

The Patriot and Herald.

WILLIAM C. FENDLETON,
Editor and Proprietor.

THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1885.

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Second-class matter.

In a Haunted House.

Continued from last week.

By and by, I took Gervase's thick plaid from the stand and putting it on, over my own waterproof, let myself silently out at the porch door, which was not the large entrance door, and stood on the terrace, in the storm.

The sweep of cold fresh air and the steady rainfall calmed my eyes and cooled my brain.

I began to hope, almost to think, that the half of what I had seen was but imagination; I felt glad that I had kept my own counsel, thus far.

If there were really only foolish and superstitious fancies, hard work, such as Gervase and Hilda were beginning to do, and I meant to begin on the morrow, would speedily dispel them.

My eyes were bent upon the ground as I turned towards the house men tally debating the question.

On the very first step of the porch, the icy cold, the deathly odor enveloped me like a garment.

Looking up, I saw the two dark figures facing me, within reach of my hand, and I knew them for the doomed pair.

The cloaks seemed to fall back. I saw the glistering armor of the knight; I saw the purple robe of the nun, a bleeding heart, surrounded by golden rays, embroidered on its breast.

I saw them by the palest, strangest light that ever shone on mortal eyes.

The porch was dark. No ray from kitchen or parlor windows could shine upon this part of the terrace.

Those unearthly faces were revealed at last, and were those I had admired in the painting; the stern, brave, handsome knight, the sweet and lovely one of the nun; but alas! as they looked at me here they were the faces of the dead.

But a second, as it seemed, and they were gone; the figures and the pale light had vanished.

How I got in I know not. I managed to open the parlor door quietly and beckon Gervase.

He came out, one of the wax lights in his hand.

'Why, what is the matter with you, Kate?' he asked. 'You look white and scared. You are trembling.'

'Gervase! Come with me, before Hilda misses us. I want you to tell me whether I am awake or dreaming, mad or sane.'

Grasping his arm for protection, I led him to the picture gallery, and held the candle up in silence before the two portraits.

'Sir Raphael and Lady Aloysia Saxon,' read Gervase. 'And what is this below? 'Doomed, but Together.' What in the world can that mean, Kate?'

'I know not. I dare not attempt to guess,' I answered. And there, standing before the picture, I told him all. Of course no one will be surprised to hear that he heard it with the most entire mortifying incredulity.

We went back to the banquetting hall; into its vast, silent, open space.

A pale light, the light I had seen before, shone in the music gallery.

'Hallo! what's that?' cried Gervase. 'A light up there?'

'What is the light, Gervase? What is it like?'

'I don't know; I never saw anything the least like it,' he answered with hesitation. 'Come away, come away, Kate!' he went on in an altered tone. 'For heaven's sake don't look up there!'

I did look; I was already looking. The two figures stood there with their dead faces.

'Come away!' repeated Gervase, throwing his arm around my waist. The candle dropped from my trem-

bling hand, and was extinguished in the fall; the terror, suppressed before, was shaking me now.

In an agony I clung to him and hid my eyes upon his arm.

'Bear up, Katie; don't faint; I can find the door!' he said, bravely.

But I could hear the beating of his heart, as he felt his way through the black darkness of the room.

'Kate! Gervase!' cried Hilda's voice outside, as he laid his hand upon the door. 'Why do you not answer me! You must know I am frightened, knocking for you here in the dark.'

'We are here, all right: the candle is out,' said Gervase, unfastening the door and throwing it open.

'There is nothing to be frightened at, Hilda. Don't look up.'

In his agitation he spoke the warning unthinkingly, as Hilda pushed past us into the room.

'Don't look up!' she repeated in a puzzled tone; and naturally, woman-like, the very injunction caused her to look. The next instant she screamed, and fell fainting into Gervase's arms.

The scream brought forward Mrs. King. Her voice was heard, energetically asking if anything was amiss.

'No,' shouted Gervase. 'Keep the door open. We are coming.'

But Mrs. King, influenced by her ruling passion, could only come to one conclusion—that some of her husband's new admirers had gained entrance to the closed apartments.

Nothing would have kept her back.

As she came rushing through the long drawing-room with her candle, and we walked forward, a cold wind seemed to pass us from the door of the banquetting hall. And between us and our irate housekeeper appeared the two dark, shrouded forms.

'Why, there they are, ma'am! There they are, sir, just as I saw you, the two together, strolling about our window on the grass-plot. Well, if this don't beat all for impudence that I ever did see! Miss Kate—'

The dark figures turned to her, no longer dark.

