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MRS. FERRO
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HARBOR NOT IN FEELINGS.

Harbor not revengeful feelings
When companions prove unkind,
Scattered on life's path you find,
When hard-words are spoken of you,
When bold slanders cut the string,
Do not dwell upon the sorrow,
Rise above each vexing thing.

Harbor not revengeful feelings,
Though a neighbor should mis-behave,
Never fling back taunt and jeer- ing,
For a rule or unjust thing,
Strive to render good for evil,
Strike some kindly thing to do,
In return for bitter troubles,
Wicked hands deal out to you.

Harbor not revengeful feelings,
Happy thoughts they cannot bring!
Better overcome by patience
Every word that has a sting.
Have you enemies? Forgive them;
With forbearance meet each wrong;
Love, a foe hath often conquered,
Changing hate to friendship strong.

Sweet forgiveness brings a blessing,
To the heart that over its way,
Even though the culprit turn not
From the error of his way,
Let us bear in mind the precept
That our Lord gave lovingly:
We must exercise forgiveness,
If we would forgive be.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

The following affecting narrative pur-
ports to have been given by a father to
his son, as a warning derived from his
own bitter experience of the sin of griev-
ing and resisting a mother's love and
counsel:

"What agony was visible on my mother's
face when she saw that all she said and
suffered failed to move me! She arose to
go home and I followed at a distance. She
spoke no more till she reached her own
door.

"It's school time now," said she. "Go
my son, and once more let me beseech
you to think on what I have said."
"I shan't go to school," said I.
She looked astonished at my boldness,
uttering faintly:

"Certainly you will go, Alfred. I com-
mand you."
"I will not!" said I, in a tone of defi-
ance.

"One of two things you must do, Alfred—
either go to school this moment, or
I will lock you in your room, and keep you
there till you are ready to promise im-
plicit obedience to my wishes in future."
"I dare you to do it," said I, "you can't
get me up stairs."

"Alfred, choose now," said my mother,
who laid her hand upon my arm. She
rembled, violently, and was deadly pale.
"If you touch me I will kick you," said
I, in a terrible rage. God knows I knew
not what I said.

"Then follow me," she said, as she
grasped my arm firmly.
I raised my foot—oh, my son, hear me!
I raised my foot and kicked her—my
sainted mother! I kicked my mother—
a feeble woman—my mother! She staggered
back a few steps and leaned against
the wall. She did not look at me. I saw
her heart break against her breast.

"Oh! Heavenly Father," she cried, "for-
give him—he knows not what he does!"
The gardener just then passed the door,
and seeing my mother pale and almost
unable to support herself, he stopped, she
beckoned him in.

"Take this boy up stairs, and lock him
in his room," said she, and turned from
me.
Booking back as she was entering her
room, she gave me such a look of agony,
mingled with the most intense love—it
was the last unutterable pang from a heart
that was broken.

In a moment I found myself a prisoner
in my own room. I thought, for a mo-
ment, I would fling myself from the open
window and dash my brains out but I
felt afraid to do it. I was not penitent.
At times my heart was subdued, but my
stubborn pride rose in an instant, and
bade me not to yield. The pale face of
my mother haunted me. I flung myself
on the bed and fell asleep. Just at twi-
light I heard a footstep approach the door.
It was my sister.

"What may I tell my mother for you?"
she asked.
"Nothing," I replied.
"Oh, Alfred for my sake, for all our
sakes, say you are sorry. Let me tell
my mother you are sorry! She longs to for-
give you."
"I would not answer. I heard her foot-
steps slowly retreating, and again I threw
myself on the bed, to pass another wretch-
ed and fearful night.
Another footstep, slower and feebler
than my sister's disturbed me. A voice

called me by name. It was my mother's.
"Alfred, my son, shall I come? Are you
sorry for what you have done?" she asked.
I can not tell what influence, operating
at that moment, made me speak averse
to my feeling. The gentle voice of my
mother that thrilled through me, melted
the ice from my obdurate heart, and I
longed to throw myself on her neck, but
I did not. But words gave the lie to my
heart, when I said I was not sorry. I
heard her withdraw, I heard her groan.
I longed to call her back, but I did not.

