Staunton Spectator.

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Staunton Spectator.

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Staunton Spectator.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
and Real Estate Agents,
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CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RAILWAY.

On and after May 25th, 1879, Passenger Trains will run as follows: Mail Train daily except Sunday. Express daily.

GOING EAST.

	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Le. Staunton	2.15 p. m.	1.10 a. m.
" Charlottesville	4.25 "	2.55 "
" Gordonsville	5.10 "	3.45 "
Ar. Richmond	8.30 "	7.00 "
Ar. Washington	9.50 "	1.10 p. m.
" Baltimore	11.55 "	3.05 "
" Philadelphia	3.40 a. m.	6.50 "
" New York	6.45 "	10.05 "

☞ Passengers by the Express and Mail Trains connect at Gordonsville for points North, and by Express Trains at Charlottesville for Lynchburg, and points South.

GOING WEST.

	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Le. Staunton	1.35 p. m.	5.35 a. m.
" Goshen	2.56 "	6.54 "
" Millboro'	3.35 dinner	7.12 "
" Covington	5.00 p. m.	8.50 Breakfast.
" White Sulphur	6.20 "	9.45 "
" Alderson's	9.15 Supper	
" Hinton	10.50 "	11.35 "
" Hawk's Nest		2.10 p. m. dinner
" Kanawha Falls	3.02 a. m.	2.33 "
" Charleston	5.35 "	4.10 "
" Huntington	9.00 " Ar.	6.30 "
Ar. Cincinnati		6.00 a. m.

Connecting with the early trains leaving Cincinnati.

No. 22 leaves Staunton daily, Sundays excepted at 5.45 a. m., connecting at Charlottesville for Lynchburg, arriving in Lynchburg 2.32 p. m., connecting with A. M. & O. R. R.

Via Piedmont Air Line leave Richmond going South 10.25 p. m. and 11.40 a. m. Via Atlantic Coast Line, leave Richmond at 10.35 p. m., and 11.35 a. m.

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(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.)

EAST.

	Mail.	Accom.
Leave—		
Staunton	11.40 a. m.	3.15 p. m.
Weyer's Cave	12.12 p. m.	4.12 "
Arrrive—		
Harrisonburg		4.55 "
Leave—		
Harrisonburg	12.40 p. m.	
New Market	1.32 "	
Arrive—		
Mt. Jackson	1.31 "	
Leave—		
Mt. Jackson	2.14 "	
Woodstock	2.47 "	
Strasburg	3.18 "	
Winchester	4.12 "	
Arrive—		
Harper's Ferry	5.35 "	
Washington	8.00 "	
Baltimore	9.10 "	

WEST.

	Mail.	Accom.
Leave—		
Baltimore	7.10 a. m.	
Washington	8.35 "	
Harper's Ferry	11.00 "	
Winchester	12.04 p. m.	
Strasburg	1.08 "	
Woodstock	1.41 "	
Mt. Jackson	2.35 "	
New Market	2.54 "	
Harrisonburg	3.44 "	8.00 a. m.
Weyer's Cave	4.12 "	8.47 "
Arrive—		
Staunton	4.45 "	9.40 "

Mail Train through to Washington and Baltimore without change of cars, and makes close connection at Harper's Ferry with Express Trains for the West. The Accommodation leaving Staunton at 3.15 p. m., runs through to Harper's Ferry.

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S. H. COLEMAN,
jy29 toct 1 Principal.

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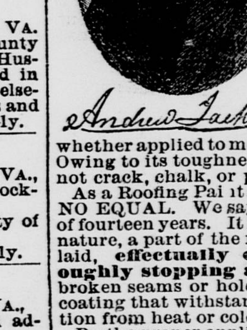

We manufacture Old Iron-side Paint from the purest, toughest and hardest Lake Superior iron ores. This is NOT a patent paint, but the ponderous machinery, by which this grade of iron ore, in its crude state, is crushed and reduced to impalpable powder as fine as flour, is patented. It is really a mineral paint—being 100 per cent. pure iron ore—unsubjected to heat or any other process by which its durability would be affected. It effectually resists all atmospheric changes, which prove so destructive to other mineral paints (so called.) It forms a coating impervious to moisture, whether applied to metal, wood, brick, or stone. Owing to its toughness and elasticity, it does not crack, chalk, or peel off.

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HEADQUARTERS,
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My Merchant Tailoring Establishment has just been fitted up with a new and fine assortment of

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☞ Perfect fits guaranteed and orders promptly executed.

Call and examine goods and prices. jy2-tf

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Special Attention Paid to Cutting.

