Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY,
Editor and Proprietor.

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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.

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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 so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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THRESHERS, CLOVER HULLERS, HAY BALERS, BALE TIES, —AND BELTING.—

Wagons, Plows & Implements

Generally. Farmers will find our house headquarters for Plows and Plow Repairs for all the leading plows in use. Call on us. Opposite Virginia Hotel. January 28 tf.

THE VESUVIUS PLOW WORKS,

Hugh F. Lyle & Co., Prop'rs.

—VESUVIUS, VA.—

Manufacturers of and Wholesale Dealers in

PLOWS,

And Plow Repairs of various kinds, patterns and sizes—including Hillside Plows, our Duplicate O. C. Plows and all repairs for the O. C. Plows, such as Points, Shares, Landsides, Mouldboards, Standards, Wheels, Bolts, Handles, Beams, Clevises, etc. Discounts to dealers. Write us for catalogues, prices and terms. January 28, tf

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.—I will hold an examination on **September 2nd and 3rd** in the Public School Building at Staunton. I want all the teachers of Augusta to be present. I will renew the certificates of all who stood one of my regular examinations. Those holding 2nd or 3rd grade certificates will be given the opportunity to better their grades. All teachers who want their certificates renewed will bring them in official envelopes, self-addressed and stamped. Be present promptly at 9 o'clock A. M.

E. O. PEALE,
Aug 5-4ts Supt. Augusta Co. Schools.

MOORE & HIBBERT, Mining and Iron Ore Experts. Mines and Mineral Lands Examined and Reported on.

MINES AND MINERAL LANDS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

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

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

REFERENCES.—A. S. Upson, President Upson Nut and Bolt Co., Unionville, Conn.; G. H. Gile, Treasurer Northern Chief Iron Company, Oshkosh, Wis.; Thomas Bardon, Real Estate, Ashland, Wis.; W. C. Silverthorn, Secretary Northern Chief Iron Company, Wausau, Wis., C. F. Rand, Secretary Aurora Iron Mining Co., Cleveland, Ohio; Maj. S. M. Yost, Staunton, Va.; Hon. John S. Haggart, Post Master Gen'l, Ottowa, Ont. may 28—tf

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC TRADE MARK

A Perfect Success. VII

The Rev. A. Antoine Refugio, of Texas, writes: I think Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is a perfect success, for any one who suffered from a most painful nervousness as I did. I feel like myself again after taking the Tonic.

ELIZABETH, N. J., March 7, 1891.
Before I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I could not sleep nights and had a numbness of the legs, arms and sometimes all over the body, but after taking the second dose of your Nerve Tonic I could sleep well, and in three days all numbness was gone and have not felt it since.
FERDINAND BRENN.

274 ST. PAUL ST., MONTREAL, March, 1891.
A young man of 32 years, affected with epilepsy for over 20 years and a very bad case, having at least 10 to 12 fits daily, after using all kinds of medicines without benefit, used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with the desired effect.
N. QUINTAL.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIC MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.
july 1st-1yr

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.
july 1st-1yr N. R.

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.

THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

Oh! Husband! Do not go to-day
  Among those wicked men,
But rather stay and hear my say
  About their evil den.
Oh! Husband! 'Tis a den of woe
  As oft you 've heard me tell
Where hundreds go and sink a s low
  As those in darkest hell.

Oh! Husband! Know we've rent to pay,
  The Landlord will not wait,
And soon he'll say, "Please move away,"
  Oh! Think of such a fate.
Oh! Husband! Those with whom you drink
  Will never pay your rent,
Or scarcely think how deep you sink
  When wages a ll are spent.

Oh! Husband, hear, and slight me not!
  Those liquor shops deny,
Or else a sot will be your lot
  From now until you die.
Oh! Husband! Can't you plainly see
  By drink we must be lost,
And paupers be on charity
  Fed at the public cost.

Oh! Husband! Do not be a slave
  To that dread monster, drink,
For from that crave, a pauper's grave,
  And wife and children sink,
Oh! Husband! Let your manly pride
  Be now as 'twas of yore,
When, by your side, your pleading bride
  Could ask for nothing more.

Oh! Husband! Once so fondly dear,
  Pray listen to your wife,
Whose head is clear from rum and beer,
  And bless her weary life.
Oh! Husband! Once so good and kind,
  Take a fond wife's advice,
A happy mind you then may find
  Akin to paradise.

Oh! Husband! Mark the drooping eyes
  Of these our offspring dear,
Those sacred ties from whence arise
  The loving parent's cheer.
Oh! Husband! Let them have a place
  Again within your heart,
There each can trace on your dear face
  The loving tear-drop start.

