Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY,
Editor and Proprietor.

$2.00 A YEAR.

If discontinued before payment, the rate of $3 per annum will be charged.

Remittances should be made by check, draft, Postal order, or Registered letter.

Staunton Spectator.

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Staunton Spectator

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

ADVERTISEMENTS are inserted at the rate of 12½ cents per line, for the first, and 6¼ cts for each subsequent insertion.

LOCAL NOTICES are inserted at the rate of 20 cents per line for the first, and 10 cents for each subsequent insertion.

BUSINESS NOTICES are inserted at the rate of 15 cents for the first and 8 cents for each subsequent insertion.

A liberal discount will be made on all orders for 3, 6 or 12 months.

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Can show you the

MOST COMPLETE

—STOCK OF—

SPRING GOODS

Ever Brought to Staunton,
CONSISTING OF

COLORED DRESS GOODS, VELVETS,

Surah Silks, Black Silks, Plaids, Mohairs, Henriettas,

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—MOURNING GOODS NOTIONS—

CARPETS, MATTINGS, LACE CURTAINS
CORNICE POLES, OIL CLOTHS,
LINOLEUMS,

A full line of house furnishings. All of the above goods will be sold at fair prices.

We guarantee satisfaction.

WITZ, LIGHTNER & CO.

jan 1—tf

MILLINERY.

MADAMES SHEPHERD & FAGAN, No. 7 N. New Street, STAUNTON, VA., keep constantly in stock a full line of the most Fashionable Millinery.

They are regularly receiving new supplies of the latest importations.

Notions in Great Variety.

Call on them for *Bargains* in the most stylish goods. Mrs. SHEPHERD & FAGAN, No. 7 N. New Street.

no26-tf

ALEX. HARMAN'S

LIVERY EQUIPMENT

Cannot be Surpassed in the State.

His horses are of the best quality—gentle and handsome—and his rolling stock of all kinds of the best patterns and most attractive appearance. Call at his Livery, on South Augusta street, when you want either a riding or driving turnout.

Waynesboro Branch.

I have established a branch office in Waynesboro, and supplied the stables with a full equipment of horses, buggies, carriages, phætons, &c., to accommodate the public.

ALEX. HARMAN.

STAUNTON SAVINGS BANK!

No 22 West Main St, Crowle Building.

Subscribed Capital $30,000.

A. G. GORDON, President. W. T. McCUE, Vice President.
G. G. CHILD, Cashier.

—:o:—

One Dollar and Upwards

RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT, AND INTEREST ALLOWED. LOANS AND DISCOUNTS.

Open 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.: Mondays and Saturdays 9 A. M. to 7 P. M. apr22-6m.

NOTICE. The undersigned will offer for sale at Public Auction, for cash, in front of the Courthouse, Staunton, Va.,

FRIDAY, MAY 22ND, 1891,

at 10 A. M., the 23 shares of West-Staunton Land Company's stock standing in the names of the following parties:—
B Blackburn and Stuart, 4 shares; J. and J. L. Sumgardner, 7 shares; Mrs. G. E. Turner, 10 shares; J. F. Tannehill, 2 shares. The said stock is advertised to be sold to pay the unpaid assessments thereon.

By order of the Board of Directors.

W. W. ROBERTSON,
April 22-tds Sec. and Treas.

PHOTO-ENGRAVING.

IT PAYS TO ILLUSTRATE YOUR BUSINESS.

Portraits, and cuts of colleges, hotels, factories, machinery, &c., made to order from photographs.

Prices Low—Send stamp for specimen sheets.

Metropolitan Press Agency,
New York City.

KNIGHT'S
Blood Cure.

A standard household remedy in successful use more than 40 years. A positive cure for Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Nervous Prostration, Constipation and all diseases of the Blood, Stomach and Liver.

Unequaled for Producing a Clear Complexion.

A botanical compound, put up in packages and sent by mail at *one-third the cost* of ordinary medicine. Large packages, sufficient for 3 quarts, $1.00; half-size packages, sufficient for 3 pints, 50c.; sample packages, 25c.

A reliable Agent wanted in this locality.

KNIGHT BOTANICAL CO., 252 Broadway, N.Y.

W. TALLEY, Buena Vista, Va. C. G. HARN SBERGER, Elkton, Va.

TALLEY & HARNSBERGER,
Real Estate Agents,
Elkton, Va.

Correspondence Solicited.
C. G. HARNSBERGER, Notary Public.

References.—Banks of Lexington and Buena Vista, Va.; Board of Directors of Buena Vista Company and Elkton Company.

oct 22—3m

HEADQUARTERS

FOR

Cement for Masonry and Cisterns, Calcined Plaster, Barrel and Bulk Lime. Contractors and Builders, see us before buying.

