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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 cents for each subsequent insertion.

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Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
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Use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Cough, Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Pain, Take in time. 50 cts.
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A wonderful improvement in Friction Feeds and Gig-Back. Back motion of Carriage three times as fast as any other in the market. Friction Clutch Feed, causing all the feed gearing to stand still while backing; great saving in power and wear. Write for circulars and prices; furnished free upon application. Also Spring Tooth Harrows, Hay Rakes, Cultivators, Corn Planters, Shellers, etc. *Mention this paper.*
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And the best friend, that never fails you, is Simmons Liver Regulator, (the Red Z)—that's what you hear at the mention of this excellent Liver medicine, and people should not be persuaded that anything else will do.

It is the King of Liver Medicines; is better than pills, and takes the place of Quinine and Calomel. It acts directly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels and gives new life to the whole system. This is the medicine you want. Sold by all Druggists in Liquid, or in Powder to be taken dry or made into a tea.

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Has the Z Stamp in red on wrapper.
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Hours for Arrival and Closing of Mails at Staunton Postoffice.

ARRIVE.

BY C. AND O. RAILROAD.

5 a. m. from north, south, east and west.
9.15 a. m. from west.
2.30 p. m. from Clifton Forge and intermediate points.
11.56 a. m. from Richmond and intermediate points.
6.45 p. m. from north, east and south.

BY B. AND O.

7.04 a. m. from Lexington and intermediate points.
1.40 p. m. from the north.
6.45 p. m. from the north, Harper's Ferry and intermediate points.

STAR ROUTES.

7 a. m. from Plunkettsville, daily except Sunday.
10 a. m. from Mt. Meridian, daily except Sunday.
5 p. m. from Middlebrook, daily except Sunday.
5.30 p. m. from Monterey, daily except Sunday.

CLOSE.

FOR B. AND O.

6.30 a. m. for Lexington, Harper's Ferry and points north.
11.25 a. m. for Harrisonburg, Woodstock and points north.
1.10 p. m. for Lexington.
4.00 p. m. for Fort Defiance.
6.00 p. m. for Lexington and intermediate points.

FOR C. AND O.

8.45 a. m. and 2 p. m. for north, east, south.
9.00 p. m. for east, north, south and west.
11.25 a. m. for Clifton Forge and intermediate points.
6.00 p. m. for the west.

STAR ROUTES—DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

5.30 a. m. for Monterey.
6.00 a. m. for Middlebrook
1.00 p. m. for Mt. Meridian.
6.15 p. m. for Plunkettsville.
12.30 p. m. for Mt. Solon, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

STAUNTON OFFICE

Opens 7 a. m., closes 7 p. m. Money order and registry business opens at 8 a. m., closes 6 p. m.
W. T. McCUE, P. M.

REMOVAL OF THE LADIES AND GENTLEMENS
RESTAURANT!

The undersigned have removed their Ladies and Gentlemen's Restaurant to the Hurley Building on the corner of Main and Lewis Streets, where they hope their old patrons will call upon them as heretofore as they will be better prepared to accommodate them. They will take regular boarders, to a number of whom they can furnish lodging or rent rooms as well as board at cheap rates. Remember the place—Hurley Building, second story, corner Main and Lewis Streets.
MARGARET & LUCY CAUTHORN.
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Virginia Hotel
STAUNTON, VA.
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Refurnished and Refitted Throughout.
The Restaurant
In connection with the hotel is always supplied with the best, the very best, the market affords
Steamed Oyster and Chafing Dish Stews a Specialty
A First-Class Meal for 25 Cts.
Finest Cafe in the City.
april 5, '93

SONGS UNSUNG.

Let no poet, great or small,
Say that he will sing a song;
For song cometh, if at all,
Not because we woo it long,
But because it suits its will,
Tired at last of being still.

Every song that has been sung
Was, before it took a voice,
Waiting since the world was young
For the poet of its choice.
Oh, if any waiting be,
May they come today to me!

I am ready to repeat
Whatsoever they impart;
Sorrows sent by them are sweet—
They know how to heal the heart;
Aye, and in the lightest strain
Something serious doth remain.

What are my white hairs, forsooth,
And the wrinkles on my brow?
I have still the soul of youth—
Try me, merry Muses, now;
I can still with numbers fleet
Fill the world with dancing feet.