I was awakened from my uneasy slum-
ber by hearing my name called loudly,
and my sister stood at my bedside.
"Get up Alfred, Oh, don't wait a
minute! Get up and come with me, ino-
ther is the thing."

I thought I was yet dreaming, but I got
up mechanically and followed my sister.
On the bed, pale and gold as marble,
lay my mother. She had not undressed.
She had thrown herself on the bed to rest,
arising to go again to me, she was seized
with a palpitation of the heart, and borne
senseless to her room.

I cannot tell you my agony as I looked
upon her—my remorse was tenfold more
bitter from the thought that she would
never know it. I believed myself to be
her murderer. I fell on the bed beside
her. I could not weep. My heart buried
in my bosom; my brain was all on fire.
My sister threw her arms around me, and
wept in silence. Suddenly we saw a light
motion of mother's hand—her eyes un-
closed, she had recovered consciousness,
but no speech. She looked at me and
moved her lips. I could not understand
her words.

"Mother, mother," I shrieked, "say
only that you forgive me."
She smiled upon me, and lifting her
thin, white hand, she clasped my arm
within them, and cast her eyes upward.
She moved her lips in prayer, and thus
she died. I still remained kneeling be-
side that dear form, till my sister removed
the joy of youth had left me forever.

Boys who spurn a mother's control, who
are ashamed to own that you are wrong,
who think it manly to resist her authori-
ty or to spurn her influence, BEWARE!
Lay not for yourselves a bitter ailment
for your future years.

John Smith.
A Peabody farmer had sold a Lynn man
a deal of pine wood, but on his way thither
he found lost a piece of brown paper that
contained the address. He had searched
for him at the post-office, city hall and in
a dozen bar-rooms, but was unable to find
him, and was on the point of returning
home when he saw an intelligent-looking
individual standing on the corner of Broad
and Atlantic streets to whom he said:

"I sell the load of wood to a man here
by Lynn and I can't think of his name if
I should go to Halifax."
"Comment name, is it?" inquired the
man as though he would like to help him
in any way.
"Yes, very common; heard it a thou-
sand times," replied the farmer knitting
his fingers.

"Breed!" suggested the man.
The farmer shook his head.
"Jones?"
"No, that's not the name. Let me see
—who was it that built the ark?" asked
the farmer, leaning on his whip handle.
"Eph'raim?"
"That's not the name. Let me see—
Who was that discovered America?"
"Victoria C. Woodhull."
"No," replied the farmer. "It's funny
just I can't think of his name. I know it
as well as I know my own. What is
that fellow's name that they call 'The
Father of the Country'?"
"John Morrissey."
"That's not it. Who is that big fellow in
Congress who's been kicked out of the
cabinet for stealing so much money?"
"Sitting Bull?"
"That's not the man I'm looking for.
Who was it that built the first steamship?"
"Charles Francis Adams?"
"Well," said the man with the wood,
"I'm glad as well give it up. Much obliged
to you for your kindness," he added, start-
ing off.

"Wasn't it George Francis Train?" asked
the man self engaged in deep medita-
tion.
"No," replied the farmer, "it's some
of those fellow's names, but that's not ex-
actly it. Who was it that says we folks
all come from the ape?"
"John Smith!"
"That's the man I'm looking for," said
the farmer, tipping his hat on the back of
his head, and taking a fresh chew of to-
bacco. "Who does he live?"
"I'm he," said the man, and the two
went down the street together, while the
horse with the wood followed on behind.

The Difference.
[Detroit Free Press.]
The other day Little English, the
bootblack, thought he had struck a big
thing. He was blacking the boots of a
stranger, who of the look of a dead-beat,
and was wondering whether the man
would run for street car or pass a lead
nickel to him when the stranger asked:
"Boy, if I didn't pay you, what would
you do?"
"When I had my prayers to-night I'd
kinder put in sword for you," was the in-
nocent reply.

The stranger's heart was touched, and
he gave the bootblack a price. Yesterday
a similar case turned up. The stranger
asked the same question, the bootblack
made the same answer, and was expecting
a reward, when the man walked off say-
ing:
"All right—you can kinder put in two
words for me. I'd like to get a drink on
the same plan."