The ghastly light was shining around them, illuminating the steel of the armor, the robes of the nun, and the two dead faces.

With a more terrible scream than Hilda had given, Mrs. King backed a step; fascinated by the step she was unable to turn and flee.

Her rubicund face became deadly white, then changed to a dull yellow.

'What does it mean?' she gasped.

The taller of the figures stretched forth his mailed arm, his skeleton hand, towards the door with a commanding gesture.

'Depart!' it said, as plainly as silent motion can speak. 'Depart, and trouble us no more.'

Away, Gervase so understood it.

'Yes, and without delay,' he said, as we got back, all in a heap, to the parlor.

Nobody thought of sleep that night.

By eight o'clock the next morning all things were packed, and Mrs. King, looking very pale and subdued, made off for us in the house for the last time.

Her husband had gone betimes to bring a cart and a fly to carry us away.

'I knew you'd not stay there long, sir,' observed the station-master to Gervase, when he was taking the tickets to return to town. 'Lots of people have tried it, but they all fly away again.'

I was with Gervase when he went to deliver up the key to the solicitor who had let him the house.

That gentleman listened to our report in silence.

'Well,' said he at last, 'I am glad you are safely out of it.'

'Why do you let it to anybody?' asked Gervase.

'By direction of Sir Rufus Saxon. He has an idea—it is a tradition, I believe—that a stranger can, and some time will, break the spell that lies over it. I am told also, I expect with truth, that for months together nothing wrong will be heard or seen; and then the figures—just as you describe them—appear for a time again.'

'What was the crime—if it was a

crime—that doomed them to walk in the fall; the terror, suppressed before, was shaking me now.

The lawyer shook his head.

'I do not rightly know, young lady. Rumors have certainly reached me; in fact, Sir Rufus has said a word or two in confidence; but the honor of a noble knightly family, otherwise irreproachable, seals my lips.'

How He Won Her.

BY E. F. SPENCER.

Of course, Harry, if you think she really prefers—'

'Prefers me! that's a mild way of putting it, Jack,' Henry Wentworth interrupted, throwing his cigar end out of the window, unmindful that where it fell it shone like a star for a moment on Goldsmith's grave.

'Prefers me! why of course she does. Am I not younger, richer, handsomer—in fact everything but cleverer than you; and women don't care a cent about brains. Besides, Jack, I love her in a way solemn old bookworms like you have no idea of; and I know she cares for me!'

'Then win her, old fellow—if you can; and Heaven bless you both. I know I'm not a very formidable rival.'

'No, Jack; you would never have the courage to pop the question. T-t-t! I am going out,' cried Wentworth, gayly.

He laughed as he ran down stairs at the very idea of 'slaw' Jack Brisbane aspiring to win Jessie Chalfont.

'And yet she said she honored work, and worshipped genius. So much for a woman's professions!' John Brisbane exclaimed aloud two hours later.

He had been sitting by the open window of the chambers that he shared with Henry Wentworth in Goldsmith's Buildings.

The friends were as much unlike as it was possible for men to be, yet they chummed together very happily.

Brisbane was the younger son of a poor, proud baronet, with but a very meager allowance.

Henry was the heir of a wealthy Birmingham manufacturer.

They had known each other as boys, met at school and college.

When Wentworth came to London to study law (more as a reason fair for demanding an increased allowance, than with any serious intention of pursuing the profession), he begged to share Brisbane's rooms.

He wanted to be anchored to some thoroughly respectable member of London society.

Clever, studious, aristocratic Jack seemed just the person.

He was so good-natured, so pre-occupied, so gentle and unassuming, in spite of his long pedigree, that Harry felt he could have his own way, and do much as he liked—and he did.

Jack worked hard, and was making his mark in literature.

He lived in the temple for many reasons; it was convenient; it was quiet as a central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation; it was full of associates, and even of society.

For a student, and dreamer like Jack, the Temple was a holy place, and its sad floor an altar, worn till their very steps had left a trace, by the men he loved.

He kept aloof from the noisy spirits that desecrated the quiet echoing courts and cloisters—from all except Henry, and his worst faults were only follies, and his follies fun.

He was a vain, selfish, and egotistical young fellow, but Jack couldn't or wouldn't see it.

Harry borrowed his collars and handkerchiefs, his books and slippers, smoked his pipes and cigars, and used his perfumes and razors.

In short, he practised what's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own.'

If a bill came, he cried—'Pay that abomination, will you Jack? and Jack did, and heard no more about the bill.'

