

The Stephens City Star.

C. E. PAINTER, EDITOR.

Saturday, August 27, 1881.

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DEMOCRATIC SPEAKING.

Hon. John Goode, of Norfolk, will speak in Winchester, Monday, Sep. 5th, 1881, (Court Day).

Other distinguished gentlemen will probably speak on the same occasion.

Condition of the President.

Throughout the week the President has been in a condition that has given rise to many serious apprehensions.

Dr. Hamilton made an incision in the swollen gland below the ear yesterday, and liberated a small quantity of pus. That gave relief and stopped the throbbing that has given much annoyance to the President.

A consultation has been held relative to moving him from the White House, to a more salubrious climate.

Shall We have a Graded School.

We are glad to chronicle that the people of our village and vicinity have at last awakened to the startling truth that they are a half century behind the times with their facilities for education. Now our people do not detract from the efficiency of our underpaid and overworked instructors of past times, in evincing a purpose of making one more stride in the perfection of the school system. Time has worn smooth long since the turns and corners of the arts and crafts of our fathers times. The scientific principles that are now rapidly infusing themselves in the every day occupations of life, require a knowledge of the philosophies that have hitherto been untaught, to be a master mechanic.

Time has driven a revolution in the arts and sciences; and arts is driving us—if we must be driven—to a revolution in our common schools. The time has now come in which it is necessary to have a knowledge of mechanism to harvest our grains, or to dig a well. Mental power has usurped physical power.

It is the determination of our citizens of Newtown to give their children, not only a longer term of schooling, but a higher standard, not only a standard that will capacitate them for the mechanical occupations, but will infuse in them the one degree that must forever attach to those who move in circles above the mediocre.

The Convention of the 15th inst., appointed a committee to ascertain the amount on subscription that will be donated for the purpose of supplementing the free school fund—and to negotiate with the present authorities of the public schools as to the best mode of combining the two funds, and selection of competent instructors.

The committee will have completed their business at or before the time of the next meeting, to be held about the middle of next week, at which meeting it is hoped the citizens will honor the convention with their presence.

The Straightout Convention.

The "Straightout" Republicans in Virginia did not nominate a candidate, but they made their grievances known in their platform. They denounce the tyranny which makes a man pay a dollar poll-tax before voting for the men who are to expend the money raised by taxation, and they are even more severe upon the laws punishing petit larceny with whipping and disfranchisement. Next year the Mahoneites will have "progressed" far enough to declare for free hen-roosts, a holiday for all prisoners on election day to enable them to vote, and no taxes at all, and the persuasions of the Cabinet officers and the Pharisees will not be needed to cause the negroes to flock to their standard.

If it had not been for these resolutions, we would have hailed the declaration of the Republican Convention at Lynchburg, concerning the State debt, as a sign that a portion of the negroes constituting the Republican party of Virginia, had begun to appreciate the duties and obligations of citizenship, but the admirable third resolution in their platform must have been so many meaningless words to the people for whose pleasure the last

three were framed. They are worthy of a convention of chicken thieves demanding the right to vote against the hen-owning legislators who would pass laws punishing the pleasant nocturnal sport so dear to the colored man and brother.—*Wilmington, Del., Every Evening (Dem.)*

The Virginia Canvass.

Daniel and Cameron in Staunton.
[Special Dispatch from the Baltimore Sun.]

