

The Patriot and Herald.

THURSDAY, JAN. 10, 1884.

Entered at the Postoffice at Marion, Va., as Second-class matter.

HER LAST CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. E. V. WILSON.

Does any one wish to see the carriage to day, asked Grandmother Garth of her son's family as they all sat around the breakfast table one cold morning in December.

I think not, answered Mrs. John Garth, the pleasant faced matron, who presided at the well spread board. Why, were you wanting it?

Yes, the sun shines so brightly I am tempted to do a little shopping today replied the old lady, and John, addressing her son, who had down the newspaper as his mother spoke, could you make it convenient to lunch with me at T's at 1 o'clock if you can I will call at the store for you?

Why, yes, mother, I shall be delighted. It is no other I am invited to lunch at T's, especially with a lady, said Mr. Garth, as he rose from the table.

Grandma, said Willie, a boy of 10, the youngest of the household, don't you want somebody to go with you? Everybody laughed. But grandma shook her head. Not to day, Willie; I want to go by myself!

Then, seeing the child's look of disappointment, she added, You and I will have a lunch at T's during the holidays, dear, if nothing happens! Willie's face brightened. Oh, grandma, he cried, you are the best grandma in the world. Can't I tell Johnny Saunders? and you will take him, too; won't you? and the boy ran off to get ready for school, and soon the rest of the family dispersed and went about their various duties or pleasures.

A couple of hours later Grandmother Garth, in her out-of-doors costume, came slowly downstairs and entered the family sitting room. Mrs. John Garth with an open letter in her hand, sat alone before the fire. She looked up with a troubled face as her mother-in-law approached her and said:

I intended to help you dress, mother, but this letter, which I just after breakfast, and I am so busy I forgot you.

I don't need you, mother, replied the old lady. You are the best mother in the world, and I am so glad you are here. Now you know, mother, how glad we will be to see them, but what will they think when they find out, as of course they will, that we are not of good terms with Lucy's folks?

Don't say Lucy's folks, dear, said Grandmother Garth; just say what is the fact, that your husband, John Garth, and his sister's husband, Andrew Saunders, have acted like school-boys. I have no patience with them; quarreling about politics at their age; they ought to be ashamed, setting their children such an example. John especially. I never would have believed it of him!

granddaughter, a pretty girl of 20 years, was waiting to assist her. Mrs. John Garth followed her mother-in-law out and gave the coachman many injunctions respecting his charge. Remember, Patrick, she like the good women they were, said, to be careful; drive slowly, strove to keep the younger members and see to Mrs. Garth when she wants to get out; you know she is not strong!

Shure, it's meself will take the best of care, mum, said Patrick, as he mounted to the driver's seat. Don't I know the preylins load I've got! There, Miss Nellie, you need not bother your pretty head; that durr's all right, as Nellie opened and closed the carriage door to be certain it fastened firmly, and cracking his whip in the air, Patrick drove from the house, while Mrs. John Garth and her daughter re-entered.

Patrick, said Mr. Garth, as soon as they had turned the corner of the street, Patrick, drive first to Mr. Saunders' business house. All right, said Patrick, and in a little while he drew up in front of the commission house of Saunders & Co., on street.

On being summoned, out came Mr. Andrew Saunders, portly, good-natured, blue-eyed, sandy-bearded man of about 40. Why, mother, he exclaimed as he saw the occupant of the carriage, who ever expected to see you this cold morning? Let me help you out. The office is nice and warm. No, no, Andrew, I am doing my Christmas shopping, and I'm not cold; just left home, you know, I'm going to lunch at T's, Andrew, at 1 o'clock, and I want you to join me there, will you?

Certainly I will, was the quick reply. I don't know anything that would give me more pleasure. Why, I declare, mother, you look quite young this morning, and you want me to lunch with you. I shall be delighted! All this time Mr. Saunders was grasping his mother-in-law's hand and looking with his clear, sparkling eyes in her face.

