

# The Old Commonwealth.

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## MARGIE'S PROMISE.

The boat-house was completed. It was roomy and substantial, though the spiles on which it rested infringed on Neptune's watery domain. The young gentleman who composed the club had issued invitations for a social entertainment, and our story commences on that evening.

It was a unique affair, the more enjoyable for its accessories. The shells tapering to a long, very thin, delicate point from a certain large enough to hold a full grown man, were drawn up in their polished completeness and fastened to the ceiling. Here and there a dainty silken banner caught the light, a trophy of some member's victory in a friendly trial of skill. Flags draped the walls, giving the needed touch of color to the oaken beams. A gaily decorated barge floated upon the surface of the broad river, at the option of anybody who desired a moonlight sail.

Two young stranger guests were standing beside the stairway leading to the dressing room improvised for the occasion, noting the arrivals.

A young lady entered, leaning on the arm of a gentleman. As she left her escort and ran lightly up stairs she flashed a swift glance around from eyes so large and lustrous that Bert Everts involuntarily quoted the words of the poet about "sunshine in a shady place," as he stepped impulsively forward.

His friend laid a retaining hand upon his arm.

"Softly, old fellow—not too fast—the girl is a beauty, I'll allow, but she is spoken for. I know Mr. Livingstone, and he's an engaged man. Put two and two together, eh?"

Bert's face expressed volumes as he said:

"I never yet was struck with a girl's face but what it had the same old story, engaged!"

Walt laughed.

"Try if he is a foeman worthy of your steel; in plain English, try to cut him out."

Bert's indolent face kindled with sudden fire.

"If any one else but you had said that, Walt, I'd taken it as an insult. A girl who would be faithless isn't worth a second thought."

During the evening Bert Everts and Margie Eastace were introduced. He was a handsome fellow, brimful of romance, and something in the expression of her large, wistful eyes put him upon his metal to entertain her in a very different way from his usual conversation to a young society belle. No stately, commonplace phrases left his lips, but instead they talked of poetry and her twin-sister art.

Through it all he was conscious of a subtle undercurrent of sadness, like the minor tone which oftentimes thrills its plaintive meaning through some bewitching strain of music.

In this chivalric idea of woman the rumor of her engagement made her seem as inaccessible as was the distant moon, whose silver crescent shone above him as they stood upon the balcony.

After a time he resigned her to her escort, and could not but notice the change in her manner. She had seemed so interested and animated and smiled so merrily at his witticisms; but in Mr. Livingstone's society she seemed a veritable ice maiden.

For days after the girl's face dwelt persistently in his mind, and at last drew him to the city where she lived. He thought another meeting might prove the haunting memory of her beauty to have been overdrawn by fancy, and thus lay it to rest.

Mrs. Eastace was sitting in her room. Her handsome matronly face wore a look of depression which was foreign to it. Her disposition was so sunny that a sigh from her awake an echo through the family—it was a sound so unwonted. Her present uneasiness was not without cause.

Her precious Margie, her only child, was strangely changed. Her moods were variable. Sometimes she would smile for days, and then a fitful gaiety would take possession of her, as unnatural to her evenly poised nature as it would be to hear the song of a canary from the throat of a nightingale. All this gave her loving mother food for thought.

The door opened suddenly. Margie came in and handed her a letter and a package.

She was flushed and nervous, but her manner was decided as she said:

"Mother, here is a note I have written to Mr. Livingstone, to tell him that I wish to be released from my engagement. This package contains his ring. I will never wear it again."

"Margie! You cannot mean it. An engagement is not to be put off as easily as you would a glove. My little girl cannot find it in her heart to treat a loyal gentleman so capriciously."

She laid her hand gently on her daughter's head and smoothed its dark locks tenderly as she spoke.

"Mother," she answered sadly, "I have been coming to this resolution for months. I respect Mr. Livingstone, but I do not love him."

"Do you realize, child, that it is a sin to triffo with a human heart? You are betrothed to him and it is too late to say that you do not love him. You should have decided earlier."

"Margie broke in excitedly:

"It means life or death to me! The more I see him the less I like his society. I have never allowed him the slightest access, and the thought of a kiss from him—"

"Margie!"

"It is true! And if it had not been for you and papa we would never have been engaged. I told him that I did not love him at the very first, and he said if I would promise to be his wife

friendship would change into warmer feeling, and if I did not he would be satisfied if I did—not love—another."

"Tell me the whole truth. Do you love some one else?"

Margie hid her face on her mother's breast. It was enough. Mrs. Eastace asked to know no more.

The painful interview was ended by the mother's promise to see Mr. Livingstone and break the truth to him as gently as possible.

Mr. Livingstone read Margie's frank, straightforward letter. The girl's heart was full of pity, notwithstanding her decision; and she said if it would make him any happier she would promise to remain single, and thus atone for occasioning him the pain of rejection.

He turned very pale as he read. After a moment's thought he turned to Mrs. Eastace:

"Tell Margie she has done right. I do not blame her. A marriage without love is a mockery, and I thank her for her frankness. Tell her also that it is but right in her to make some little atonement for what she has caused me to suffer. I accept her promise in the same spirit it is made."

Tears came to Margie's eyes when her mother brought this letter to her, but the tears of youth are but April showers, and her eyes like violets, shone all the bluer for them; and her voice soon rang out again with the old joyous melody, as she fitted from room to room arranging and re-arranging them with an interest that had long been wanting.

Sometime after this Bert Everts met at a party. He had been making inquiries about her, and just heard of the broken engagement. He said:

"I hope Miss Eastace is justifiable in her action. I cannot imagine that she could do wrong. She always seemed to me to be raised to a higher altitude than other girls; but from my heart I despise a jilt."

He raised his voice unconsciously, when a warning tone upon his arm checked him. He turned and saw—Margie!

Her eyes were full of reproach.—She had evidently overheard his last words.

He tried to make amends for his incautious speech, but Margie knew the secret of her wayward heart, and her maiden delicacy was swift to erect barriers against his betrayal.

Bert was as much charmed with her character on further acquaintance as he had been at first by her beauty, but as time passed on he was in despair. He could not understand her. She was a "cross-bud" of a girl, but most certainly was set about with willful thorns.

At last an accident told him the truth. They were invited to join a glee-yacting party. While at the height of enjoyment a playful child overbalanced himself and fell into the water. Without a moment's hesitation, Bert sprang in and succeeded in grasping him as he rose to the surface. Climbing with his insensible burden in the yacht, the boom swung around and struck him on the temple.

Eager hands caught the child from his arms, and kept him from falling back into the water. They laid him, pale and apparently lifeless, upon some cushions brought hastily from the cabin.

Margie's reserve was forgotten in her anguish. She knelt beside him regardless of the company, and called him endearing names in low passion at tones.