MILDRED.

BY C. MAITLAND.

She lifted up her eyes,
And loved him with a love that was her
own!" read Mildred, from the sweet-
ness of all Trueman's sweet idyls; and as she
passed a moment upon the suggestive
words, and the conscious blush mantled
over cheek and brow, our eyes met in one
quick glance; and each, as if by inspira-
tion, learned for a truth what had hither-
to been only a suspicion—that we loved,
both of us, Randolph Duhamel.

"Mildred?"
"Constance?"
And, like stags at bay, we looked each
other in the face for one long moment;
then, with a sudden flash, which, dying
down, left her face as white as ashes,
Mildred said, "Constance, what are we to
do?"

"There is nothing for us to do," I an-
swered, turning away with bitterness in
my heart—"nothing, but to keep each
other's secret."
There was a pause, and she said again,
with a slight tremor in her voice: "Our
ance, whatever happens, do not let
come between our friendship."

"There is no reason—" I began.
"Yes, there is," she answered, quickly
and with flashing eyes. "A moment ago
when you saw I loved him there was cru-
el hatred in your heart. I felt it—you
could almost have killed me, Con-
stance!"

She was right; for one brief second I
had been in sight of Heaven and my own
conscience, a murderer! But repentance
came, and with an inward cry for pardon,
I caught my cousin's hand.

"Oh, Mildred," I said, "forgive me!
Nothing, not even he, shall ever again
come between our love! Heaven keep
me true!"
And again and again, since that day, I
have thanked to avenge the promise then ex-
changed between us.

On that same evening Mrs. Murray's
soiree d'ausante, at which we were both
engaged, and with what cheerfulness we
might, Mildred and I dressed and went.
There is a dim feeling of agonies
mixed with my recollection of the earlier
hours of that ball. A confused sensation
of lights and perfume, of music and dan-
cing, and a cloud of forms and colors, in
which Mildred and I seemed to be for ever
tossing to and fro; now apart, now to-
gether, yet ever with a strange current of sym-
pathy flowing ceaselessly from one to the
other, and keeping record in each of the
other's heart beats. And then Randolph
Duhamel's dark, clear eye face came be-
tween us, and in the intoxication of his
presence, Mildred—all was forgotten.

I know now how fully the happiness of
a whole lifetime lived and died in that one
short hour; I know how the lights of
the dancing ball-room grew faint and pale
before the animated glow of his dark eyes;
how the hum of solid audience in my
ears; how everything turned into yearn-
ings; how insignificance and sight and sound
became cold and dumb before the presence
of the man I loved; and my foolish heart
kept beating a wild measure to the words,
"I love you, Randolph—love you—love
you!" until I almost feared it might break
into voice and betray my secret. And
then—then came the awakening.

I remember how the cold air of the con-
servatory blew over my cheek like a child
as we retired in among the dark plants. I
remember, as we passed, the white look of
Mildred's face as she stood by the side of
some tiresome partner—and I remember
like a heavy blow upon the heart, came,
in their full significance, the words he was
saying to her.

"Randolph is engaged to Miss Fanny
Powell."
I dropped his arm and looked at him.
There was a glow of the dark cheeks and
a smile upon the pliant lips, that gave
confirmation to the story even he spoke.
"Yes, Miss Constance. I was bring-
ing you into this quiet place to tell you.
Will you not wish me joy?"
And, with a dead weight where all had
been so light before, I took the professed
hand, and murmured some low words of
congratulation.

"Home, home!" I repeated, restlessly,
to myself.
Oh, to get home and think—to think
how would thinking help me now?
But soon we were alone again, Mildred
and I—alone with each other, united
more than ever in the agony of our mutual
trial.