Andrew Saunders thoroughly liked and respected the little woman who now sat before him, and who, as she withdrew her hand and bade Patrick drive on, said: I shall depend on you, Andrew; do not disappoint me.

Did I ever do that, mother? said Andrew. Mrs. Garth smiled. Not often, I think, said the old lady. Now for business, Patrick, drive first to the restaurant, T's, on street. Arrived at T's, the proprietor was called out to the carriage, and received the old lady's orders. Then for two or three hours the book stores, dry goods, and toy shops were visited, and when the carriage had been so neatly filled with parcels that there was no much room left to accommodate its human freight, Patrick was ordered to drive to Mr. John Garth's wholesale dry goods house. Mr. John Garth was ready and crowded himself in by his mother's side, after a few minutes' ride they found themselves at T's, where the polite proprietor himself ushered them into a private parlor, saying to Mrs. Garth: Dinner will be served, madam, as you ordered, when your bell is heard!

All right, said the old lady. Now John, help me off with these wraps, and then remove your overcoat! Just as John, having assisted his mother, broad-shouldered form, a sharp rap sounded on the room door. Mrs. Garth hastened to open it, and, to her son's astonishment, who did she usher in but his brother-in-law, Andrew Saunders, to whom he had not spoken since that unlucky day—how long ago was it?—when, in a heated political discussion, words had been said that had better have been left unsaid by both, and the friends of thirty years had parted in bitter wrath. Vainly had their wives and their mutual friends striven to make peace; Lucy Saunders had sought her brother herself and begged him to overlook Andrew's hasty words; and Mrs. John Garth had excused John's temper, and asked Andrew to forget and forgive.

There was nothing to forgive, Andrew had said heartily; if John will forget I will!

But John had repulsed his sister, and refused to hear his wife. Better keep apart, he said. I want no more to do with a man who only thinks as the party does. Andrew has got in with a clique that suits him; let him stay! And so the two families that had been almost as

one gradually drew apart, although both men insisted that the intercourse between their wives and children must go on as before. But that many injunctions respecting his course could not be. The wives of each, charge. Remember, Patrick, she like the good women they were, said, to be careful; drive slowly, strove to keep the younger members and see to Mrs. Garth when she wants to get out; you know she is not strong!

Grandmother Garth had been a silent observer of all this. Mrs. John Garth had confided all to her from the first. Her mother-in-law had been a well-beloved inmate of Mrs. John Garth's home for more than twenty years, ever since her widowhood in fact, and Mrs. John prided herself much on this. It was highly proper, she said, that John's mother should make her home with John; he was her oldest son, and for her part she loved John's mother almost as well as she did her own! Which was all true, and very pleasant to all parties, nevertheless old Mrs. Garth's two daughters, Mrs. Lucy Saunders and Mrs. Emma Thornton, and their younger brother, Mr. Philip Garth, who lived out West, were all a little jealous. Although the old lady made them frequent visits, and this feeling of jealousy on Mrs. Saunders' part may have helped to foster her opinion that John's temper had more to do with the trouble that Andrew's tongue!

Be this as it may, Grandmother Garth concluded the quarrel had lasted long enough, and, now Christmas was coming, and with it Philip and Philip's family, who knew nothing of the difficulty, she determined to bring it to an end.

I need not say that Mr. Saunders' face expressed as much surprise as did his brother-in-law when they found themselves face to face in the parlor at T's. But before either one of the men could express his amazement in words, Grandmother spoke. Boys, she said, I have brought you here today to end the foolish quarrel that is causing your families so much trouble, and me such shame; for I am ashamed of you both! Here the old lady paused. Her voice broke and her lips quivered, while two big tears rolled down her withered cheeks. In a moment she recovered herself. Shake hands, boys, at once. I will be obeyed! John Garth's memory in that instant bright before him a scene of thirty years ago. His mother, then a stately, beautiful woman, had brought him face to face with his younger brother Philip, with whom he had quarreled, and in that case he well remembered his own quick, hot temper had been to blame; perhaps, it was; so now, at any rate he felt his mother was as much entitled to his obedience now as then, and as the words left her lips he extended his hand. It was instantly grasped by his brother-in-law. No one spoke for a time. Then Andrew said: John, you know there is no man whose good will I would rather have than yours! There, interrupted John, let us say no more about it. I have no doubt I was to blame. It's the Garth temper causes my misdoings, isn't it, mother? Mrs. Garth smiled. I have noticed often, she said, that temper was a convenient scape-goat for all our bad deeds, and I think it about time that temper was taught to know its place and be controlled by judgment! She rang the bell as she spoke, and soon a temporary meal was placed before them.