Choice Clover, Timothy, Red Top and Orchard Grass Seeds. Old Hickory Wagons and Road Carts, Bissell Chilled Plows and Repairs, Eureka Spring Tooth Harrows.

T. C. Williams' and Dick Reynold's Tobaccos,

"May Apple," "Nosegay," "Mattaponi," "Big Foot," "Dixie," "8-oz Double Thick," "R. J. R." "Reynold's Level Best," and "Black Oak"—Attaches favorite.

Pure Linseed Oil, Spirits Turpentine, and Superior Mixed Paints—in large and small quantities, Coal Oil, Harness Oil, Lubricating Oil, &c. Tire and Strap Iron, Steel and Iron Nails, Horse Shoes and Horse-shoe Nails, Sash, Doors and Builders Hardware.

GROCERIES.

Raw and Refined Sugar, Rice, New Orleans and Porto Rico Molasses, Syrups, Salt, Green and Roasted Coffee, Canned Goods, Chocolate, &c.

CRYSTAL FLOUR

will make beautiful bread, beautiful cake, &c. Every barrel guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or no sale. If you do not use it, now try it. Many use it and will not have any other.

Come to see us or write us.

BAKER & BROWN.

feb 18 6m

Do You Want to Save 25 to 50 Per Cent on EVERY DOLLAR YOU SPEND?

If so, write for our Illustrated Catalogue, containing illustrations and prices of everything manufactured in the United States, at manufacturers' prices. 10,000 illustrations, all lines represented. Catalogue mailed free on application. Address,

CHICAGO GENERAL SUPPLY CO.,
No. 178 West Van Buren St.,
mr18-1y Chicago, Ill.

Children Cry

FOR PITCHER'S

Castoria

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children." CAMILLUS ROBINSON, M.D., 162 Fulton Ave., New York.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., N. Y.

HUGH. LYLE & CO.

[Succ'l to Jacob A. Hanger.]

Dealers in—

Engines, Saw Mills, Vibrators

THRESHERS, CLOVER HULLERS, FEEDERS, BALE TIES, RUBBER BELTING.—

Wagons, Plows & Implements

General Farmers will find our house headquarters for Plows and Plow Repairs for all the leading Plows in use. Call on us. Opposite Virginian office.

January 28 tf.

THE VESUVIUS PLOW WORKS,

Hugh Lyle & Co., Prop'rs.

—VESUVIUS, VA.—

Manufacturers of and Wholesale Dealers in

PLOWS,

and Plow Repairs of various kinds, patterns of all sizes including Hillside Plows, our Duplate C. I. Plows and all repairs for the O. C. Plows, such as Points, Shares, Landsides, Moldboards, Standards, Wheels, Bolts, Handles, Beams, Clevises, etc. Discounts to dealers. Write us for catalogues, prices and terms.

January 28, tf

COOKE & HIBBERT,
Mining and Iron Ore Experts,

Mines and Mineral Lands Examined and Reported on.

MINERAL AND MINERAL LANDS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Assays of all Minerals made by a competent and skilled assayer.

Office and Labratory over Post Office, Main St. Staunton, Va.

REFERENCES.—A. S. Upson, President Upson Bolt Co., Unionville, Conn.; G. H. Gilbert, Manufacturer Chief Iron Company, Oshkosh, Wis.; Thomas Bardon, Real Estate, Ashland, Wis.; W. C. Silverthorn, Secretary and Chief Iron Company, Wausau, Wis., C. K. Foster, Secretary Aurora Iron Mining Co., Cleveland, Ohio; Maj. S. M. Yost, Staunton, Va.; John S. Haggart, Post Master Gen'l, Ottawa, Ont.

may 28—tf

A WONDERFUL CASE

A Certificate which Shows that Doctors and Patients are often astonished.

"This is to certify that my wife has been troubled for fifteen years with a disease which finally resulted in paralysis. She was confined to her bed and could not turn over. I had six or seven of the physicians in this county to attend her, but they did her no good, and said that her case was hopeless. As a last resort I determined to let my wife try Royal Germetuer. I m glad to be able to say that its results have been astonishing. The first bottle put my wife on the road to recovery. She is now on the third bottle and is able to walk about the house, and yesterday walked over to see a neighbor. The doctors are astonished as well as myself."

W. D. AUSTIN,
March 24, 1891. Birmingham, Ala.

Heart Disease Cured.

"I have suffered for twenty years with heart disease, and for months with indigestion. I lost twenty-five pounds of flesh in two months. My family and friends became uneasy about me. About the middle of July last I began using Dr. King's Royal Germetuer. After taking six bottles I am glad to state that I regard myself entirely cured of heart trouble, palpitation and indigestion. I can eat and digest any kind of food. My health is restored, and I gladly recommend Dr. King's Royal Germetuer to the afflicted."

T. M. ELLIS, Tax Collector Gordon Co.
Calhoun Ga., September 22, 1890.

Are You Sick?