Her voice recalled him to life. He opened his dim eyes, an smiled faintly; then with a low quivering sigh, sank back into unconsciousness.

As the yacht turned homeward, a mournful cry replaced the merry-making, for Bert was a great favorite. He was taken to his rooms and a capable nurse procured. He lay for weeks vibrating between life and death. At last the crisis came and he began to mend slowly.

Margie's passionate words, as she thought him dying, had echoed through his mind during his illness, and had led him to lure him back from the world of shadows which had peopled his delirium.

He called one day and asked to see Margie. Tears filled her eyes as she poor, pale young fellow rose to meet her, and poured out his heart's desire in a flood of eloquence.

She clasped her hands so tightly together as she listened that she left the imprint of her nails in the tender palms.

"Mr. Everts, you make me very unhappy. I hope nothing in my conduct has led you to make this proposal. If so, I am a cruel, wicked girl. For I cannot marry you."

"Do not give me an answer now. I will wait—any time—if you will only let me hope."

Bert was still weak from his illness, and his voice broke—the disappointment was too great. He sank into a chair and covered his eyes with his hand. He was so pale and attenuated, so different from what he had been.

Margie stood a moment, her face agitated by conflicting emotions; then she made a resolve.

"Mr. Everts, I am bound by a solemn promise to one who unselfishly released me from an engagement. I shall never marry. I hope you will forget that such a girl as Margie Eastace is in existence. I seem fated to make all who love me wretched."

Bert rose to his feet.

"Answer me one question. Did I dream or was it your voice which recalled my senses when I was so nearly dead?"

He was answered by the sudden die of crimson which dyed the girl's face. He saw that she, too, was suffering, and he would not make her trial any harder to bear.

"Thank you; I shall carry away into exile the thought my love was not an unvalued gift. Good-bye; God bless you!"

Margie had struggled for calmness as much for Bert's sake as for her own, but she burst into a passion of tears as the door closed upon him. Her promise should be faithfully kept; but her love for Bert was stronger than life, and she knew that "good-bye" was a final parting.

Two or three weeks after she received a farewell letter from him, written on the verge of his departure for Australia. It was better thus. The wider the distance between them the less chance of a painful meeting.

Time rolled on. Margie, in a quiet way, was happy. She found too many duties to attend to in the miniature world of home to spend her time in useless laments.

It was fully five years since she had received Bert's farewell, and during that time she had not heard from him. She had passed from her "teens" into her "twenties" and "sweet sixteen" began to call the beautiful girl of twenty-three—old maid. But more discriminating eyes thought her more interesting at that age than when younger.

One day a gentleman called and sent up his card. As she read the name—Bertram Everts—her heart gave a wild throbbing. What could this errand be?

She went into the parlor. A tall, bearded man came forward to meet her—no longer the slight, boyish-looking Bert of her remembrance.

He held her hand, as his eyes rested lingeringly on her face. Then he gave her a letter and withdrew to the little distance while she read it. What were her emotions as she read:

"MARGIE!—It was a severe test to give a young girl, but you have stood it nobly. I thought it was right that you should suffer a little as well as myself; but I now think it proves that selflessness showed me to be unworthy of a woman's love."

"I absolve you from your promise as freely and fully as time has freed my heart from pain."

"Everts is my dearest friend, and it is through his tender care and nursing that I have to tell you this. I have heard the story of his love, and hope that his long waiting may be rewarded."

Your friend,  
"THADDEUS LIVINGSTONE."

"Margie!"

She turned as in a dream. Their eyes met and she saw—

"My own darling," murmured Bert's deep voice, and Margie's sigh of content, as her lover drew her to his bosom, told of happiness too deep for words.

## Sunstroke.

Sunstroke had become so frequent in New York, that the Board of Health found it expedient to have the matter thoroughly examined by the Sanitary Committee. The following report was submitted June 27, 1876, and published in the papers next day for information and guidance. Cases of sunstroke are liable to occur, and it is well enough to know the symptoms and the best treatment. The report says:

Sunstroke is caused by excessive heat, and especially if the weather is "muggy." It is more apt to occur on the second, third or fourth day of a heated term than on the first. Loss of sleep, worry, excitement, close sleeping-rooms, debility, abuse of stimulants predispose. It is much more apt to attack those working in the sun, and especially between the hours of eleven o'clock in the morning and four o'clock in the afternoon. On hot days wear thin clothing. Have your sleeping-room as cool as possible. Avoid loss of sleep and all unnecessary fatigue. If working indoors where there is artificial heat, landrieis, &c., see that the rooms are well ventilated.

If working in the sun wear a light hat, (not black, as it absorbs the heat,) straw, &c., and put inside of it, on the head, a wet cloth or a large green leaf. Frequently lift the hat from the head and see that the cloth is wet. Do not check perspiration, but drink what water you need to keep it up, as perspiration prevents the body from being overheated. Have, whenever possible, an additional shade, as a thin umbrella, when walking, a canvas or board cover when working in the sun. When much fatigued do not go to work, or be exposed to work, especially after 11 o'clock in the morning on very hot days, especially if the work is in the sun. If a feeling of fatigue, dizziness, headache or exhaustion occurs, cease work immediately, lie down in a shady and cool place as possible, apply cold cloths to and pour cold water over head and neck.

If any one is overcome by heat send immediately for the nearest good physician. While waiting for the physician give the person cool drinks of water or cold black tea or cold coffee, if able to swallow. If the skin is hot and dry sponge with or pour cold water over the body and limbs, and apply to the head pounded ice, wrapped in a towel or other cloth. If there is no ice at hand keep a cold cloth on the head and pour cold water on it as well as on the body. If the person is pale, very faint and pulse feeble, let him inhale ammonia for a few seconds, or give him a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia (hartshorn) in two tablespoonfuls of water, with a little sugar.

Hippopotamuses are down as low as \$5,000 a piece, and a menagerie man says that they are dirt cheap. But until they come down to four dollars and a half, they will be classed among the luxuries in poor families, who will continue to worry along with two or three dogs.

## TO THOSE WHO TOIL.

MR. TALMAGE'S PECULIAR WAY OF EXPREsing COOPER TO THE PEOPLE.

Mr. Talmage preached yesterday to those who toil with the hand and foot, and took his text from Isaiah xlii, 7:—"So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smoothech with the hammer him that smote the anvil."

