA. Will practice in the Courts of Smyth Co. Prompt attention will be given to all business entrusted to him. sep30t1

R. E. KENDRICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Will attend the courts of Smyth County regularly, and give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him. He practices in the courts of Wythe and the adjoining counties. ap22ts

MILLER & PHIPPS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Will practice in the Circuit court of Smyth; in the circuit and county courts of Washington, Wythe, Grayson and Pulaski also in the Federal court and Court of Appeals. MARK PHIPPS will also practice in the county courts of Smyth, Giles, Reservoir street south of Sprinkle corner. june23ts

W. L. YOST, D. S. PIERCE, Late of Seddon, Va. Late of Terry & Pierce. YOST & PIERCE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, WYTHEVILLE, VIRGINIA. Practice in the Court of Appeals of Va., at Wytheville, the U.S. Dist. Court, at Abingdon and all the County and Circuit courts of Smyth, Abland and Pulaski.

Claims collected in the counties of Roanoke, Craig, Montgomery, Floyd, Carroll, Giles, Grayson, Washington, Tazewell, Bank, Lee, Scott and Wise. Office opposite Bank Building. mh2178ts

TOO MANY GOODS FOR THE SEASON. WE MUST REDUCE OUR STOCK. We call attention to our stock of Lawn at 5, 6, 8, 10 and 12c per yd. Printed corded Pique at 5 1/2c per yd. worth 8c.

White corded Pique at 6, 8, and 10c per yard. Striped Victoria Lawns at 8c, per yard worth 12c, at 12c worth 20c. White Oranger Lawn, with colored side band for trimming at 20c, per yard worth 30c. Victoria Lawn at 10c worth 12c, at 12c worth 17c, at 16c worth 25c. Printed Cambrics at 10c per yd worth 12c. Checked Muslin at 10c worth 12c, at 16c worth 25c. Worked Curtain Muslin at 20c worth 25c per yard.

Nottingham Lace Curtains at \$2.50, \$3 \$5 and up to \$20 a set for two windows. Linen, Mohair, and Grass Cloth Dusters, in great variety at lowest prices. Gingham, Lawn and Linen Suits for ladies at great bargains. Ready-made Garments of our own manufacture. Parasols and Umbrellas at the very lowest prices. Hoop Skirts in the latest styles. Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods in great variety. Goods for Boy's and Men's wear. Bargains in Carpets, Oil-cloth, Rugs, Mats and Window Shades, at LEVY BROTHERS, 1017 & 1019 Main St. Richmond, Va. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

C. A. BALDWIN, W. F. JENKINS, BALDWIN & JENKINS, Successors to GARDNER, CARLTON & BALDWIN Wholesale SHOES & BOOTS, 132 1/2 MAIN STREET, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA. We have in store now one of the largest and most complete stocks of Boots and Shoes we have ever offered to the trade and at lowest figures, and will be sold on very accommodating terms. Purchasers ordering from us can rest assured that their orders will receive prompt attention. Our Mr. J. R. VENABLE, gives his personal attention to S.W. West Virginia and the Tenn. trade.

\$999 a year to agents and expenses, \$6 outfit free. Address F. SWAIN & Augusta, Me.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Overstocking Pasture.

The overstocking of land is one of the surest and quickest ways of ruining pastures. It is an every-day thing with many farmers, who 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. The advantages to be derived from allowing the grass to grow in the cattle during the growing season are many among which are the following: Cattle which are kept growing all the time come to maturity at a proper age. Animals kept constantly on bare pasture never mature properly; those kept on good pastures do not have to work day and night to satisfy their appetites or use up all their food in building up a system worn down by partial starvation. A good covering of grass is a protection to a pasture. It is nature's protection against the effects of bad and dry weather and the cold rain of winter, so that new grass will be growing under a covering of the old crop. It is sure that cattle will thrive better on a mixture of old and new grass, while the seeding of the mature grasses will keep up the full variety of those kinds native to the soil. Consequently pastures thus treated produce more food for stock during the year than those kept continually eaten down to the bare earth. The practice of keeping pastures in good condition is easily done upon large farms, where reserve fields can be provided, but even the small farmer can succeed in having renewed and fertile pastures, if he but study the laws of nature and practice according to the knowledge thus acquired.

Success with an Orchard.