Do you have Catarrh, Indigestion, dyspepsia, kidney or bladder trouble, blood diseases, paralysis, neuralgia, rheumatism, headache, bowel diseases, skin diseases, female troubles, palpitation, weakness, etc., If so send stamp for printed matter, certificates of wonderful cures, etc.

Dr. King's Royal Germetuer is making cures that almost staggers credulity.

Price $1.00 per bottle, which makes one gallon of medicine as per directions. For sale by druggists and by Dr. King's Royal Germetuer Co., Atlanta Ga. May 6

SALARY, 25 DOLLARS PER WEEK,

WANTED:—Good agents to sell our general line of merchandise. No peddling. Above salary will be paid to "live" agents. For further information, address,

CHICAGO GENERAL SUPPLY CO.,
No. 178 West Van Buren St.,
mr18-1y Chicago, Ill.

MUNN & CO. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY for PATENTS

A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing How to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, sent free. Address MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York.

For the Spectator.

LOVE, PAIN AND LUST.

BY W. W. LONG.

Oh, eyes so magnetic and tender,
Red lips like the heart of a flower;
You have now, and will hold me forever,
In the strength of true Love's power.

But up thro' the darkness and shadow,
Up through the mist and the rain,
Comes the phantom face of a demon,
The terrible demon of Pain.

To win and to keep you forever,
I would sin twice seventy times seven;
Laugh loud at the earnage of slaughter,
Though lost from the bliss of heaven.

My blood to hot lava seems turning,
And the tiger slips out from control;
To hold you and keep you, my Priestess,
I would give the price of my soul.

Oh, desolate life of shadow and woe,
Where naught but dead flowers lie.
I will break from your bondage and keep her,
'Neath the radiant bloom of Love's sky.

I curse you, and mock you, oh, demon,
And stamp you down in the dust;
Unstained, I pass by your portals,
Oh, demon-crowned devil of Lust.

And into the holy of holics,
Where Love is the ruler and king.
From the light and shade of my being,
Love's purity-flowers I bring.

MY MAY.

[From the Ladies' Home Journal]

Hark to the joyful sound! to the revel of rills!
The buds have leaped into leaf on a thousand hills;
The only snow is the snow of the orchard spray;
She cometh across the land, my May, my May!

There springeth a fire at the root of growing things;
There stirreth desire at the heart that awakes and sings;
The breast of the bluebird is shot with a brighter ray;
She cometh across the land, my May, May!

She cometh with kindling eyes and with morning smiles,
O'er the sapphire-shining seas from the golden isles;
Her breath is that of the jasmine bloom and the hay;
She cometh across the land, my May, my May!

She quickeneth drowsing Hope by her calm caress;
She bringeth us heart-content for a balm to bless;
O, to lure her feet awhile from the Juneward way!
She cometh across the land, my May, my May!

But enough! She cometh. Rejoice, my soul, rejoice!
Join, O my voice, with the universal voice,
To hail the dream-delight of her dream-brief stay!
She cometh across the land, my May, my May!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

By request.

VIRGINIA—ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

[The following account of a trip to the "Peak," as the Southern Terminus of the Massanutten Mountain is called in that locality, was written by a young lady from the State of Missouri, who made the trip whilst on a visit to friends and relatives at McGaheysville and vicinity in Rockingham County.]

"There is a great rugged peak (the terminus of the Massanutten range) hanging almost over McGaheysville; a grand stately mountain about which we have heard many tales and traditions, and the leaning summit of which has been an object of interest and wonder to us ever since we have been in the village. We have seen it in the morning brightened and glorified with the sun's rays long before he was visible in the valleys; we have seen it cut off from the mountain by vapor and suspended, as it were, high up in mid air; and then again we have seen it wrapt by storms, and the home of clouds, thunder, and lightning.

The range of mountains stretches itself along in an undulating manner through the heart of the beautiful valley of Virginia like a huge serpent with its terrible head reared high above McGaheysville; but which in ages past has been brought, as it were, to a stand still, and suddenly turned into stone by a fiat of the Almighty;—

"Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

The day arrived, cold and clear, when a party of four, including the writer, should ascend this peak. After having provided ourselves with a lunch and strong staffs, we ascended the range from a gap near the Rockingham Mineral Springs, and two miles and a half from the summit of the peak. By going in this direction we walked along the top of the mountain, and had a more gradual ascent. On entering the gap we crossed an an old mossy foot-bridge, a most beautiful stream. Such pure sparkling water! clearer than we ever dreamed water could be. Coming to a place where it was still and smooth, we were astonished to find that it measured so many feet in depth; there was a green mossy vegetation on the rocks at the bottom, and one could peep clear into the homes of the speckled trout. A little farther up this stream was the remains of an old mill, falling in pieces and darkened by the sun, rain, and clinging moss. Great beams, and other rubbish had fallen into the water, but the little stream wound in, out, and around among it until it came out into its own natural channel again, as if in respect for the old dead mill, it once turned, and willing that it should have its grave there. A Missourian, in rambling through these mountains, is invariably carried back into the fading shadowy past; and the element in which he finds himself is so new to him (for western people in their eagerness to peer into the future seldom look back) that he cannot understand himself, and begins to fear that he has invaded the precincts of some sylvan deity, or is under the influence of some mountain witch; and battle with it as he may there is nothing to break the spell; there is no whistle of steam, or clatter of cars; no rumbling of wagons, or neighing of horses; no sound of reaper, or other farm machinery; all is still except the rippling of water, and the sighing and wailing of wind in the pines. He passes on like one in a dream, and now and then comes to a small cleared grassy patch surrounded by tall pines, chinquepin bushes, &c; it contains a huge pile of rocks, one or two old, knarled scraggy, apple- or cherry trees, a crystal spring, and a cedar tree. At the bottom, and along the rocky sides spring moss, old leaves, and yellow mineral deposit, has collected together, and clogged the outlet; as he dips into the beautiful water with the leaf cup he makes, bubbles of gas dance up and break upon the surface. There are many such deserted places in this vicinity, and the mountaineers, men and women, whom one may chance to see silently wending their way along their beaten paths with huge burdens upon their backs, say that many, many years ago, houses stood in these places, and many children romped in, and about, the spot is now so lonely; or it may be a place where "grand folks" from the city came and dwelt in summer—beautiful pale-faced ladies, who regained their health and color in this region. It is said the reason there are so many old remains of houses, orchards, mills, &c, in these mountains is, that the valleys in this portion of Virginia were once, like the Missouri River bottom lands, unhealthy; and on this account the mountains were inhabited first; but as the low lands gradually became more healthy, the people gladly left their mountain homes for these more fertile regions.

We will now go back to the little party we left resting upon the rocky border of that beautiful stream. They are now ascending from the gap. With every step taken up the mountainside the observation broadens, and the outlook becomes more grand and comprehensive; every now and then there is an exclamation of surprise and delight by first one, then the other, who is in front, as some new beauty is unfolded. We are sorry to say that the writer was behind all the way; for besides the grand and varied scenery in the distance, we found much at our feet that was interesting. There were large pine burs of different shapes and tints,—wood of Nature's own carving; the greatest variety of beautiful green moss, ferns, lichens, pretty little pebbles, and large odd-shaped rocks around which the green laurel and juniper bushes grew. After many pauses for breath, and much toiling, we at last reached the top of the range; here the view, though still partially obscured, was to us most novel and interesting; deep and far below at our right was "The Kettle" with its mountain walls; behind us, across the gap, arose, side by side, two very similar triangular shaped points; looking very much like representations seen of the pyramids; these points had often been seen seen from the valley and hills, but viewed from this elevation they were so much more beautiful and changed in appearance as not to be recognized; And with all of this there was a magnificent panorama in the east—A shifting play of clouds, sunshine, and shadow, against the Blue Ridge.

Our destination, the summit of the Peak, was visible only from one point along the route; which is very unusual, as there are not many places for miles around that it can be obscured except by clouds. Our ascent now became more gradual; in some places it was almost level, and in others we would descend a little; but what a strange route it was,—a lonely rock path on a mountain top! In some places the mountain would recede on each side of the path like the roof of a house, and only leave us room to walk; but still we kept upon the rocks on top, for if we went below we would be caught in briers. Then there would be a break, and we would have to climb down off of huge rocks to a narrow passway, like a foot-bridge of stone, over a deep chasm, and ascend on the opposite side; and there would be very narrow passages between wide thin rocks set perpendicularly upon their edges. As we neared the summit the pathway grew wider, and the jagged, storm-swept, lightning-scathed rocks were thrown in more awful confusion;—how suggestive they were of that convulsive, fiery age, that gave them birth! But hark! there is a glad exclamation from the foremost one of the now wearied little party. Several voices exclaim, "There is the peak!" Looking up we beheld, above the tree tops, a bare, gray, bleak, and lonely knob; and a feeling of awe crept over us as we realized where we were, and gazed "face to face" upon that which had hitherto been veiled in blue, or wrapped in clouds.

Our ascent now, again, became steep, toilsome, and indeed perilous; our path led very near the edges of frightful precipices hanging over dark yawning chasms probably hundreds of feet in depth. Have we not in dreams often been in just such places? We tremble now to think how when passing very near the edge of one great shelving rock, we became dizzy and near falling. The summit is at last gained. Here the view is indeed sublime:—plantations, villages, towns, cities, rivers—aye, mountains and clouds are at our feet. We never saw Virginia before. Beyond the dense pine woods that encircle the peak we see around in all directions the beautiful Valley of Virginia—a vast country completely checkered with houses, fields, timber—the Shenandoah winding through it like a thread of silver, and the whole encircled by a blue wall of distant mountain. Over in the direction of Staunton, indistinct in the far distance, were strange pointed peaks—mountains we had never seen before.