Oh! Husband! Hear my wailing cry,
  To Day! Oh! Hear and turn,
For you must die, and God on high
  Your soul may ever spurn.
Oh! Husband! Let your soul be wise;
  Cast off the drunkard's breath,
And heed my cries, ere honor dies,
  And shun an endless death.

Oh! Husband! Can't your mind recall
  That promise once you made,
"That rise or fall, I was your all
  In sunshine and in shade."
Oh! Husband! Now I droop and pine;
  Return, like "Noah's Dove,"
Your drink resign, and e'er be mine,
  Sweet "Olive Branch" of love.

Oh! Husband! Let me plead again;
  Our darling children see,
Whose tears, like rain, have plead in vain
  To God with bended knee.
Oh! Husband! Let us kneel and pray
  For courage brave and true,
That, from this day, you ne'er shall stray
  From those who care for you.

A BRICKMASON'S STORY.

BY H. E. SCOTT.

Many years ago I was working at my trade in a large city in one of the middle States. I was boarding with a brother mechanic in the outskirts of the city, and was engaged to marry his only daughter, a charming young girl. As I was going home from my work one night at dusk, I met a gentlemanly appearing man of probably 30 years of age, tall, well-formed, dressed in a very stylish manner, silk hat and cane, a large diamond pin attached to his neck scarf, a heavy black mustache, dark complexion, a large scar, as though from a knife cut, running across his left cheek. I was about two blocks from home when I met him.

"Excuse me," said he, "but are you not a brickmason?"

"I am," said I.

"I desire," said he, "a man to do a job of work to-night, it may take half the night, it may take all night, but the man who does the work, shall be well paid. I will pay you fifty dollars for the night's work."

"Fifty dollars," said I, in astonishment.

"Fifty dollars," said he, "on condition that you ask no questions either before or after you have performed the work, and permit yourself to be blindfolded both going to and coming from the same."

"A singular request," said I; "do you want me to assist in the commission of a crime."

"All we want of you," said he, "is to take down a piece of cellar wall, and build it up again."

"To hide a crime behind it?" said I.

"To hide behind it," said he, "certain valuables now in our possession, for which we have no immediate use, and which we desire to deposit in a place of safety, and in a place known only to ourselves. "You know," he continued, "they have been raiding gambling houses lately pretty freely, and gambling devices and implements cost money."

If that is all, thought I, to secrete a gambling outlay, there's no particular harm in that I had made up my mind he was a gambler. So I replied, "all right, I'm at your service."

"First," said he; "you must pledge your word of honor never to mention the transactions of to-night, to never refer to it hereafter or attempt to discover any particulars in regard to it, in fact the transaction must from to-night be to you as one that never occurred; in the meantime, you must say nothing, between the time we part, and the time we meet again, of having undertaken a job of the kind. If you will do this, and do a good job, your pay shall be $100.

Now $100 would go a good ways toward furnishing a house, and starting Lottie and I housekeeping in good shape, so I promised.

"Well," said he, "meet me on the third corner above here at exactly nine o'clock. I need not tell you to come alone; have your tools in a sack with you. You will find a hack on the corner at exactly nine, open the door and get in. Here's a ten dollar bill to show you that I mean business, and that I sha'n't count in the settlement. I'll be in the hack. Now, be prompt," and he was gone.

I went into a drug store, and got the ten changed, to make sure it was all right.—The money was good. I went on home to supper, congratulating myself over my good fortune. At supper I missed Lottie and enquired for her.

"She went out about ten o'clock this morning," said Mrs. Dean, "and we can't imagine what has become of her, though she has probably stopped to visit some of her old school-mates."

After supper I put a trowel, and what tools I thought I would need in a sack, and a revolver in my pocket, and at 9 o'clock, I was on the corner. There stood the hack. There was no moon and the night was dark. I crossed over, opened the back door, and got in.

"Well, you're on time," said the voice of my employer, "now take off your hat." I removed it, and he bandaged my eyes most thoroughly, after which he spoke to the driver, and the carriage moved rapidly away. We turned several corners during the drive and were fully an hour on the road, occasionally I could hear other carriages passing us, and some times, noises on the street, indicating that we were passing through some business street. He's trying to confuse me thought I, but its useless for I have no idea where I am, finally the carriage stopped and we got out.

"Come as soon as you can," said my employer to the driver.

We walked, I should judge, 150 feet, on what seemed to be a concrete pavement, my conductor hold of my arm, and I carrying the sack. Suddenly he stopped. He was on the inside, next the fence. He opened the gate and closed it when we passed through, but so carefully that I could not tell whether it was wood or iron. He guided me perhaps fifty feet further: We seemed, I thought, to go round a half circle. We stepped down a step, he unlocked a door, we walked in, but only took a step or so when he locked it again, and unlocked another. We passed through that one, which he locked, and through what I believed was a hall, finally he opened another door, and we passed into a room.—He evidently turned up the gas, for I could distinguish the difference through my bandage, though I could not discern objects. He led me up to a table, took my sack, and laid it on the floor, handed me a chair, and said, "Sit down till my friend comes. I have some pretty fair whisky here, if you would like a drink after our long ride."