No, I am no longer young;
Old am I this many a year;
But my songs will yet be sung,
Though I shall not live to hear.
Oh, my son that is to be,
Sing my songs and think of me!
—Richard Henry Stoddard.

FRED'S AUNT.

Frederick Flushington belonged to a small college, and in doing so conferred upon it one of the few distinctions it could boast—namely, that of possessing the very bashfulest man in the whole university. But his college did not treat him with any excess of adulation on that account, probably from a prudent fear of rubbing the bloom off his modesty. They allowed him to blush unseen, which was the condition in which he preferred to blush.

He felt himself oppressed by a paucity of ideas and a difficulty in knowing which way to look in the presence of his fellow men, which made him never so happy as when he had fastened his outer door and secured himself from all possibility of intrusion, though it was almost an unnecessary precaution, for nobody ever thought of coming to see Flushington.

In appearance he was a man of middle height, with a long scraggy neck and a large head, which gave him the air of being much shorter than he really was. He had little weak eyes, a nose and mouth of no particular shape and very smooth hair of no definite color. He had a timid, deprecating air, which seemed due to the consciousness that he was an uninteresting anomaly, and he certainly was as impervious to the ordinary influence of his surroundings as any undergraduate well could be. He lived a colorless, aimless life in his little rooms under the roof, reading every morning from 9 till 2 with a superstitiously mechanical regularity, though very often his books completely failed to convey any ideas whatever to his brain, which was not a particularly powerful organ.

If the afternoon was fine, he generally sought out his one friend, who was a few degrees less shy than himself, and they took a monosyllabic walk together, or if it was wet he read the papers at the Union, and in the evenings after hall he studied "general literature"—a graceful term for novels—or laboriously spelled out a sonata upon his piano, a habit which did not increase his popularity.

Fortunately for Flushington, he had no gyp, or his life might have been made a positive burden to him, and with his bedmaker he was rather a favorite as "a gentleman what gave no trouble," meaning that when he observed his sherry unaccountably sinking, like the water in a lock when the sluices are up, Flushington was too delicate to refer to the phenomenon.

He was sitting one afternoon over his modest lunch of bread and butter, potted meat and lemonade, when all at once he heard a sound of unusual voices and a strange flutter of dresses coming up the winding stone staircase outside and was instantly seized with a cold dread.

There was no particular reason for being alarmed, although there were certainly ladies mounting the steps—probably they were friends of the man opposite, who was always having his people up. But still Flushington had that odd presentiment which nervous people have sometimes that something unpleasant is on its way to them, and he half rose from his chair to shut his outer oak.

It was too late; the dresses were rustling now in his very passage, there was a pause, a few faint smothered laughs and little feminine coughs, then two raps at the door.

"Come in," cried Flushington faintly. He wished he had been reading anything but the work by M. Zola, which was propped up in front of him. It is your mild man who frequently has a taste for seeing the less reputable side of life in this secondhand way, and Flushington would toil manfully through the voluminous pages, hunting up every third word in the dictionary, with a sense of injury when, as was often the case, it was not to be found. Still there was a sort of intellectual orgie about it which had strong fascinations for him, while he knew enough of the language to be aware when the incidents approached the improper, though he was not always able to see quite clearly in what this impropriety consisted.

The door opened, and his heart seemed to stop, and all the blood rushed violently to his head as a large lady came sweeping in, her face rippling with a broad smile of affection.

She horrified Flushington, who knew nobody with the least claim to smile at him so expansively as that. He drank lemonade to conceal his confusion.

"You don't know me, my dear Fred?" she said easily. "Of course not—how should you? I'm—for goodness sake, my dear boy, don't look so terribly frightened! I'm your aunt—your Aunt Amelia, come over from Australia!"

The shock was a severe one to Flushington, who had not even known he possessed such a relative. He could only say, "Oh," which he felt even then was scarcely a warm greeting to give an aunt from the antipodes.

"Oh, but," she added cheerily, "that's not all. I've another surprise for you. The dear girls would insist on coming up, too, to see their grand college cousin. They're just outside. I'll call them in; shall I?"

In another second Flushington's small room was overrun by a horde of female relatives, while he looked on gasping.