Work done outside of shop. Cutting and repairing done in best manner and on short notice. ☞ TERMS CASH. ☜ au27-tf

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15 Miles West of Staunton,

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jy1-2m P. & M. BURRUSS, Prop'rs.

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TUTT'S PILLS!

INTRODUCED, 1865

A TORPID LIVER

is the fruitful source of many diseases, prominent among which are

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SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite and Nausea, the bowels are costive, but sometimes alternate with looseness, Pain in the Head, accompanied with a Dull sensation in the back part, Pain in the right side and under the shoulder-blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, General weariness; Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness at night with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.

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are especially adapted to such cases, a single dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

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are compounded from substances that are free from any properties that can injure the most delicate organization. They Search, Cleanse, Purify, and Invigorate the entire System. By relieving the engorged Liver, they cleanse the blood from poisonous humors, and thus impart health and vitality to the body, causing the bowels to act naturally, without which no one can feel well.

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Their first effect is to Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced.

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"Few diseases exist that cannot be relieved by restoring the Liver to its normal functions, and for this purpose no remedy has ever been invented that has as happy an effect as TUTT'S PILLS."

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GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a Natural Color, acts Instantaneously, and is as Harmless as spring water. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

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DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR is a Standard Family Remedy for diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.—It is Purely Vegetable.—It never Debilitates—It is Cathartic and Tonic.

TRY IT

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To Have Good Health, the Liver must be kept in order; its unhealthy action causes Bilious Attacks, Jaundice, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Headache, Bowel Complaints, Seasickness, and other Disorders.

The Liver is the seat of malarial diseases. The Liver Invigorator protects the system from Miasmatic Influences. It Purifies the Blood, Regulates the Bowels, Assists Digestion, and Strengthens the System.

The Liver Invigorator has been used in my practice and by the public, for more than 35 years, with unprecedented results.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

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ANY DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU ITS REPUTATION.

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"For sinking spells, fits, dizziness, palpitation and low spirits, rely on Hop Bitters."

"Read of, procure and use Hop Bitters, and you will be strong healthy and happy."

"Ladies, do you want to be strong, healthy and beautiful? Then use Hop Bitters."

"The greatest appetizer, stomach, blood and liver regulator—Hop Bitters."

"Clergymen, Lawyers, Editors, Bankers and Ladies need Hop Bitters daily."

"Hop Bitters has restored to sobriety and health, perfect wrecks from intemperance."

"Sour stomach, sick headache and dizziness, Hop Bitters cures with a few doses."

PROVERBS.

"$500 will be paid for a case that Hop Bitters will not cure or help."

"Hop Bitters builds up, strengthens and cures continually from the first dose."

"Kidney and Urinary complaints of all kinds permanently cured by Hop Bitters."

HOP COUGH CURE is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask children.

The HOP PAD for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys is superior to all others. Ask Druggists.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistable cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

All above sold by druggists. Hop Bitters Manufacturing Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Send for Circular.

apr1-1y

DR. GEO. S. WALKER, so well and favorably known in Augusta and adjoining counties, is associated with

GEO. W. MAY & CO.

in their drug business on Augusta street, opposite the Augusta National Bank, and will be glad to see his many friends at his new place of business. oct8

GOOD NEWS FOR THE BALD. GEO. W. MAY & CO. are agents for

CARBOLINE,

Nature's Noblest Remedy, will positively produce a growth of hair on a bald head.

WE offer to families and contractors, and all who wish to paint,

PURE LEAD AND OIL

At BOTTOM FIGURES.

oct8 G. W. MAY & CO.

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GEO. W. MAY & CO., Agents for the

Buffalo Lithia Water,

just from th[illegible]ing oct8

POETRY.

FRIENDS OF LONG AGO.

When I sit in the twilight gloaming,
And the busy streets grow still,
I dream of the wide, green meadows,
And the old house on the hill.
I can see the roses blooming
About the doorway low,
Again my heart gives greeting
To the friends of long ago—
Dear long ago!

I can see my mother, sitting,
With life's snowflakes in her hair,
And she smiles above her knitting,
And her face is saintly fair,
And I see my father reading
From the Bible on his knee,
And again I hear him praying
As he used to pray for me—
So long ago!

I see all the dear old faces
Of the boys and girls at home,
As I saw them in the dear old days,
Before we learned to roam.
And I sing the old songs over
With the friends I used to know,
And my heart forgets its sorrows
In its dreams of a long—
Dear long ago!

How widely our feet have wandered
From our old home's tender ties,
Some are beyond the ocean,
And some are beyond the skies.
My heart grows sad with thinking
Of the friends I used to know!
Perhaps I shall meet in Heaven
All the loved ones of long ago—
Dear long ago!

A NIGHT WITH THE SARDINES.