I thought, well, if they intend me harm, it wont be before the work is done, and, as I was feeling a little nervous, I took the glass he handed me, and drank the contents. Soon after we heard the door unlocked, and his friend came in.

"Now," said my companion, "we are ready for business. Light that big lamp Dave," said he.

Dave lit the lamp and we crossed the room out into the hall. Another door was opened, and they guided me down the cellar stairs. "Now you go back," said my employer to Dave, "and get everything ready. I'll tend to this job."

Dave left, and my employer took the bandage from my eyes. The cellar we were in was about thirty feet in length and half as wide, bricked up on all sides, and with a cement floor. There were two barrels of mortar there, all ready mixed for use, and a number of bricks.

"Now," said Jo, as he led me up to one side of the wall, (Dave had called him Jo,) "I want you to take out a piece of this wall right here, say four feet square. Take it out so you can put it back again exactly as it was."

I went at it and he sat on a barrel watching me. When I took my overalls out of the sack and put them on, I felt in the pocket a big piece of chalk, such as brickmasons use. I thought to myself that may come in handy, so I slipped it in my pocket. It didn't take me long to take out the piece of wall, and knock the old mortar off of the bricks, after which I dug out the dirt some three feet back, and the square of the piece of wall I had taken out.

"There, that will do for the present," said Jo, and he blindfolded me, and led me up-stairs again, into the same room.—"Now," said he, "sit down, and don't move till I come for you, to finish the job. I shall turn the gas out, and lock the door. I won't be long. Here's a cigar if you care to smoke, and here's a bottle of whisky," and he set the bottle on the table. I sat there and smoked the cigar. I heard him lock me in, and go up stairs, and after a little I heard them both coming down stepping slowly and heavily, as if they were bearing a burden. They passed through the hall, and on down the cellar stairs. About a half hour after they came up, and notified me that I could complete my job. Jo went back down cellar with me. Something had been put in the hole behind the wall, and the dirt thrown in, till the hole was nearly filled up again. I could see nothing but dirt. I went rapidly to work, and in an hour's time, the wall was as perfect as ever, and only for the fresh mortar, no one could have told where I had been at work. As I stepped back a little to pull off my overalls, right down by where I had knocked the mortar off of the bricks, as I stooped, I saw lying right beside the mortar, a small pocket handkerchief. Something struck me to get possession of it. As I pulled the overalls off I dropped them, and in picking them up, picked up the handkerchief, also, and put both in my sack. "Well, is that all?" said I.

"Yes, your job is completed," said he, "and I consider it a good one," and he counted from a large roll ten ten-dollar bills, and handed them to me. "Remember now," said he, "your pledge of secrecy, I belong to a fraternity that knows how to reward friends, and punish foes. Just so long as you are silent, you are safe, and should we ever require your services again, I know where to find you, and you know you will be well paid for your work, but if you fail to observe your obligations of secrecy, remember what I say, your life will be the forfeit. I don't say this to scare you, but that you may be warned, for secrecy is what we pay for, and what we require."

"I have performed your work," said I, "and am well paid, and with me the transaction shall be forgotten."

"That is all that is required," said he, so he blindfolded me again; we went upstairs, I had my sack in my hand, also the piece of chalk, as I had determined to try and leave some mark, by which I might identify the place. And, as we paused outside the outer door, while he was locking it, I drew my chalk for a foot along the wall of the house, and when we passed out the front gate, as he turned to shut it, I dropped my sack, and in picking it up, I drew a figure there on the side-walk, nearly in front of the gate. We walked the same distance we had before to the carriage, evidently a corner, here, while Jo was speaking to Dave, who was the driver, I sat down my sack, and drew the figure again on the cement walk. We got in the carriage, and in an hour's time they set me down on the same corner from which they had picked me up. I went directly home and let myself in with my night key, and went to my room; it was three o'clock. I hastily threw the sack of tools under the bed, and was soon sound asleep.

Mrs. Dean's voice awoke me in the morning, calling me to breakfast. As I came down, Silas Dean remarked: "Young man you were out pretty late last night."

"Yes," said I, "I was, and unavoidably."

"Did you see anything of Lottie in your travels?" said he.

"Lottie," said I, "no, has she not returned yet?"

"No," said Mrs. Dean, "we have not seen her since she left here yesterday. She never stayed a night from home before without we knew where she was, however, she probably spent the night with some old schoolmate, and will soon be home now."

