

STAUNTON TRIBUNE.

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"JUSTICE TO ALL."

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THE NEGRO NATIONAL

Sociological Society Holds Its Annual Meeting and the President Delivers His Address.

The society above named was organized in 1885, with Rev. Cesar A. A. Taylor, D. D., Ph. D., as president. Its purposes are the social, moral, mental and industrial improvement of the Negro race. The members meet annually to discuss questions and devise plans along the lines laid down. The President in his address to the country, among other things said:

"The Negro's greatest impediment to race progress toward respectable consideration by the white people of America, and especially at the South, is the disposition of a class of Negro women to prostitute themselves with white men. There is not a community in the South, hardly, but that there is a great number of such harlots, who prostitute the whole race, and then, bejewelled and finally dressed from the money of white men, to whom they have bartered their virtue, sold their honor and compromised the race, they impose their vile presence upon the society of decent ladies and gentlemen of the race. Decked out in bought finery they pollute our best homes, into our social receptions, and thus demand respect for our daughters, and our respect for our daughters, and

these cheeky courtesans, with padded forms and made-up faces, painted and powdered with rough and carmine, banged and frizzled; these ruffled, tucked and fluted huzzies, who should be imprisoned for bastardy along with their white paramours, leprous, libertines, parasites and despoilers of our race; these female abortioners elbow our plain, respectable virtuous daughters. Such Babylonian wenches, they grace us in the eyes of the world. They hang as weights of rottenness about the neck of our progress and hold us down. We must get rid of them, we must expose and kick them out.

"Our self-respecting young men and women must rise in the indignity of their manhood and womanhood and drive these female feltnes from our homes and our society—drive them to the white scoundrels who have dishonored them, and with whom they have disgraced themselves—drive them to the white brutes whom they love and idolize.

"Every self-respecting white man will endorse our action; every white mother, daughter and wife will applaud our action, for no decent white man wants these libidinous, memphomaneized libertines as associates; these libertines who ogle women, purloin virtue and prostitute themselves as lovers to Negro harlots. No decent, self-respecting white people desire such white rakes to associate with themselves, or their wives and daughters.

"We appeal to the respectable white people of the South, of the North, yea, we appeal to the whole people and the whole country to aid us against the outrages being inflicted upon us as a race by abandoned white men and filthy Negro women.

"Negro women are not different from white women in their passions, in their likes and dislikes.

"Again, lynch law continues in Georgia, notwithstanding the 'anti-lynch law.' Therefore, be it the sense of this society that the invincible little race

champion, Miss Ida C. Wells, is with Ajax-like strength and heroic courage, during a service not alone for the race, but for all humanity, in holding up to the world's condemnation the barbaric lawlessness of the South against the Negro race.

"Resolved, That we extend to Miss Wells our moral and material aid and we also hail with joy the preparations now being made by all England to send to this country in September the Rev. Peter Stanford to investigate and make England's protest against Southern barbarism."

Unanimously adopted.

Georgia Teachers' Association.

I have read with care the arguments concerning Miss Ida B. Wells' tour in England, and I have come to the conclusion that these gentlemen could spend their time and talent better by letting Miss Wells alone. If she can do no good, I am sure she can do no harm. She is only trying the experiment, and if it proves fruitful, and I think it will, she can boast of having carried out her desires and saved many Afro-Americans from Judge Lynch.

Of course, some of these old Afro-American fogies or smart elicks try to denounce her course, and so far as that Georgia Teachers' Association, especially those that voted down that resolution, ought to be hung higher than Haman ever hung. They are nothing but coward school-fund hunters.

I am wholly opposed to Afro-Americans trying to denounce our progressive men and women. Just such a set of so-called leaders as that Georgia Association, which would not support that resolution, is the prime cause of a good many of our men-to-day being cowards and fools. They are not taught self-protection by their leaders. They ought to go and hide in Hades.

Well, Mr. Editor, I cannot control my pen at present, thinking of the condition of our women and children. And no protection, on account of just such fogie school teachers, caring nothing for their race only to sit up in school and get school funds out of the treasury. I want to see Miss Wells' experiment successfully tried.—A. J. Lowe in Freeman.

Resolutions Indorsing Miss Ida B. Wells.

WHEREAS, The Afro-American of this country is entitled by the provisions of the Constitution—by every just and righteous sentiment of the civilized world—and by his record on the field of battle, to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; to a fair and impartial trial for every crime of which he is accused or suspected, and to equal opportunities in the race of life; and

WHEREAS, In the Southern States of America, and in many localities throughout our broad land, the Afro-American, on account of his race and color, is denied the common privileges that others are granted in all civilized communities; is refused the privilege of working for a living in those avenues of trade and industry that their oppressors prefer for themselves; is driven from his home and his property confiscated, for no other cause than that he has by some chance word or act asserted his manhood; for the slightest offense is taken from his home and family and lynched in the most barbarous manner—burned alive and treated to all the cruelties that fiendish brains can invent, and by way of excuse is painted to the world as a villain and rapist, while the facts in the

case show in the majority of cases there was not the least evidence of guilt on the part of the person lynched; and that where the least evidence of guilt existed he could have been summarily tried and convicted through the ordinary legal channels, there being no possible chance of escape; and the whole machinery of the courts and government are in the hands of the race who form the lynching mobs, and who lynch Afro-Americans for some of the slightest offenses against white people, rape forming but a very small per cent. of the offenses. And, then, there should be no distinction in the punishment and none in guilt; and

WHEREAS, The talented editors of the Memphis Free Speech, Miss Ida B. Wells, was outspoken in her denunciation of the crimes committed against our race, she received the treatment meted out on such occasions—was exiled from her home, her property (the accumulation of years of labor) confiscated—she has since busied herself in publishing to the world a true account of the suffering and oppression of our race in this country, and asking that the civilized world come to our rescue by creating a healthy, christian public sentiment in our favor and by assisting us to gain the right to live like men and fight life's battles unhampered by the galling chains of oppression and prejudice; therefore,

Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that we, the Afro-Americans of this country, owe a debt of gratitude to Miss Wells as a benefactress of her race, and we most warmly approve of her course, and do most earnestly pray that she will continue with unabated zeal the good work she has begun, and may God who rights all wrongs, crown her efforts with success.

Resolved, That the vile and malicious falsehoods of the Memphis Daily Commercial are only a part of the usual programme carried out as an excuse for the oppression of our race; that many of us have known Miss Wells personally, some of us have known her from her childhood, and can certify to the fact that a purer, more exalted character, never espoused the cause of oppressed humanity. (Rev. Harris, formerly of Memphis, now of Holly Springs, Miss., Mesdames Wabeta Clouston, Mattie Walker, and Mr. Butts, of Memphis, bare testimony as to the probability of character of Miss Wells—they left Memphis on account of lynch law.)

Resolved, That we do hereby denounce the libelous publication in reference to Miss Wells, Edward W. Carmack, of the Memphis Commercial. He knows full well he is safe from prosecution, as prosecution in the state of Tennessee is impossible on account of race prejudice. In trying to defend the South in its iniquitous treatment of the black man, he pursues the course of a drowning man catching at a straw, and the course of a pott-fogging lawyer defending a bad case by heaping vile epithets and abuse upon the credible witnesses on the other side to detract attention from the case.

Resolved, That we forward a copy of these resolutions to Miss Ida B. Wells, Edward W. Carmack, of the Memphis Commercial; the London News, The Freeman, Indianapolis Ind.; New York Age and the papers of Oklahoma Territory.

REV. E. A. SAUNDERS,
REV. P. C. DANDRIDGE,
Com. MATTIE WALKER,
WANETA CLOUSTON,
PETER FLYNN OLIVER.
El Reno, O. T.

HEAVY withdrawals of whisky from bond caused a great increase in receipts from internal revenue by the Treasury Department.

THE AFRO-AMERICAN.

Notes Here and There Respecting the Doings of the Race.

Richard W. Thompson, of Indianapolis, Ind., has been appointed to a position in the government printing office.

The mother and sister of the late Lieut. Alexander recently presented Wetherforce University with his sword and helmet.

Capt. J. W. Black, of Nassau, Bahamas, who has been visiting in New York City, returned home by the way of the Antilles.

The Iron Mountain Railroad Company has filled the places made vacant at Memphis by striking switchmen with Negroes.

Roger Sullivan, clerk of the Probate Court, Chicago, has appointed as his official stenographer W. G. Anderson, a colored man.

Recent statistics of Georgia college for white and colored bear evidence that there are more colored than white students in these institutions.

The People's Transportation Company, of Washington, a colored organization, has rented a park, to which they propose running daily excursions during the hot weather.