All Jack's pleasures were shared with his friend, not even reserving the right of visiting Holly Lodge, where Miss Chalfont resided with her stately old father, an alderman and great city magnate.

He asked permission to bring Harry one day, and to his intense surprise saw that young gentleman

as much at home in half an hour as he was after years of assiduous, though diffident attention.

Miss Jessie liked him, the alderman liked him, even the pompous butler smiled on him in a friendly way.

Only Tartar, the house dog, refused to make friends with him.

Jack thought sadly that he was the only creature in the house that remained faithful to himself.

A month of visits, informal luncheons, a couple of dinner parties, a few excursions, a somewhat heavy evening party, and then Jack thought it time to speak his mind to Harry.

He told Harry that he loved Miss Chalfont, and meant to ask her to be his wife.

Harry laughed at the idea, and with unblushing effrontery, assured Jack that it was no use, as Miss Jessie undoubtedly preferred him, and the Alderman thought well of the Birmingham manufacturer, though no doubt he respected the poor, proud baronet.

Well, it was really not so wonderful after all.

Harry was certainly a handsome young fellow, with plenty to say for himself, and a good deal of the quality called by courtesy self-possession—plenty of money in perspective, too.

Jack was too grave and quiet, with a plain face, and no fortune, save all he carried in his massive head.

He would not stand between the young people and their happiness.

He would not even mar it by his sad face, or cause suspicion to Jessie of the true state of his feelings, by absenting himself from the Lodge.

But Jack knew that he could not bear to look into the happiness through another man's eyes.

For two years the daily dream of his life, the stimulant to his work, and the main secret to his success, was the hope of winning Jessie.

Now, Jack shrugged his rounded shoulders, packed a few things into his Gladstone bag, locked up his drawers, and resolved to go on a holiday.

Any quiet place would do where he could become accustomed to two things, losing what he never possessed, Harry's finding what he never deserved.

With that very communicative young gentleman rushing in and out at all hours of the day at the night, he could never do it.

So he just walked quietly up to the Charing Cross, and calmly asked for a ticket to Paris.

'Train has just gone sir,' the man replied.

And then Jack put his bag in the cloak room and went out for a walk.

Vaguely he rambled about the streets for an hour, then he found himself at Tottenham Court Road.

Acting on a sudden impulse, he resolved to walk to Hampstead, and take a farewell glance, not at Jessie, but her house.

Harry would be in the drawing-room no doubt, singing, or listening to Jessie, and the Alderman would be dozing behind the paper.

He would just have a look, and see how it felt—and he smiled at the morbid pleasure of the idea.

It was a fine night, and he sauntered along slowly to the distant corner of the Health where Holly Lodge stood.

But to his intense surprise, when he reached there the house was quite dark, save for a faint light in Jessie's room.

'No wonder,' he said aloud; it's twelve o'clock.

'What, Tartar; not asleep?' he added, as the huge dog crawled toward him and crouched at his feet.

And then the night being very lovely, and Jack Brisbane being a sentimentalist and a dreamer, he fell to composing poetry as he leaned under the elm on the lawn.

Then he pulled out his note book, and leaning it against the trunk of the tree, turned his back to the house, and wrote down his verses, a good dozen of them, very sad and bitter, very hopeless and cynical.

When he looked around again there was a very great change in the aspect of Holly Lodge.

Dense clouds of smoke came pouring through the windows, and in a moment more a lurid glare illuminated Jessie's room.

Piercing screams broke shrilly the midnight quiet.

The house was clearly on fire. A single glance showed Jack where the danger lay.

Climbing up the porch by the aid of creepers and rose-trees he gained a little balcony above, and from that scrambled—how he never knew—to the window of Jessie's room.

With one blow he forced the window in.

He was not a moment to soon; the whole room was in a blaze.

Voices were calling, some one was trying to force open the door.

Jessie was lying unconscious on the floor, wrapped in a blanket, which she had the presence of mind to put on before her senses forsook her.

In an instant he had her in his arms, made a dash through the flames into the dressing room, which opened on the balcony, and from thence with aid of the blanket he let her safely down on the grass plot, and swung down himself—but only to return instantly, for he heard the stifled voice of the Alderman calling wildly on Jessie, and saying that he would die with her.

'She's safe, sir; she's safe!' Jack cried. 'I've got her out by the balcony. Come this way.'

But the Alderman's voice grew fainter, and once more Jack ventured into the blazing room, and rescued another life at risk of his own.

When he saw father and daughter lying on the grass surrounded by servants, he quietly fainted away, for he was dreadfully burned.