"Sardina, sardina—Sardi-i-i-na frescua-a-a-a!"

"Sardines, sardines—fresh sardines!" Such was the shrill cry that roused me at dawn on the first morning of my presence in Lequeitio.

Lequeitio is an ancient and not much frequented seaport on the coast of Biscaya, almost impracticable to the stranger even in fine weather, owing to its numerous outlying rocks, just awash, and utterly unapproachable in half a gale. It is charmingly situated on the inner bend of a small gulf, and is protected from the full force of the Biscayan waves by an island which stands in the center of the curve, forming the miniature bay of golden sand.

The Basque seamen retain their reputation as being the best in Spain, and I can vouch that the fishermen of Lequeitio are as fine and hardy a set of fellows as a skipper need choose from. In their long, undecked, light-built galleys, manned by a patron and fourteen oarsmen, rowing double-banked, when not under sail, they put to sea, sometimes never to return.

I must tell you that I am now writing of May, 1875, a period when the Carlist war was desolating the north of Spain. I had been following, as correspondent, the movements of the Legitimist forces, and being weary and worn had made for Lequeitio in search of renovating sea-breezes, and a few days of peace and quiet.

As luck would have it, when I was wondering how I could make a trip in one of the galleys, the comandante de armas or town major, to whom I had delivered a strong letter of introduction on the previous evening, sauntered down the mole, followed by his orderly carrying a basket. The old gentleman was evidently intent on levying a contribution in kind, and when the patron of a galley caught sight of him he stepped ashore, shook hands with the veteran of previous Carlist struggles, and himself chose at least a couple of hundred of the choicest fish. The commandante then passed the compliments of the day with me, accepted a cigarette, and suggested that I should buy a dozen or two of sardines, and have them cooked for breakfast at the seamen's tavern close by. To this I assented, but on condition that something beyond sardines should form the fare, and that he and the patron of the galley should be my guests.

"Hola, Clementi Orue!" shouted the commandante; "here is a friend of mine a senor Inglese, who asks us to breakfast with him. What say you? I am willing and I should think that an appetite is not what you'll be wanting."

"Where, and at what hour?"

"At the tavern of the widow Martinez at eight."

"I accept, and will send the fish."

I looked upon the advent of the commandante, just at the moment, as very fortunate. I was very desirous of making a night trip in one of the galleys, but hardly seeing how to work the project. Now matters appeared more promising, and I felt pretty certain to pull through before Clementi Orue and I parted.

We found Clementi Orue awaiting us at the tavern, and if savory meant anything, but little appetite would be needed to relish the meal. It is true, there was but one common, bare-walled, smoke-incrusted, raftered room, with seamen eating, drinking and soaking—a hearty, frank set of fellows, who held their glasses toward us as we entered. A side table had been prepared for our party; and, certainly, not even in the best of bondas, would be found a whiter cloth or napkins brighter, knives, forks and spoons, or cleaner plates.

"Take you on a trip—well, I don't know what to say. There is no room in a galley for idlers, and if it came on a breeze of wind, or the net got fouled, or a dozen other things, you would be in everybody's way. Besides, the men might not like it, and you might get sick; and after all, there isn't much to see; and I know, so far as I am concerned, if I was not forced to do it, I would sooner be tucked up comfortably in bed than getting wet."

"Well, but look here, senor patron, this kind of thing is not altogether new to me, though I have never been after the sardine. The fact is, I was brought up in a fishing village, and could steer and row when only eight years old. In addition, I have knocked about at sea considerably, have crossed the Atlantic four times, have run through blockades on the American coast, and might, perhaps, be able to bear a hand if you were pushed."

"Hola, caballero," exclaimed the patron with beaming face; "hola, so you are a bit of a salt yourself; touch there," holding out his hand. "You shall make a trip, never fear, and it just happens that I am one short of my complement."

Having noticed half a dozen of the crew at the center table, I suggested to Clementi Orue that he should call them over to drink the health of the new hand. This was done, and I saw the arrangement met with their entire approval, more especially that part in which was mentioned a keg of aguardiente and two or three bundles of cigars. Then it was agreed that the patron should take his evening meal with me in the same place, and that, wind and weather permitting, the galley would cast off at nightfall.

Well, at the appointed time, I found Clementi Orue awaiting me, and on a chair by his side rested a formidable looking bundle.

"Here I am, senor, and here's your kit. There's just a steady cap-full to the northwest, which will be dead against us working out, but fair for running in. As it is more than probable we shall get a wetting, I have brought you a stout flannel guernsey and a pair of oilskin overalls, so leave your coat with the widow Martinez. I see you wear the boina, like the rest of us, and alpargatas (canvas shoes, with hemp soles), but slip off the sock—that's so; now for the guernsey and overalls—brave, and I'd like to see the fellow to you."