Miss Maud Cuney, daughter of Hon. N. W. Cuney, of Galveston, Tex., has been attending the school of music at Boston, Mass., and New York City on her return.

Among the recent graduates of the medical department of the University was Mrs. Run. lady. Before settling on her medical study, she was a nurse.

At a recent meeting of the Educational Association of Park, N. J., quite a number of educators were on hand to record recognition in

Hon. J. J. Spelling, a well-known colored man of the South, died at his home in Jackson, Miss., recently. He was at one time secretary of the Baptist Foreign Mission Convention.

W. E. B. DuBois, the young colored man who won a scholarship at Harvard University, has returned to his home, Great Barrington, Mass., from Germany, where he has been studying the past two years.

Congressman Murray has introduced a bill to use the money as pay on bounty to black soldiers of the war of the rebellion, which amounts to more than \$500,000, for the erection of a normal and industrial school in the South.

To Soften Stiff Shoes.

It is claimed that the following treatment will make pliable the stiff shoes that have been put aside to dry after a thorough wetting: First, wipe off gently with a soft cloth all surface water and mud, then, while still wet, rub well with paraffine oil, using fannel for the purpose. Set them aside till partially dry, when a second treatment with oil is advisable. They may then be deposited in a conveniently warm place where they will dry gradually and thoroughly. Before applying French kid dressing, give them a final rubbing with the fannel, still slightly dampened with paraffine, and the boots will be soft and flexible as a new kid, and be very little affected by their bath in the rain.

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

TO GET RID OF WEEDS.

Weeds beginning to seed should be cut back. It will pay to go over each field and cut every plant with seed-stalk or flowers. Each seed which germinates means another plant, which causes foul field and loss of fertilizer from the soil. Go over each field carefully every fortnight. Frequently after hard rains the weeds, roots and stems may be easily pulled by hand while the soil is soaked with water.—New York World.

DESCRIPTION OF A MODEL STEER.

Apart from the Polled-Angus, of which there are very few in this country, the Durham grade generally commands a first place in the butcher's eye, said T. McMillan at a Canadian farmers' institute.

It is a well known fact that the Durhams have been more largely used for the improvement of other cattle than any other breed, and I think that, so far as experience has gone, it has borne out the wisdom of such a course of breeding, as the Durham seems better adapted for this purpose than any other breed, owing no doubt to their better ability to transmit their own qualities to their offspring.

In breeding and raising beef animals for the British market, they should be of good quality, with soft skins and as evenly fleshed as possible. The main points are a good straight, broad back, well sprung and deep in the rib, well filled behind the shoulders, good hams and brisket, short legs, a fine, clean-cut neck and head, with nice and well set horns. In fact, our advisers from the British market are constantly calling for a prime article. During the time this trade has been in existence our beef cattle have gained a most desirable reputation in the British market, and it is the plain duty of every farmer to endeavor by a system of selection and judicious feeding, not only to hold that reputation, but to continue to improve it.

SECURING COMB HONEY.

It is needless to say that to be successful in securing comb honey, remarks S. F. Freeman, in *Gleanings in Bee Culture*, all colonies must be strong at the beginning of the surplus honey season. Until that time I confine each of my colonies to such a number of combs as will enable the queen to keep each filled with brood and eggs, except a little space in the corners of each. When my bees begin to gather honey from white clover, if the requisite number of combs are not filled with broods (each bee-keeper must determine for himself what that number is), I add to my strongest colonies combs filled with hatching brood taken from other colonies, until each contains the number of brood-combs to be used during the surplus-honey season.

When a colony swarms I live the new swarm on empty frames—the number used depending upon the strength of the colony—and place it on the old stand, removing the old colony a few feet away. After the new colony gets well started in building combs, say in two or three days—the length of time depending upon how rapidly honey is being gathered—I remove all the frames and new combs, except three, and supply their places with combs filled with hatching brood taken from the old colony, being very careful to remove all queen-cells from the combs thus used, and at the same time I remove the surplus from the old colony, and place it upon the new. I never require the new colony to build more than three new combs; and as the season advances I reduce the number of combs to be built to two, and toward the close of the season, to one. I furnish the old colony with empty combs to take the place of the brood-combs removed.

By this method nearly all the work of the new colony is thrown into the surplus-chamber, all the working force

is retained in the new colony, and it is kept at its full strength by the hatching brood that was supplied from the old colony.

After the new colony has been supplied with frames of brood from the old colony, the old one should be removed some distance away from the new, thus throwing the whole field force of bees into the new. If the season is favorable, the old colonies thus manipulated will become strong enough to winter well, and with their young queens, will make the most profitable colonies for the next season's work. If some of the old colonies, at the close of the season, should be found too weak to winter well, they can be reduced in number, and strengthened by uniting.

By this plan of operating we secure all the advantages of non-swarming, and more; for we keep the whole working force in the new colony, and we also get the benefit of the extra energy always exerted by bees that have swarmed.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Many a calf is stunted in July and August. See that none of yours are.

Provide shade for all of the cows; and enough so the incoming ones will be sure to get in it if they wish.

Withhold cornmeal from the soon-to-be-fresh cows. A little oil meal and bran or either will not come amiss.

It is not only humane to have fresh water where the cows can get at it at all times these days, but it is strictly business. There are dollars and cents in it to-day and next month. Fact.

It is an advantage for the farmer to grow his own vegetable seed if it is done rightly, but not otherwise. A great mistake is made when the earliest and best specimens are sold and only the culls are left to grow for seed.

Let no man, boy or dog chase cows these days, if you ever allow it. Use particular care in this regard in the case of cows soon to come in. Quiet rest in the shaded nook should be theirs rather than dogged exposure to sun.

Men who rely upon clover as their basis for maintaining the fertility of the farm rarely have cause to fear the sheriff. The clover need not be fed directly to the soil, but perhaps is all the more beneficial if it goes first to good bees and milch cows and mutton sheep. But one must not lose sight of the fact that its final destination is the soil, says a writer.

A good form of the Bordeaux mixture for spraying is made by mixing two pounds of powdered copper sulphate and one and one-half pounds of lime with thirty-two gallons of water. This is a rather dilute mixture, but strong enough for most purposes. To make ammoniacal carbonate of copper, dissolve four ounces of carbonate of copper in two quarts of ammonia and add it to a barrel of water.

The Grotesque Seahorse.

One of the most grotesque creatures in existence is the seahorse. Not only is this true of its quaint shape, but especially queer are its habits. Women who are interested in the rights of their sex should provide themselves with seahorses and study their peculiarities. The male of this animal takes entire charge of the business of incubation, while the female wanders away wherever she pleases. The father carries the eggs around with him in an abdominal pouch provided for that purpose until they are hatched. They are a great trouble to him, but he attends to the business in a most exemplary manner.—Chicago Herald.

Intelligent Elephants.

A herd of working elephants on the banks of the Hoogley River were made fast to stakes driven into the ground while the attendants took a bath. One of the intelligent animals pulled up all the stakes with his trunk, guided the herd about two miles inland where it was shady and with feet and tusks drove the stakes in the ground again in the same order as before.—New York Mail and Express.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Rascality runs many a dead heat.
A mean man sees himself in the dark.
A surgeon's knife wounds in kindness.

Oppression makes swords of bread knives.

A rich boor mistakes a parlor for a hog pen.

There is no bad way of becoming a good citizen.

Don't fall downstairs in your haste to rush into print.

Poor folks have their vanities as well as the rich.—Greeley.

Don't get above your business; it may do the same by you.

It is harder to write a good advertisement than a poor epic.

Historians can testify that all nations have short memories.

In a mean mind a favor may breed more hatred than an injury.

Some men have to step on the tack before they can see the point.

Galileo has not yet succeeded in teaching bigotry that the world moves.

The goody-goody folks can tell you where to look for all the bad news.

No man ever yet had money enough to buy either taste or good breeding.

A cynic may be defined as a man who knows that he is not to be trusted.

There is a big difference between an unapproachable and an irreproachable man.

Even the eyes may bear false witness. Under some conditions men see double.

The world has no use for the kind of editor who mistakes added insult for manly apology.

Men who would be insulted if accused of breaking their word do not hesitate to break some faithful, loving heart.

Honor is a queer quantity. There are conditions under which a gentleman feels bound to shield sin by committing flat perjury.—Chicago Herald.

A Wonderful Palace.

According to Bishop Lutprand, of Cremona, in his account in the *Scottish Review* of his embassy to the Court of Nicephorus Phocas, the Golden Chamber of Constantinople was the most splendid part of the whole palace. If Justin rebuilt it, Theophilus and Constantine VII. did much for its decoration. Theophilus made a silver table "for the accommodation of the guests and the adornment of the palace," in which so many foreigners and courtiers feasted with the Emperor. A great chandelier hung from the centre of the hall over the table.