I felt pretty sleepy yet, and resolved not to work that day, so I went 'round to the building, and told the contractor I wanted a day off, then I came back and started down town. I walked straight down the street on which we lived, and had got about a dozen blocks, and was getting into a fashionable part of the city when I passed a large, three-story brown-stone front, a house, by the way, I had often passed, but around which I had never seen a sign of life. There was a wide concrete pavement in front of it. I was thinking of the transactions of the night before, and wondering what part of the city I had been in, when, glancing down on the sidewalk, nearly in front of the iron gate, and close to the stone foundation of the fence, I saw a figure there, evidently drawn with chalk. Can it be, thought I, that this is the house? A cement walk led straight up to the front steps, which one had to mount, to the main entrance, while a half-circular walk led to the basement entrance beneath the stairway. The gate was locked, and with the shrubbery in the way, I could not tell whether my mark was on the wall of the house or not. I passed on to the next corner, there on the cement walk was a figure three. I had located the house, but why should I care to locate it, thought I, I am well paid for my work, and I felt the roll of tens in my pocket. Still I was curious to know what I had walled up there. I crossed the street, and on the next corner an old gentleman was standing at a gate, with a couple of children, "Can you tell me," said I, "Who lives in that house."

"That," said he, "is the Holden estate, and is untenanted, and has been for the past three years, the heirs are fighting over it in the courts. Cosgrove Brothers, a real estate firm, have charge of it."

A real estate firm; it grew more mysterious than ever. I went on down town, and when I got in the heart of the city I noticed the signs. On a plate glass window of a prominent corner I read the words, Cosgrove Brothers real estate, and loan office. It was 4 o'clock when I got home. I found the household excited, Lottie had not yet returned and Silas and Mrs. Dean had been to the homes of all the friends she would be apt to visit, none had seen her. Mrs. Dean's eyes were red with weeping, and Silas was trying to comfort her.

"Something terrible has happened my child" said she, "I feel sure I shall never see her alive again."

"Oh yes you will," said I, "I will devote my time searching for her till she is found. Did she say nothing, to lead you to form any conclusion as to where she was going?"

"No," said Mrs. Dean, "she has for some time been reading the advertisements in the morning paper, thinking she would take a position as copyist or typewriter. She read them yesterday morning as usual before she went out."

"Have you got the paper she was reading?" said I.

She brought it to me, I hastily ran my eye over the want columns, and soon found one that interested me, it read as follows:

WANTED.—A young lady copyist and type-writer; must be quick and expert; good wages paid; call between ten and eleven a. m.
COSGROVE BROTHERS.

A cold chill ran over me, Cosgrove Brothers advertise for a young lady copyist, Lottie answers the advertisement. I have walled up something in the cellar of a house of which they have charge. Lottie is missing. What have I walled up? I had all I could do to keep from exhibiting my excitement. I started out the door, when I thought of the pocket handkerchief I had picked up in the cellar and slipped in my sack. I hastily ran up stairs, emptied the sack, there was the handkerchief, a small cambric one. I picked it up, the perfumery on it was one to which I had been accustomed. I spread out the handkerchief, on one corner was written the name—Lottie Dean. I started as though I was shot. Great God I had walled up the body of my Lottie. I thurst my revolver in my pocket, and rushed down stairs.

Silas had gone to police headquarters. I said to Mrs. Dean, "I am going to find Lottie." Once at the Holden house, I scaled the fence. There on the wall was my chalk mark. I tried every door and window. All were fast. I scaled the fence again, and went to the office of Cosgrove Brothers. I had with me the paper in which was their advertisement.

I opened the door, walked in, and enquired for Mr. Cosgrove.

"Which one," responded a youth, to whom I asked the question.

"Either," said I.

"Mr. Richard Cosgrove is in," said he, "step in the back office."

I opened the door, stepped in, and closed it. At the desk was seated a man writing, there was a scar on his left cheek; he was Richard Cosgrove, the man who had employed me the night before.

He glanced 'round, and I thought his face paled as he recognized me. "Did you wish to see me?" said he.

"I did," I replied.

"Wait a moment," said he, and he took some letters that he had addressed, and carried them in the other room, and I heard him tell the boy to mail them, and "you needn't come back to night, George, he added.

I heard the boy go out, and Cosgrove lock the office door. I took my revolver from my hip pocket, and slipped it inside my breast pocket. Cosgrove came back, locked the room door and put the key in his pocket. "Has what you want to see me about," said he, "any connection with last night's transactions?"

I was so surprised to see that Cosgrove was the man who had employed me, that I hesitated a moment, then held out the paper, which I had in my hand, and pointing to the advertisement said, "is this your advertisement?"

"It is," said he.

"Did a young girl, named Lottie Dean, apply to you yesterday for the position?" said I.

"Several applied," said he, and I could see that his hands trembled, and he grew paler than before.