These people mentioned by the prophet, Mr. Talmage said, were engaged in a reprehensible work—that of manufacturing idols—yet they encouraged one another, which, so far as it went, was praiseworthy; and if bad men encourage each other, was the preacher's proposition, ought not honest workmen, whose labor is noble, still more so to do? For his part, Mr. Talmage proposed to say some few words of comfort to his brother toilers with the hand and foot, taking his hint from the bearded artificers, which was nothing to be ashamed of; and he rather intimated in the hand and foot, that is to say—be should be doing a somewhat generous and novel thing. Then in a little digression, such as is often prompted by a fulness of thought. Mr. Talmage marvelled at the detail and minutiae of the Bible. "I am told what Solomon paid for his horses," he cried, toiling with his hands and feet so as to express the sentiment of admiration, "and in Deuteronomy it says what sort of roofs we are to have on our houses."

Changing then to great sadness and evincing a tinge of impatience, Mr. Talmage expressed the spirit of discontent which he said was widely sown in the bosoms of men. He asserted that merchants and bankers were harassed with cares on account of the fluctuations of gold, and sighed for the mental calm of mechanics; but that calm was a chimera, he said, for the mechanic was putting away his peace of mind through covetousness of "the beautiful apparel of the banker." "As far as I can see," Mr. Talmage concluded, "what you want is help. But it must be cheerful help. I have seen one dolorous man get up and chill a whole prayer-meeting."

Still Mr. Talmage went right on to say that his sermon would be "part sad and part cheerful," and he began accordingly to speak about "exhaustion among those who toil with the hand and foot." He said "most people who labor through ten hours every day get weary. Occasionally there may be one who does so labor and who never wearies; whose hammer keeps time unceasingly to the rhythm of the whirring mill; and the sounding anvil may be an exhilaration always; such as the soldier feels when marching to the stirring strains of the martial trumpet and drum, and who comes away at night elastic and whistling. That is the exception. I have noticed that when the factory clock taps the ordinary mechanic puts his arm wearily in his coat-sleeve and comes home with a heavy step. And even home is not much for him. Even as he enters it he thinks how soon again he must leave—be roused up relentlessly before the sun has brought the blessings of light and warmth above the house-tops. Day in and day out the same incessant round of toil, until he comes to think there is only one place of perfect rest. I think they call it the grave. To-morrow, in your toil, listen! Above the roar of the trip hammer, through the crazed clatter of machinery, you will hear the voice of a sympathetic God. Have ye not heard that there is a home prepared for ye? Oh, that house, and no long walk to get to it! A well of sweetest water, and no heavy bucket to draw up—bread, but you don't have to work for it, and a pillow stuffed with the soft down of all God's promises! How many in this congregation are tired? (No laughter.) One thousand? I think I may say two thousand. Yonder is a woman with her head down on her hand. What is the matter?"

Everybody waited breathlessly as Mr. Talmage made a long pause, but he simply said as he put down his finger at last, "Ask her!"

Mr. Talmage next told a story of a woman who worked on a sewing-machine, and when she was questioned as to her condition by some well-meaning person, made the following reply: "Oh, I haven't any God. I work from Monday morning to Saturday night.—When Sunday comes I haven't any ben—not so that I can go to church. Oh, sir, it is hard to work on from year to year as we poor people do. I don't get any nearer to God. Oh, if I could only die!"

"The mass of the working people," the preacher said again, "do not have many of the good things of life. Some of them gather pleasant things about them and have libraries and pictures, but most of them live all their lives in cramped and miserable abodes. Necessity compels them to do it. I don't know anything more painful than to have a taste for art, for books, for the bright things of life, and not have a dollar to satisfy it, not a dollar to purchase the way into the country to see the sun set and to smell the pure breath of heaven. The King of Babylon had a hanging garden. You have a better one—you have heaven. It belongs to your Father, and what belongs to your Father belongs to you."

"But I must go on to offer you some glad and glorious encouragement."

Hard work, a plenty of do, is a great safeguard against evil. When some great crime is heard of, when do the police go? Not to those who wear overalls. I was walking the other day and I came to a pool of stagnant water. I stopped and fell to thinking. At last I said, 'How came you to be such a noxious, offensive pool? Weren't you once up on the top of a high mountain, fresh and pure? Didn't you drop like a beautiful gem into a casket of other gems?' 'Oh, yes,' said the pool, 'I did

some, some time ago.' 'And let me see, didn't you turn a mill?' 'Oh, yes,' said the pool, 'I worked upon a time.' 'Ah! says I, 'and now what makes you look so sick? Why are you covered over with this green, slimy scum, and why is your breath so vile?' 'Because,' said the pool, 'I am cursed now with idleness.'"

Then Mr. Talmage proceeded to contrast the idle and the industrious. He spoke of men "going on grasping, toiling, toiling—what for? To get enough property to spoil their children." These children he presented as "sick and dyspeptic, but the son of the porter is robust and healthy, and becomes foremost in church and state. See our public men, the members of our Cabinet—did they walk up the steep of life in silver slippers? Look at yonder one. His mother laid him down under the shade while she spread the hay, and many of these men sit out of an iron spoon. Oh, sorrow is a good horse for sharpening keen razors. You may rise to the height of moral and intellectual power if you will only trust God and keep busy."

Then Mr. Talmage told those who toil with the hand and foot how cheap books were. "You may buy more than Benjamin Franklin ever knew," he cried, toiling with both hands and both feet, "for 50 cents! The high wall around the well of knowledge has been broken down. The children know more than the philosophers. Instead of the philosophers being able to teach the children the children would teach them. Suppose Isaac Newton were to come back, and to ask the first child he met, 'What's that? Oh-h, don't you know that? Why that's a locomotive.' 'And what's that?' 'Why that's a telephone.'"

"But all your troubles," said Mr. Talmage, "are only discipline. Christ, the carpenter of Nazareth, is the working-man's Christ. I see a great multitude before the throne of God. Who are they? You say they are princes—they dress as princes, they have the manner of princes, none but princes can be these. Ah, no. Who's that bright spirit before the throne? That is a poor sewing-girl who never earned here but two shillings a day. Who's that other illustrious spirit before the throne? He worked in an Egyptian brick-kiln. Who's that other illustrious spirit before the throne? That's a poor girl; her father drove her out of the house one night, and she was frozen into heaven. These 'princes' came out of the factories of Lowell and Fall River. Ask of the archangel who they are, and he shall answer: 'These are they who came out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb!'—N. Y. World.

## The Flag of the Prophet.

The question is asked, "What is the flag of the Prophet, and if the Sultan should unfold it, why would the event be of such terrible significance?" The answer is, that the Sanjak Sheriff, or flag of the Prophet, is regarded by the Mohammedans as their most sacred relic. Mohammedan writers tell the story in this way: Mohammed, the Prophet, captured the Koorish in battle, and out of his turban made his first battle flag. This descended to his successors, and went into the hands of Omar, the real founder of Moham-medan power. It was kept at Damascus, then at Bagdad, and was finally deposited at Constantinople, where it has been guarded with the greatest care for three centuries. It is covered with forty-two wrappings of silk, and kept in the interior chapel of the Seraglio. The brief forth of this sacred relic would be an appeal to all Mohammedans. Nations friendly to the Sultan advise him not to take such a step, as it would antagonize all Christian nations.