The famous golden tree, so often mentioned in accounts of the palace, was constructed by Theophilus. "Birds sitting on the branches sung by some mechanism, the air being supplied by concealed passages." The walls were ornamented with mirrors and colored tiles, "affording the more pleasure to the guests owing to the delicious nature of the viands." Besides making the silver doors (into the Tripeton), Constantine VII. ornamented the walls and ceiling of the Chrysotriklinos with flowers and leaves, framed in silver circles.

In the Golden Chamber the most striking object must have been the Pentapyrgion, of which, unluckily, no accurate description has survived. It was a "magnificent structure of wood, covered with gold. Within and without it was hung with a great variety of decorations, golden ornaments and the imperial robes." At the feast of Easter it was the custom that a small table should be placed for the Emperor in the Pentapyrgion, while the foreign Ambassadors whom he invited dined at the golden table below him. Thus it would seem to have been a sort of throne arranged for the purposes of a dining hall.

The winter of 1812 and 1813 was one of the most severe ever known in Russia, a fact which partially explains the terrors of the retreat from Moscow.

TEMPERANCE.

A TWIN SYSTEM WANTED.

The man who was pressed to purchase a stove by the assurance that one such stove would save half his coal, suggested buying two so as to save his coal bill entirely. In much the same spirit, when we read that the extension of the Gothenburg system in Norway has now absorbed more than half the trade, and in sixteen years reduced the consumption of liquor by one-half we are led to wish that a twin system might be introduced that would do away with the other half.—New York Observer.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

To-night it enters a humble home to strike the roses from a woman's cheek, and tomorrow it challenges this republic in the halls of Congress. To-day it strikes a crust from the lips of a starving child, and tomorrow it levies from the Government itself. There is no cottage in this city humble enough to escape, no palace strong enough to shut it out. It defies the law when it cannot coerce suffrage. It is flexible to cajole, but merciless in victory. It is the moral enemy of peace and order, the despoiler of men, the terror of women, the cloud that shadows the face of children, the demon that dug more graves, and sent more souls unsaved to judgment than all the pestilences that have wasted life since God sent the plagues to Egypt, and all the wars since Joshua stood beyond Jericho. It comes to ruin, and it shall profit mainly by the ruin of your sons and mine. It comes to mislead human souls, and to crush human hearts under its rumbling wheels. It comes to bring gray-haired mothers down in shame and sorrow to their graves. It comes to change the wife's love into despair, and her pride into shame. It comes to still the laughter on the lips of little children. It comes to stifle all the music of the home, and fit it with silence and desolation. It comes to ruin your body and mind, to wreck your home, and it knows it must measure its prosperity by the swiftness and certainty with which it wrecks this world.—Hon. Henry W. Grady.

REMOVE THE CAUSE.

Drink, drink, drink! Full a year ago I went into a Manchester jail. We had got a new and magnificent one, and as long as you license drunkard-makers, you will have to build prisons to hold the drunkards they make. I went into that prison, and I stood on one spot where, with one glance, I could command 1000 cells, and every one tenanted. I went from door to door down those terrible aisles with a warden and a chaplain, and as door after door was opened I put the question, "How came you here?" The answer that met me in almost every case was, Drink. On, on we went down the gloomy aisle, and it came like a funeral knell—drink, drink, drink! dragging down the young, the educated, the uneducated—no respecter of persons—bringing them first to the jail, and ultimately hurling them down to hell. I say, let us stand before the evils of our country and try to ascertain their cause. Let our Christian ministers do it; they are bound to do it. We are bound by our loyalty to our country, and, above all, by our loyalty to our common Father, God. I go then to the prisons and ask, "What brought you here?" Out comes the answer, Drink. I go into the workhouse, and I ask, "What brought you here?" and then comes the old answer, Drink. I go to the lunatic asylum, still it is Drink. I look down into the damnation of hell, and from millions of voices comes the response, Drink. I am no philosopher; I am no orator—I am a plain, blunt man, but I have common sense enough to see that if we remove the cause the effect must cease.—Rev. C. Garrett.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

There are nine lodges of Good Templars in the city of Chicago working in the Scandinavian language.

The Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Scotland numbers 38,027, with nearly 60,000 Juvenile Templars.

In the city of Fort Worth, Texas, 1500 arrests of women were made in the last year, nine-tenths of the number, at least, for drunkenness.

The President of Mexico has decreed that an impost of \$500,000 shall be levied upon the distilleries of alcoholic liquors for the next fiscal year.

The Central Council of Trades Unions, Minneapolis, has taken action condemning vinegar factories for using old whisky barrels in which to supply vinegar, as they are found to be poisonous.

Of the ninety-four members of the Canadian Provincial Parliament recently elected sixty-three are pledged to vote for a prohibitory law in case the courts decide the test case in favor of the provinces.

The Massachusetts Legislature adopted an investigation law, giving the State Bureau of Statistics \$5000 with which to conduct an investigation of the relation of the liquor traffic to crime, pauperism and insanity.

Intemperance, like treason, ought to be made odious in the land, and there is a close similarity between the two. The treasonable man endeavors to dethrone the rightful sovereign, and intemperance dethrones reason, the ruler of our soul.—Cardinal Gibbons.

In the County Tyrone, Ireland, there is a district of sixty-one square miles, inhabited by nearly 10,000 people, in which there are no saloons. The result has been that there is not a policeman in the district, the poor rates are one-half what they were before, and the police-magistrates testify to the great absence of crime and disorder.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

TEXT: "Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest." —Micah 6, 10.

This was the drum beat of a prophet who wanted to arouse his people from their oppressed and sinful condition, but it may just as properly be uttered now as then. Bells by long exposure and much ringing lose their clearness of tone, but this ringing bell of the gospel strikes as clear a tone as when it first rang in the air.

As far as I can see your great want and mine is rest. From the time we enter life a great many vexations and annoyances take after us. We may have our holidays and our seasons of recreation and quiet, but where is the man come to middle age who has found entire rest? The fact is that God did not make this world to rest in. A ship never as well be down off Cape Hatteras to find smooth water as a man in this world to find quiet. From the very start God has strawn the thorns and briers, the clouds and sharp-edged chafes, from the colds that distress you, and the heats that snite us, and the plagues that smite us, and the fevers that consume us, I know that He did not make this world as a place to tetter in. God does everything successfully, and this world would be a very different world if it were made for us to tetter in. It does exist only a few hours. Indeed it is magnificent! Nothing but infinite wisdom and goodness could have mixed this beverage of water or hung up these brackets of stars, or trained these voices of rill and bird and ocean, so that God has but to lift His hand, and the whole world breaks forth into orchestra. But, after all, it is only the splendors of a king's highway, over which we are to march on to eternal conquests.

You and I have seen men try in another direction. A man says: "If I could only rise to such and such a place of renown; if I could gain that office; if I could only get the stand and have my sentiments met with one good round of hand clapping applause; if I could only write a book that would live, or make a speech that would thrill, or do a dozen that would resound!" The tide turns in his favor. His name is on 10,000 lips. He is bowed to and sought after and revered. Man drink his health at great dinners. At his fiery words the multitudes huzza. From galleries of beauty they throw garlands. From horseops, as he passes in long procession, they shake out the national standards. Here let him rest. It is 11 o'clock at night. On pillow stuffed with a nation's praise let him lie down. Hush all distracting voices! In his dream let there be hoisted a throne, and across it a coronation. Hush, hush! "Wake up," says a rough voice. "Political sentiment is changing. How if you should lose this place of honor? Wake up. The morning papers are to be full of denunciation. Harken to the execrations of those who once caressed you. By to-morrow night there will be multitudes sneering at the words which last night you expected would be universally admired. How can you sleep when everything depends upon the next turn of the great tragedy? Up, man. Off this pillow." The man, with head yet hot from his last oration, starts up suddenly, looks out upon the night, but sees nothing except the flowers that lie on his stand, or the scroll from which he read his speech, or the books from which he quoted his authorities, and goes to his desk to finish his neglected correspondence, or to pen an influential line to some reporter,

sketch the plan for a public defense against the assaults of the people. Happy when he got his first lawyer's brief, exultant when triumphant over his first political rival, yet, sitting on the very top of all that this world offers of praise, he exclaims, "No rest no rest."