"Do you know," said I, "if Lottie Dean applied? She is the only one in whom I am interested, and is my promised wife." I heard the word, fate, from between his closed lips.

"No, I can not tell," said he.

"Then," said I, "can you tell how her handkerchief, bearing her name, came to be in the cellar of the Holden house?"

His features were pallid.

"I warned you," said he, "never to refer to the transactions of last night again."

"You implied," said I, "that I was walling up your gambling devices, where, as I now believe, I was walling up the body of my promised bride.

"You promised," said he, "you have violated your pledge, take your reward," and he made a lunge at me with a dirk. I was not altogether unprepared. I sprang back, but not far enough to escape entirely. The point of the dirk struck my revolver, it glanced off, and cut a deep furrow along my ribs. I hastily drew the revolver, and sprang further back. Muttering curses on fate, he sprang at me again, though my revolver was leveled at his head. I pulled the trigger, and he fell to the floor, gasped a time or two, and was dead. I was weak, and getting weaker from the loss of blood. I took the key from his pocket, unlocked the inside door and unlocked and opened the outside door. The street was thronged with people who had heard the report of the revolver. Several police were already at the door.

"Richard Cosgrove," said I, "is dead. I have killed him in self-defense. There has been murder done; arrest his brother at once before he flies the country. As soon as this blood is staunched I will show you the body of their victim." They carried me to the guard-room near by, and a physician stitched up my wound, and staunched the blood. I had fainted, when I came to, a justice and many officers were there, also poor Silas Dean. I told my story. I was placed in a carriage with Silas and in company with a number of officers, we were soon at the Holden house. I pointed out the piece of wall I had torn down, and rebuilt, it was soon down again. Many hands pulled the dirt away, till they came to a woolen blanket. They dug the dirt from around it, lifted it out, and laid it on the cement floor, unrolled it, and revealed to sight the form of Lottie Dean—my Lottie. Her features were unchanged, there was no mark of violence on her body. They carried me back to the guard room, and when we got there Guy Cosgrove had been arrested. He was talking as we went in. I recognized his voice, thought I had never seen him. "That's the man," said I.

At the coroner's inquest over the body of Richard Cosgrove I was exonerated, as the jury found that I killed him in self-defense. The postmortem over Lottie revealed the fact that morphine had been administered in wine, which caused her death.

Guy Cosgrove testified that all he knew about it was what his brother told him. She called to obtain the position of copyist, that he employed her; that he wanted a list of the furniture and other articles in the Holden house; that he took her there to make out the list while he called out the articles; that he found a bottle of wine in a drawer of the side-board. The devil, he said, took possession of him, and he went to a drug store and got the morphine; turned two glasses of wine, in one of which he put the powder; that he urged her to drink the wine as it was not intoxicating, and that she complied, and soon became unconscious. He was frightened at what he had done, and afraid to call help, and at 2 o'clock she was dead. That at his brother's request he advised him, and assisted him in disposing of the body behind the wall.

When asked his brother's object, he replied:

"As to that you must draw your own conclusions."

He was given a term of ten years as an accessory.

Silas and Mrs. Dean have long lain beside Lottie, 'neath the green grass of the cemetery. I have never built or repaired a cellar wall since but that it brings back with all its horrors, the transactions connected with the night that I unconsciously built the wall that hid from view the form of my loved Lottie.

DISCOVERED BY THE PEOPLE.

Many of the inventors and vendors of the various nostrums that are offered to the public to-day, only to disappear and be succeeded by something else to-morrow, make the most sweeping and absurd claims for them. They are heralded as cure-alls, and it is no wonder that the public has become suspicious. The most remarkable fact in the history of S. S. S. (for, unlike most other proprietary medicines, it has a history) is this: That a great many of its virtues have been discovered by the people themselves. It has never been advertised as a specific for skin cancer, and yet there are many testimonials going to show that S. S. S. will cure that dread disease. These testimonials are of such a character that there is no "going behind the returns."

Uncle Sam's Fish Display.

THE WORLD'S FAIR WILL HAVE THE GREATEST AQUARIUM EVER CONSTRUCTED.

The fish exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition is to be a wonderful one, and not the least interesting portion of it, naturally, will be the Aquarial or Live Fish display. This will be contained in a circular building, 135 feet in diameter, standing near one extremity of the main Fisheries building, and in a great curved corridor connecting the two.

In the center of the circular building will be a rotunda sixty feet in diameter, in the middle of which will be a basin or pool about twenty-six feet wide from which will arise a towering mass of rocks covered with moss and lichens. From clefts and crevices in the rocks crystal streams of water will gush and drop to the masses of reeds, rushes, and ornamental semi aquatic plants in the basin below. In this pool gorgeous gold fishes, golden ides, golden tench, and other fishes will disport. From the rotunda one side of the larger series of aquaria may be viewed. These will be ten in number and will have a capacity of seven thousand to twenty-seven thousand gallons of water.