THE BIBLE.—The Bible has neither preface nor introduction. The first sentence brings us face to face with creation. It does not attempt to prove either the existence or the attributes of God. In the beginning, God.—When was the beginning? We cannot tell. The human mind is overwhelmed when it attempts to measure the ages. He created. That is all we know.—Moses could not estimate. He said, "In the beginning, God." Carry your mind back to the astronomical and the geological ages—five hundred thousand years—still, in the beginning, God. He made everything out of his own conceptions—everything that exists. What did God create? It is possible that all that's visible to us, is only a little island among other immense worlds. Above, beneath, around us are the germs of life. On the earth, in the waters, in the atmosphere. We breathe it every second. God created it all. We are discovering new worlds. We see them in the far distance. We may be only on the verge of God's creation. David knew only of the sea, the Mediterranean. He knew not the land beyond that sea, nor that there was another sea beyond that land.

THE DIFFERENCE.—Mr. Rufus Peck tells the *Fincastr Herald* of an instance in which the difference between scrub and improved stock, was conspicuously set forth. His spring lambs, of the scrub kind, averaged in weight about four pounds, whilst those from his fine Cotswold ram averaged about ten pounds, and some of even greater weight. A word to the wise, &c.

Extract from a letter from Athol, Kan.:—"The ground is tremendously dry here; the big rain of last week did not reach the ground; the grasshoppers stood on their hind legs and drank the water as fast as it fell. So I am informed."

## Turtle Tracks.

(For the Commonwealth.)

It is indeed very difficult to be a good christian on an empty stomach. Our immortal state often depends a good deal upon the regular employment of our gastric juice.

Some cows have a singular antipathy to women. A Connecticut dairy-maid recently attempted to milk an Alderney; there was a sudden movement, then a violent tumult, then a disheveled and fugitive female, and the cow has been coughing up bits of rib-bone and whalebone ever since.

Fewer Monday morning headaches.

There is much wealth in time, if one only knew how to trade for it.

After reading a worthless book, you feel like a boy who has tired his jaws in cracking empty nuts.

There is less noise and tumult in a thunder cloud than in a barrel of whiskey.

The Sandwich Islanders believe that Belzebub is a woman. This may be because the average female islander is capable, in an emergency, of "making it hot" for the average male.

The editor who furnishes his readers with only selected matter gives them scissors.

A woman now-a-days has so much rigging about her, that for the most part, she is the least of herself.

Notwithstanding the hard times, the inmates of the Louisiana penitentiary begin to clamor for milk toast, and it is thought it would be cheaper to turn them out and let them take their chances of getting into the diplomatic service of their country.

There is one thing that never resorts to violence; never carries a pistol or a bowie knife; never goes with a mountain howitzer concealed about its person; never would use a set of brass knuckles if it had them, and in fact never resorts to any of the engineering of war; but which can, nevertheless, dispense a fully equipped regiment quicker than the enemy's rifled cannon—and that thing is a Kansas skunk.

A man conscious that he deserves hanging, is apt to wear his cravat loose—probably from a thought of suffocation.

Pressures in the money market are far less pleasant to young people than pressures in the love market.

To raise a revenue from commerce, lay imposts; to raise a revenue from your farm, lay composts.

A celebrated engineer being examined at a trial, made use of the expression, "the creative power of a machine," upon which the judge, somewhat offensively asked him what he meant by the phrase. "I mean, my lord," said the engineer, "that power which enables a man to convert a goat's tail into a judge's wig."

Another mysterious disappearance is reported; and a woman with a hickory ball-bat is still standing at the mouth of the entrance where she is supposed to have disappeared.

His clothes were seedy, his face had a resentful, disappointed expression, he wore an old slouched hat, and carried his wardrobe in a cigar box, fastened to a string and flung over his shoulder. He was a carpet bag Senator moving northward.

"All aboard for glory," shouted an Arkansas poker player as he whipped out his six shooter and blazed away at his successful adversaries. The whole affair only lasted two or three minutes, but it removed some of the most familiar names from the head roll of Arkansas statesmanship.

An old bachelor says he used to be terribly bitten by mosquitoes, until he got married, when the blood-thirsty villains found out that his wife was much the tenderest, and he hasn't been troubled since.

A party says he once knew a young lady who was so excessively modest that she always wore her spectacles, because she objected to looking at gentlemen with her naked eyes.

## Colonel Harry White, Come Forth.

A CONFEDERATE ACCOUNT OF HIS ATTEMPTED ESCAPE FROM PRISON.

There was one incident in the course of deliveries which was quite dramatic, though very painful to one of the parties, a Pennsylvania colonel. In the beginning of the war surgeons were regarded as non-combatants, and not subject to detention on either side. A difficulty, however, arose between the two governments about one Dr. Ruckner, who was held in confinement on the charge of murder and other high crimes. The United States demanded his release, and falling to secure it, put Dr. Green, a Confederate surgeon, in confinement in retaliation. This led to the detention of all surgeons on both sides. I made vigorous efforts to restore the old practice, and at length succeeded. Accordingly, a day was fixed for the delivery of all surgeons of both sides at City Point, and all the Federal surgeons were directed to be sent from the Libby and put on board the flag-of-truce steamer. I accompanied the party. When we were nearing the steamer New York I perceived that a signal was flying for me to come to the shore with my boat. I did so, and found there a communication stating that Colonel Harry White, commanding one of the Pennsylvania regiments, had disguised himself as a surgeon and was then on board my boat. I immediately directed the prisoners to be drawn up in line on the shore and made them an address, in which I recounted the efforts I had made to secure the immunity of their class, and stated that an officer of the line not entitled to exchange or release was among them disguised as a surgeon. I then raised my voice and shouted:—"Colonel Harry White, come forth." He stepped in front at once, and in a few words claimed that he had the right to resort to any stratagem to effect his release. I replied that I was not there to dispute or affirm what he said, but that he must return to Richmond under arrest. It was a heavy blow to him, struck at a moment when he was sanguine of his liberty. Two minutes more would have placed him on the New York, where he would have been safe even if his disguise had been there detected. He had been a long time in captivity, and extraordinary efforts had been made to secure for him a special exchange. He had been elected as a Republican to the Pennsylvania Senate, which without him, would equally divided between the war and anti-war parties. His presence was needed to effect an organization and working majority in that body. I had learned these facts from more than one quarter, and was not disposed to assist in giving aid and comfort to the war party. I was under no duty to release Colonel White, as the exchange of officers had ceased. So obstinate was I, that when the Federal agent offered me a Major General and several officers of lower grade for him, I declined to accept. I might have speculated to great advantage on him if I had been so disposed, and the situation in Pennsylvania would have warranted it. If every officer and man had been a Harry White, there never would have been any difficulty about exchanges. Indeed, if the anxiety manifested about making him the reservoir of all, it would have been better for a good many people.