The very world that now applauds will soon hiss. That world saw of the great Webster: "What a statesman! What wonderful exposition of the constitution! A man for any position." That same world said after awhile: "Down with him! He is an office-seeker. He is not! He is a libertine. Away with him!" And there is no peace for the man until he lays down his broken heart in the grave at Marshfield. Jeffrey thought that if he could only be judge that would be the making of him; got to be judge and ended the day in which he was born. Alexander wanted to submerge the world with his greatness; submerged it and then drank himself to death because he could not stand the trouble. Burns thought he would give everything if he could win the favor of women and princes; won it, and amid the shouts of a great entertainment when poets and orators and duchesses were adoring his genius wished that he could creep back into the obscurity in which he dwelt when he wrote of the

Daisy, too, modest, expression tipped her face.

Napoleon wanted to make all Europe tremble at his power; made it tremble, then die, his entire military achievements, dwindling down to a band of military foots which he insisted on having on his feet when dying. As I recalled I saw a picture of Napoleon in his triumphs. I went into another room and saw a bust of Napoleon as he appeared at St. Helena. But, oh, what grief and anguish in the face of the latter! The first was Napoleon in triumph, the last was Napoleon with his heart broken. How they laughed and cried when silver-tongued Sheridan in the midday of prosperity harangued the people of Britain, and how they howled at and execrated him when, outside of the room where his corpse lay, his creditors tried to get his miserable bones and sell them.

And sell them.
This world for rest? "Aha!" cry the
waters, "no rest here! We plunge to the
sea." "Aha!" cry the mountains, "no rest
here! We crumble to the plain." "Aha!"
cry the towers, "no rest here. We follow
Babylon and Thebes and Nineveh into the
dust." No rest for the flowers; they fade.
No rest for the stars; they die. No rest for
man; he must work, toil, suffer and slave.

Now, for what have I said all this? Just to prepare you for the text, "Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest." I am going to make you a grand offer. Some of you remember that when gold was discovered in California, large companies were made up and started off to get their fortune. To-day I want to make up a party for the land of gold. I hold in my hand a deed from the proprietor of the estate, in which he offers to all who will join the company 10,000 shares of infinite value in a city whose streets are gold, whose houses are gold, whose crowns are gold.

the crucifiers—low the
rings of their waist, and the
swords of their tasky. Join a crucifier
crucified; not for the purpose of atoning for
the secular sin of a dark Christ, but for the
purpose of reaching the throne of a living
Jesus. When an army is to be made up, the
recruiting officer examines the vol-
unteers. He tests their eyesight, he sounds
their lungs, he measures their stature. They
must be just right or they are rejected. But
there shall be no partiality in making up
this army of Christ. Whatever your moral
or physical stature, whatever your dispo-
sitions, whatever your weakness, I have a
commission from the Lord Almighty to ask
up this regiment of redeemed souls, and I
cry, "Arise ye and depart, for this is not
your rest."

Many of you have lately joined this company, and my desire is that you may all join it. Why not? You know in your own hearts' experience that what I have said about this world is true—that it is no place to rest in. There are hundreds here weary—oh, how weary!—weary with sin, weary with trouble, weary with bereavement. Some of you have been plowed through and through. You carry the scars of a thousand conflicts, in which you have bled at every pore, and you sigh, "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest." You have taken the cup of this world's pleasures and drunk it to the dregs, and still the fiercest claws at your tongue, and the fever throbbed through your brain. You have chased pleasure through every valley, by every stream, until every brightness and under every shadow, but just at the moment when you were ready to put your hand upon the rosy, laughing sylph of the world she turned upon you with the glare of a fiend and the eye of a satyr, her looks averted and her breath the chill damp of a grave. Out of Jesus Christ no rest. No voice to silence the storm. No light to kindle the darkness. No dry dock to repair the split bulwark.

Thank God, I can tell you something better. If there is no rest on earth, there is rest in heaven. Oh, ye who are worn out with work, your hands calloused, your backs bent, your eyes half put out, your fingers worn with the needle thread, in this world you may never lay down, ye discouraged ones who have been waging a hard fight for bread, ye to whom the night brings little rest and the morning more drudgery—oh, ye of the weary hand, and of the weary side, and the weary foot, hear me talk about rest!

Look at that company of enthroned ones. Look at their hands; look at their feet; look at their eyes. It cannot be that those bright ones ever toiled? Yes, yes! These packed the Chinese tenboxes, and through missionary instruction escaped into glory. These sweetered on Southern plantations.

and one night after the cotton picking went up as white as if they had never been black. Those died of overkill in the Lowell carpet factories, and those in Manchester mills. Those helped build the pyramids, and these broke away from work on the day Christ was hounded out of Jerusalem. No more towers to build; heaven is done. No more garments to weave; the robes are finished. No more furbessts to raise; the garbans are full. On, sons and daughters of toil, arise and depart, for that is your rest!

Seovill McCallum, a boy of my Sunday school, while dying said to his mother "Don't cry, but sing, sing
"There is rest for the weary,
There a rest for the weary."

Then, putting his wasted hand over his heart, said, "There is rest for me."

Oh, ye whose locks are wet with the dew of the night of grief, ye whose hearts are heavy because those well known footsteps sound no more at the doorway, you let it be your rest! There is David triumphant, but once he bemoaned Absalom. There is Abraham enthroned, but once he wept for Isaac. There is Paul exultant, but he once sat with his feet in the stocks. There is Pearson radiant with immortal health, but on earth he was always sick. No toil, no tears, no partings, no strife, no aching, no going to-night. No storm to rattle the crystal sea. No alarm to strike from the cathedral towers. No dirge throbbing from sapphire harps. No tremor in the everlasting song, but rest—perfect rest—unending rest.

Into that rest how many of our loved ones have gone! The little children had been gathered up into the bosom of Christ. One of them went out of the arms of a widowed mother, following her father, who died a few weeks before. In its last moment it seemed to see the departed father, for it said, looking upward with brightened countenance, "Papa, take me up!"

Others put down the work of midwife, feeling they could hardly be spared from the office or store or shop for a day, but are to be spared from it forever. Your mother went, having lived a life of Christian consistency here, ever busy with kindness for her children, her heart full of that meek and quiet spirit that is in the sight of God great price; suddenly her countenance was transfigured, and the gate was opened, and she took her place amid that great cloud of witnesses that now await the throne.

Glorious consolation! They are not dead, You cannot make me believe they are dead, They have only moved on. With angels we shall that with which they greet us on earth, they watch us from their high place, and their voices cheer us in our struggles for the sky. Hail, spirits blessed, now that ye have passed the flood and won the crown! With weary feet we press up the stinking way, unillumined, unassisting, retarded; we shall meet again. Oh, ready! be grand when our combats done and our partings over, we shall clasp hands and cry out, "This is heaven!"

One day as three sailors were returning from a settlement on the coast of Greenland, they were just about to take to the small boat to go back to their ship, when one of them espied a queer object at some distance from the water's edge.

"Bill," said he to his mates, "what's wrong with that Eskimo kicking up his heels over there?"

"How can I tell? Better go and ask him."

"Why, BUT it ain't a man at all, but a seal, and——" after a pause, during which he had been watching the curious object—"seal it is. I'll take your advice and go and see him."

"You have no time, Joe; we've been too long already."

"Give me half an hour, BHI, and I'll bring him back with me," and the man marched off toward the creature, which really was a seal, lying on its back, basking in the sun.

Fortunately for the sailor the wind was blowing from the seal, otherwise the animal, whose hearing is of the sharpest, would have detected him long before he could reach it. As it was, he was close to the seal before it was aware of his presence.

The moment it saw him it turned on its tipplers, sent the man sprawling in the snow, and ere he could regain his feet was leaping furiously seaward. The sailor tried to catch it, but he was hopelessly beaten in the race, and when he returned to his mates he was unmercifully chaffed all the way back to the vessel.

To the would-be captor, moreover, the matter might not have proved such a joke as he intended it, for had the seal found its retreat to the sea cut off it would have turned upon its pursuer and made a resolute fight for freedom; for the seal bites viciously when roused, as many a splendid salmon has discovered too late.

Mrs. MARY AGNES WOLFE died in New York City of a broken heart from grief over her mother's death. The Board of Health has corroborated this declaration in the certificate of her doctor.

Any one found in the streets of Russia in an inebriated state is imprisoned, and when sober is ordered to sweep the streets for a day. Well-dressed men may be seen sometimes fulfilling this menial office.

The combination, proportion and process by which Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared are peculiar to itself. Its record of cure is unequalled. Its sales are the largest in the

story that Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures are unparalleled in the history of medicine, and they are solid facts. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure Constipation, Indigestion.

A locomotive lasts fifteen years and earns about \$300,000.

Tobacco Caused Consumption -- No-tobacco Cures the Tobacco Habit and Consumptive Gets Well.