Our supper was soon disposed of, and the patron slinging the keg of aguardiente over his shoulder, and tucking the cigars under his arm, we made down the mole for the galley. All hands were in readiness to start, and amidst hearty wishes of good luck from a cluster of women and girls, we cast loose and paddled toward the mouth of the bay; it appeared that two other galleys were to put to sea that night, and had already worked out. As we reached the opening between island and mainland, the masts had been stepped, and at the word "Hoist" from the patron, the two legs of-mutton sails went up. There was a list to port, followed by a southing, rushing sound, three or four smacks against the bows, a succession of clouds of spray which soaked everything and everybody fore and aft, and then the men settling into their places to starboard, and a taughtening pull being got at the sheets, away we went on a westerly course, running diagonally outward from the coast. Clementi Orue had suggested the coiled net on the stern-board as a good seat for me and against this he leaned and worked the steering-oar. The night was rather dark the sky being patched with clouds, and there would be no moon for an hour or more; still, as the patron said, if there were fish, he'd manage to catch them without candles.

"By the way, it never occurred to me to ask the name of your boat—what is it?"

"La Santistma Trinidad. She's a good, stiff boat, and will carry on, going free or close hauled, with any other."

She certainly was moving along, though heading considerably to windward, and on the course we were going made capital weather and was remarkably steady.

The steering-oar was confided to me, and then after about an hour and a half of the same course, to just abreast the Machichaco light, we went about, and made due north for an offing. Our speed was nearly doubled, and as the moon had risen, and now and again broke through the clouds, we caught an occasional glimpse of the two other boats, about a mile to the windward. Suddenly Joaquin, one of the men, who was standing on a thwart and leaning against the foremast, sang out:

"Sardina, sardina, sardina—yonder away, dead in the wind."

Yes; there was the shoal, a luminous, phosphorescent streak, some hundreds of yards in length.

In an instant the galley's head was brought round, the canvas shook and flapped, and in another moment down went the sails. Then the oars were got out, and away we went, thudding through the seas which came stem on. Joaquin, in the bows, had a boom with block at end ready, and a coiled line, made fast to the outgoing extremity of the net, was passed forward, and this he rove through the block, and then rigged the boom firmly, so as to project from six to eight feet. All this had been done in the twinkling of an eye, the men, the while, bending to their oars with a will.

"Stand clear of the net, senor, and lend me a hand when the moment comes to play out. Give way, my lads, give way, we shall have Pedro Artegui and Jose Echevarria down on the shoal before we get a cast; the wind will blow them clean on to it. Pull, chicos, pull, for sardines at twenty reals the thousand. They'll be well worth every farthing of it to-morrow, and only three boats out. Pull, boys, pull; Pedro and Jose have got a sight and are bound for the fish under full canvas. Give way—will you let a hundred reals each slip through your fingers? Pull, by all the saints in Heaven, pull. Give way, chicos, give way, the sea's alive with them, and one cast will be a fortune for all of us——"

"Pay out, pay out!" shouted Joaquin, as the galley seemed to cleave into a liquid phosphorescent fire, flakes of which, in the shape of sardines, flew sparkling from the oar-blades.

Whilst I rapidly cleared coil after coil of the net, the patron cast it adrift, Joaquin, meanwhile, slacking out the messenger-line through the block at the end of the boom. As the last coil went over, the line with it was only allowed to run a dozen yards or so, and then made fast. The oars were now tossed inboard, and the men commenced lifting the false flooring, which fitted to about two feet above the keel, and wooden scoops were placed handy.

"Haul in fore and aft," cried the patron, and half a dozen men clapped on to each line, bringing the net inwards, to bow and stern, in a semicircle, the form of which could be traced by the myriads of glistening fish that sought to escape over the floating corks.

But it seemed, despite these signs, that we had been too hasty and had made a false cast, for it soon became apparent we were only on the edge of the shoal, which was making away to windward and right on to the galleys of Pedro Artegui and Jose Echevarria.

"Now, may the saints have you in their holy keeping, Senor Joaquin, for the good you have done us. See, there go the fish my lads, but haul in smartly, or the few we have, will manage to get away. What say, you, chicos, shall we make a present of this take to buy spectacles for Joaquin?"

Joaquin muttered something to the effect that he was not the only one in the boat wanting eyes, and that he had given the word at the right time; that the galley's head was allowed to pay off, and what further observations he made were lost in a grumble. When the whole of the net had been gathered in, the scoops barely succeeded in getting a couple of bushels.