## Strawberries.

It is not generally known among farmers and village residents that there are male and female strawberry plants; and that the two sexes must grow near each other, or the female (pistillate) plants will produce very imperfect fruit and very little of it. One male (staminate) row to four pistillates will suffice. But when staminate only are grown they produce full crops of themselves; and most of our best strawberries are of the male sex. The sexes may be known on sight by the blossoms—the female having a small delicate flower covered with stamens. It used to be claimed that the most productive varieties, when fertilized by staminate, are the pistillates; but my experience contradicts that theory; but it is important, when one obtains new varieties, to ascertain the sex, and set accordingly. The fertilizing of the pistillates is effected by bees and other insects carrying the pollen of the male flowers to the female flowers. The three most popular market varieties in the vicinity of New York are the Wilson, Jucunda and Charles Downing, all having staminate.

It was in Boston.

A low musical sound came up from the closet under the stairs, and the mother listened.

It was her little son softly singing to himself:

"I need thee every hour."

"How glad I am that I took my boy to hear the sermon on 'closest devotions' at the Tabernacle, last evening," said she.

Then she could not forbear stepping quietly to the closet door to catch a glance at the "dear child," "the precious lamb"—"bless his heart!"

So she did.

And she saw him—saw him devoutly engaged in humming that revival hymn, and also—running his fingers around in the preserve jar!

And there the devotions broke up—broke up amid groans of repentance for sin found out.

A red ribbon worn in Michigan means that the wearer is a total abstainer; a red nose will not do.







Harrisonburg, Va., May 31, 1877

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY C. H. VANDERFORD.

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Job Printing: We are prepared to do Job Printing of all kinds at low rates, FOR CASH.

B. O. R.

HARPER'S FERRY AND VALLEY BRANCH.

Table with columns for Train Name, Direction, and Time. Includes entries for Harper's Ferry and Valley Branch trains.

Valley Railroad.

Table with columns for Train Name, Direction, and Time. Includes entries for Valley Railroad trains.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

SHOOTING AFFAIR.—On Wednesday night, about 11 o'clock, a bloodless shooting affair occurred on Main street, at Ott's corner.

Two YAKS IN THE PENITENTIARY.—John Franklin Rives, colored, charged with attempted rape upon the person of Matilda Gordon, also colored, in the neighborhood of Furnace No. 2, on the 14th of March last, was tried in the County Court here last week.

CORPORATION POOR HOUSE.—The old jail property in this town has been whitewashed and fixed up for a corporation poor house.

VALLEY NORMAL SCHOOL.—Closing Exercises.—On Thursday evening, June 7th, 1877, the exhibition of the Valley Normal School will take place in Bridgewater.

ANOTHER U. S. PRISONER.—Burton Morris, of Greene county, was before United States Commissioner T. L. Michie at Charlottesville last week, upon the charge of removing spirits unlawfully in the night time, and was held in the sum of \$300 to appear at the next term of the United States Court here in the fall.

A NEW INVENTION.—Our fashionable boot and shoemaker, Chas. R. Gibbs, has just made, by a new pattern of his own conception, a low-quartered, but toned shoe. It is a seamless shoe, except upon one side; is handsome in appearance and comfortable to the foot. It has to be examined to get a correct idea of it.

SUMAC AND BARK.—The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement of German Smith, of the Winchester Sumac and Bark Mills, in this issue. Mr. Smith pays cash for these commodities, and in his advertisement gives instructions for their preparation for market.

SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUSTS.—Many persons and papers are writing regarding the seventeen-year locusts, and advising certain precautions. If it be a fact that they appear only every seventeen years, they will not be seen until 1895, as 1878 was the last locust year.

THE ROYAL LAND COMPANY'S RAILROAD.—Col. Braxton, Chief Engineer of this road, is now making a survey for a route through Greene county. Greene county, we believe, proposes donating \$50,000 to the road, and Madison county a similar amount, if the road should go by Madison C. H.

ROCKINGHAM COUNTY—OFFICIAL.

Below we give the official vote of Rockingham county east on Thursday last for Supervisors, Magistrates, Constables, Commissioners of Roads and Overseers of the Poor. The vote was very light, not much interest being manifested. As near as we can tell, by taking the vote in the various districts for Supervisors, there were cast about 1300 votes. The officers elected were—

Central District.—Supervisor, David A. Heatwell; Magistrates, John W. Bowers, Geo. J. Kising, Jacob Funkbouser; Constable, Thompson Steele; Road Commissioner, James C. Helzel; Overseer of the Poor, M. Y. Partlow.

ASHBY DISTRICT.—Supervisor, John F. Crown; Magistrates, M. Lindon, Joa. S. Loose, B. M. Rice; Constable, James W. Burgess; Commissioner of Roads, John H. Moore; Overseer of the Poor, B. Frank Hughes.

LINVILLE DISTRICT.—Supervisor, John P. Swank; Magistrates, R. W. Harrison, John E. Dove, John Fank; Constable, J. D. Swank; Commissioner of Roads, Henry Palse; Overseer of the Poor, Wm. Sellers.

PLAINS DISTRICT.—Supervisor, Milton Taylor; Magistrates, B. F. Garber, A. H. Folk, Thos. Williamson; Constable, R. Neff; Commissioner of Roads, Wm. F. Bowers; Overseer of the Poor, Samuel Miller.

STONEWALL DISTRICT.—Supervisor, J. M. Weaver; Magistrates, Wm. D. Maiden, Henry Shipp, Asner Argabright; Constable, V. H. Lam; Commissioner of Roads, John I. Wood; Overseer of the Poor, Wm. Life.

Table with columns for District, Office, Name, and Vote. Lists the names and votes for the various districts.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CIRCUIT COURT.—The May term of the Circuit Court commenced its session here on Friday last, Judge Mark Bird, presiding. In addition to a considerable number of chancery decrees, the following law cases were disposed of:

Richard & Waese vs. F. M. Flick; an action of unlawful entry and detainer. This action was to recover possession of the ten pin alley occupied by Flick in the third story of plaintiff's building; trial by jury; verdict for Flick.

STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL.—A strawberry and ice cream festival, in aid of some much needed improvements of the Catholic Church property in this place, will be held on Thursday and Friday evenings of next week in Mrs. Thurmond's store room, the use of which has been kindly tendered by the owner.