Two Rivers, Wis., Aug. 25.—[Special].—Great excitement and interest has been manifested in the recovery of an old-time resident of this town, Mr. Jos. Banker, who has for several years been considered by all his friends a hopeless consumptive. Investigation shows that for over thirty-two years he used three and a half pounds of tobacco a week. A short time ago he was induced to try a tobacco-habit cure called "No-To-Bac." Talking about his miraculous recovery to-day he said: "Yes, I used No-To-Bac, and two boxes completely cured me. I thought, and so did all my friends, that I had consumption. Now they say, as you say, 'how healthy and strong you look, Joe,' and whenever they ask me what cured my consumption I tell them No-To-Bac. The last week I used tobacco I lost four pounds. This morning I began the use of No-To-Bac I weighed 127½ pounds; to-day I weigh 169, a gain of 41½ pounds. I eat heartily and sleep well. Before I used No-To-Bac I was so nervous that when I went to drink I was to hold the glass in both hands. To-day my nerves are perfectly steady. Where did I get No-To-Bac? At the drug store. It is made by the Sterling Remedy Company, general western office, 45 Randolph street, Chicago; New York office, 10 Spruce street. But I see by the printed matter that it is sold by all druggists. I know all the druggists in this town keep it. I have recommended it to over one hundred people and do not know of a single failure to cure."

Dr. Kimer's SWAMP-ROOT CURE
all Kidney and Bladder troubles.
Pamphlet and Consultation free.
Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

diminua o exorise.



Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, SYPNOL BISS.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative: effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fever, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

room and secured a lantern and out into the gloom they crept. Under a tree nearby huddled a heavy unnatural shadow. When the feeble rays from the lamp touched it, it took on shape, yet grew more hideous. In that shape Lillian saw a stricken man, bleeding, insensible, dreadful from squalor and emaciation, but Mrs. Watson recognized Elphalet Jenkins, the man who had encompassed her husband's life.

"Oh, mamma!" cried Lillian, "such a poor old man! He must have fallen and struck his head. We must take him in. That streaming white hair reminds me of father."

"Hush!" warned her mother sternly. "Don't say that, or I may forget my humanity. Yes, we must take him in," and the two women bore this neighbor of theirs into the house and laid him in the chamber for so many years awaiting in vain its guest.

It took old Elphalet Jenkins many days to coalesce the fantasies of his shattered reason into definite conceptions as to his identity, his being, his whereabouts. When he did grasp the situation he disregarded utterly its real seriousness—the unavoidable and rapid approach of death. He was mortified, chagrined, humbled, for the first time in his life. To think that he should be dependent for existence and care on strangers, and that those strangers of all people on earth should be the wife and child of that old miff, Alexander Watson! It seemed as if all the humiliation which, through his failure and ruin, he had been able to ignore by virtue of self-esteem preserved, now by surprise were crashing him.

He hated the neat little room where he lay; he hated the widow whose hands and voice were soft, even if her face at times grew stern, and he hated the young girl who seemed patronizing in her kindly attentions. His very choler made his dulled senses acute, and often when he seemed to sleep he was watching and listening. Thus he got to know the simple secrets of the household—the love between Lillian and Herbert La Grange, the weakness of their poverty, the strength of their hope. One might suppose that the view of such an idyl might have softened his temper, for the toughest heartstring will often strike accord to a sentimental drama; but in his prosperity his sympathies had been self-limited and adversity had contracted them far closer than his nerves.

As he lay helpless and withering, with fingers significantly picking at the spread, one other problem besides his mortality were they working out, and this—how to repay this cursed obligation. In every other respect his accounts were balanced, his paltry accounts in which base income had paid for baser appetites! He had nothing, but he owed nothing. Had that stroke given him a five minute respite of life and consciousness, he would have died proud of his record of independence. But now two miserable paupers had relieved him; he must die indebted to the women whom Alexander Watson had left penniless. Oh, it was unbearable!

What a consummate old ass and dolt and fool that man had been to cast away such good money for an idiotic scruple. He had been out of his mind, if, indeed, he ever had any. Why, with that snug little patrimony, these two young romantic simpletons might now marry and make each other miserable to their hearts' content. As it was, there was \$5000, as if hidden away in a hole, forgotten and useless. No one claimed it; it belonged to no one. Oh! but was that true? Did not he himself among his papers have proof of the title? Might he not assign this claim, and then die as he had lived, beholden to no one? The skeleton fingers ceased their picking, and painfully scrawled a note.

In response to this missive, Judge Stanley came, impelled by a sense of duty.

"I'm sorry to see you in such distress, Jenkins," he said. "I suppose you lack means?"

"You can attend to a matter of business for me on the usual business conditions," replied Jenkins. "I am not given to begging."

A stiff refusal sprang to Judge Stanley's lips. The idea that he would touch any of the foul matters with which this man had been busied! But, then there was a mute appeal on that wasted, ghastly face; he could not dispute the authority of death.

"Well, well," he added, "tell me what you want."

"Do you know in whose house I lie?" asked Jenkins.

"Certainly, in the Widow Watson's, a good-hearted, charitable woman, too."

"Yes, the widow of old Alexander Watson. Do you know, Judge, you were right in what you said about equity. I have never forgotten it. I did bribe the old driver."

"You did?"

"Of course I did. It was our only hope, and money was no object with me then. The 'P. & Q.' would have allowed twice the amount for incidental expenses had I won. But you can't buck against softening of the brain, you know."

"I trust you realize, Mr. Jenkins, the grave consequences of such an infamous confession to me?"

"Grave nonsense! If I were alive and kicking, instead of nine-tenths a corpse, you could do nothing, as you very well know. I was acquitted for bribery, and the time for indictment for perjury has long since lapsed."

"Then why—"

"I will tell you. I want you to recover that money for me. It's mine, I advanced it. Here is proof of where I drew it, the number of the bills, and everything complete. Trust a fox to conceal his trail, but to remember every winding—"

"You must excuse me," began Judge Stanley.

"I want you to recover that money," persisted Jenkins, "and hold it in trust for one Herbert La Grange, who is a clerk in your office. Invest it in any way so that he may marry Lillian Watson, the daughter of that old blockhead—"

"Hum!" reflected Judge Stanley.

"The daughter of Alexander Watson, the man you wronged! Well, I believe it's the thing for you to do. I consent. You wish to make reparation. Well, repentance at the last hour, if sincere, is efficacious. Remember, the dying thief—"

"My good sir," said Jenkins, with a touch of old-time acumen entirely distinct from didactic recreation, "they make a mussy mess. My motive is simple. I always pay my debts. My career has been consistent with self-respect. Those people have befriended me, hence they are entitled to a quid pro quo. They need never know whence the money comes. Indeed, such a course is prudent, for all mental disorders are strictly entitled, you know, and the girl might refuse it."

The Judge shook his head and sighed and in silence took his departure. Then followed the signing of papers, researches, consultations and a friendly suit. Elphalet Jenkins gave his evidence clearly, irrefragably, triumphantly before a commissioner. The next morning he lay dead in his bed, and on his face was a smile of peace.

After a little Lillian and Herbert La Grange were married, and the money which for so many years had been denuded in power now became fecund with happiness. —Pittsburg Leader.

Branding Hams by Electricity.

Branding live stock by electricity is not a new method, but of late the brand electric pursues the animal when dead as well as when alive. For sometime past hams have been branded electrically in this country. The plan is to hold the ham against the branding iron just a few seconds, and it is carried out very successfully, the work being extremely clean and rapid. In England resort is now being had to a similar method by the Wiltshire Bacon Curing Company, which utilizes in the daytime for its electric branding irons the current that is employed at night for lighting the factory. These branding irons never change in temperature, as a steady current is on them all the time.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Tigers Climb Trees.

Many animals can swim when put to it, although under ordinary circumstances they never take to water; and in the same way other animals can climb trees, although their manner of life seldom requires them to do so.

Mr. R. H. Elliot mentions at least three instances in which tigers have been seen to climb trees. One such feat was witnessed by a manager of Mr. Elliot's own estate.

He had wounded a tiger, and ran to cut off its retreat. On reaching a favorable point for that purpose he tried to climb into a tree, but failed, and went off and took a seat on the hillside.

Presently the tiger emerged from the jungle, went straight to the tree and began scraping the ground and roaring. Either he smelt the manager's tracks, or had seen him trying to get into the tree. At all events, the tiger deliberately went up the tree, paw after paw, till he reached the first branches. Here he paused, looked the tree over and then came down backward, and was shot while descending.

Mr. Elliot obtained measurements of the tree, and found the first branches sixteen and a half feet from the ground.

History of Gotham.