The whole day was spent rambling over this mountain top, and oh! the strange sights we saw—sights that amply paid us for our long and toilsome journey; for besides the magnificent outlook, there were bear- and fox-dens, and great rocks under which the whole party could sit and be sheltered from rain and sun. We found a little spring which, strange to say, was very near the very highest point of the mountain. It only had a small basin on the edge of a large rock, over which it dripped, but then there was enough clear pure water for us to drink. This was a warm and sunny spot, being protected from the wind by cliffs on the north and west; so we assembled here to rest and eat the dinner which we all relished very much. During the evening we left the party in their pleasant retreat, and again seated ourselves upon the very summit. How wild, bleak, and lonely, was the spot to be right in the midst of civilization! The tin roofs of the mansions in the far distance glitter in the sun like stars. Far below us we hear the cries, and catch a glimpse of the raven in his flight. There is a movement on the mountain side, and a fox creeps from under a rock, and leaps stealthily along. It is winter, but looking down we behold a sea of living green with white cloud-ships sailing over it. Is this fairy land? How often in childhood with many imaginings have we gazed up at the white clouds against the heavenly blue; now with a kindred feeling we look down upon them set off in bold relief by the dark green pine tree tops. We hear music too—music as soft and gentle as the sailing of those cloud-ships, and in strange harmony with our feelings, and the grand and awful solitude of the place. Then came recollections of the tales and traditions we had heard, Where now are those gay and happy young people who have visited this grand mountain top from time immemorial? Where now are those bold and fearless huntsmen who scaled these rocks and started the bear, foxes, and wolves, in terror from their hiding places? Where now is the Indian whose barefoot is still seen imprinted upon the great rock? There is no reply—only a swelling of the gentle, plaintive, music again—the requiem answer of wind among the pines. * * * * * *

But they are calling us. As we bade farewell to this noted spot, we glanced westward, where the sky looked blue over the distant mountain-tops and thought of home; and that it would not be long before we would, altogether, leave this beautiful land of the pine tree and the laughing water—this land of poetry, dreams, and retrospection, to battle again with life—the real, earnest, progressive, life of the brave West.

MARIE.

THE MCKINLEY BILL RUINS OCEAN TRAFFIC.—BORDEAUX, April 21.—It is announced that the Steam Navigation Company, whose vessels have been plying between this port and New York, is going into liquidation, and that the steamships will shortly be sold at public auction. The reason given for this state of affairs is that the shareholders of the company have resolved to liquidate the company sooner than submit any longer to the loss of money occasioned by the continued reduction of traffic, which, they say, has resulted from the extra duties imposed upon French articles of export by the passage of the McKinley tariff bill, and from the French government's virtual prohibition of American products and the increased duties placed upon American grain.

The avowed objects of the Farmers' Alliance don't materialize. The members of the Alliance had a large majority in the legislature of South Carolina, but that body adjourned without adopting any of the measures recommended in the State platform of the Alliance. The Alliance people also had a majority in the Minnesota legislature, and now, that body, too, has adjourned, leaving all of the Alliance bills unpassed. There is nothing like understanding, and when ordinary men have the absurdity of such propositions as the sub treasury, fiat money, government control of railroads and telegraphs, and the like, explained to them understandingly, they naturally refuse to impugn their own understanding by enacting such propositions into laws.—Alex. Gazette.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

PILOTED BY A GHOST.

A LOST MAN AND A STARVING BABY SAVED BY A SPIRIT.

THE SHADOW OF A DEAD FATHER LEADS A WANDERING HORSEMAN TO THE DESOLATE HOME WHERE A LITTLE GIRL WAS SLOWLY FAMISHING.

A TRUE STORY.

I checked my horse, and after one long, straining look around owned to myself that I was lost. I had suspected the fact some time since, but had stubbornly fought down the suspicion, though my horse evidently realized it. With patient endurance he plodded along, resignation plainly expressed in the droop of his tail and ears. In place of the ranch, the hearty welcome, pleasant words, bed, supper and fire I had expected to reach by sunset, there was nothing to be seen before, behind, on either hand, but the dead level of the plain. There were paths in plenty; in fact, the trouble was there were too many—all narrow and winding, for whose meandering there seemed not the slightest excuse, except the general tendency to crookedness most things, animate and inanimate, alike possess. But it would have taken the instinct of a bloodhound or a trailing Indian to have said which paths had been made by horses' feet or those of cattle.