The festival arrangements are in the hands of a number of the ladies of the congregation, whose abilities and efforts insure success. They are much encouraged by the generous and substantial assistance being received from ladies and citizens representing the various religious denominations in our community.

A novel and proper feature of the festival will be the candidacy of three or four of our prominent citizens for the possession of an elegant gold mounted cane, which will be voted for up to the close of the festival by the friends of the candidates.

A melodeon will probably be raffled for, and a "ring cake" cut into infinitesimally small pieces, so as to give those desiring a golden adornment an opportunity to try their luck under cautious mastication. As this is a most praiseworthy object, we hope our ladies and citizens, regardless of sect, will sustain their well-known reputation for liberality in acts as well as ideas.

MEMORIAL DAY.—Wednesday next has been designated as the time for paying the annual tribute to the memory of the Confederate dead in Woodbine Cemetery. Those desiring to participate in the beautiful and loving ceremonies will meet in the Court House yard at 10 o'clock, when they will be formed in procession and marched to the cemetery.

On this occasion the Harrisonburg Guards will be out for the first time in their new and handsome uniforms.

Mr. Abel Gibbons. Mr. Editor:—The subject of this notice was born somewhere in Pennsylvania in the last decade of the last century, and was a small boy when his father removed to Woodstock. Here, perhaps, he acquired the trade of a chair maker, and perhaps also that of a cabinet maker. He removed to Augusta county in the neighborhood of Greenfield, and when the war of 1812 came on held the position of a Lieutenant of militia, yet escaped a draft. To show the animus of the youth, an acquaintance who had a family was drafted, when young Gibbons promptly offered to take his place, but it was declined, he married a sister of Jas. Burghardner, Esq., and almost under the shadow of Bethel Church, where he lived near a half century. He reared a family of six daughters, all of whom survive but one. He died at the residence of his son-in-law, Capt. Sam'l Paul, in the village of Mt. Solon, on Sabbath evening, the 27th inst., in his ninety-first year. He survived all of a large family, except a brother in Kentucky, and his youngest sister in Missouri. The last twelve or more years of his life were spent in this town and at Green Key. He was signally independent in his views, and capable to live with his own children because they would not be compensated for his board. When he consented to go to his son-in-law's, Capt. Paul, he only did so in his ninety-first year. He survived all of a large family, except a brother in Kentucky, and his youngest sister in Missouri. The last twelve or more years of his life were spent in this town and at Green Key.

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It Speaks for Itself. Certificate of Wm. N. Gay, Esq., a reliable and well-known citizen of Harrisonburg.

In November, 1875, I was attacked with Rheumatism, first in my foot, which gradually extended through my limbs, and finally in my stomach, bowels and side. The Doctors then called it Neuralgia. The suffering being severe, I sent for the best physicians I knew of, who exhausted their skill upon me without avail. I then resorted to Fature's Medicine, hoping for relief, but without any favorable result. Some one then recommended Case's Compound, and I gave it a fair trial, but still found no relief. I began to decline perceptibly in my general health, and concluded there was no remedy to suit my case. About this time, and after suffering untold misery, in March last, about the 14th I think, I began the use of Dr. Harper's Compound, under his special directions, and in less than one month after commencing its use I feel almost young again. It is a remarkably short time it began to show its wonderful curative power, when only several bottles had been used. I am now entirely relieved of my suffering, and in a few weeks, with reasonable care, I feel sure I shall regain my accustomed health. I am satisfied if I had not fortunately discovered and used Dr. Harper's Compound, my case would have been a hopeless one, and ere long I should have been tortured to death by the severity of my affliction. But my restoration is so remarkable, and so gratifying, that I gratefully feel it my duty to recommend it to all similarly afflicted. This is no Yankee humbug to extort money from the suffering, but a good, honest remedy, safe and pleasant, made here in Harrisonburg, and sold only by Dr. Harper, at his residence in the Parlow & Lambert building, Main street, a few doors North of the Postoffice. Wm. N. Gay, April 12, 1877—60931a.

BREVETTES.

Wheat is heading out finely. Nice Dried Beef at Fellows & Yancey's. The Pendleton News has been revived. Attend the strawberry festival to-night. The frost last week did but little damage. Next Wednesday will be Memorial Day. For first class Groceries go to Fellows & Yancey's.

Black lead has been discovered in Warren county. No. 1 Mackerel and Shad just received at Fellows & Yancey's. The old jail property is now used as a corporation poor house.

Choice Sugar Cured Breakfast Bacon at Fellows & Yancey's. The Valley Normal School at Bridgewater will close next week. The time to keep "mum" is when you are getting your chin shaven.

No. 1 Potomac Herring in barrels and half barrels at Fellows & Yancey's. A shooting affair occurred on Main street on Wednesday night of last week. The Town Council has reduced the license one-half from last year's assessments.

Choice lot of Sugar Cured Canned Hams just received at Fellows & Yancey's. The martial spirit has reached Woodstock and efforts are making to organize a military company.

The County Court adjourned on Monday.—Nothing of importance was done since our last report. A very large assortment of Queensware, Glassware and Woodenware at Fellows & Yancey's.

There is a heavy locust bloom this year, and this is taken by some as an indication of a large corn crop. Prof. Clay's Brass Band—12 pieces—will attend the memorial ceremonies at Winchester next Wednesday.

The Episcopal congregation of Woodstock, says the Herald, has determined to erect a church on their lot in that place. A meeting of the Rockingham, Shenandoah and Page Agricultural Society will be held at New Market the second Saturday in June.

The Virginia Land Bureau is receiving letters of inquiry concerning lands in this section, from all parts of the North and East. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad desire to get up an excursion to Washington next month.—The round trip fare will be but \$3. Cheap enough.

A Catholic Priest and two Presbyterian ministers took tea together on Sunday evening at the house of a Roman Catholic in this place. F. D. Johnson, of Culpeper, has been awarded the contract to manufacture the Moffet Whiskey Registers. He is to make 5,000 at \$3.75 each.

Capt. H. H. Riddleberger was elected Commonwealth Auditor of Shenandoah county on Thursday; and R. W. Abney to the same office in Page. Judge. Cha. T. O'Ferrall of this place, will deliver the annual address this evening before the literary Society of Polytechnic Institute, at New Market.

The Harrisonburg Guards, it is probable, will go to Staunton on Saturday, the 9th of June, to participate in the memorial ceremonies there on that day. Rev. A. W. Weddell, of Richmond, formerly rector of Emmanuel Church in this town, was here last week. He received a hearty welcome from his numerous friends.