Some little tears, some passionate words
were indulged between us; and then, as
by common consent, the subject was drop-
ped, and each bore her own weight of
trouble as best she might.
But I saw Mildred's cheek pale day by
day, and how the slight hectic flush came
and went; and I saw, too, that Mildred
suffered on her still more trying form of
sorrow than mine; or thinking, as I know
she did, that Randolph's chosen wife was

to be faithful to his love, she un-
derstood the do-ful of an idol; I only that it passed
into another's keeping. To me, my god
was a god still.
And then spring came, and brought
this wedding-day.
"Shall you go?" asked Mildred.
"No!," I answered, choking back the
stone pain that would rise in my throat.
"Go, Mildred! Do you know how I hate
to think of his marrying that girl? Do
you know I could almost hate him, too,
only that I loved him once so dearly—
that I love him so madly still!"
Her smile was very quiet, very sad, too,
as she answered, "It seems now as if I had
loved a different person. My Randolph
is dead. I shall go Constance."

And she went. And I hid his carte de
visite before me on the table, and went
over again every line and feature of the
noble beautiful face, and every word and
look that, during our three years of ac-
quaintance, he had ever given me; and
then with a passionate pride struggling
against uncontrollable love and yearning,
I hung the photograph in the fire, and
wept.

They were my last tears, I have never
wept since.
And Mildred grew paler and more frag-
ile; and I knew that my sweet cousin was
slowly leaving far behind her the shadow
of her short life's sorrow. And oh, the
bitter longing with which I craved to sleep
and I, F. was so weary, and I only
twice a day!

The prolonged wedding tour was over,
and they had come home again—but we
had never seen them. Now it began to
possess me, a clamorous longing that would
not go down, to look upon his face again;
and a wild plan went itself in my brain
that must be acted on.

I remember how drenching it rained—
how the dim lamps flared against the misty
sky, how the cold wet of the pavements
struck through my thin shoes as I hurried,
like a guilty thing, along the streets that
led to their home. I remember my loud
heart beats, how I kept wearily counting
them, and wondering strangely if they
would ever be still again, and the faint
trembling of my feet, that seemed to make
no progress through the slippery mud,
and how forbiddingly the dark houses
frowned upon my errand; and how that
house—his house—seemed to reel, as if to
fall and crush me. And then, creeping
up the lonely steps, I climbed, I know not
how, over the low balcony rails, and
crouched fearfully against the window.
He was there, as I had thought, and she!
"Oh, Mildred, my dying Mildred, could
that child love him as we had done?"

It rose into sound, almost like a cry.
And then again I pressed to the cold glass
my colder lips, praying blessings on the
sacred head of my lost love, and on hers,
too, since he loved her. And then, with
a last despairing gaze, I turned hastily,
and fled home.

But as I tried my purloined latchkey
with shaking fingers, a cold hand was laid
on mine, and a faint voice said, "Help
me in Constance! I saw you go out, and
I suspected and followed you. 'Hush! it
is too late to blame! Now that I have
seen him again, I can sleep!"
And before long Mildred slept, indeed.
Her coffin was carried to the grave—and
I wondered vaguely which lot was best—
hers, or the one she would have chosen?
And would Eternity tell Randolph
his secret?

Twenty Inapposite Things.

Loud and boisterous laughing,
Reading when others are talking,
Talking when others are reading,
Cutting finger nails in company,
Joking others in company,
Gazing rudely at strangers,
Leaving a stranger without a seat,
Making yours if he has of your own story,
Reading aloud in company without being
asked,
Splitting about the house, smoking or
chewing,
Leaving church before worship is closed,
Whispering or laughing in the house of
God.

A want of respect and reverence for
seniors,
Correcting older persons than yourself,
especially parents,
Receiving a present without an expres-
sion of gratitude,
Not listening to what one is saying in
company,
Commencing to eat as soon as you get
to the table,
Answering questions that have been put
to others,
Commencing talking before others have
finished speaking,
Laughing at the mistake of others.

A Tom Pepper.

A friend of ours was telling us not long
since of an acquaintance of his in South
Carolina who was noted for his mendaci-
ty. He related the following:
"I saw some one to the bar—did you re-
member the time the stars fell many years
ago?"
"Yes," said Mendax.
Well, remarked the other, I have heard
it was all a deception—that the stars did
not actually fall.
"Don't you believe it, returned Mendax,
with a knowing look; they fell in my yard
as big as goose eggs. I've got one of
them yet, only the children pass it out with
so much that they wore the shiny points
off."

Feb. 10, 1878, 17.