Now that the sun was gone, I found my knowledge of the point of the compass gone with it. As I sat perplexed and worried the gloom of twilight gathered fast, and the chill of coming rain smote me through and through, while in the distance there was the roll of thunder.

A SPIRIT APPEARS.

It was now quite dark, and very dark at that, though a short intervals close to the horizon a faint gleam of lightning showed too distant to cast brightness on my path and only sufficient to intensify the blackness about me.

All at once I saw a man walking about fifteen feet in front of me. Yes, I know I said it was intensely dark, but all the same I repeat it. I saw a man walking in front of me, and, furthermore, I could see that he was a large man, dressed in rough but well-fitting clothes; that he wore a heavy red beard, and that he looked back at me from time to time with an expression of keen anxiety on his otherwise relaxed features.

"Hallo!" I cried, but as he did not halt I concluded he did not hear me. As a second hail produced no result I spurred my weary horse up to overtake the stranger. But, though the gray responded with an alacrity most commendable under the circumstances, I soon found that this strange pedestrian did not intend to let me catch up with him. Not that he hurried himself. He seemed without any exertion to keep a good fifteen feet between us.

Then I began to wonder how, with the intense darkness shutting me in as four black walls, I was yet able to see my strange companion so clearly, to take in the details of his dress, and even the expression of his face, and that at a distance more than twice my horse's length, when I could hardly see his head before me. I am not given to superstitious fancies, and my only feeling was of curiosity.

FOLLOWING A GHOST.

We went on in silence for nearly half an hour, when, as suddenly as he had appeared, he was gone. I looked around for him, half afraid, from his instant and complete disappearance, that I had been dreaming, when I perceived that I was close to a small, low building of some sort. I reined in and shouted several times, but not the slightest response could I hear, and at last I rode boldly up and tapped on the wall with the butt of my riding whip. Then, as this elicited no sign of life, I concluded that I had stumbled on some deserted house or that it was the abode of my eccentric friend; so, dismounting and tying the gray, I resolved to spend the rest of the night under a roof or to find some good reason for continuing my journey.

I felt my way along the wall till I reached a door, and trying this and finding that it yielded to me, I stepped inside, striking a match as I did so. Fortunately, I carried my matches in an air tight case, and as it was dry the one I struck gave me a light at once. I found myself in a large room close to a fireplace, over which a rude shelf was placed, and on this mantel I saw an oil lamp to which I applied my match.

On the hearth was heaped a quantity of ashes, and over these crouched a child, a girl of 5 or 6. At the end of the room, which was plainly and scantily furnished, lay a man across a bed, and as I raised the lamp I saw that he was the same I had been following, but there was something in his attitude and face that struck me as peculiar, and I was about to go forward and look at him when the child, who had at first seemed dazed at the light, fairly threw herself upon me.

"Have you anything for Nelly to eat?" she said, and then, "Oh, Nelly so hungry!"

THE DEAD MAN.

I ran my hand into my pocket and drew forth what had been a paper bag of chocolate candy, but was now a pulpy, unappetizing mass. I must confess to a childish fondness for sweets, which I usually carry in some form about me. I handed the remains of my day's supply to the child and then walked over to the bed. Yes, it was the same man, red beard, rough clothes, but setting off the magnificent frame to perfection; the same man, but dead, long dead.

I took his hand only to find it stiff and cold, while his face had the dull gray aspect never seen in the newly dead. As I stood gazing down on him a little hand touched mine.

"Nelly so hungry!" said the child.

"Have you eaten all the candy?" I asked her.

"Yes, yes! But me hungry, for me had no dinner," no brekkus, no supper, and papa won't get up."

The house which consisted of the large room, a smaller kitchen and a shed, where I found a quantity of hay and fodder, seemed quite bare of food, but by dint of search in the hay I discovered a nest, which Nelly informed me was there, and in it two fresh eggs. These I boiled for her. When she had finished I soothed her to sleep on a bed I made for her before the fire. Then after I had put my horse in the shed room and fed him I performed as well as I could a service for the dead.

When day dawned I was able to discern at some distance from the house a line of telegraph poles, and taking the child with me I followed these to the nearest town, where I notified the authorities of the death. The dead man's name was Frederick Barnstaple. He was an Englishman, so I found, a recent arrival in those parts. His daughter was restored to her family across the water, and is now a pretty girl of 17. I have never told this story before, but I am ready to take an affidavit to its truth. It all happened about thirty miles from Dallas.

The annual statistical report of the American Iron and Steel Association shows that the record of production of leading articles of iron and steel in the United States in 1890 was the best ever made by any country. The product includes 10,308,028 tons of pig iron, 4,131,535 tons of Bessemer steel ingots. 2,091,978 tons of Bessemer steel rails, 574,820 tons of open hearth steel ingots, 2,804,829 tons of rolled iron, except rails, 1,829,247 tons of rolled steel, 1,806,130 kegs of iron cut nails, 3,334,816 kegs of cut steel nails and 3,135,911 kegs of cut wire nails.