Passing out of the rotunda by the entrances a great corridor or gallery is reached where on one hand can be viewed the opposite side of the series of great tanks and on the other a line of tanks somewhat smaller, ranging from 750 to 1,500 gallons each in capacity. The corridor or gallery is about fifteen feet wide. The entire length of the glass fronts of the aquaria will be about 575 feet or over 3,000 square feet of surface. They will make a panorama never before seen in any exhibition, and will rival the great permanent aquariums of the world not only in size but in all other respects.

The total water capacity of the aquaria, exclusive of reservoirs, will be 18,725 cubic feet, or 140,000 gallons. This will weigh 1,192,425 pounds, or almost 600 tons. Of this amount about 40,000 gallons will be devoted to the marine exhibit. In the entire salt water circulation, including reservoirs, there will be about 80,000 gallons. The pumping and distributing plant for the marine aquaria will be constructed of vulcanite. The pumps will be in duplicate and will each have a capacity of 3,000 gallons per hour. The supply of sea water will be secured by evaporating the necessary quantity at the Woods Hall station of the United States Fish Commission to about one-fifth its bulk, thus reducing both quantity and weight for transportation about 80 per cent. The fresh water required to restore it to its proper density will be supplied from Lake Michigan. In transporting the marine fishes to Chicago from the coast there will also be an addition of probably 3,000 gallons of pure sea water to the supply on each trip.

Prosperity for Farmers.

ONE BILLION MORE PROFITS THAN IN ANY YEAR SINCE THE DEPRESSION.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—Farm profits will be one billion dollars more this year in the United States than they have been during the recent years of depression. At least, this is the estimate put forward by the American Agriculturist in its annual review of the harvests to be published in the forthcoming September issue of that magazine. On the basis of present prospects the corn crop of 1891 is estimated at 2,000,000,000 bushels, wheat 500,000,000 bushels and oats 622,000,000 bushels, against 1,500,000 and 524,000,000 bushels respectively in 1890, and 1,700,445 and 578,000,000 bushels as the average for the preceding eleven years. This makes the total prospective crop of corn, wheat and oats 3,122,000,000 bushels, or 28.8 per cent greater than last year and 14.7 per cent over the average for the preceding eleven pears.

Unless unexpected influences wholly change the current of events the value of corn on the farm will average in December fully fifty cents a bushel, wheat $1 per bushel and oats at least 40 cents. On this basis the value of the corn crop to the farmers will be one billion dollars, wheat five hundred million dollars and oats two hundred and fifty million dollars, or a total of one billion seven hundred and fifty million This is four hundred and fifty million dollars more than the value of these crops in 1890, and six hundred and twenty five million dollars more than the value of the average of these crops from 1880 to 1890, inclusive.

Cotton and rice will command better prices than last season. Cattle are worth one-third more than eighteen months ago, with other live stock in proportion. Tobacco is advancing heavily for cigar leaf, contracts being made for the crop in the field at an advance of 15 to 50 per cent. over last year, hops are firm at good prices, winter fruit will command large values, and all vegetables are yielding fairly, with every indication of a remunerative market.

The export outlook was never better; immensely increased sums will be sent to the United States for our produce. Ulterior influences may of course interfere with this brilliant prospect, but conservative agriculturists predict better profits for the farmers of the United States during the next five years than ever before. There will be no return to "war prices," but the money received above expenses will go further and enable the farmer to get more value out of his profits than at any previous period.

THAT TIN PLATE HUMBUG AGAIN.—High tariff exploiters have frequently "pointed with pride" to the alleged manufacture of bona fide American tin-plate by ex-Congressman Niedringhaus, of St. Louis. Although it was shown that the Niedringhaus "plant" was a toy concern and its product trifling, the fact did not damp their ardor or modify their exultation. Now comes along Mr. Niedringhaus himself, and declares that he must have foreign workmen to enable him to manufacture tin-plate, and will have them despite the prohibition of the Treasury Department, based upon the view that their importation would be a violation of the alien labor law. The net results of the boasted efforts to establish another "infant industry" at enormous cost to the consumers of tin-plate seems to be these: 1. That no tin plate has yet been made for commercial supply; 2. that the tin-plate "industry" depends for its creation upon the addition of foreign workmen to the already crowded works of home labor, and 3, that one of the most vociferous of the high-tariff republicans is forced into the position of defying the Secretary of the Treasury in order to make good his promise that the manufacture of tin plate would be established in this country. American tin-plate comes high, but in the opinion of the tariff monopolists we must have it.—Balt. Sun.

A Rattler in Bed.