At one of the annual dinners of the New England society of New York, at which Mr. Blaine and the late Governor Van Zandt, of Rhode Island, were both guests, a little good-natured chaff was indulged in as to the relative influence of the Hollanders and Yankees in the settlement and development of New York. "I can give you the history of New York in a sentence," said Van Zandt, in whose veins coursed both Dutch and Yankee blood. "The Dutch settled New York, and the Yankees settled the Dutch."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
worn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.
A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for test monials free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The present is made up of the fragments of the past.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25 cts., 50 cts., \$1.

Man's yesterday's should be his proudest monument.



Send it Back

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, be honest—send it back.



ENLIGHTENMENT

enables the more advanced and Conservative Surgeons of to-day to cure many diseases without cutting, which were formerly regarded as incurable without resort to the knife. **EXTRA** or French, is now radically cured without the knife and without pain. Chancy Trusses can be thrown away!

TUMORS, Ovarian, Fibroid (Uterine) and many others, are now removed without the perils of cutting operations.

PILE TUMORS, however large, Prolapsus and other diseases of the lower bowel, are permanently cured without pain or resort to the knife.

STONE in the Bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, washed out and perfectly removed without cutting.

For pamphlet, references and all particulars, send 10 cents (in stamps) to World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 633 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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\$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.
\$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELED CALF.
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Because we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

Those who have the most

have it as a rule, because they save the most. They're more economical. These people buy

Pearline. Proof—in all

stores of the better class throughout the land, you'll find the sales of Pearlina far

in the lead. Now, these economical people wouldn't use Pearlina for their washing

and cleaning, if they didn't find it to be just what we say—the most economical in

every way. Would they?

Send it Back. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, be honest—send it back.

Staunton Tribune.

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 All articles for publication must be written on one side of the paper only.

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 Marriage and funeral notices, .40
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SATURDAY Sept. 1. 1894.

In Reply.

The kind words of our esteemed contemporary, the Staunton Tribune, said to us in December, came true. Now, we hope to hear him say that Hon. Jacob Yost will be the next congressman from the tenth district—Lynchburg Counselor-Herald.

The Tribune will simply observe the fact of its prediction headed by Counselor-Herald. He is pleased to be reinforced by the staff of which he is and only owing to the humble prediction of modesty. Jacob Yost, to the people that we are more silent.

The interest and enthusiasm awakened by Miss Ida B. Wells, in behalf of her race in the south, is simply wonderful. Recently she addressed an immense audience in Chicago, and when she arose to speak, was greeted with the wildest cheers; and it was some minutes before she could proceed.

President Cleveland has allowed the tariff bill to become a law, at midnight Monday last, by limitation; that is, by refusing to sign it until the ten days expired.

On Tuesday last the United States' congress adjourned and the members returned to their homes, many of them to be relegated this fall, to the shades of private life, for which, in the opinion of their constituency, they are better fitted, than for a seat in congress.

River Heads District News.

Aug. 26.

Editor of Tribune;

Dear Sir:—As the cry of hard times seems to have become contagious, it is still being kept up by the people

in this vicinity, especially the farmers and merchants. But our democratic friends are confident that business will revive and agricultural products will rise in price, as soon as Mr. Cleveland signs the Wilson tariff bill, as they call it, but I think the proper name would be, the senate tariff bill.

Nearly every church, both colored and white in this district, are having lawn parties.

One held at Raphine was a grand success. Nearly a hundred dollars was taken up. During the day two match games of ball was played, between the Middlebrook quick steps and a club from Blacksburg Va., known as the Invincibles, who arrived on the 2 o'clock train prepared for battle, but they were convinced before leaving, that they could not play ball. The score, 1st game, Blacksburg 1; Middlebrook, 26. Second game, Blacksburg, 0; Middlebrook, 17. Nelson and Howard were the battery for Middlebrook, and Tucker and Cromwell, for Blacksburg. Struck out by Nelson and Howard 8, by Cromwell 3. The Middlebrook quick steps will go away on a three days trip the latter part of Sept. and will play Basic city, Shendun and probably Staunton.

There will be a grand lawn party at Greenville Sept. 1st. What is the matter with Newport? She ought to fall in line.

Children's day was held, at Newport Oak Hill church, on Sunday last. Too much praise can not be given to the untiring energy of the Supt., Wm. Johnson and teachers, although the faces of many wore a down cast look of sorrow and regret on account of the death of Rebecca Wilson, who departed this life August, 17. She was respected and loved by all who knew her. But God saw fit to call her suddenly away in the bloom of youth, no doubt as a warning to us, that the young must die as well as the aged.

Death loves a shining mark a signal blow
 A blow which while it executes, alarms,
 And startles thousands by a single fall.

R. S. N.

Basic City Items.

BASIC CITY, VA., Aug. 29.

The revival at Union Bapt. church continues to be instrumental in winning souls for the Master's Kingdom. Rev. Gray, aided by Revs. J. C. Lias, E. Wells, R. Banks, J. I. Allen, Hughes and L. B. Goodal, sure will put to flight all dwellers in wickedness. Rev. Hughes stopped here that he might lend a helping hand, Rev. Goodal has returned, much to the church's gratification. Five converts have been gained thus far.

Meanwhile, the "Black Camel" that kneels at every mans door, saw fit to kneel at Mrs. Malinda Rhodes' door last Friday and call from labor to reward her daughter, Elizabeth A. Rhodes. She was converted in 1890 at Hartshorn Memorial college, Richmond Va., was baptized by Rev. A. Lias and joined Shiloh Bapt. church Waynesboro Va. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. I. Allen. There are many friends who mourn her death, for she was an energetic worker in the Sunday school. She also was a member of the church choir, and her faithful service was much benefit to Shiloh.

Friday night, Walter Davis while lying against a pile of wood, which was being used for burning a kiln of brick, was struck on the head with a stick of wood thrown by the man in charge. He was struck near the left temple, considerably crushing the skull. Drs. Z. L. Griffith and S. A. Austin pronounced it fatal; but he survived and this morning was doing very well.

There are too many boys addicted to frequenting places that should be avoided.

It seems hardly true that Mrs. Jackson, wife of Allen Jackson, the barber, is again established in his house. Their reunion was a great surprise to Basic.

Waynesboro band entertained the people Saturday evening with a festival. The soiree of the Basic band will soon claim our attention.

The school building erected in the stead of the burned one is being painted by Mr. Horace H. Blunt. It's an excellent double roomed building. Far superior to the old one in many respects.

The Tribune is much looked for and friends want it, but to subscribe seems very difficult. Let the good work go on and the people of Basic are the people to help push up hill if they do desire to ride down.

With much desire for the success of our people, is what the subjoined name implies.

Volunteer.

Wanted at Once.

800 men for Southwest Connellsville Coke Company at Moorwood, Penn. Wages \$1.50 per day. Pay day every two weeks. A few good colored families wanted.

Transportation on B. & O. R. R., from any point between Lexington and Harpers Ferry.

Apply to
 HUGH MURRAY,

119 S. Augusta St.
 Staunton, Va.

BIBLE READING.

There will be Bible reading every Sunday evening 4 o'clock and Thursday evenings 7:30 at Gospel Hall over Fretwell & Co., paper store. All who desire to search the scripture for edification are cordially invited to come and bring their bibles with them.
 Thomas Burress.

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Application for Teachers.

Applications for positions as teachers in the Valley Training school, Staunton Va., must be addressed to Rev. M. Robinson, Box 66, Staunton, Va.

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Where I will try to furnish the public with everything in the Grocery line, Fresh and strictly First Class. Every article Guaranteed.

Goods delivered to all parts of the city.

Motto: "Terms strictly cash."
 G. H. WHITE.

Berean Valley Baptist Association.

The Berean Valley Baptist Association will convene with the Shiloh Baptist church, Waynesboro, Va., Thursday before the 2nd Lord's day in Sept. 1894.



LEANINGS

At Home and Abroad

On Monday last, Rev. Sam Small made one of his characteristic speeches in the court house yard here, in behalf of Prohibition.

Mrs. T. C. Campbell, after spending quite awhile at Atlantic city, has returned much invigorated.

An excursion from Richmond, run by the C & O. club arrived in this city last Sunday morning, consisting of five passenger coaches and a baggage car, crowded, two of which were filled with white people. The best of order prevailed. Rev. T. A. Cooper, pastor, Asbury M. E. church, Richmond. Mr. Robert Gilliam of Charlottesville and others, well known in Staunton, were among the tourists.

It is now papa S. C. Carter of Pointsville. The new comer is a boy.

On tomorrow, the congregation of the Mt. Airy Baptist church, Middlebrook Va. will have a grand rally to aid the church in a financial struggle. This is the rally that was postponed from July 22, on account of inclement weather. Revs. J. C. Lias, J. D. S. Hall and D. C. Deans, are among those who will preach on that occasion. Go over in Macedonia and help them.