We are too fond of our own will. We want to be doing what we fancy mighty things; but the great point is to do small things, when called to them, in the right spirit.

Health is wealth. Take Simmons Liver Regulator for all sickness caused by diseased liver.

HAMPTON TO HIS MEN.

A GRAND OVATION.

THE GREAT CAVALRYMAN MAKES PROBABLY THE LAST ADDRESS TO HIS OLD SOLDIERS—HIS PLEA FOR THE CAVALRY AND FOR THE CONFEDERACY.

At the Confederate Survivors' Association which met in Augusta, Ga., Gen. Wade Hampton received one of the grandest ovations ever accorded any man.

Gen. Hampton began by recounting with fervor and deep feeling his last meeting with his soldiers, and how they had all embraced and wiped away their tears—tears which he could not restrain even now when he thought and spoke of that memorable scene. He loved these men, and not these only, but all the cavalry he had the honor to command.

"I know," he said, "that our good friends of the infantry used to chaff us a good deal. They used to say that they never saw a dead man with spurs on, but in the great fight at Trevillian station, fought by the cavalry against overwhelming numbers of infantry, there were 719 killed and wounded in Butler's division, and in the Sixth regiment there were lost 182 killed and wounded. [Applause.]—And I will say that in the great campaign of Gettysburg, where the desperate fighting was by that invincible infantry of ours, the cavalry corps lost more in killed and wounded than any other division in Lee's army. Now we, the cavalry, did do some fighting, on which I do not intend to detain you by telling you what I think of the cavalry. I want to show you what General Lee said. Just after the war General Lee wrote me, and requested that I would give him a correct narrative of the operations of the cavalry corps of the last campaign in Virginia. He was, as you know, about to write a history of the war, and it was a great misfortune to the South that he was not at that time prepared to finish it. In his letter he said that the difference between the sections culminated in blood, but not in treason. Those were his words, and I want every cavalryman and infantryman, and every man who followed the southern cross, to tell his children and they to tell their children [applause] to the remotest generation that they were neither traitors nor rebels. [Applause and cheers]. You fought for what we believed were our rights. We believed it as conscientiously as any man could believe anything on the face of the earth. We believed that we were fighting for God and our fatherland. [Renewed cheers].

"The man who would not fight ought to be damned. [Applause.] Now while I say that we were neither traitors nor rebels, I do not say that we should not recognize our allegiance to the general government. It is only one country that we have now, and it is our duty, and the duty of every man in the South, to try to make that country the field for all freemen for all time to come. [Applause.] I am a loyal citizen, but I maintain that I can at all times express my opinion, whether in northern presence or southern presence, and never will I say that my dead brothers were traitors to their cause."

Gen. Hampton then read a number of his letters to Gen. Lee, and a large number of brief congratulatory telegrams from Gen Lee. After reading he said:

"In looking over my records I find that in the last six months of the war we turned in between 18,000 and 20,000 prisoners. That was doing very well for an army of 5,000 or 6,000. Wheeler said that he whipped them; but it has been said that the infantry whipped them, and we caught them while they were running."

Gen. Hampton then concluded by saying:

"As you know I would rather fight than speak, but I do want to tell you of the last communication I received from Lee, as it was particularly complimentary to the Army of Northern Virginia. I would say that if I had to go through my privation, my sufferings, and could have foreseen the result of the war, even then I would have been willing to encounter the result. After the war Gen. Lee wrote to me and said: 'You cannot regret as much as I do that you were not present at the final struggle; for had you been present with all your cavalry, the disaster would not have happened.' [Aplause and cheering.] He did not say: 'I think it would not have happened,' or 'I believe it would not have happened,' but he said, 'The disaster would not have happened.' And every member of that corps should now feel that he has a declaration worth more to him than the decoration of the Legion of Honor or the Iron Cross of Germany. Well, then, my comrades, I did not expect when I left you in North Carolina ever to see you again, or that in the course of natural events I could have had this pleasure. It is a beautiful but very apt thought in the creed of Swedenbourg, that every soldier fighting for his country and killed in battle is immediately translated to the realms of everlasting bliss. Whether this is so or not, I would fain believe it, and I trust if we are not to meet on earth again, when we pass across the river and are at rest, and even though we did not fall on the battlefield, we may meet our old comrades, who, shoulder to shoulder, gave up their life for this dear southern land of ours. I may not see you again, but I will never forget you, and those who nursed me in my desperate illness tell me that in my delirium I talked about the men in my old brigade, that I talked of the cavalry, that I planned fights, that I gave orders to Major Rosser to charge, and that I said, 'Now, there, boys, it is time for old Hampton to go in.' I say that I may not see you again, my old men, but believe me I will not forget you; that my prayers will go to heaven always for you. God bless you, my old comrades."