In anything but a good humor, the patron gave the word to hoist sails, and as we turned again saawards the moon rose from a bank of clouds, and in its light we could see the galleys of Pedro Artegui and Jose Echevarria laying over to the weight of fish they were taking. One thing was positive, that we had left them behind, and that whatever we fell in with now we should have to ourselves. Well, for hours we tacked and retacked, making for whatever there appeared indications, and at dawn greatly discouraged, Clementi Orue suggested putting about and steering homewards. At this moment, Joaquin, who had been perched moodily in his usual place, turned to the patron, and asked him to look in the direction to which he pointed—the northeast. There was a line of light on the water and a broadening streak of morning in the sky. Scores of seagulls were eddying in circles, now poising for an instant, and then swooping down to the surface.

"If that doesn't mean fish," said Joaquin in rather a sulky manner, "may I never catch another sardine as long as I live."

"Right, my lad," replied the patron cheerily; "there are sardines there by millions, and as they are to leeward we can strike them where we choose. Now then, my lads, have everything in readiness, and stand by to down sail when I give the word."

In about a quarter of an hour we were right on to, and apparently near the center of the shoal, which must have been a mile in length. Every rising wave was literally alive with fish, and as we struck in they leaped from the water in every direction round the galley.

"Down sail," shouted the patron, and with good way still on the boat the net was cast. Then came the hauling in, and by the dead weight there could be no doubt as to the take; indeed, as the net neared, the whole of the surface confined became solid with sardines. Half a dozen men with scoops leaped on to thwart and gunwale, and commenced lading the fish in, while those hauling had to keep easing to give them time to work at the dense mass; and when at last the remnants were shaken out of the strands of the net, the patron said, turning to me:

"There, senor, you have brought us luck. I never saw a finer take, and if there were millions more, we haven't room for another hundred."

And so it seemed, for we were pretty deep, and as for the flooring, the boards were just cast loosely over the fish.—Then, in the exuberance of his spirits, Clementi Orue served out a glass of aguardiente and a cigar all round. As he passed me the cup, he indicated with the hand holding the bottle the land.

"And now for Lequeitio with as many sardines on board as Pedro Artegui and Jose Echevarria have between them.—There, abreast of us, lies Elanchove, and," turning slightly, "there is Cape Machichaco, where"——

His eyes and jaws became fixed, the fingers opened, and the bottle fell into the water. Following the direction of his gaze, I saw a steamer rounding the headland, and apparently pointing directly for us.

"Holy Mary! yonder is the government cruiser Ferrolano—up sail, lads, and pray for the breeze to freshen, or we're likely to see Cuba or the Philippines on board a man-of-war."

We had a good ten miles to run, with the wind, which was increasing, on our beam. The steamer, to cut us off, would have to do the whole in fourteen though when we sighted her she was not more than seven distant. We both would be going on diagonal lines, and ours was the shorter. It may readily be imagined that the chicos needed no recommendation to bestir themselves. The sails were hoisted in a jiffy, the galley trimmed to bear the strain, the course laid, and as the boat felt the "draw" she seemed to leap forward. Pedro Artegui and Jose Echevarria were already under the land, so they, at any rate, were safe. For some minutes no one spoke, the whole attention being concentrated to the Ferrolano; and it soon became evident, from the increasing volume of smoke, that she had caught sight of us and was firing up. We were well ballasted with the fish and stood the spread of canvas admirably, though the list to port, now and again, brought the gunwale level with the seething water. The wind freshened considerably, and under other circumstances it might have been a question of taking in a reef, but we held on, banking sardines and men well over to starboard. I should think we must have been going eight or nine knots, but for all that the Ferrolano rose perceptibly every few minutes, and when we were within five miles of the entrance to Lequeitio I could distinctly see the group of officers on her bridge. At four miles she was not more than fifteen hundred yards off, and she soon let us know it; for following a white puff from her bows came a shrieking howl across our stern, which made all hands duck like a lot of salaaming mandarins. The Ferrolano gunner was trying his hand, and it was pretty certain that each succeeding shot would come closer, and so it proved, for the next struck the water on our starboard quarter, completely drenching the patron and mysef.

"What do you think about it, senor; we have no chance; have we?" asked Clementi Orue of me in a low voice.

With a tolerably decent attempt at a smile, considering the awkward position in which we found ourselves, I suggested that while there was life there was hope that I did not think we should be hit, and that every moment we drew nearer home. I had scarcely given expression to these comforting observations, when a flat contradiction came to the supposition that we were not likely to be touched. Vrrrowww—vrriish—boom! and a shell struck our mainmast about three feet from the peak, bursting and sending the particles humming to port. The spar was shattered completely, and the canvas came down with a crash, partially falling on to the gunwale, and partially into the water, and as the men slid over to port at the same time, I thought we would capsize. The fore-sheet had also been cut, and the sail was banging and flopping terribly.