The Berean Valley Baptist Association will convene with the Shiloh Baptist church, Waynesboro' on Thursday next.

Mr. John Kenney and wife have returned from the Hot Springs.

Mr. G. W. Anderson was in the city this week from Charleston, W. Va., to arrange for sending his daughter, Miss Cornelia, to the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute, Petersburg.

Mr. Thos. Allen and wife of Greenville Va. were in the city Monday.

Mrs. J. L. Peters has returned from Orange court house.

Misses Bessie and Olive Crawford, of Plunkettsville, and Annie Leitch of West View, are visiting their relations and friends in Nelson county.

Mr. Harry Coleman returned on Tuesday last from the Rock Alum Springs.

Arthur Morris, oldest son of Mrs. Annie Morris of Sunnyside street, who has been in the west for several years, is home from Cleveland Ohio, on a visit to his mother.

Miss C. G. Ovelton of Harrisonburg, spent a week in the city, the guest of Mrs. John Preston on Augusta st., returning to her home on Thursday last.

The infant daughter of Mr. J. H. Johnson, that has been sick for some time with dropsy, died Sunday night and was buried Tuesday from the house, Rev. D. C. Deans officiating.

Geo. Tillman, about 26 years of age, and who was brought from New York recently, in a low state of consumption, died at Cedar Green Saturday and was buried Tuesday. The members of the Odd Fellows lodge of this city, of which he was a member, attended the funeral in vehicles.

Mrs. Sadie Adams of Baltimore, who was here on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Lewis, was suddenly called home Monday on account of the death of her father-in-law.

Rev. Wiley Simpson of Williamsport Pa. is in the city.

Mr. W. B. Davenport arrived in the city last Wednesday from his resort in the mountains.

Rev. C. C. Stumm preached the dedicatory sermon last Saturday at the corner stone laying of the Baptist church in North Garden, Albemarle county, of which Rev. Holmes Bowles is pastor.

GREENWOOD NEWS

Newtown Va., Aug. 27.

The lawn party given here by Mrs. Lizzie Scott and the ladies of Mt. Zion, was highly prized, and resulted in the handsome sum of \$24.00, of which we are proud, and for which we return very grateful thanks to our many friends.

On Sunday last we were carefully and cautiously instructed on the Sabbath question by our pastor, from St. Mark. 2:27-28. The Ceremonial, Jewish and Christian Sabbaths were explained and illustrated; seemingly to the satisfaction of all.

Our church is planning to put a new floor in our house of worship. The 4th Sunday in September will be a free Will offering at Mt. Zion. Come to hear and participate.

Miss Mary Bullock of Charlottesville, was in our midst this week, looking after school matters. Sister Mary Lewis is deeply impressed with the mother's fire side school for Bible reading, as fostered by sister H. P. Moore. Sister Lewis seems to be seriously in earnest about the good work, and is work-

ing to establish it in our midst. We pray for her early success.

PIONEER.

Directory of Lodges.

True Reformers Lodge.

United Order of True Reformers No. 340, meets the first and third Tuesday nights in each month, in the Samaritan Hall, 12 E. Frederick street, Staunton, Va. Edmond Terry W. M.; Luke Jones W. Past Master; No. 128 Coalter St. J. W. Childers W. Sec.

Masonic Lodge.

Mt. Zion Lodge, No. 18, A. F. and A. M. meets on every second Tuesday each month, at 8 p. m. in their hall cor. Main and Market Sts. C. B. Ware, Sec., 412 N. Market St.



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128 persons wanted

Anybody can enter. Call on or address Miss L. L. Estes, Greenwood, Alb. co., Va.

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Mr Wm Washington	"
Rev W R Fry	"
Mrs Emma Cabell	"
Janie Cabell	"
Mr Edward Cabell	"
Rev W. T. Hughes	Charlottesville Va.
Mr R L. Gordon	Greenwood "
Miss L. L. Estes	"
Miss A. L. Estes,	"
Miss M. S. Estes	"
J E Estes	"
H J Jones	"
Mr Frank Massey	"
Mrs M E Estes	"
Miss Harriett Brown	"
Mrs Jamie Brown	"
Mrs Louisa Gordon	Staunton Va.
Rev. M. Robinson	Greenville
Miss Bettie Hill	"
Weater Cashwell,	Kiddsville
Wm Martin,	"
Floyd Martin,	"
Thos Stuart	Hatton's Pond, Va.
Mrs H. K. Jett,	Alton Va.
Miss A. M. Jett,	Alton Va.
" L. Turners,	Plunkettsville, Va.
Mrs. Nancy Whiting,	Yancy's Mills Va.
Mr. John Banks,	"
Mrs. Mary E Lewis,	Greenwood "
Mr. Harry Brown,	"
Mr. Geo. Hackett,	"
Mr. Geo. Gordon,	"
Miss Martha Simms,	"
Mr. Tandy Jones	"
Mr John Williams	Kiddsville, Va.
" Joseph Martin	"
" Samuel Sheffey	"
Mrs Martha Watson	"
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The rivers ripple on their way,
And more sweet roses meet the May
Each minute!

No matter how the poets sing—

We're in it!

A brighter hue the rainbows fling,
And lovelier fruits the seasons bring,
While sweeter far the songbirds sing
Each minute!

No matter what may come or go—

We're in it!

And skies may smile or tempests blow,
Yet still we hope, and still we know
The good Lord guides His world below
Each minute!

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

ATONEMENT.



ONE day in the central decade of this century there occurred a dramatic scene in the county hall at Aberdeen, where Mr. Justice Stanley was holding a term of the Circuit Court. The great P. and Q. Railroad Company was defending its right or wrong of way, but at all events its way, along the river front against a claim of possession on the part of the city. Eliphalet Jenkins, Esq., "than whom," to use the clumsy encomium of fellow-practitioners, "no article was slicker," was resisting "the Anarchistic attack instigated by irresponsible demagogues," as he termed it, with all his slickness. A tall and portly man was this famous counselor, with an expressive under lip and a more expressive left eyelid. He said many a sharp and witty thing; but his manner always confided something sharper and wittier to both Bench and Bar. As for the groundings, they adored him as the type of what they were able produce.

The city attorney had rested for the plaintiff. Mr. Jenkins had opened for the defense, revealing as through a parterre of flowers the single point on which he depended. That would be established by the evidence of an unimpeachable witness, and him he now called.

"Alexander Watson," proclaimed Mr. Jenkins, in the confident tones of a horn of Jericho. A fragile, white-faced nervous man slunk out of a remote corner and crept up the aisle. The spectators craned their necks and chewed more vigorously. The city attorney slapped his papers fiercely and looked the powers of the inquisition. The clerk ceased from whittling the arm of his chair.

Mr. Justice Stanley made a thicker, more unintelligible scrawl than usual in his notebook. And Mr. Jenkins sent a bland smile broadcast, puckering his lower lip and drooping his left eyelid. A fragile man, indeed, was Watson—well nigh picked clean by the crows of misfortune. For years he had been withering in body and estate until people had come to take a certain pride in his general mouldiness, just as they did in that of sundry antique houses with gable ends to the street. But now, as he rested his trembling hand on the Bible, it was apparent that an energy more unnatural than excitement was enthralled him. The pensive, submissive expression had passed from his face; in its stead lowered a stern, even desperate, determination. Unheeding the soothing preliminary questions which the astute Jenkins was beginning to put, he swung his chair around so as to face the bench, and leaned forward with outstretched hand.

"Your Honor," Watson gasped, and yet the furthest spectator could hear every syllable, for ominous silences were wont to settle in that old courtroom, through which agonized heart throbs would vibrate. "Your Honor, you know me; you know my father before me. You know I come from honest stock, and that, though unlucky, I am an honest man. That attorney there has tried to bribe me—

oh, but I'm ashamed to tell it, for a decent man should be above such an attempt. He gave me \$5000 if I would testify as he wished. Here it is!" And he cast a bunch of bills on the Judge's desk and settled back, ghastly of face, with lips bubbling with foam.

"What attorney?" demanded Mr. Justice Stanley, in a voice like a rifle's crack.

"Eliphalet Jenkins, there."

"Oh, pish; pshaw!" ejaculated Mr. Jenkins, rising deliberately. "Come, get down, Watson; you've spoken your piece, and I don't want you. It's quite apparent, Your Honor, that some one has tampered with my witness. Those familiar with the history of this case can readily surmise. As for this ridiculous charge, I throw myself on the protection of my character."

A disciple of Danton, doubtless, was Counselor Jenkins, and never was Danton more out-Danton than in this assertion.

"You may step down, Mr. Watson," said the Judge, not unkindly, and, trembling and twitching, the witness crept off the stand, down the aisle and out of the room. Yet as he passed he met the jury with a firm, candid gaze.