Delays are dangerous. Take Simmons Liver Regulator in time for dyspepsia, biliousness and all diseases of the liver.

HE COLLECTED THE DEBT.—A well known dentist tried hard to collect a bill, after many ineffectual efforts, said to the debtor: "I do not intend to send you any more bills, and I don't indend to sue you; but there is one thing I want to tell you.—Every time you cut off a piece of beefsteak and pass it to your wife I want you to remember that she is not chewing that beef with her teeth, nor with your teeth, but with my teeth." In two or three days he received a check. The motion of those doubly-false teeth in his wife's mouth was too much for the husband.—Christian Advocate.

Every farmer who grows ten acres of wheat should have a fanning mill of his own and clean his wheat on the farm. The saving will pay a big interest on the price of the mill.

He—"And now, darling, let's fix the time right away.

She—"Oh, don't press me just now."

He—"Yes, dearest, say what day you will be mine."

She—"Well, then the—the day after your salary is raised."—Epoch.

Use plenty of straw in bedding animals. It will pay in the additional manure and in the comfort and cleanliness of the stock.

PLEASE

TAKE NOTICE!

I wish to inform you that I keep in stock the

BEST LINE OF COOK STOVES

to select from in the city,

And will not be undersold by any one. I have opened a Sample Room, where can be found Marbleized Iron and Slate Mantels and Mirrors; fine and common grate fronts and fixtures; fine gas fixtures; globes and trimmings;

BEST OIL COOK STOVES,

guaranteed non-explosive; flue crocks for stove pipes; iron cistern and well pumps, rubber bucket chain pumps, all as low as they can be had. Plain and galvanized iron pipes, cocks, valves and fittings; Terra Cotta pipe for drainage and sewerage; fire clay pipe for chimney flues, makes the cheapest and best flues.

PLUMBING, GAS FITTING & GENERAL

repairing done at short notice. Call or write for prices before buying.

Very truly yours,

H. E. LOVING,

ap15-1y 36 N. August st., Staunton, Va.

STATE DYE WORKS,

STAUNTON, VA.

North Augusta Street,—No. 108—Opposite Catholic Church.

The undersigned informs the citizens of Staunton and its vicinity that he has opened a

CLEANING AND DYEING ESTABLISHMENT,

Where he intends to carry on Dyeing, Cleaning and Bleaching in all its branches.

Ladies' dresses in **Silk, Satin, Velvet & Wool** cleaned and dyed in the most delicate color and made to look equal to new. Ladies' **fine hats** cleaned, dyed and remodeled to desired fashion. Fine **Ostrich feathers** curled and dyed. **Kid gloves** also cleaned. Makes a specialty also of Cleaning and Dyeing **Gentlemen's clothing**, and guarantees the work to hold in color **and never rub off or stain.** Special attention will also be given to

BLEACHING SILK, SATIN AND LACE CURTAINS, HATS, BLANKETS, &c.

Feeling assured I can give perfect satisfaction, both in work and price, I trust to receive a share of the patronage of the city of Staunton and vicinity and respectfully solicit your favors.

C. W. CAFFRAY.

Ladies' will find Mrs. Caffray in attendance.

P. S.—Patrons outside of the city can have their orders attended to and forwarded by Express C. O. D.

SPRING FEVER

At this time of the year the blood changes, its circulation is sluggish and the system is not properly nourished. The result is loss of appetite, weakness, an oppressive feeling of fullness, too hot, and Oh! so tired. To cure and prevent Spring Fever take Simmons Liver Regulator. All nature is now waking and everybody should invigorate the liver, kidneys and bowels with Simmons Liver Regulator and they would not have so much biliousness, headache, dyspepsia and malaria all the rest of the year. You would not expect a plant to work off a winter's decay and bloom as good as ever without attention in the Spring. Don't expect it of your system. Take Simmons Liver Regulator.

mr11-ap11

THOS. C. ELDER. FITZHUGH ELDER.

NEW REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

Thos. C. Elder and Fitzhugh Elder have entered into a partnership for conducting the business of a REAL ESTATE AGENCY at 103 SOUTH AUGUSTA ST., (the law offices of Thos. C. Elder) under the firm name of THOS. C. ELDER & SON.

Real estate of all kinds in town and country bought and sold on a moderate commission.

Farming lands will not be neglected.

The long experience of the senior member in the real estate business and the promise of the junior to devote all his energies to the business, recommend the inducements offered to the public for a share of its patronage.

THOS. C. ELDER,
FITZHUGH ELDER

april

THE AUGUSTA COUNTY HEDGE CO.

J. W. TODD, President and Director.
M. F. GILKESON, Vice-Pres. and Director.
J. N. McFARLAND, Sec'y and Treas'r.
H.