A week after, Jessie and her father called at the Temple.

Jack was sitting up, but his hands were still in cotton-wool, so that he could not offer one to his visitors.

But the old man patted him on the head, called him a brave fellow, and then left Jessie, saying he'd call in a half an hour, he had business in the Law Courts.

'How did you come to save me that night?' said Jessie. 'I have been trying to think, but I can't.'

'It was a mere chance. I was going away, and I thought I'd like to see the house once more.'

'Going away? why she asked, softly.

'Because I thought you were going to marry Mr. Wentworth.'

'You silly!' and she laughed like a child. 'I am not going to marry any one, Jack till I'm asked.'

Jack held out his wool-encumbered hands mutely, and Jessie took them and covered them with kisses.

Then they were both silent for a few moments, while the truth sank deeply into his mind that Jessie Chalfont loved him, not Harry, and that by his chance walk to Hampstead that night he had won her for his wife.

Sound Advice.

On one occasion a friend of Lord Alvanly came for advice under the following circumstances:

'Mr.—has threatened to kick me whenever he sees me in society. What am I to do if he comes into the room?'

'Sit down,' replied his lordship.

Settling a Debt.

Smith (reaching in his pocket)—'Let me see, Jones, I owe you ten cents, I believe.'

Jones (with eagerness)—'Yes, ten cents.'

Smith—'Well, have you got fifteen cents change?'

Jones (producing the change)—'Yes, here you are.'

Smith (putting it in his pocket)—'Thanks, old boy, that'll make it just a quarter.'

It Might Have Been Worse.

'Mr. Money! Mr. Money! Oh, Mr. Money!' yelled a man early one morning at a bank president's front door, rattling the bell in the meantime as an accompaniment.

'Well, what the deuce do you want?' shouted Mr. M., sticking his head out of an up-stairs window.

'Why—why, Mr. Money, the cashier has skipped and the safe standing wide open,' gasped the caller.

'All the money gone?'

'Yes sir, safes empty?'

'Did he leave the building?'

'Yes—yes sir.'

'That's good. Run to the telegraph office and wire him the thanks of the president and directors to Montreal. I'll be down after breakfast.'

Men Think

they know all about Mustang Liniment. Few do. Not to know is not to have.

A. D. WITTEN,

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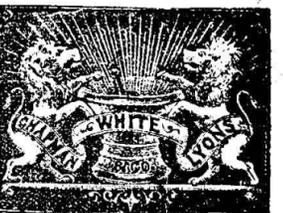
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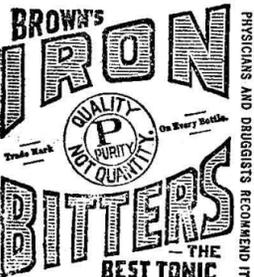
NOTICE!

The Board of Supervisors for Smyth Co. at their meeting held at the Courthouse on the 2d day of Feb. 1885, ordered that the Act passed by the Legislature of Virginia, entitled "An Act to provide for the working and repairing of Public Roads and Bridges," approved March 8th, 1884, shall apply to Smyth county.

Notice is hereby given that the said Board will meet at the Courthouse on Monday, the 27th day of April, 1885, for the purpose of appointing a Road Surveyor for each election precinct in the county, whose duty it shall be to ascertain and direct the repairs and keeping in order all roads and bridges within his precinct under the regulations and restrictions prescribed by the Board of Supervisors and by the said road law.

The said Board fixed the compensation each Road Surveyor shall receive to be one dollar for each day actually employed in the discharge of his duties.

W. C. SEXTON, Clerk of Board
April 2-4v.



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is beautiful, all but her skin; and nobody has ever told her how easy it is to put beauty on the skin. Beauty on the skin is Magnolia Balm.

VOX POPULI.

No political party can afford to exercise vengeance in its own ranks. The Democrats in Virginia at one time were guilty of this mad folly. It placed them in a hopeless and helpless minority until they saw their mistake and arose above the level which had only revenge as its objective point.

We have gained much glory as a party in Virginia. We have shaped its policy for the future in enlarged liberality of political sentiment, in preparations for the development of its unbounded resources, in its increased facilities for educational advantages, and in a fair offer for an honest and equitable settlement of all its debts.