They were pretty girls, too, many of them, but that was all the more dreadful to him. He did not mind the plainer ones half so much. A combination of beauty and intellect reduced him to a condition of absolute imbecility.

He was once caught and introduced to a charming young lady from Newnham, and all he could do was to back feebly into a corner and murmur "Thank you" repeatedly.

He was very little better than that then as his aunt singled out one girl after another. "We won't have any formal nonsense between cousins," she said. "You know them all by name already, I dare say—this is Milly, that's Jane, here's Flora and Kitty and Margaret, and that's my little Thomasina over there by the bookcase."

Poor Flushington ducked blindly in the direction of each and then to them all collectively. He had not presence of mind to offer them chairs or cake or anything, and besides there was not nearly enough of anything for all of them.

Meanwhile his aunt had spread herself comfortably out in his armchair and was untying her bonnet strings and beaming at him until he was ready to expire with confusion. "I do think," she observed at last, "that when an old aunt all the way from Australia takes the trouble to come and see you like this you might give her just one kiss!"

Flushington blushed and did not refuse. He tottered up and kissed her somewhere about the face, after which he did not know which way to look, he was so terribly afraid that he might have to go through the same ceremony with the cousins, which he simply could not have survived.

Happily for him, they did not appear to expect it, and he balanced a chair on its hind legs, and resting one knee upon it waited patiently for them to begin a conversation. He could not have uttered a single word.

The aunt came to his rescue. "You don't ask after your Uncle Samuel, who used to send you the beetles?" she said reprovingly.

"No," said Flushington, who had forgotten Uncle Samuel and his beetles too. "No, how is Uncle Samuel? Quite well, I hope."

"Only tolerably so, thank you, Fred. You see, he never got over his great loss."

"No," said Flushington desperately, "of course not. It was a—a large sum of money to lose all at once."

"I was not referring to money," said she, with a slight touch of stoniness in her manner. "I was alluding to the death of your Cousin John."

Flushington had felt himself getting on rather well just before that, but this awkward mistake—for he could not recollect having heard of Cousin John before—threw him off his balance again. He collapsed into silence once more, inwardly resolving to be lured into no more questions concerning relatives.

His ignorance seemed to have aroused pathetic sentiments in his aunt. "I ought to have known," she said, shaking her head, "they'd soon forget us in the old country. Here's my own sister's son, and he doesn't remember his cousin's death! Well, well, now we're here we must see if we can't know one another a little better. Fred, you must take the girls and me everywhere and show us everything, like a good nephew, you know."

Flushington had a horrible mental vision of himself careering about all Cambridge, followed by a long procession of female relatives—a fearful possibility to so shy a man. "Shall you be here long?" he asked.

"Only a week or so. We're at the Bull—very near you, you see, and I'm afraid you think us very bold beggars, Fred, but we're going to ask you to give us something to eat. I've set my heart, so have the girls—haven't you, dears?—on lunching once with a college student in his own room."

"There's nothing so extraordinary in it, I assure you," protested Flushington, "and—and I'm afraid there's very little for you to eat. The kitchen and buttery are closed"—he said this at a venture, as he felt absolutely unequal to facing the college cook and ordering lunch from that tremendous personage—he would rather order it from his tutor even—"but if you don't mind potted ham there's a little at the bottom of this tin, and there's some bread and an inch of butter and marmalade and a few biscuits. And there was some sherry this morning."

The girls all professed themselves very hungry and contented with anything, so they sat round the table, and poor Flushington served out meager rations of all the provisions he could find, even to his figs and French plums, but there was not nearly enough to go round, and they lunched with evident disillusionment, thinking that the college luxury of which they had heard so much had been greatly exaggerated.

During luncheon the aunt began to study Flushington's features attentively. "There's a strong look of poor dear Simon about him when he smiles," she said, looking at him through her gold double glasses. "There! Did you catch it, girls? Just his mother's profile—turn your face a leetle more toward the window, so as to get the light on your nose. Don't you see the likeness to your aunt's portrait, girls?"

And Flushington had to sit still with all the girls' charming eyes fixed critically upon his crimson countenance. He longed to be able to slide down under the table and evade them, but of course he was obliged to remain above.

"He's got dear Caroline's nose!" the aunt went on triumphantly, and the cousins agreed that he certainly had Caroline's nose, which made Flushington feel vaguely that he ought at least to offer to return it.