Grandmother played her part as hostess perfectly, and as long as they lived the two guests never forgot that hour spent at T's. For all her 80 years Mrs. Garth was an excellent conversationalist, and as she still took a lively interest in the world around her, as well as the outside world, she was well informed on all general subjects. And now she exerted herself. Wise opinions, witty retorts, racy anecdotes, fell one after another from her lips, as

tonishing and charming her listeners. Well, said Mr. Saunders, as he drew on his gloves, I do not think I ever enjoyed myself better. Mother, I must beg you to repeat this entertainment! The old lady laughed. Thanks, she said. I appreciate the compliment, Andrew, but I fear this will be the last time! Oh, mother, interrupted John, you must not say that. Andrew, I invite you and mother to lunch here with me during the holidays. I will have Philip, and Thornton, too, but mother must be the only lady to entertain us four boys! Come, said Mrs. Garth, it is time we were going. I will not forget the appointment, John, and know I will enjoy it if I can meet with you.

When the old lady arrived at home after her exciting day she was very much fatigued, and begged that she might not be expected downstairs again that evening. Mrs. John Garth herself carried her a cup of tea, and saw her comfortably in bed. My dear, she said, as her daughter-in-law assisted her to don her night-dress, show John Philip's letter this evening, and ask him to join you in an invitation to Andrew and his folks for our Christmas dinner!

Will it do any good, mother? It is six months now since they have spoken.

Try it, dear. You never know what can be done until you try. And now, good night. I feel that I have done a good day's work!

Good night, said Mrs. John, going out and softly closing the door. She stood a while in the hall, thinking. Of course, she said to herself, I will try, as mother says. Dear old woman, it troubles her, I know; and I don't think she will be with us long. I ought to tell John that I notice she grows feebler; but I hate to worry him!

That night, in the privacy of their own room, Mrs. John gave his brother's wife's letter to her husband, saying as she did so: It will be good to see Philip again, and, John, I have a letter from our own girlie; she is coming, too, and will bring our grandchild. Isn't it odd, John, that we are grandparents? I think your mother will be proud of her first great-grand-child!

Mr. Garth looked up from the letter he was trying to read. Sarah, he said, solemnly, I am proud of my mother!

And so you ought to be, rejoined his wife, heartily. And, John, you can give her a great pleasure by forgiving Uncle Saunders, and inviting him to dinner Christmas. It may be her last Christmas, John!

Don't Sarah; I can't hear that. Dear old mother, I am ashamed that I gave her that trouble in her old age. But it is all over now, and we will have a merry Christmas, all together—parents, brothers, sisters, children; and, he laughed, grandchild.

Then he told his wife of the scene at the restaurant. Oh! said Mrs. John, I feel as if I could not wait until morning to talk it over with her. How she must have enjoyed it; and how good, oh, how good she is!

That day at John Garth's everybody made the most of their opportunity, and consequently everybody enjoyed themselves. And when Grandmother Garth sat with her first great-grandson in her arms it was hard to tell which woman was proudest.