JIM CONLEY THOUGHT IT WAS AN ICEBERG AGAINST HIS BACK.

"Talking about rattlesnakes," said Jim Conley, as he perused the interesting snake department of the Globe-Democrat, while sitting in a crowd of men occupying the outside chairs at McPherson's corner, across the way, a few days ago, "I was an eye-witness and an unwilling participant in one of the bloodiest encounters with a rattlesnake recorded in the history of Utah Territory."

"Well, what are you waiting for? Why don't you go on?" asked the correspondent of the Globe-Democrat at Hillsboro, N. M.

"Match, please."

"Certainly."

After Conley had lit his cigar he continued:

"While traveling in that country between Ogden and Salt Lake City with another man, a good many years ago, we got 'busted' and had to go to work at anything we could get to do. We got a contract from a Mormon settler on the road to cut and haul from the mountains 300 cords of wood. He furnished everything, and gave us so much for the job. The camp at which he set us down was six miles away, in the foot-hills of the range, near where there were a lot of campers cutting and hauling railroad ties to the valley for the Union Pacific Railroad. We camped in the yard of a man and his wife, got water out of the same spring, and finally became very well acquainted with them, and indeed they proved to be mighty fine people. Well, next morning after our arrival at the camp, Bill and I went to work chopping down trees and cutting them into four-foot lengths ready to haul. Things went on admirably, and we were doing nicely, when we took a notion one morning to go down to the ranch and spend the day with our employer and his family. During the day we had partaken liberally of the hospitalities at the ranchman's house, and became somewhat 'fuddled,' but not overly so, and returned home in good shape. We both felt tired from our walk and retired to bed about 9 o'clock. I had been asleep, I don't know how long, when I awoke feeling a coldness at my back that was not in keeping with the weather, for it was summer, and though the days were extremely hot, the nights were cool, but not to the extent of the cold sensation at my back. I began to pull at the wagon sheets with which we were covered, and waked my partner up. Turning over, Bill, in an angry tone, asked:

"What's the matter! Got snakes?"

"'No,' I replied, 'but I am as cold as Iceland itself, and want some more cover or I will vacate this bed and build a fire.'

"'Go to sleep and you'll be all right,' said Bill, and he turned over for a comfortable snooze.

"But I could not go to sleep for that feeling of coldness ever behind me, and at last I determined to investigate the cause of it. Reaching behind me with my right hand, without turning over, I began to feel around, for it felt exactly like an iceberg lying up against me, and my hand soon found its way under and through the folds of the bedding and brought it up against something which did not feel natural by any means, and, for the first time, the idea of a snake being in bed with me entered my mind. I cautiously withdrew my hand and arm and moved toward Bill, and let the cover drop down between me and the object I had felt, and crawled out over my bed-fellow's body and from under the cover from the opposite side, and left Bill snoozing away. I then called to him to get up and help me to see what it was, in the meantime finding a candle and lighting it. With much grumbling Bill arose from under the cover and began helping me search for the mystery. Turning the cover down there lay, in comfortable coil, one of the biggest rattlesnakes ever seen in Mormondom."

"'Another match, please.'"

"Yes"

"Well, sir, the serpent didn't move, but lay as quietly as the coil of a steamboat cable. Our confusion and noise had awakened the man and his wife in the next tent, and they both leaped out of bed and came in to see what was the matter, for there were Indians about, and the woman was ready for a scare at any time.

"There lay the rattler, apparently as sound asleep as was Bill a few minutes before. Rushing to the woodyard, I soon returned with an axe and told the crowd to stand back and give me room. Everything being clear, I raised my axe above my head and it came down on the coil of the snake with a powerful blow.

"Well, men, that reptile fell into a dozen pieces, coiled tightly as he was. for when I came down with the sharp blade of the axe upon him it had gone through him a number of times. It would surprise you to know how much blood a rattlesnake contains Why, the blood squirted from the ends of all the pieces like a floor sprinkler, thoroughly saturating everything that we could not take out of the way. After the excitement had somewhat subsided we shoveled the pieces out in the yard, and next morning, placing them as closely together as possible, that snake measured nine feet and three inches in length, and three and a-half inches across the top of his head. From the end of his tail we pulled a string of 32 rattles and a button, representing 32 years and some months in age."

"What ever became of the rattles?" asked a listener.

"I was just going to tell you. Bill and I worked on and completed our job without further mishap, and made a good thing out of our contract, when he went on to Salt Lake City, where we sold the rattles to a museum, which afterward, we learned, disposed of them to an Italian peddler, who took them to Italy.—*St. Louis Globe-Dem.*

You will seldom need a doctor if you have Simmons Liver Regulator handy.