Presently one of the girls whispered to her mother, who laughed indulgently. "What do you think this silly child wants me to ask you now, Fred?" she said. "She says she would so like to see what you look like with your college cap and gown on! Will you put them on, just to please her?"

So Flushington had to put them on and walk slowly up and down the room in them, feeling all the time what a dismal spectacle he was making of himself, while the girls were plainly disappointed and remarked that somehow they had thought the academical costume more becoming.

Then began a hotly maintained catechism upon his studies, his amusements, his friends and his mode of life generally, which he met with uneasy shiftings and short timid answers that they did not appear to think altogether satisfactory.

Indeed the aunt, who by this time felt the potted ham beginning to disagree with her, asked him, with something of severity in her tone, whether he went to church regularly, and he said that he didn't go to church, but was always regular at chapel.

On this she observed coldly that she was sorry to hear her nephew was a dissenter, and Flushington was much too shy to attempt to explain the misunderstanding. He sat quiet and felt miserable, while there was another uncomfortable pause.

The cousins were whispering together and laughing over little private jokes, and he, after the manner of sensitive men, of course imagined they were laughing at him—and perhaps he was not very far wrong on this occasion. So he was growing hotter and hotter every second, inwardly cursing his whole race and wishing that his father had been a foundling when there came another tap at the door.

"Why, that must be poor old Sophy!" said his aunt. "Fred, you remember old Sophy—no, you can't, you were only a baby when she came to live with us—but she'll remember you. She begged so hard to be taken, and so we told her she might come on here slowly after us."

And then an old person in a black bonnet came feebly in and was considerably affected when she saw Flushington. "To think," she quavered, "to think as my dim old eyes should see the child I've nursed on my lap growed out into a college gentleman!" And she hugged Flushington and wept on his shoulder till he was almost cataleptic with confusion.

But as she grew calmer she became more critical. She confessed to a certain feeling of disappointment with Flushington. He had not filled out, she said, "so fine as he'd promised to fill out." And when she asked if he recollected how he wouldn't be washed unless they put his little wooden horse on the washstand, and what a business it was to make him swallow his castor oil it made Flushington feel like a fool.

This was quite bad enough, but at last the girls began to go round his rooms, exclaiming at everything, admiring his pipe and umbrella racks, his buffalo horns and his quaint wooden kettle holder until they happened to come upon his French novel, and being unsophisticated colonial girls with a healthy ignorance of such literature they wanted Flushington to tell them what it was all about.

His presence of mind had gone long before, and this demand threw him into a violent perspiration. He could not invent, and he was plainly racking his brains to find some portion of the tale which would bear repetition when there was another knock at the door.

At this Flushington was perfectly dumb with horror. He prepared himself blankly for another aunt with a fresh relay of female cousins or more old family servants who had washed him in his infancy, and he sat there cowering.

But when the door opened a tall, fair haired, good looking young fellow, who from his costume had evidently just come up from the tennis court, came bursting in impulsively.

"Oh, I say," he began, "have you heard—have you seen? Oh, beg pardon, didn't see, you know!" he added as he noticed the extraordinary fact that Flushington had people up.

"Oh, let me introduce you," said Flushington, with a vague idea that this was the proper thing to do. "Mr. Lushington, Mrs.—no, I don't know her name—my aunt—my cousins."

The young man, who had just been about to retire, bowed and stared with a sudden surprise. "Do you know," he said slowly to the other, "I rather think that's my aunt!"

"I—I'm afraid not," whispered Flushington. "She seems quite sure she's mine."

"Well, I've got an aunt and cousins I've never seen before coming up today," said the newcomer, "and yours is uncommonly like the portrait of mine."

"If they belong to you, do take them away!" said Flushington feebly. "I don't think I can keep up much longer."

"What are you whispering about, Fred?" cried the aunt. "Is it something we are not to know?"

"He says he thinks there's been a mistake, and you're not my aunt," explained Flushington.

"Oh, does he?" she said, drawing herself up indignantly. "And what does he know about it—I didn't catch his name—who is he?"

"Fred Lushington," he said; "that's my name."

"And who are you if he's Fred Lushington?" she inquired, turning upon the unfortunate owner of the rooms.