In this grand and glorious contest for the disenfranchisement of the people and for the rights of a new Virginia truly, born of the chaos of revolution and the survival of the fittest in the evolution of party strife, there is no one man now living who is so superior to the people in wisdom, array him, if you please, in the garb of one of the heroes of old—like Alexander, Charlemagne or Napoleon, or any hero of the present diminutive age of comparatively small potatoes—that can with safety arrogate the authority to set himself up above the centrifugal and centripetal forces of the times, though encouraged and upheld by his little planetarium of satellites, whenever they may revolve around the orbit of their special center.

WHAT a mistake to think that all the successes of the Liberal party in Virginia are attributable to one man. The people won the victories that were gained. They were not responsible for the disasters that followed.—Patriot and Herald.

True, most esteemed contemporary. The people did not raise the color-line in 1853; nor did they plan or provoke the Danville Massacre. They voted 127,000 Republicans strong that year. Nor did they raise the color-line, or run an independent and bolting ticket anywhere last year. No! They voted over 141,000 Republicans last year.

The Bourbons are fussing among themselves as to who shall be their candidate for Governor this fall. Poor, deluded creatures! What do they want with the empty honor?

THE Mountain Watchman, published at Bland C. H., has placed Hon. S. H. Newberry at its masthead as the Democratic candidate for Governor. The Watchman is real fresh if it thinks the Bourbons will permit Uncle Sam to lead them.

NO NULLIFICATION.

The Providence Journal says: "We shall see whether Virginia will yield to the Supreme Court, or will attempt to nullify the law of the land. There is no middle course; it is obedience or nullification."

Virginia will not nullify the law of the land. She respects the law of the land—the Federal Constitution—and will soon begin a good work which will result in placing all the States under the protection of that law, and beyond the power even of Stanley Matthews and his associates.

Virginia can provide by law that no coupons shall be received for taxes unless the bond accompanies it when it is offered. These coupons, we would inform the Journal, have not a written signature upon them. Anybody can counterfeit them. Of consequence the State has a right to require their genuineness to be proved. It does not appear that the Supreme Court has ever denied this right to the State; but, on the contrary, it did decide only two years ago that she possessed that identical right. The State may require all coupons to be presented at the Capitol for examination as to their genuineness by the basement officers. The State may require them to be proved genuine in any other way that may occur to her. Or, what is the same thing to the bondholders, the coupons will be counterfeited and thus rendered valueless. This last is what would result if the Supreme Court decide that all coupons presented, good and bad, must be received in payment of taxes. But the Journal will say it knows that no such decision as this last has been made. So we say; and it follows that the State still professes the right to exclude from her treasury all coupons which have not been proved to be genuine. Possessing this right, she is still master of the situation.—Richmond Dispatch.

It is really amusing as well as astonishing to see the Dispatch taking such an advanced position in favor of forcible readjustment. How does its position now tally with the position taken by it and its party in 1881, when their battle cry was "honor and integrity," and they called themselves "debt-payers." How strange, to see the Dispatch and the old Funder party defending legislation that a few years ago they deprecated so earnestly. When the Readjuster party declared that the State had the right to demand proof of the genuineness of tax receivable coupons, the entire Funder party laughed at the declaration and scoffed at the ability of the State to exercise such a right. When Attorney General Blair introduced expert testimony in the courts where coupons were in litigation, under the "Coupon Killer" act, to prove that the coupons could easily be counterfeited, and asserted that the only reliable proof of their genuineness was to have them presented undetached from the bonds, all Funderism smiled and sneered at his position. But now Bourbon-Funderism has gotten the State into a terrible muddle, and to regain confidence, or once more be able to deceive and betray the people, it is willing not only to adopt the principles of readjustment but boldly advocates them, with all the seeming zeal of old veterans in the ranks of Readjustment. Let the people look under the bright mantle of Readjustment in which they have enwrapped themselves, give a close scrutiny to the body concealed beneath its folds, and they will find it the same old, festering carcass of Bourbonism, Fogyism and Funderism, that has, with an artificial life, brought woe and almost total ruin to the State.

THE Bedford Star and Sentinel says: Bishop Randolph will visit Christ church, Timber Ridge, on Saturday, May 21, and St. John's church, Liberty, May 31 (Sunday), and will preach and administer the rite of confirmation at both places.

Friday, at Roanoke, a negro robbed two other negroes of a sum of money, clothing, a watch, and other articles. Lee Windsor, one of the victims of the robbery, pursued the thief, who turned and shot him, inflicting a severe wound in the right hand. The thief and would-be murderer was finally lodged in the city jail.