"Holy Mary! it's all over with us," gasped the patron; "we'd better luff up and give in; another shot will cut us in two."

I hardly know how to explain, but somehow or other I found myself in command.

I presume it was that I had kept my head, having during campaigning experiences of fifteen years, been considerably under fire bot at sea and on land; besides, I felt convinced that the chances were not altogether hopeless.

"Now, chicos," I shouted, "down with that foresail—unstep both masts—get that wreckage and dragging canvas inboard, and out with oars; that's it, don't be flurried, he has not half the mark to shoot at now, besides which our jumping will puzzle him. I beg your pardon, patron, but as you are one hand short you had better take your place on the after thwart to make up the number. I will steer, only tell me if I can keep a straight course for mid-entrance without fear of rocks?"

Clementi Orue looked at me curiously and steadily for a moment, then grasping an oar and seating himself, he answered:

"Yes, direct for the entrance; it's about high water, and there isn't enough sea on to make going over rocks very risky."

"Well, then, give way all of you, and let him shoot his best; why he'd have to be able to hit a fly to strike us now. That's it, my lads, pull your hardest and pull together; you are bound for Lequeitio, and not for Cuba or the Philippines."

Another shell flew over us but at a considerable height, and then one ducked and draked across the bows; and though I told the men, who could not see where the water was struck, that it was at least a quarter of a mile off, I began to have serious misgivings. The Ferrolano was overhauling us rapidly, and, in addition to her gunning, would probably soon sprinkle us with rifle shots. I had my eyes firmly fixed on the entrance, so as not to lose an inch by yawing, if I could help it, when to my utter astonishment a long puff of white smoke leaped over the wall of the platform in front of the hermitage, near the summit of the mainland point.—Turning my head quickly in the direction of the steamer, I saw a flash right on her bows—she had been struck by a shell.

"Don't stop to look, lads, but give way; every minute is worth an hour now. Some one is helping us, and no mistake, and if the second shot is an improvement of the first, we shall not have much more to fear from the Ferrolano."

"The gun must have dropped from heaven," cried the patron, with an expression of blank amazement on his face, "and Santa Barbara is working it."

Again the white cloud leaped out from the hermitage terrace, and this time the shell burst on the steamer's bridge; and when the smoke cleared there could be seen great scattering and confusion among the figures that had hitherto formed a dark group. But that was not all. The helm had been put hard at starboard, and the Ferrolano, under full steam, headed seaward, checked and driven off by a single gun, where she thought to have everything her own way, and meet with no resistance. Delighted beyond measure at our lucky escape, I suggested to Clementi Orue and the crew, that by way of a parting salute we should toss oars and give her a round of cheers, though the last might not probably be heard.

"And now, senor patron, as there are quite enough hands to pull, I resign to you your post———"

"No, by Our Lady! that shall not be. You have brought us through the difficulty, and you shall take us in. When we were struck, had you not acted as you did, I should have put about and surrendered. We owe our escape to you first, and then to the miraculous gun; isn't that so, chicos?"

"Si, si, viva el Captain Inglese!"

As the patron and chicos insisted that I should maintain my place at the steering-oar, there was nothing for it but to obey, and splendidly they pulled in. No sooner did we round the point and come in sight of the mole than cheer after cheer went up, for it was seen we were rowing full-handed, and that consequently no one had been killed or hurt. Each of the crew had some one near and dear to him crying and laughing with joy; and the patron's wife, a portly dame, hugged and kissed her husband, as he had probably not been hugged and kissed for many a year. Soon we came to the *comandante de armas*, and from him I got the following explanation of the "miraculous" gun.

"Just after you had put out last night, a lieutenant of the artillery, with ten men, arrived in charge of a Whitworth cannon, which had been ordered here for the protection of the port—it is to be mounted on an earth-work on the island yonder. Well, when Pedro Artegui and Jose Echevarria came in with the news that the Ferrolano was trying to cut off the Santisima Trinidad, I roused up the lieutenant, and, obtaining any number of volunteers from among the boatmen, the gun was dismounted, and, with the carriage, was lifted and hauled up the precipitous and narrow path to the hermitage terrace. The first shot, as you must have noticed, was good, the second excellent, and with my glasses I saw that some of those on the bridge had been hurt by the bursting shell."

It was a very lucky accident that brought that gun to Lequeitio just in the nick of time. Without it I should probably have had but little taste for sardines after that night's adventure.

For the SPECTATOR.

The Town of Newport.