STAUNTON, VA., August 22.—The largest crowd assembled here to-day to hear the discussion between Major Daniel, the Democrat, and Col. Cameron, the Readjuster, candidates for Governor, that has been in Staunton on court day for many years. Nearly two thousand persons listened to the speeches in the courtyard. Major Daniel lead off in an hour's speech. He said that between him and his opponent there was not a cent difference in the matter of taxation, and the platform on which he stood was pledged to no increase of taxation. In the matter of the public schools, Major Daniel said he was a member of the Legislature which founded them, and in seven Legislatures he never cast a vote against them, but always for their interests. The fact that two thousand more schools had been opened since the Readjusters got possession of the State government, was owing to the that previous Democratic legislation, including the Henkle school bill had provided the means to do it. Major Daniel asked Cameron the question, "Are you a Democrat or a Republican?" to which Col. Cameron rose, and replied: "I am a Democratic Readjuster, with liberal principles, while my competitor is a Democratic Funder, any man can tell you with what principles." Maj. Daniel here read, with much effect, Cameron's record, as made in his editorial in a Petersburg paper several years ago, in which extreme debt-paying principles were avowed, fifty millions fixed as the amount of the debt, and those who were not willing to pay all of it, indirectly characterized as a community of thieves. He called up the memory of a ballot that was used in some parts of Virginia last fall, on which Garfield's name was put at the head of the ticket bearing the names of the Readjuster electors, in order to deceive the ignorant blacks into voting it, under the impression that they were voting a Republican ticket. This and the fact that Auditor Massey said he could have bought forty votes at ten dollars each in the recent gubernatorial convention Maj. Daniel held up as illustrations of the Readjuster idea of a free ballot and a fair count.

Mr. Cameron replied to Maj. Daniel in a speech of an hour. He pointed out the inconsistency of Daniel going around the country and telling every body of how rich the State was becoming, and yet standing here with a proposition to cut six per cent down to three per cent. He said the Funder left the legacy of an empty treasury to the Readjusters. When they got possession of the State, as Daniel well knew, the legislature had to authorize Auditor Massey to go out in the streets and borrow \$200,000. Whatever might have been his former views about the State debt, they were formed on the false reports of the resources of the State made by officials, and none could say that since 1877, when he, himself examined into it, he had wavered from a firm advocacy of Readjustment. He accepted the statement of his opponent, that he was not opposed to the public schools, but the record showed that the legislation of his party had almost ruined them. Col. Cameron put the question to Maj. Daniel: "First, what will you do if three per cent cannot be paid at the present rate of taxation? Second, are you in favor of the capitation tax?"

He closed by predicting the success of Readjustment. Maj. Daniel opened the rejoinder by saying that Cameron's prophecies about the success of the principles of Readjustment will meet the same fate as Mahone's prophecy last fall about carrying the State by 25,000 majority, when he only got 31,000 out of 200,000 votes. With reference to the capitation tax, he said he voted in company with John E. Massey, John Paul and others of Cameron's friends, to put the prepayment clause in the constitution, and he would now ask Mr. Cameron, "Are you in favor of abolishing the capitation tax?"

Cameron—I am in favor of repealing that clause which requires its prepayment as a prerequisite to vote."

Daniel.—"Are you in favor of abolishing it, and if not, how will you collect it?"

Cameron.—"I am in favor of abolishing it as a prerequisite feature, and I would collect it by some mode like the Louisiana method."

Daniel.—"Then you are in favor of letting a poor man vote free, and then seize his pig for the capitation tax?"

Major Daniel went on to say that the acceptance of the Governor's chair has nothing to do with the repealing of the capitation tax as a prerequisite, as it has to be done by an amendment to the constitution; but if he was elected Governor, he pledged himself to interpose no veto between the people and their will in this matter.

Col. Cameron closed the debate in a three-quarters of an hour speech. He spoke of the new era of good feeling

that will come to Virginia if the Readjuster party is successful. He pressed Daniel for a more explicit answer to the question, What would you do if the revenue of the State will not pay three per cent.

Major Daniel replied that when the sun was shining at high noon it was no time to talk of midnight.

Both speeches were liberally applauded by their friends as the discussion progressed, and at its close, a crowd of two or three hundred democrats followed Major Daniel to his hotel, cheering and waving their hats. It is generally conceded that in the last thirty years no two such able political canvassers as Daniel and Cameron have travelled the State. The discussions are conducted on the highest plane of courtesy.

Some Stories of the War.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM LYNCHING—A MAN WHO HAD THE ROPE AROUND HIS NECK AND WAS SAVED BY A MERE ACCIDENT.
[From the Philadelphia Times.]

WINCHESTER, VA., Aug. 14.—"And this is Kernstown?" I asked as I drew my horse up under the shade of a big walnut tree by the roadside and saluted an old gentleman leaning up against the trunk in his chair. I had ridden over from Winchester, the metropolis of the Valley of Virginia, only a short distance away. "And this is Kernstown," I repeated half to myself, gazing about me as I spoke.