Claimed by Two Women. An Orange (Texas) special says: A romantic case has engaged the attention of the District Court for several days in which two widows are engaged in a legal struggle for \$75,000. Henry Thompson emigrated to Texas 25 years ago and engaged in railway and commercial business. Under this name, twenty-one years ago, he married Miss Sallie Scott, of this city, and when he died last September he left her his sole legatee, and she entered into undisputed possession of the property. In February last a lady with five grown children arrived from Canada, who laid claim to the property, alleging that she was married to the deceased in Scotland under the name of Henry Bam say. From thence they removed to Canada, where they resided for several years, when Ramsay deserted her and went South, assuming the name of Thompson. The case has been dissolved, the matter removed to the Federal court at Galveston, where it will be litigated to a conclusion.

President Garfield's remains in Lake View cemetery are still guarded by troops. According to a number of Mississippi papers there will be but little opposition to the re-election of both Senators George and Watball.

Our esteemed contemporary of Marion will soon get all right again. If its anxiety is for the rule of the people,—who, truly, make and unmake both men and parties. If our esteemed contemporary will look back, however, it will see that a number of gentlemen—a series of patriotic statesmen, in fact—have successively fallen under the delusion that they were the people only to awake from their dream by falling into the Bourbon ditch.

From such blind leaders, good Lord, deliver us.—Whig. Unlike the Whig we have always been right as to the rule of the people. Let it look back and see if it can't find one man who has fallen under the delusion that he is the party and the people, and with the enforcement his wild delusions made his party fall more than once into the ditch of the enemy.

From such blind leader, good Lord, deliver us! THE Readjuster party and the party organization which has succeeded that party is, and was, the only real, honest debt-paying party in Virginia. We told the people all the while that the Funder party was a repudiation party. From the expression of opinion by numerous members of that party, we find our charges, made years ago, were well founded.

THE Democrats are very much troubled about the muddle they have gotten the debt question into. Those we hear speak about it are out-spoken for repudiation. How does this sound, coming from those who were once "last dollar" men?

We are glad to see that the Patriot and Herald refuses to longer bow before Baal. At last it has had its eyes opened to the fact of Mahone's tyranny and absolute dictation, and now boldly and absolutely denounces the despicable means by which he controls his party. One by one the cohorts of the little Boss are deserting, and we predict that before the November election, his army will be so small that he will submit to the inevitable and make no battle in that campaign.

We congratulate the Patriot and Herald on its first step toward a government "of the people, by the people, for the people," and would be pleased to see it take another and further stride in joining that great party of the people, the Democrat.—Lebanon News.

That we are for a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people" is true, but that, because of the arbitrary views of the leader of the Republican party in Virginia, there is any danger of us deserting the party of the people and placing ourselves in line with Bourbon-Funderism is a mistake. If the News means, when it congratulates us on our first step towards a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, to congratulate us upon our first step toward the thing it calls Democracy, then we will say to our contemporary, that he is premature, for it would take untold ages to induce us to take such a "first step."

Our esteemed contemporary of Marion will soon get all right again. If its anxiety is for the rule of the people,—who, truly, make and unmake both men and parties. If our esteemed contemporary will look back, however, it will see that a number of gentlemen—a series of patriotic statesmen, in fact—have successively fallen under the delusion that they were the people only to awake from their dream by falling into the Bourbon ditch.

From such blind leaders, good Lord, deliver us.—Whig. Unlike the Whig we have always been right as to the rule of the people. Let it look back and see if it can't find one man who has fallen under the delusion that he is the party and the people, and with the enforcement his wild delusions made his party fall more than once into the ditch of the enemy.

From such blind leader, good Lord, deliver us! THE Readjuster party and the party organization which has succeeded that party is, and was, the only real, honest debt-paying party in Virginia. We told the people all the while that the Funder party was a repudiation party. From the expression of opinion by numerous members of that party, we find our charges, made years ago, were well founded.

WAR between England and Russia now seems to be inevitable. Let it come.

GEN. GRANT seems to be steadily improving in health.

The Bedford Star and Sentinel says: Bishop Randolph will visit Christ church, Timber Ridge, on Saturday, May 21, and St. John's church, Liberty, May 31 (Sunday), and will preach and administer the rite of confirmation at both places.

Friday, at Roanoke, a negro robbed two other negroes of a sum of money, clothing, a watch, and other articles. Lee Windsor, one of the victims of the robbery, pursued the thief, who turned and shot him, inflicting a severe wound in the right hand. The thief and would-be murderer was finally lodged in the city jail.