"In three years," say a practical fruit-grower, "I improved the production of my fruit trees from fifteen to two hundred bushels by treating them in the following manner: I first reduced the top one-fourth; then in the fall I plowed the soil as well as I could, it being quite rocky, and turned a short furrow toward the trees. As I worked from them I let the plow fall a little lower, and when between the trees I allowed the plow to run deep, so that the water would settle away from them in the spring. I hauled a fair quality of coarse manure, pulverized it well, and marked out hills, manuring each hill. I planted corn and beans and pumpkins. The following spring I repeated the same cultivation. My trees began to grow very fast, and that fall I harvested seventy bushels of very good apples. The following spring I manured for the third time, planted it to potatoes, which grew very fast but rotted badly. I made up the loss, however, by harvesting 200 bushels of large fruit. I changed the production of a yellow bellflower tree from three-fourths of a bushel to seven bushels and sold them for \$1.25 per bushel, which I think a very good return for my labor. From my experience I am of the opinion that most trees have too much top the amount of roots and a deficiency of nourishment for producing a developed fruit. I like fall or winter pruning. Always cover the cut with grafting wax or thick paint. After removing the limbs by thinning out the center of the tree it has a tendency to grow broad. Too many varieties are bad."

Stable Manure.

The quantity of stable manure depends upon the quality of the feeding stuffs used, and on the amount of milk or other products obtained from the animals. As a rule, but a small proportion of the manurial elements of the food are permanently retained in the body or excreted as milk, etc., while the remainder passes into the manure. As a consequence, the richer the feed the richer the manure. Good feeding pays not only through increased production by the animals, but through the improved quality of the manure as well.

Two million tons of water, representing 50,000 horse power, are hurled over Niagara every minute.

The petrification called agate was named from the river Aches, in Sicily, where it was first found.

"When I publicly testified that I had been cured of a terrible skin humor by the Cuticura Remedies, I did so that others might be cured, and do not regret the time given to answering inquiries."—Hon. Wm. Taylor, Boston.

Catarrh.—Relief in five minutes in every case; gratifying, wholesome relief beyond a money value. Cure begins from first application, and is rapid, radical. Complete for \$1.

A Faithful Workman.

None come so near being 'independent' as those who make their own fortune. None are so heavy a burden to the world as those who wait for luck to make them rich, or complain that they were born so.

The contrast between the high-minded and the low-minded way of living and doing is shown in the following from the New York Ledger:

Several years ago a large number of men were employed, not far from Boston, to fill some unsightly salt water flats and rise them above tide water.

One day—it was at eleven o'clock in the forenoon—the contractor went out to where a separate gang were at work building a sea-wall, and when he reached the spot he found a solitary man busy on the face of the wall. He had a bucket of cement, and a trowel, and was engaged in 'pointing' the said wall—that is, neatly filling in the seams and interstices with bits of stone and cement. It was nice work and required a competent workman. But why was this man here alone?

"Where are the rest of the workmen?"

"It's eleven o'clock, sir; and they've gone over to old Cafferty's after their beer."

"Don't you ever go with them?"

"No, sir. In the first place, I don't want the beer; I'm better off without it. And in the next place, can't make it seem quite right to take time that is not mine."

"You are right, young man—perfectly right." And then the contractor looked the workman over more critically. He was young—not more than two or three-and-twenty; a strong, well-knit, handsome youth, with an intelligent face, and an eye as bright as a sapphire.

"Tell me, my friend," the contractor pursued, after his survey, "if you have fixed upon this course from any principal—that is, if you have a reason for it?"

The workman looked, for a few moments, a little puzzled. He did not at first catch the contractor's meaning. But presently his face brightened, and he seemed to grow taller as he answered:—

"Ah, I see. You mean to ask me if I do this because I think it is right?"

The gentleman nodded, whereupon the other went on:—

"Why, no, sir—I can't say it's exactly that. I'd do right anyhow, simply because it is right, but I do this because I want, one of these days, to be somebody—to succeed in business—to do something better than working on a level with a gang of navvies."

"Yes, yes," nodded the contractor, "I think we now understand one another. Do you know who I am?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I think I once hired the man that hired you. However—you know where your contractor's office—where the pay-master's office—is?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, my man, do you call there this evening, half an hour after you have quit work here?"

At the appointed time our young workman presented himself at the office, where he found, first, that it was him that forenoon; and second, he found that said employer or contractor, was in want of a trusty agent into whose hands he could consign the entire charge of overlooking the workmen and the work.

In less than a year the young man owned stock in the enterprise, and in ten years from that day he was one of the leading citizens of New England's metropolis.