The Supervisors of Augusta county have fixed the county levy at 12 1/2 on the \$100.—The school tax is 8 cents for the county and 8 cents for the district, making 16 cents in all. At a meeting of the stockholders of Rockingham Bank on Monday evening the board of directors were re-elected, except B. B. Botts. John Donovan was elected in his place.

The Virginia Land Bureau has rented the new store, corner of Main and East Market street, to Mr. John L. Brenna, of New York, who will open a first class dry goods store in a few days. A correspondent of the Halifax Record, writing from Clover Depot of the closing exercises of the school there, pays a high compliment to Miss Keenan, of Harrisonburg, the principal of the school.

Rev. McDuff Simpson, of the Second Presbyterian Church, of Staunton, preached a series of sermons in the Presbyterian Church here last week and on Sunday. Large congregations were in attendance. A small new brick building, an attachment to the "Sibert building," in the rear of the Rockingham Bank, is now being built. It will have a cellar and is to be erected as a warehouse for J. S. Irwin & Son, druggists.

Our Bridgewater editor speaks of a picnic held between the "city" of Bridgewater and the town of Harrisonburg, at which he was present. Put a little more water in next time. We must insist upon our assistants seeing straight.

The European war may advance the price of Russia leather pocket-books, and cause newspaper men a great deal of trouble to take care of their money—but that won't affect us. We can still find room for katie, tobacco and any amount of money. The Harrisonburg Guards have been invited to participate in the memorial ceremonies at Winchester on the 6th of June. It being the same time appointed for decorating the graves in Woodbine Cemetery here, the company have declined to go.

The Woodbine Improvement Society will have a strawberry festival to-night and to-morrow night. On Thursday and Friday evenings of next week the Catholic congregation will hold a strawberry festival, to aid in making some needed improvements in their church property. Our representative, Capt. Wm. M. Sibert, has been attending to business during these two winters in the Legislature; at least we judge so from an invitation we received a few days ago, to attend the marriage ceremony of Capt. Sibert and Miss Naunie M. Trice, of East Clay street, Richmond. An editorial excursion party, representing many of the leading journals of the country, will visit Orkney Springs on the 15th of June. After remaining several days the party will go to the White Sulphur. Our thanks are due to the Orkney Springs Company for an invitation to be present at the reception. DOCTOR HARPER:—For years I have been a sufferer with Cramp Colic, and in my last attack took your Compound, and in five minutes I was entirely relieved. I cheerfully give this testimony to all who are afflicted with this terrible disease. SAM'L M. GAY, HARRISBURG, VA. may-17-87

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The Virginia Classis of the Reformed Church convened in annual session in the Reformed Church at Lovettsville, Loudon county, Va., May 17th 1877, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. The opening sermon was preached by the retiring President, Rev. C. G. Fisher, of Winchester, Va., after which the roll was called and the following named ministers answered to their names: Revs. J. C. Hensell, J. S. Loose, S. N. Callander, D. D. Hy Talhelm, Hy Ft. St. Jno. Rinker, A. J. Whitmore, G. H. Martin, D. J. A. Hoff, Lewis, C. G. Fisher, J. C. Bowman. Absent, A. J. Bowers.

Rev. J. S. Loose was unanimously elected President. Rev. Hy St. Jno. Rinker was re-elected Treasurer, and continued as Stated Clerk. Revs. W. M. Deatrick, of Mercesburg Classis, N. H. Skyles, of Maryland Classis, and F. S. Miller, of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, were invited to assist as advisory members.

The organization having been completed, the ministers read their reports, which were very interesting, and showed their labors have not been in vain. Religious exercises were held in the Church every evening during the session. On Sunday morning Dr. S. N. Callander preached to a very large and attentive congregation, after which the Lord's Supper was administered to about 200 persons. We did not have the pleasure of hearing Dr. C., as we were called upon to take our dear old pastor, Father Hensell, some two miles distant to fill the pulpit of the Lutheran Church. But we do not regret that we had that duty to perform, as we had the pleasure of listening to an excellent sermon by Revs. J. C. Hensell, G. H. Martin, D. D. Hy, and Hy St. Jno. Rinker are among the oldest ministers in the Virginia Classis—Long may they live to break unto the people the bread of life.

The Licentiate, B. R. Cannahan, having applied to this Classis for ordination, Monday night was fixed upon as the time, and Revs. J. S. Loose, Hy St. Jno. Rinker and S. N. Callander, D. D. Hy, were appointed a committee to ordain him. Rev. B. R. Cannahan having accepted a call to the Mill Creek charge, Revs. S. N. Callander, D. D. G. H. Martin, D. D., and H. Talhelm were appointed a committee to install him as pastor of that charge.

The next annual meeting of the Virginia Classis will be held at St. Michael's Church, Rockingham county, Va., commencing on Friday, May 31st, 1878, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. We will not forget to mention the names of Miss Kate Stock, an accomplished daughter of the Rev. Mr. Stock of the Lutheran Church. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon her for the manner in which she conducted the singing and performed on the organ. "Fading, Still Fading," sung at the opening of the ordination services on Monday night, was one of the sweetest pieces of music we ever had the pleasure of listening to. A vote of thanks was tendered the good people of Lovettsville and vicinity for the very kind hospitality extended to the members of the classis and others during their stay among them.

Thus closed a very pleasant meeting of the Virginia Classis, and your reporter is reminded that he must again return to the busy scenes of the store room, after spending a week so pleasantly. Yours truly, May 23, 1877. J. F. R.

FROM BRIDGEWATER. Pic-Nic.—We poor newspaper scribblers are in luck sometimes; and last Saturday was one of the occasions. During last week, we, ourselves, received three entire and distinct invitations to be present at a picnic to be given by the Bridgewater Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, in the woods belonging to Mr. John A. Herring, between the city of Bridgewater and the town of Harrisonburg.

Of course we accepted all three of the invitations. Did you ever hear of an editor, assistant editor, correspondent, compositor, devil, or in fact any one in any way connected with a newspaper, ever refusing anything, and especially if that anything was something good to eat? It seems that being connected with a paper increases the capacity, (we mean physical, not mental capacity.) But to the picnic.

On arriving at the grounds, we found quite a number of ladies and gentlemen assembled, all of whom seemed in the very gayest of moods and well prepared for a day of full enjoyment. But the principal feature of the day, and one in which we felt the deepest interest, was the magnificent dinner that was spread upon an extensive platform beneath the sombre shade of the grand old oaks, from whose branches the melodious carols of the forest songsters pealed forth, supplying the music for the occasion.