On the Middlebrook Turnpike, midway between Staunton and Lexington, in a fertile valley on the banks of the beautiful Moffetts creek, surrounded by sentinel hills of vine and verdure, nestles in quiet repose and peaceful contentment the town of Newport, the theme of our sketch. The beauties of the Valley of Virginia are famed in song and story, and the numberless thousands who have wandered through the length of its enchanting expanse have told its praises, both far and near, with enthusiastic rhapsodic joy. This grand and enchanting scenery is ever spread out before the eye of the traveler in all of its eden hues of transcendential glory. Although popular admiration of travel-worn attractions mars the pleasure by anticipation and disappoints the expectation, yet exaggeration spoils the first look at the Natural Bridge. You must remain a day or two, and in contemplation of its grandeur forget the overdrawn description of enthusiasm. Every one who has viewed the Bridge must remember with what high aspiration, which leaped like angels from the breast, as they beheld so forcible the immutable workings of the hand of God. It is useless to attempt to describe so grand and magnificent a colossal of nature, only to be conceived, not described.

Now to travel back to our own little village that sleeps at the foot of the beautiful and far-famed Laurel Hill, from the top of which can be viewed, as far as the eye can penetrate, the whole country spread out, in all its pristine loveliness, presenting to the eye varying pictures of beauty and sublimity.

But to be brief, we will say that as the bright beams of the god of day shines forth to illuminate the footstool of the Creator, and cause the dew drops to sparkle as the stars of heaven, and as the zephyrs kiss and re-kiss with lingering sweetness the fast decaying autumnal leaves, the town of Newport presents a scene both sublime and lovely. Although the town is not large, yet it contains about one hundred inhabitants. The town is not composed of fine buildings, yet all its dwellings are comfortable ones, in front of which are beautiful yards, decorated with choice selections of nature's own ornaments, consisting of eden's own lovely flowers.

The enterprise of the town consists of two stores, ably conducted by Messrs. J. L. Hailman and D. E. Paxton, assisted by Messrs. M. J. Weaver and Wm. M. East.

The professional men of the town are W. J. Alexander, T. O. Jones, and C. D. Kunkle, as Doctors, and W. R. Turk, Dentist. At this place, Teter's All-healing Liniment is manufactured by R. S. Miller; Hite's Pain, by Dr. S. P. Hite; Cloreathean, by Mr. W. Taliaferro. We also have all the mechanical occupations requisite for the growth of any town. We have withheld for the last, by way of pleasing contemplation, any allusion to the pretty girls, of which we only dare state that we have seen many, and without them even Newport would be as unattractive as a bird without its plumage. PISGAH.

WOMEN'S INFLUENCE ON SOCIAL LIFE.—Men, as a rule, are easily attracted to a beautiful face, but still it is an internal beauty of character by which a woman can exert the greatest amount of influence. A true minded man, though at first enamored by the glare of personal beauty, will soon feel the hollowness of its charms when he discovers the lack of beauty in the mind. Inestimably great is the influence a sweet minded woman may wield over those around her. It is to her that her friends would come in seasons of sorrow or sickness for help and support—one soothing touch of her kindly hand would work wonders on the feverish child, a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister would do much to raise the load of grief which is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home, worn out with the pressure of business and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cosy sitting room and sees the blaze of the bright fire, his slippers placed by loving hands in readiness, and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences, which act as the balm of Gilead on his wounded spirits, that are wearied with combating with the stern realities of life. The rough school boy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with its own large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast, and so one might go on with instances of the influence a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected.—*St. James' Magazine.*

HATCHING HOUSE.—Colonel Marshall McDonald, Fish Commissioner, returned to the city Saturday from Southwestern Virginia, where he went to select a site for a hatching house. After examining a number of localities he selected a fine bold spring about three miles from Wytheville, admirably suited for the purpose. He made arrangements for building, and expects to have the hatchery in operation by the first of October.—*Lynchburg Virginia.*

A GEM FOR EVERY MONTH.

JANUARY.

By her who in this month is born
No gem save garments should be worn;
They will insure her constancy
True friendship and fidelity.

FEARUARY.

The February born will find
Sincerity and peace of mind;
Freedom from passion and from care,
If they the amethyst will wear.

MARCH.

Who on this world of ours their eyes
In March first open shall be wise;
In days of peril firm and brave,
And wear a bloodstone to their grave.

APRIL.

She who from April dates her years,
Diamonds should wear, less bitter tears
For vain repentance flow; this stone
Emblem of innocence is known.

MAY.

Who first beholds the light of day
In spring's sweet flowery month of May,
And wears an emerald all her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

JUNE.

Who comes with summer to this earth,
And owes to June her day of birth,
With ring of agate on her hand,
Can health, wealth and long life command.