Home is more to a woman than to a man. It is her temple. She is its goddess, its priestess—but oftener its janitor. A man doesn't look so longingly back at the old home, though it never cost him a cent, bought all his clothes and sent him to college. A man likes his home when he gets acquainted in it because there his stupidity passes for the profoundest wisdom. His jokes are all laughed at (though it needs a glossary to get at their meaning) if he only indicates the laughing place. When a man dies he is wept for at home, but the cold world moves right along as if nothing had happened; fond lovers come to his grave yard even, wear his tombstone smooth sitting on it, contract bad poetry and worse rheumatism, and burden the air with libal confectories. I've heard that there were skeletons in many homes. They never get there unless they are brought.—Robert J. Burdette.

When others are suffering drop a word of kindness and sympathy. If they are suffering from a Cold, give them Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup; a few doses of this valuable remedy will afford instant relief, and a twenty-five cent bottle will cure the worst cough.

THE GREAT CLOTHING

EMPORIUM OF SOUTH WEST VA.

FRANK & CO.,

WYTHEVILLE, VA.

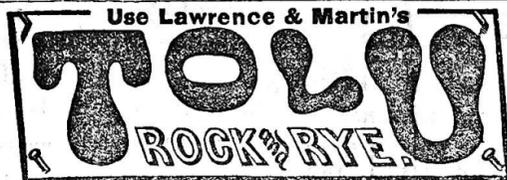
OVERCOATS OVERCOATS

DRESS SUITS, DRESS SUITS. BUSINESS SUITS, BUSINESS SUITS.

BOYS' AND CHILDRENS' CLOTHING

WE CAN FIT ANY WEIGHT SIZE OR SHAPE PERFECTLY.

A full line of the latest Furnishing Goods always on hand. Clothing made to order a Specialty. FRANK & CO., Wytheville, Va. nov3 ta



For COUGHS, COLDS, SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, PNEUMONIA, CONSUMPTION, Diseases of THROAT, CHEST AND LUNGS.

BALSAM OF TOLU

CAUTION! Do not be deceived by dealers who try to palm off Rock and Rye in place of our TOLU, ROCK AND RYE, which is the ONLY MEDICATED article—genuine has a Private Proprietary Stamp on each bottle, which permits it to be sold by Druggists, Grocers and Dealers Everywhere, WITHOUT SPECIAL TAX OR LICENSE.

The TOLU, ROCK AND RYE CO., Proprietors, 41 River St., Chicago, Ill.

THANKS

Dickerson & Thompson,

"THE FURNITURE MEN"

Lynchburg, Virginia.

At the close of another year successful business, we desire to extend our heartfelt thanks to our friends and patrons for their generous support.

Our friends have done their part WELL—we have TRIED to do ours.

We can come before you with the New Year with new pleasures, and new hopes, with NEW FURNITURE and NEW STYLES.

OLD CHEAP PRICES

And ask a continuation of your friendship and patronage.

May yours be a happy and successful year. Yours truly, DICKERSON & THOMPSON.

China, Glass, Earthenware

To the TRADE OF VIRGINIA:

Owing to our increased trade we have been forced to move our stock to our

NEW HOUSE

No. 109 MAIN STREET

where, with More Room and all the Modern Improvements, having Four Floors, we want to increase our sales of CHINA, GLASS and EARTHENWARE, and would invite the merchants of Virginia to give us a call and examine our prices, or send for Catalogue. We import and buy direct from manufacturers all our goods, which enables us to sell as cheap as any house, North or South. Send for price list to satisfy yourself.

WM. KINNIE & CO. LYNCHBURG, VA.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

A Pure Family Medicine that Invigorates without Intoxicating.



Parker's Hair Balm.

It is the best, most effective, and most economical hair dressing ever known. It restores the hair to its natural color and keeps it from falling out. It is sold in bottles of 25 cents and 50 cents.

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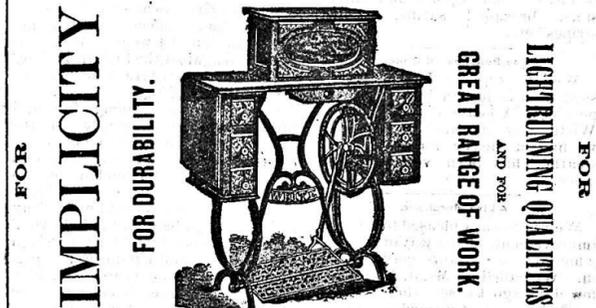
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