In the evening when dinner was over, and all were gathered in the spacious parlors, the children insisted on having what Philip Saunders, Andrew's oldest boy, called a little fun; so music and dancing began and was kept up until some of the little ones grew tired and sleepy. Then said great-grandmother: I believe I will play a tune for you, the sweetest tune; it was my John Garth's special favorite. I have never played it since he left me. Come, children, you must sing the words! She seated herself at the piano. Twenty years had passed since any one had seen Grandma Garth seated in front of the piano, and all the children gathered about her. Slowly and with wavering fingers she touched the chords, and faint and sweet into every heart stole the strains of 'Home, Sweet Home.' As the player went on she gained confidence, and soon the room was filled with harmony. Then Mrs. John Garth signaled to her

daughter Nellie, and the clear young voices of the children joined the music to the beautiful familiar words. As the last notes died away grandmother arose. John, she said, you and Philip and Lucy and Amy remember this was your father's favorite song; now I must say good night dear children. Sarah, to John's wife, will you let Lucy and Amy see me to my room to-night? Mrs. John nodded her head; she could not speak. And so another Christmas Day for Grandmother Garth had passed away, to be held in loving remembrance as long as her children and her children's children lived. For it was her last. Three weeks afterward grandmother lay dying. She never went with her young grandson to T's.

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NORFOLK and WESTERN R. R.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT NOV. 18th, 1882.

Table with columns: Westward Daily, Time—Eastern Standard, No. 1, No. 3. Rows include Lv Norfolk, Lv Suffolk, Lv Petersburg, Lv Lynchburg, Lv Farmville, Lv Abingdon, Lv Bristol.

*No. 1 does not run between Burkeville and Lynchburg on Sundays. Leave Norfolk 8.30 a. m. Arrive Petersburg 11.30 a. m.

Table with columns: Eastward Daily, Time—Eastern Standard, No. 2, No. 4. Rows include Fenne Bristol, Lv Abingdon, Lv Farmville, Lv Lynchburg, Lv Petersburg, Lv Suffolk, Lv Norfolk.

*No. 2 does not run between Lynchburg and Burkeville on Sundays. At RICHMOND Nos. 2 and 4 for North and East via S V R R. At LYNCHBURG No. 4 only connects with V M R R for Washington and the East.

Table with columns: New River Division, Schedule in Effect Nov. 18th, 1883. Rows include WEST BOUND, EAST BOUND, No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5, No. 6, No. 7, No. 8, No. 9, No. 10.

Trains marked * daily except Sunday; trains marked † daily. Sleeping car attached to trains No. 8 and 10 between Richmond and Lynchburg and Lexington.

At Clifton Forge with C & O R R for the Southwest, Northwest and West. At Lynchburg with Norfolk & Western for all points South, Southeast and South East. At Richmond with Associated Railways for all points in the South, and R. F. & P. R. R. for all points North.

TARIFF REFORM.

How would you reform? Will you tell the people what reforms you will make in your National platform of this year? Suppose when the National Democratic Convention assembles some tariff reformer should propose to remove the tariff on sugar, why the delegation from Louisiana would shoot him on the spot. And if he should say "let no tariff be levied on common cotton manufactured goods," what would the delegation from Georgia say? "Cut the throat of that crank." Then if the reformer should say "reduce the duty on foreign iron," the delegation from the "Key Stone" State would promptly remark, "that man was born an idiot." Let the reformer suggest that wool be kept upon the free list, the "Buckeye" State's delegation would with one wild shout proclaim, "down with the villain, we made the fight for Hoadly in 1883 on protection to the wool-growers and carried Ohio. No man but a villain would want the wool-growers of Ohio unprotected." Suppose he should keep on through nearly all the important articles manufactured and products raised in the United States he would be confronted from each section by persons who objected. Why suppose the reformer should say, "there is a mineral called barytes that is mined and manufactured extensively in one of the counties of Southwest Virginia, in Smyth, I believe and there is a tariff of \$5 per ton on it, let it be taken off." If Mr. Luther of our town should be present he would rise to his feet, and, in the name of himself, Mr. Goodell and the hundreds of people in our county who gain a living from the industry, protest against removing the duty from barytes. And we imagine he would protest in the name of some of the Democrats of Smyth who are having hundreds of tons of barytes taken from the mines in their old fields. In other words these reformers would object to reform when it would be likely to affect their peculiar interests or those of their section.