"As for this extraordinary accusation," continued the Justice, "I shall refer it to the District Attorney. Impound this money, Mr. Clerk, and deliver it to him. Officers, preserve order or clear the court-room. Now, then, gentlemen, proceed at once with the case at issue."

The case was promptly brought to a finish, and though Mr. Jenkins retained his self-possession and jested and glibed and stormed with even abnormal vigor, the jury brought in a verdict against him. Perhaps they believed the message of old Watson's glance; perhaps indignation awayed them, for it is the readiest, as it is the most evanescent, of passions. If so, they were of a mind with the general public, for the whole town resounded with the scandal. People talked fiercely about the prevalence of corruption. They held meetings denouncing Jenkins and his client and voting confidence to Watson.

The newspapers teemed with original metaphors regarding the smirching of the city's escutcheon and the blot on her fair fame. But Counselor Jenkins said nothing except with that droll left eyelid, and, as was his habit when reflecting, whistled softly. The Grand Jury met and presented an indictment against him for bribery, but he still made converts with his confidential lid, still consoled himself with mellow piping. He well knew that his resources would outlast popular furor.

And so the result proved. When, after repeated adjournments and infinite hearings and innumerable sendings back for rehearings, the case was finally brought to trial before Mr. Justice Greengoods, the entire matter was currently deemed a joke which somehow reflected credit for shrewdness on the community. Its disposition is too well known for extended description. The witnesses were flippant, except poor old Watson, who was confused; the counsel good humored and chummy, the Judge indifferent except when expatiating on the many virtues of the accused. The jury voted "Not guilty" without leaving their seats, and then thronged around the defendant, each one enjoying in his handshake the proudest moment of his life.

And poor old Watson, never so tremulous, never more sinking, crept home to die. It had prostrated him to be judged so unworthy as to accept a bribe; it now crushed him to have his word publicly discredited. Home he crept to die, despite the tender binding of his wounds by his wife, despite the balmy tears of his little daughter Lillian, a child too young to understand, but quite old enough to feel. A weak, unlucky failure of a man, and hence, devotedly loved, for the floodgates of true womanly affection yield to the touch of pity. He died, and yet lived as many a successful man might crave in vain to live—in gentle hearts enshrined, by loyal memories beatified.

As Eliphalet Jenkins was passing through the corridors of the building after his triumph, fulfilling that impudence which creates an "observed of all observers," he met Judge Stanley.

"Well, Judge," he said with untitled familiarity, "you see the law has protected her humble servant."

"Yes," replied the Judge, sternly, "but I think equity would have scourged him."

And so the great bribery case ended. The District Attorney wrote up his docket and closed that page with a sigh of relief. Perhaps a fellow-feeling had made him wondrous kind. The \$5000 still remained in his hands—\$5000 in crisp new bills, each one with skillful particularity described in the indictment; \$5000 embodying the powers of health, happiness, prosperity, life and death, actually begging for an owner! Old Watson had avowed that the sum did not belong to him; that it had been fairly forced into his hands, and that he had taken the first opportunity to repudiate it. Counselor Jenkins had sworn that he had neither seen, heard of, smelt, tasted nor touched the accursed thing, and the sympathizing jury had believed him. What should the District Attorney do with it? Not what could he? That was easy enough. With another sigh—not of relief—that learned official turned the money over to the County Treasurer, as a special deposit, and there remained until it time once more brought its potentialities into service.

Notwithstanding what he was pleased to term his vindication, there was an aftermath of trouble to Eliphalet Jenkins. The directors of the "P. & Q. R. R. Co." dismissed him from further duty. It was not that he had been accused, alone, although a truly practical man never falls into the passive form; but he had lost his case. As the President very properly said: "Jenkins must be getting fat-witted not to know that a sensitive old idiot like Watson couldn't be reasoned with." Then, too, the board utterly repudiated a certain large item in his bill of disbursements, and Jenkins, from his naturally exaggerated view of his own reputation, couldn't quite see how he could enforce it. Besides his one moral force forbade him to try. That self-confidence which assured self-advancement had bred, prided itself on continuous freedom from obligation. What he received he earned; if he made a mistake, he would stand the consequences; favors were supports which he would always disdain.

Mr. Justice Stanley, too, was outspoken, and if the righteousness of his words was lacking in strength, the influence of his position made up for it. And, although the populace yielded a certain base glory, this gradually worked its own revenge. Cautious people, that is, people with money, came to deem the counselor a shade too sharp, a trifle too clever to be altogether safe. They laughed at his wit and enjoyed the confidences of his lid and lip, but they took their cases elsewhere. In fiduciary matters a shake of the head will exceed the resources of commercial agencies.

Mr. Jenkins retained his jaunty assurance, but he perceived his respected clients deserting him. He retained it just as he obtained other business, for the one and the other were essentials of his existence. He required adulation; he soon found there was a class eager to yield it. One bound to be a king can always have a kingdom if he will but change his subjects. He now strolled through low streets and chatted in barrooms as proudly as he had paced the avenues and had advised financial magnates. There was an abundance of business, oh yes; "Get Lawyer Jenkins" became the talisman for every rogue in trouble.

As the years rolled on the high places that had known him knew him no more, but in the police courts, in all those manifold shady proceedings where dishonesty may lurk and escape he still preserved the supremacy of lid and lip. But for every tat of change there is a tit of cost. From low associations Jenkins obtained an income, but also appetites that con-

sumed it. The consumption, however, in its turn, yielded a recompense by erasing any faint trace of sensibility and by enlarging his conceit. He thus ever saw himself adroit, cunning, resourceful, the hero of scores of legal traditions and daily inaugurating others.

As the years rolled on—ah, how they do roll for one on the downward slope, and how their progress sweeps such a one along! Fifteen had thundered by, each one more irresistible than its predecessor, since the day that Lawyer Jenkins had so arrogantly pooh-poohed old Watson's accusation, and now he himself was more tremulous, more shaken, more thoroughly picked by the crows of misfortune than even that poor wail had been. A wretched hanger-on about the lower courts he had become, with his office in his hat, and pleadings dependent on stray scraps of memory and paper. And yet his associates slapped him on the back and called him "squire," and boasted that "the old man always kept his end up," so he still found consoling pride in his sufficiency, bracing himself like a gladiator about to die—for even serfs had their ignoble games—though lip and lid were impotent to his will.

Such a rain, then, had time wrought, and with shameless chisel. Perhaps the beauty of other work preserved the old god's equanimity. There was Lillian Watson, for instance; that same magic touch had rounded her into a model of loveliness. So young Herbert La Grange thought; for, in her presence nature seemed to be revealing the possibilities of eternity. She was so beautiful, she was so good; he was almost abashed to recall the marvels of her eye and cheek, when he remembered her pure, simple life, her constant, unselfish devotion to her mother. How could he hope to obtrude his personality on such a noble existence, and, indeed, what benefit would his passion prove? The Watsons were poor enough, surely—barely able to piece in meagre support with a few needles and a day income.

And what was he but a penniless law clerk, to whom the landlady of a cheap boarding house was a headmaster! Mimos and Rhadamanthus combined? But yet, despite her goodness, Lillian was not an angel, but the sweetest flesh and blood in the most fascinating proportions. She herself would have laughed to scorn any pretensions to celestial qualities, and, oh! how merry was that laugh! And, oh! how joyous it was to be young and to love! Why should they not wander through the sparkling fields while the sun shone? Perhaps the distant clouds of doubt and prudence would break, not gather! Surely Judge Stanley, his employer, sometimes praised him, and always showed such an interest that the other young men called him "the favorite," and ungrudgingly so, too! Come, now, how many forensic robes had risen from linsay-woolsey to the ermine! Even the Judge himself had plodded to town a barefooted boy, and surely not the most fortunate one of them had struggled for such a prize!

The widow Watson and her daughter Lillian lived in a low, broad cottage on the outskirts of Aberdeen—the sole remaining place of what had once been a great family property. The house was comfortable and commensurate to their simple needs. In the sloping second story were their sleeping apartments, on the ground floor were sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen and, off the sitting-room, a guest chamber, reminiscent of former station, and, of course, never used. One night, quite late, this gentle, patient pair were still busied with their sewing, when faintly from down the streets they heard uneven steps and snatches of riotous song. These grew louder, as if the wayfarer were approaching, and then abruptly ceased, and silence was as profound as was the surrounding darkness. After a little Mrs. Watson spoke, "I think I hear a groan," she said. "I'm sure I do," replied Lillian, and in fearsome glances they exchanged the thoughts that each was too courageous to utter. Then Lillian went into the rear

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