"Yes," said the old gentleman, "this is the old battle-ground itself. They were fighting all around us during the war. As far as the eye can reach, this country is rich with historic associations. The battle of Kernstown was probably one of the most desparately and well contested battles of the war. General Jackson always spoke of it as such."

The August sun was very warm and I gladly accepted the invitation to rest on the porch. Spread out before us was a complete view of the little hamlet and its adjacent fields and meadows. Such a queer old town it is, with its low, gabled roofs and old-fashioned gardens, with flowers and shrubs peeping through their green fence railings. A little way down the road is the village, a tumble-down looking affair. Its creaking sign swings lazily to and fro in the summer breeze. Around the corner grocery are the usual number of country loafers, while near by is a blacksmith shop, the ruddy glare from its forge lighting up the bronze features of the old smithy as he stands in an attitude of rest near the door. Around are fertile fields and luxurious meadows. Way over to the left are wood-crowned hills, and beyond them, what looks to be a continuous range of mountains, their fantastic peaks looking as airy and dream-like as the blue world which floats above them. Well, indeed, has nature hidden beneath her mantle of verdure the ravages of war.

"Yes, sir," continued the old gentleman, "this little village was the scene of many a hard fought skirmish. You see, I lost my right arm when a mere boy, and so, when the war was proclaimed I had to remain at home with the women folks. I was a staunch union man, and I tell you my sentiments came mighty nigh losing me my life. You see that apple tree down by the lane? Well, one night a squad of rebels came riding up and told me to lose no time, but to dress and come out, as they intended to hang me to that very tree. With fear and trembling I obeyed, bidding my heart-broken wife and little ones farewell. I was hurried away. Just as they were fixing the rope about my neck, up dashed a detachment of Michigan cavalry and put the rebels to flight. That was the nearest I ever came to death. We were always on the lookout for surprises. Many a night my wife has prepared the little ones for flight. I remember one day we had hidden our firearms in the stove as the best place of concealment. Hardly had we accomplished this when up came a number of soldiers and demanded a hot supper. What to do my wife did not know. The soldiers were all about her. She finally, with woman's ingenuity, managed to slip the revolvers beneath her apron, and, bearing a hasty retreat soon had them hidden in a more secure place. You see, had the soldiers caught but one glimpse of them they would have taken them without leave or license.

"There was a set of men called bush-whackers, who proved a terrible annoyance. They followed the army for the sole purpose of robbery and plunder. One night a party of these fellows rode up and demanded an entrance. I had been called away to see a sick neighbor. My wife, tying around her waist beneath her dress, a few silver spoons, the last remaining links in the chain of prosperity, hastened down stairs. As she hurried around, preparing them something to eat, her distress of mind was very great for fear one of her precious spoons would slip from his hiding place and thus reveal its existence. While going from pantry to kitchen, she was constantly followed by a big, brawny fellow, pistol in hand. Oh! those were tough times, and I would rather die than pass through a like experience again. We would rise in the morning to find everything as peaceful and quiet as it is at this moment, but by noon here would come squads of rebel and yankee cavalymen, and meeting right here on the turnpike, it

would soon be strewn with dead and dying.

"The day of the battle of Kernstown was dark and dismal. Heavy black clouds hung over the little village. A slow, drizzling rain increased the horror of the scene. Shields and Jackson's cavalry fought right here in front of the door. The cries of the wounded were pitiful, the crackling of musketry fearful, while the booming of cannon was so continuous that it sounded like crashing thunder. The disparity in this fight was very great, but notwithstanding this fact, the field was contended for during the entire day. One poor little fellow fell near our gate, and we managed, in spite of shot and shell, to carry him into the house. He could not have been more than nineteen. The dark curls lay matted against the white brow, damp with the dew of death. As we laid him down, the brown eyes unclosed and he murmured, 'Mother, mother.' Then his eyes wandered from us to the bare walls around him. 'Oh,' he said, 'I thought I was once more in my beautiful southern home, and with a quick, convulsive sigh, the sands of life ran out. We buried him after the fight was over, just there at the foot of the garden, and every day when flowers could be obtained, the children would carry a bouquet and place it upon the poor little fellow's grave.