JULY.

The glowing ruby should adorn
Those who in warm July are born;
Then will they be exempt and free
From love's doubts and anxiety.

AUGUST.

Wear a sardonyx, or for thee
No conjugal felicity.
The August-born without this stone,
'Tis said must live unloved and lone.

SEPTEMBER.

A maiden born when autumn leaves
Are rustling in September's breeze,
A sapphire on her brow should bind—
'Twill cure diseases of the mind.

OCTOBER.

October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an opal on her breast,
And hope will lull those woes to rest.

NOVEMBER.

Who first comes to this world below
With drear November's fog and snow,
Should prize the topaz' amber hue—
Emblem of friends and lovers true.

DECEMBER.

If cold December gave your birth,
The month of snow and ice and mirth,
Place on your hand a turquoise blue,
Success will bless whate'er you do.

For the SPECTATOR.

Young America.

The disposition of youth is better found out by observation and experience than by description, but by recapitulating what we have seen we may form a faint idea of the governing principles of Young America.

We see the lad at sixteen, however, not very sweet sixteen.

He starts out on Sunday morning with boots blacked and coat dusted, sporting a cane which he has cut from the brush if he cannot afford a better one, and the first thought that enters his mind is, I am a man at last. He looks back a few years to the time when he was but a boy. But oh! what a change since then! And the next words are, "I'd not re-call my childhood with all its delights." He takes no part in the Sabbath school, but spends that time in some conspicuous place, thinking that he is now too large to be found in the Sabbath school work. He is no longer contented at home on Sunday evenings, and is too big to ask permission to leave, therefore he steals away. He calls his father the Old Man, but would be known himself by the respectable name of Mr.

Time passes, and we see him again at the age of eighteen. He is now sure that he is a man. Of all ideas, that one is most prominent in his mind. He now thinks that he should have a watch. If his father refuses to get it for him, he determines to make that his first purchase after he has reached the long wished-for twenty-one. The nineteenth and twentieth pass slowly by. Sometimes he thinks "that glorious day is drawing nigh." And, finally, it does come. Then we see a fine specimen of the American Swell. The merchant finds ready sale for hair oil, cigars, and other "popular necessaries." To say the least of him, he is a perfect dandy. He goes to church five times as much as he would, were it not for the ladies he sees while there. He spits tobacco juice on the floor, which fact alone he thinks is sufficient evidence that he is a man. He comes home at night, after the old folks have retired, and goes on tip-toe to his room that he may not disturb their slumbers.

He now thinks that there is a country in the West where money is more plentiful than rocks, and the river beds glitter with that Eldorado which would have appeased the wildest fancies of a Cortez. With a daring courage, he goes to that country, but soon he finds that he was sadly mistaken. Disease seizes him, and then the sentiment is, "Home, sweet home." In dreams, he finds himself there, and how fair do those appear who are dear to his heart! Like a prodigal he returns. He has now learned one of the most important lessons of his life—the lesson that there is no place like home.

And is this Young America!

Yes, boys are bad creatures, to be sure. But there are exceptions to this rule. Upon these few exceptions depend the bettering of our country. The young man who can run about at night, and then, when the sun is shining, lie in bed and sleep is of no use to his father, and never will be to his country until he changes his programme by sleeping in the hours of silence and working while the sun shines. Cleobulus said, "Avoid excess." If young men, in all their actions, would do this, they would have the corner-stone laid for usefulness. The work of an hour may make a young man worthy of honor for life. Young man, tread lightly on the trap-door.

X. Y. Z.

INITIALS ON FRUIT.—Did you ever see a name printed on a growing apple or peach? No? Well, if you wish to have that pleasure, this is the way to obtain it: While the fruit yet hangs green upon the tree, make up your mind which is the very biggest and most promising specimen of all. Next, cut out from thin tough paper the initials of the name of your little brother or sister or chief crony, with round specks for dots after the letters, and the letters themselves plain and thick. Then paste these letters and dots on that side of the apple which is most turned to the sun, taking care not to loosen the fruit's hold upon the stem.

As soon as the apple is ripe take off the paper cuttings, which having shut out the reddening rays of the sun, have kept the fruit green just beneath them, so that the name or initials now show plainly. After that, bring the owner of the initials to play near the tree, and say presently, "Why, what are those queer marks on that apple up there?" You will find this quite a pleasant way to surprise the little ones, and, of course, you can print a short pet name as easily as initials.—*St. Nicholas.*

Mrs. Partington says that the only way to prevent steamboat explosions is to make engineers bile the water on shore.

There is many a man strong enough to hold a bull by the horns, and yet not strong enough to hold his own tongue.