Claimed by Two Women. An Orange (Texas) special says: A romantic case has engaged the attention of the District Court for several days in which two widows are engaged in a legal struggle for \$75,000. Henry Thompson emigrated to Texas 25 years ago and engaged in railway and commercial business. Under this name, twenty-one years ago, he married Miss Sallie Scott, of this city, and when he died last September he left her his sole legatee, and she entered into undisputed possession of the property. In February last a lady with five grown children arrived from Canada, who laid claim to the property, alleging that she was married to the deceased in Scotland under the name of Henry Bam say. From thence they removed to Canada, where they resided for several years, when Ramsay deserted her and went South, assuming the name of Thompson. The case has been dissolved, the matter removed to the Federal court at Galveston, where it will be litigated to a conclusion.

President Garfield's remains in Lake View cemetery are still guarded by troops. According to a number of Mississippi papers there will be but little opposition to the re-election of both Senators George and Watball.

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WAR between England and Russia now seems to be inevitable. Let it come.

Another Battle—The Russians Lose 2,000 Men

(Knoxville Journal.) BRUSSELS, April 27.—The Independence Belge publishes a special dispatch from St. Petersburg saying: "There has been a fresh fight between the Afghans and Russians. The Russians were defeated and lost 2,000 men."

N. W. Beunum, Esq., Rodney, Del., says in the years 1883 and 1884 he used from 200 to 300 lbs. of compost made with Powell's Prepared Chemicals per acre, on land planted with corn and seeded wheat, and it gave entire satisfaction. He has used more grain than any one person in his neighborhood, and will use Powell's altogether in the future. Address Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

Virginia News.

The State Pharmaceutical Association will meet in its fourth annual session in the Town Hall at Charlottesville on May 19th.

The Alexandria Gazette says: A prominent Loudoun county farmer remarked this morning that many wheat fields in this section were "as bare as a taropike."

The Roanoke Leader of Saturday says: Our tobacco factories commenced work this week. They are now taking all the tobacco that is brought to this market, and want no more.

A day or so ago a negro on Dr. Wilson's farm, Pittsylvania county, killed with an axe a crow and hawk, which he came across engaged in a rough and tumble fight on the ground.

Messrs. James L. Powell and J. F. Lunsden have sold for the sum of \$10,000 the Mitchell gold mine, in Orange county, near the Spotsylvania line. A Chicago company were the purchasers.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES JEWELRY JOHN H. TYLER & CO. 1003 Main Street, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

SOLID SILVER and PLATED WARE Gold and Silver SPECTACLES Watches repaired in the best manner. Hal. Jewelry made to order. Special attention given to the manufacture of School and College Badges, &c. by prompt attention paid to orders of all other work.

CLOSE OUT! In order to enable the carpenter to have room to work on my store-house, which I am adding to and re-fitting generally I will sell for the

NEXT 60 DAYS my stock of CLOTHING, and will mark BOOTS AND SHOES at a very small margin, in order to close out, for reasons above stated. My stock is extensive so come at once if you want bargains.

I would respectfully invite the attention of the citizens of the town and county to my COMPLETE STOCK —of— Dry Goods,

Which will be sold at rock-bottom figures. No old last season stock. My goods are new and stylish, and you may rest assured of finding something to please

Remember that I have the largest and best assorted stock of BOOTS AND SHOES, in the town of Marion and they will be sold at figures that will astonish you. Every thing else sold cheap usually kept in stock if you would secure bargains

CALL AT ONCE. Highest cash price paid for all produce, and I will pay cash for anything that you are to sell.

A. C. HILL, spt to Marion Va.

SPRING 1885.

VIRGINIA, TENNESSEE, GEORGIA, ALABAMA, NORTH CAROLINA AND KENTUCKY MERCHANTS

Who Desire Low Prices and Good Styles,

SAVE MONEY BY CALLING ON US

BEFORE PLACING THEIR ORDERS ELSEWHERE

For their Spring Assortment of

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NOTIONS,

Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps.

Fresh Goods Arriving Daily!

COWAN MCCLUNG & CO.

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STOVES AND TINWARE,

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And all kinds of

METAL WORK.

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Agents for all the best grades of American Watches

Each Watch warranted as represented or money re-funded.

Don't fail to send for a full Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List. Mailed to any address free of charge. paid to all orders by mail.

SPRING 1885.

BOYD & CASSWELL,

MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Chamber Suits, Parlor Suits,

Dinning-room Suits,

SPRING MATTRESSES. G. L. CLOTH, MATTIN.S.' TABLE

LINENS, TOWELS, NAPKINS, CURTAINS.

BLANKETS, SHEETING.

And all kinds of Housefurnishing Goods.