The United States has prospered in the last twenty years as no other nation has ever prospered before. All this has been accomplished under the operations of "a high protective tariff." Farmers have done well; manufacturers have done well; and artisans and laborers have done well, except when trade has been unsettled by the silly cries of "tariff reformers." Let us stick to a protective tariff if we want the vast mineral resources of Southwest Virginia developed. Let us stick to a protective tariff that has been tried and served us well.

The editor of the Conservative Democrat says he did not intend to refer to readjustment or the Readjuster party when he spoke of the "domination of the ignorant and vicious," but he had reference to the Radical Coalition party. Well, the Conservative Democrat ever since its foundation has spoken of the Readjuster party as the Radical Coalition party even before the Riddleberger Bill was passed, and when, according to the present editor of that paper readjustment was an issue before the people. We took it for granted that the new editor meant to pursue the same unbroken policy of his numerous known and unknown predecessors. Consult the files of the Democrat in 1881; and see if it did not call the Readjuster party the Radical Coalition party. Why the men you denounce as the Radical Coalition party are the same who have fought so many battles under the flag of readjustment, and who have accomplished so many good things that hypocritical Bourbonism now madly rushes in to endorse. The editor of the Conservative Democrat makes a distinction without making a difference. But he is young and we excuse him.

THE PATRIOT AND HERALD did not confound Wingfield of Hanover, with Williams of Notaway, we have seen these two Radicals too often marching in the ranks of the Bourbons while fighting against the Readjuster cause to get them mixed. But since we have been informed by the editor of the Conservative Democrat that Wingfield "belongs to one of the most respected and respectable families of the good old county of Hanover," we feel constrained to apologize to Mr. Wingfield, through his acquaintance, the editor of the Democrat, who seems to be familiar with the history of the

scalawag, for calling him a Northern scoundrel, when we should have denominated him a respectable native scawlag, assistant of the Bourbons, who did "consult" the great majority of the Funders."

"As to free suffrage the PATRIOT AND HERALD will remember that the great majority of the Funders voted for the repeal of the capitation tax as a prerequisite to voting. We did for one and we know others that did."—Conservative Democrat.

The PATRIOT AND HERALD will not and cannot remember anything of the kind. On the contrary every informed person knows that a very few of the Funders voted for the repeal. About sixty-seven thousand votes were cast against the amendments, and of that number there were not a thousand Readjusters. There were sixty six thousand Funders, who voted against free suffrage, the balance of the Funder, who voted for Massey, with rare exception, refused to vote at all. No, we will not admit that we did for one and we know others."

We will inform the Conservative Democrat that we are not a Republican, not a Readjuster. We will also inform him that we are not a Democrat and will never be as long as that party in Virginia is composed of Bourbon intolerants. We were a Democrat when Democracy meant something. In 1884 if it suits us to go with the Republican party, we shall do so without hesitation. If it does not suit us we shall decline to do so with equal promptness.

Virginia News.

Miss Georgia Lee Jones, an estimable lady of Lynchburg, died on last Sunday.

John Ramsey, of Rockbridge Co., killed two deer, while swimming the Big River.

The Alexandria Gazette entered on its eighty-fifth volume on the 1st of January. It is the oldest newspaper in Virginia.

A new bridge for the Virginia Midland railroad over the James River is to be built and will be erected next spring. It will be seven hundred feet long.

The Bank of Exchange and Deposit was opened at Abingdon, January 1st under charter granted by the present Legislature.

The mountains about Buffalo Gap are said to be full of deer, which have come over from the Shenandoah mountains on account of the scarcity of feed.

On Monday night two colored men were burned to death in a fire at Thomas, Rogers about sixteen miles north of Scottsville.

J. C. Johnson, a young man of Danville, who a short time ago married into a highly respectable family has been arrested and lodged in the jail of that city for several forgeries.

Very little work is extracted from the members of the Lynchburg chain gang, most of them successfully playing sick when the time comes for them to exercise their muscles.