The dinner was one that would have done honor to the celebrated Delmonico's, with its cream soups and custards, rich and delicately flavored cakes, jellies and fruits, splendid viands, besides the more substantial viands; such as spring chicken, spraying lamb, and the rear quarter of his roasting juicy, what greeted our eyes and caused our oral cavity to water. Having three distinct invitations, we felt it incumbent upon us not to slight either and consequently we think we grew several inches in the space of an hour. We looked around and came to the conclusion that several others must have had as many invitations as we had, but of this we are not sure, as we heard no one say so. Our Granger friends, we are very sure, all have good wives, for how else could so splendid a repast be gotten up than by ladies who were well skilled in the art of culinariness?

Our special thanks are due to Capt. J. A. H. Jr., for the peck of oats with which he regaled our stoms.

We feel no hesitancy in saying that we will accept another invitation, or invitations, to a Grange picnic, provided any person, or persons, send them.

ELECTION.—The District election passed off very quietly here, and the smallest vote that has been polled since the war was cast. Very little interest was manifested. The following gentlemen were elected to control the town for the next twelve months: Mayor, Col. G. T. Barbee; Councilmen, John Aldatter, John W. Jacobs, J. H. Lindsey, Jas. F. Livan, Jas. W. Crawford and S. G. Dinkel.

DEAD.—Mr. Geo. W. Caricoe lost a very valuable horse last week, worth about \$180. The animal took place here in the case of a hen belonging to Mrs. Calahan. Mrs. Calahan's feathered ladyship about four weeks since, and on Monday last found her wedged down in the stable between two planks, where she had, from all appearance, been for the past month, without water or anything to eat except a little straw or chaff.

The most remarkable feature of the case is that the hen was still alive. After being removed from her prison she was fed and water given her, which she seemed to relish hugely, and is rapidly regaining her health and strength. Close of School.—Next week the Valley Normal School of Bridgewater will close.—The exercises will be interesting. J. N. Liggett, Esq., will address the societies.

FROM GOSPORT HILL. DEAR COMMONWEALTH:—I once more assume the pleasure of giving your readers a few items from our neighborhood. Dr. G. W. Johnson has removed his store from Mt. Crawford to the old Moyer's store stand, near here. He has a good assortment of goods and accommodating clerks. It is a convenience to the neighborhood; and we give him a cordial welcome. The wheat is promising an exceedingly good crop. Oats are short, in consequence of the drought since the hard rains. We are slow but quite sure, and have a base-ball club at last.

Can you help us to harvest? We want two hands; and if it's as hot then as it was two weeks ago, we want three. Did you have any election last week? We didn't. Some of our corn has come up. Truly, P. S.

SECOND ROUND QUARTERLY MEETING FOR ROCKINGHAM DISTRICT.—Staunton, June 9th and 10th; Woodstock and Edinburg, July 7th and 8th; New Market, July 14th and 15th; Harrisonburg, July 14th and 15th; Bridgewater, July 21st and 22nd; Churchville, July 21st and 22nd; Staunton, July 28th and 29th; Mt. Sidney, August 4th and 5th; H. Republic, August 11th and 12th; Furnace, August 11th and 12th; Shenandoah Iron Works, August 18th and 19th; Laury, August 25th and 26th.

Rockingham District Conference will be held at Harrisonburg first Wednesday in September. DAVID THOMAS, P. E.

To the Public. I hereby inform my friends and patrons that I have connected myself with the Virginia Land Bureau, an association formed for the sale of agricultural, mineral lands and real estate generally. The superior facilities afforded by this Bureau for the handling of all sorts of properties, will commend it to public favor.

It will enjoy a larger scope and broader field of operations than any other in Virginia. All my contracts and options remain in force as heretofore, and my old customers may rest assured that their interests will be faithfully and promptly attended to. I am confident that the Virginia Land Bureau will be most successful in accomplishing the objects for which I have been laboring so long—the attracting of immigration and capital to our beautiful Valley.

Very respectfully, J. D. PATCO, Office, Virginia Land Bureau.

WHEELER & WILSON NEW No. 6, No. 7 and No. 8 SEWING MACHINES!

STRAIGHT NEEDLES and SELF-SETTING REMERS, RUFFLERS, COORDERS and PRESSERS. Runs Lighter and Faster THAN ANY OTHER.

THE FEED IS THE BEST, AND CARRIES THE WORK STRAIGHT. Do not Buy without Seeing It.

These New Machines took 3 Medals & Diplomas at the Centennial Exposition. The Judges at the American Exposition, N. Y., said "IT IS DESTROYED BY SUPERIOR ALL OTHER MACHINES NOW KNOWN."

Watches of parties offering to furnish new Wheeler & Wilson Machines at half price. Don't be deceived. These Watches may be bought of the following parties in this section, who are the only parties here at present who furnish the Wheeler & Wilson Machines.

W. F. Spangler & Co., Bridgewater, Wm. R. H. Mackrick, Mt. Clinton, N. E. Corrie, Bridgewater, and The Wheeler & Wilson Makers' Co.

DEALERS IN Groceries and Queensware, Opposite Spotwood Hotel, HARRISBURG, VA. Jan 11, 1877.

FOR SALE ON EASY TERMS. FROM 50 to 100 acres of the Wm. F. Hope farm, near Cross Keys, fronting on the Potomac river, and running with the White line back to the Hutton farm. For terms apply to E. J. SWELLMAN, mar-31m Post-office, Harrisonburg, Va.

Notice to Farmers. THE Excelsior Reaper and Mower papers have been placed with us by John W. Strain, general agent, for sale, at our Agricultural Warehouse, East-Market street. THOMAS A. GARMAN, may-7

CARDINAL IMPLEMENTS. All such as Digging Tools, Hoes and Spades, we are selling low for cash. THOMAS A. GARMAN, mar-11

If you want to find the most complete assortment of Hardware in town, go to ROHR, SPRINKEL & CO.'S. G. O and SEE the new Spinning Millinery, at Miss D. G. FINKUS, near Masonic Hall, Main street. G. O and SEE the new Spinning Millinery, at Miss D. G. FINKUS, near Masonic Hall, Main street.

SCHOTTER'S SCYTHES: English "Walton" Grain and Grass Scythes, for sale by ROHR, SPRINKEL & CO.'S. THE largest and finest assortment of Mechanical Tools, to be had at ROHR, SPRINKEL & CO.'S. may-10

A LARGE lot of Stock and "Eagle" Farm Bells just received and for sale at the very lowest cash prices by ROHR, SPRINKEL & CO.'S. may-10

If you want a first-class Cook Stove, perfect in every respect, buy the celebrated "Ostrich" Cook at ROHR, SPRINKEL & CO.'S. BLACKSMITH'S supplies furnished at the lowest rates at ROHR, SPRINKEL & CO.'S. WHITEHEAD, Vanhook, Painters' Colors of all shades, at ROHR, SPRINKEL & CO.'S. UPLAND, and METERS made to order, at ROHR, SPRINKEL & CO.'S. may-10