Orders Carefully Filled.

Salesroom, 109 and 111 Gay Street.

FACTORY, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197 AND 199 CUMBERLAND STREET,

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

SOUTHERN JEWELRY HOUSE.

SPECIAL REDUCTION IN WATCHES, &c.

TWO OUNCE Silver Hunting Case American Watch, key wind, \$9.50; stem wind, \$12.00. One ounce silver key wind \$10.50; stem wind \$13.00—delivered free at any post office in the United States. Jewels, expansion balance, quick train and dust band. Written guarantee for 12 months, all breakages excepted. Our Illustrated catalogue free on application. Orders promptly filled. Medals and badges made to order. Watches carefully repaired. Plain and fancy engraving executed in highest style of the art.

Solid Silver Thimbles 30 cents, extra heavy 40 cents. The "Clipper" Thimble is solid silver, extra heavy, and has a Thread Cutter attached, and is a great protection to ladies' teeth. Price 60 cents. Write to Editor of this paper. Address

F. D. Johnson & Son,

802 Main St., Lynchburg, Virginia.

The War in Africa

HAS NOT DIVERTED ATTENTION FROM THE LOW PRICES OF DRY GOODS AT

LEVY & DAVIS'S,

BLACK GROS-GRAIN SILK from 50c. to \$5 per yard.

COLORS SATIN HEADAMES, at \$1.10 per yard worth \$1.50.

COLORS SATIN in all colors, from 50c. up to \$1 a yard.

SURAH SILK in all colors at \$1 a yard, worth \$1.25.

GINGHAMS we make a specialty. No such assortment has ever been offered in this city. Our prices are 5c. 6 1/2, 7, 8 1/2, 10, 12 1/2 and 15c. a yard.

BLACK CASHMERE from 10c. up to \$1.50 per yard.

Wide GRAY MIXED WASH POPLINS at 8c. a yard worth 12c.

NEW'S WRINGINGS, ALBERTOSS, CASHMERE, CHEESE CLOTH, BERBER CLOTH, SATAR DE LAINE, and other Dress goods;

ENGLISH CREPE from 75c. up to 35c. per yard;

WHITE CORDED PIQUE at 4c. a yard, worth 8c.

Elegant WIDE CHECK MUSLIN suitable for wrappers; DRESSING SACKS and APRONS at 10c. a yard, never old before less than 25c. a yard;

CHECKED NAIN-SOKE at 7c. a yard, worth 10c.

STRIPED MUSLIN at 6c. a yard, worth 10c.

STRIPED NAIN-SOKE at 8c. a yard, worth 12c.; at 10c. worth 15c.; also, at 12c., 15c., 20 and 25c. a yard;

Heavy GRASS TOWELLING at 5c. a yard, worth 8c.

Best TABLE OIL-CLOTH at 25c. a yard;

Lovers of Remnants can find Bargains in Remnants of SILKS, Remnants of NAIN-SOKE Remnants of Table Damask. Remnants of Dress Goods, and Remnants in other goods.

HUTCHINS to suit all the new shades in Dress Goods;

TABLE-COVERS, PIANO-COVERS, TABLE-CLOTHS, NAPKINS, DOLLIES, SILVERBOARD SCARFS, TOWELS, &c., in great variety and at bottom values for qualities offered;

CHEVIOTS from 8c. a yard up;

BED-TICK from 8c. to 25c. a yard;

SHEETINGS lower than the lowest. Don't purchase until you have seen our goods and our prices or you will regret it.

LEVY & DAVIS,

1017 and 1019 Main St. Richmond.

Orders promptly filled. Remember, WE HAVE BUT ONE PRICE—THE LOWEST.

CHANGE!

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CLOTHIER

AGAIN IN THE FIELD!

JOSEPH COHN,

The One-price Clothier, Tailor and Gents Furnisher

Is now receiving his

SPRING STOCK

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READY MADE CLOTHING

PIECE GOODS AND

GENTS' FURNISHINGS

HIS WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT is now full and complete, and prices marked down to the rock bottom.

HIS RETAIL DEPARTMENT consists of new and nobby styles, both as to material and cut.

HIS TAILORING DEPARTMENT is supplied with choice fabrics of Scotch, French and German, and English importations.

HIS FURNISHING DEPARTMENT is now complete in every respect, and exhibits an assortment never equaled in this market.

THE PEOPLE'S VERDICT:

"The one-price system a grand success!"

JOSEPH COHN,

THE ONE PRICE CLOTHIER

TAILOR, AND GENTS' FURNISHER,

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