Levi Shafer, who formerly held the place of City Sergeant of Staunton, died at his residence there on Saturday morning last. He was a native Pennsylvanian and about 67 years of age.

The congregation of Byrne-street Baptist church, Petersburg, have unanimously called the Rev. A. J. Ramsey, of Bedford county, to the pastoral charge of that church, to succeed Rev. W. A. Pierson.

The Lynchburg News says: For several days past the police of this city have been in search of a young man named John Leprado, said to be of Bristol, who transformed a check for \$9, received from the Norfolk and Western Railroad Company into one for \$90.

Abingdon Virginian: Hardy Lilly an aged citizen of this county, was found dead upon the road leading from the Russell turnpike to Saltville, in Poor Valley. He was sitting on a pile of stone near the junction of the two roads holding his horse by the reins. It is supposed he died of heart disease.

Rev. William H. Plunkett, a very aged minister of the Baptist Church, died at his home near Reidsville, in Pittsylvania county, on the 31st of December. He was probably between eighty-five and ninety years of age, and was an active minister of the gospel fifty or more years ago.

Norfolk Ledger: The prospective railroad, which is to belt Norfolk and connect the depot of the Norfolk and Western railroad, in this city, with the proposed coal station at Lambert's Point, has been commenced, and the work is to be prosecuted rapidly when the weather will permit.

The Scottsville Courier man went all the way to Richmond to see Langtry, and here is his enthusiastic opinion: "We did not expect to see an actress of extraordinary greatness, and we were not disappointed; we did find her a lady of grace, a perfect and stately figure, and the most lovely face upon which the orbs of this blushing scribe have ever been blissfully permitted to gaze."

Mrs. John H. Abbott, Manchester, Va., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters and found it beneficial for dyspepsia and loss of appetite."

The United States Government owes W. H. Vanderbilt \$47,000,000 in four per cents, and sends him a draft to his \$1,882,000 annual interest in quarterly payments of \$470,500, which is \$214.4 per hour, or \$3.58 in every one of his sleeping or waking minutes.

After a week or more of hard work Jack Wren aided by several assistants, captured Henry Tape, a blacksmith, and his father near Clay's crossing, a station eight miles west of this city, having discovered sufficient evidence to warrant their arrest for the numerous attempts at wrecking the Norfolk and Western trains at that point. The prisoners were taken to Liberty, examined by a justice and sent on to the grand jury.—L. Advance.

Portsmouth Times, January 5th: For some time negotiations have been pending between the managers of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Company and Gen. V. D. Grover, of the Boston Wharf and Warehouse Company, for the lease of the new wharf and warehouse recently built by them, and a yesterday the same was consummated.—The Chesapeake and Ohio propose to load their cars on barges, similar to the way adopted by the Norfolk Southern railroad, thus facilitating the transportation of freight and enable them to compete with other lines. They propose to go to work at once arranging for the receiving and delivery of freight, and hope to be ready by the 15th instant.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

We wish to inform the public that no one has ever been authorized to sign the firm name of J. B. Whitehead & Co., but J. B. Whitehead, who, at the formation of the firm, was associated and appointed by the said firm to exercise such power. And we wish to give notice that said J. B. Whitehead is still invested solely with authority for signing said firm name; and that F. Alexander, who was formerly a member of the firm, ceased to be a member thereof, his interest in the concern being sold out and paid for on the 20th of August 1883, and was purchased by the remaining members of the firm.

J. B. WHITEHEAD, H. HARMON, A. J. HUBBLE, F. J. WHITEHEAD.

Members of the firm of F. J. Whitehead & Co. Jan. 3-84. 4v.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

The copartnership heretofore existing between G. G. Goodell & J. M. Rice is hereby dissolved by mutual consent. The notes and accounts are left in the hands of G. G. Goodell for collection. Who will also settle the debts of the firm.

G. G. GOODELL, J. M. RICE.

The business will be continued by Goodell & Britton at the same old stand. Dec. 31st, 1883-4.

1884. THE DAY 1884.

MORNING AND EVENING.

ALL THE NEWS.

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