HOW ENGLISH WOMEN LIVE.—I greatly admire the English woman for her utter refusal to worry or be worried, and the consequence is that she looks young at fifty, writes Edward W. Bok in *The Ladies' Home Journal* for August. She undertakes no more than she can comfortably carry out, and thoroughly believes in the coming of another day. By this I do not mean that she procrastinates, she simply will not let the domestic machinery grind her down to ill-health and early old age. She is a frequent bather, and regards health as the prime factor of life, to be looked after before everything else, though the breakfast might be an hour late. She sleeps nine hours, and takes a nap during the day at that. She arranges her day's work in the most systematic manner, and her little memorandum slip always shows, two vacant hours; they are for rest. She eats heartily, but the most digestible food. In the most modest home, no matter how little there may be on the table, there is nothing but the best. She would rather have a mouthful of good food and go partly hungry, than eat a whole meal of cheaper things. She is a true economist; regulates her expenses carefully, and is a true believer in the allowance system. There are some things about the English woman which her American sister dislikes, just as it is *vice versa*; at the same time, there are others which would make our American women happier and healthier if they imitated.

The Secret of His Wealth.

A millionaire said "the secret of my wealth" is in the word, S A-V-E; and the secret of my health is in the word, S-A-G-E. By this last he meant Dr. Sage, whose Catarrh Remedy cured him of one of the worst cases of Catarrh, and thereby saved him from much suffering and premature death, enabling him to make his millions, and enjoy life. The cures made by this medicine are simply wonderful.

Pertman—She positively refused to marry me.

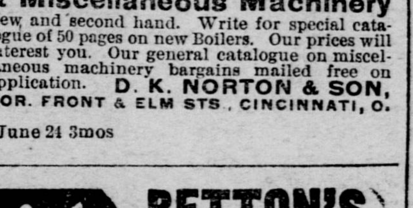
Van Lear—You didn't bring sufficient pressure to bear.

Pertman—Perhaps not, but I'm no hay-baler!

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 Regultor.
mr11-ap11

BOILERS, ENGINES



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KOPFALINE The Great German Headache Cure will cure nervous, sick, malarial and all forms of headache. People who have suffered, say it is a God's blessing to mankind. Pleasant to use. No bad effects. Cure certain and quick. For sale by druggists, or by mail 25 cents. WINKELMANN & BROWN DRUG CO., BALTIMORE, MD. **FOR HEADACHE**
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Or any Disease where the Throat and Lungs are Inflamed, Lack of Strength or Nerve Power, you can be relieved and Cured by

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Jan 21 STAUNTON, VA.

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No. 6 Court-house Alley,
STAUNTON, VA.
Reference, by permission:—Hon. J. Randolph Tucker, Hon. Jacob Yost, Andrew Bowling, Esq., W. H. Saufley Esq. mar 12 tf

J. M. QUARLES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
feb17, '86-tf Staunton, Va.

ROGER B. ATKINSON,
Attorney-at-Law,
29 SOUTH AUGUSTA STREET,
p 25—tf STAUNTON, VA.

THOMAS C. KINNEY,
Attorney-at-Law,
23 SOUTH AUGUSTA STREET, STAUNTON, VA.
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Under the charter granted by His Honor Judge McLaughlin, on December 17th, are now prepared to contract with the farmers of Augusta county to plant and finish Hedge on the plans of the Shenandoah Valley Hedge and Wire fences. ☞ This is the CHEAPEST, BEST AND HANDSOMEST FENCE a farmer can have.
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The Staunton Milling Co. are now operating their new mill and are turning out a superior flour which they offer to the trade at low prices. Write or call for prices of our "Silver Wave" Patent, and "Staunton Belle" Family Flour. Good wheat Wanted.
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WANTED TO BUY.—Black Oak and Chestnut Oak Bark, delivered on cars on any Railroad. Address W. G. KINNEY,
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LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S RESTAURANT.

We adopt this means of informing the public that we have purchased of Miss Mary Casey the restaurant which she has been conducting for some years on Main street, next door to the SPECTATOR office, and that we will conduct it in good style, and would respectfully solicit the patronage of the public generally, and of its former patrons particularly, and promise to give satisfaction both as to prices and the character of the fare.
MARGARET & LUCY CAUTHORN.
June 17—91-1yr

BUILDING.—Persons contemplating buying a lot and building a house, would do well to enquire at The Staunton Improvement Co.'s office, 207 West Main Street, and get its plan of building houses on the instalment plan. REEVES CATT,
apr 29-tf Manager.

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SELECT SCHOOL.—MISS N. B. COLTON'S Select School for Boys and Girls will commence on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd. Apply to No. 203 Kalorama street, Staunton, Va.
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MISS S. FRANCES PARIS will open her School of Music at her home, 22 New St., SEPTEMBER 3rd. Also a few pupils in Latin and French wanted. Aug 5-4ts

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