"Months after, a sweet faced, aristocratic looking woman came to our humble home, and weeping tears of bitterest grief carried back with her to Savannah, all that remained of her once bright and beautiful boy. I tell you sir, those were times that wrung the hearts of the bravest and stoutest, and the old man hastily brushed away a tear.

"Was it not down this very road that Sheridan took his famous ride?" I asked.

"Yes," was the reply, "that was a day long to be remembered. I have at different times seen great doubts expressed by newspapers as to the genuineness of that ride. Let me tell you that these very eyes saw Phil Sheridan come down this road, riding as never man rode before. All the morning the reports from Fisher's hill had been very discouraging. Bands of fleeing soldiery were constantly passing. Everywhere the marks of the stampede were visible. Along the pike were scattered wagons and scattering infantry and cavalry troops. All was a scene of helpless confusion. Things were beginning to look very desperate, when hearing a great chattering of hoofs, I ran down to the gate, and there, coming down the road like the wind, was Sheridan. He was way ahead of his aids, who were following him as rapidly as possible. I knew in an instant that it was he, for it was a peculiarity of his that he always rode in his saddle a little to one side. The little fellow's black eyes were roving from one side of the road to the other, and flashing with separate determination to reach the scene of action. As he came in sight, the terror-stricken soldiers recognizing their leader, sent up cheer after cheer. The effect was magical. The wave of sound was carried down the road, caught up by the others and echoed and re-echoed among the rocks and hills. With one common impulse, the panic stricken men turned, and started with renewed courage for the battle-field. Sheridan, leaving the turnpike just at this point, dashed through the little garden which you see just opposite, taking short cut through fields and over hedges, reaching 'Fisher's hill' in time to stem the current of defeat and win the day."

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The price at which it is offered places it within the reach of all, and we hope our farmers will give it a fair trial this season. Cash price of the "Star Chemicals," delivered at Stephens City depot, free of freight, \$12.00. On 12 months time, (payable October 1st 1882) \$13.50.

It is put up in 4 sacks containing 175 pounds each, making 700 pounds in all, full instructions for mixing accompany each formula.

Thanking you for the great success of the "King Phosphate," and wishing a good demand for the Star Chemicals.

We remain yours truly,
STEELE & BRO.
Stephens City, Va., Aug. 27, 1881.

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Fresh Goods in the Notion Department!

Fancy Cotton Hosiery, Corsets, Lisle and Lace Top Gloves, Ribbons, Fans, Toilet Soaps, Perfumes, Gents' Collars and Cuffs, Laundered and Unlaundered Shirts, Ties, Scarfs, Collar Buttons, Men's Socks, Jackets, Overalls, etc., etc. An entirely new supply of

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Fancy Slippers and Buskins, Men's Plow Shoes, Gents' Congress Gaiters. We always keep on hand a fresh assortment of Confections, Cakes and Crackers, Fresh Lemons and Cheese. All grades of

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Produce taken, and the highest market rates paid.

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Yard wide Victoria Lawns 9 cents, worth 15 cents; Victoria Lawns 9 cents, worth 15 cents; India Linens, 20, 32 and 35 cents; 36 inch striped Victoria Lawn 15 cents, worth 20 cents; Lace Lawns 9 cents, worth 15 cents; Persian Lawns, French Mull and Figured Swiss, greatly reduced. Towels! Towels!! All Linen Towels 10 cents worth 18 cents; Napkins, Napkins; Bleached and unbleached Table Linens, Turkey red table linen. Dress Goods. White Goods. All wool Bunting, plain and lace in all shades reduced from twenty to twenty-five cents a yard. Best black bunting twenty-five cents worth thirty-five cents. Lawns, lawns, lawns. One hundred ladies' ready made linen and lawn dresses \$1.35, 1.50 and \$2.00, worth over double the money. Linen Ulsters, Linen Ulsters. Lace and Mull Ties ten, fifteen and twenty-five cents up. Curtain lace twelve and a-half fifteen and twenty cents a yard. "The Boss" finished unlaundried shirt, fifty cents. Silks and Satins in all shades. Millinery at Cost. This department will be closed out at any price.

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