"I'm Frederick Flushington," he stammered. "I'm sorry, but I can't help it!"

"Then you're not my nephew at all, sir!" cried the aunt.

"Thank you very much," said Flushington gratefully.

"You see," her real nephew was explaining to her, "there isn't much light on the staircase, and you must have thought his name over the door was 'F. Lushington,' so in you went, you know! The porter told me you'd been asking for me, so I looked in here to see whether anything had been heard of you, and here you are."

"But why didn't he tell me?" she said, for she was naturally annoyed to find that she had been pouring out her pent up affection over a perfect stranger, and she even had a dim idea that she had put herself in a rather ridiculous position, which of course made her feel very angry with Flushington. "Why couldn't he explain before matters had gone so far?"

"How was I to know?" pleaded Flushington. "I dare say I have aunts in Australia, and you said you were one of them. I thought very likely you knew best."

"But you asked after Uncle Samuel?" she said accusingly. "You must have had some object—I cannot say what—in encouraging my mistake. Oh, I'm sure of it!"

"You told me to ask after him, and I did," said the unhappy Flushington. "I thought it was all right. What else was I to do?"

The cousins were whispering and laughing together all this time and regarding their new cousin with shy admiration, very different from the manner in which they had looked at poor Flushington, and the old nurse, too, was overjoyed at the exchange and declared that she felt sure from the first that her master Frederick had not turned out so undersized as him, meaning Flushington.

"Yes, yes," said Lushington hastily, "quite a mistake on both sides. Quite sure Flushington isn't the man to go and intercept any fellow's aunt."

"I wouldn't have done it for worlds if I had known!" he protested very sincerely.

"Well," she said a little mollified, "I'm very sorry we've all disturbed you like this, Mr.—Mr. Flushington"—the unlucky man said something about not minding it now—"and now, Fred, my boy, perhaps you will show us the way to the right rooms?"

"Come along then!" said he. "I'll run down and tell them to send up some lunch"—they did not explain that they had lunched already. "You come too, Flushington, and then after lunch you and I will row the ladies up to Byron's pool."

"Yes, do come, Mr. Flushington," the ladies said kindly, "just to show you forgive us!"

But Flushington wriggled out of it. To begin with, he did not consider he knew his neighbor sufficiently well, as they had only had a nodding acquaintance before, and besides he had had enough of female society for one day.

Indeed long after that he would be careful in fastening his door about luncheon time, and if he saw any person in Cambridge who looked as if she might by any possibility turn out to be a relation he would flee down a back street. —F. Anstey in Belgravia.

CLASSICAL REVOLUTIONISTS.

The Love of Elegant Precedent In the French Revolutionary Leaders.

Mr. John G. Alger says in his "Glimpses of the French Revolution" that a very noticeable feature of the revolutionary leaders was their admiration for the classical writers and their imitation of the Roman people. The speeches and writings of the times were full of allusions to and similes drawn from the poets and philosophers of antiquity. Says Mr. Alger on this point:

Some of the revolutionists not merely quoted the Romans, but imitated them. Claviere killed himself on the eve of his trial, Valaze stabbed himself in the dock, Condorcet, Buzot, Barbaroux and Roland also committed suicide. Vergniaud had intended to do likewise, but at the last moment changed his purpose. Chabot attempted suicide. Mme. Roland, who at 12 years of age regretted not being a Spartan or a Roman, had to be dissuaded from poisoning herself before trial, one reason, it is but fair to add, being that her property would thus have been saved for her daughter from confiscation. Charlotte Corday in stabbing Marat was manifestly acting under classical recollections. She took her favorite Plutarch with her on her journey to Paris, and she hoped to stab Marat in the convention and be torn to pieces, but possibly to be applauded, by his fellow deputies. She counted on meeting Brutus and other ancients in the Elysian fields.

"One regrets the theatrical tone which some may attribute to her collateral descent from Corneille. When arrested, she applied to the committee of public safety for leave to have her portrait taken as a bequest to her native department. At her trial, noticing that an artist, Hauer, was sketching her, she turned her head toward him that he might have a better view, and she obtained permission to give him a two hours' sitting in her cell while waiting for the tumbril. She suggested corrections in his sketch and begged him to send a replica to her father. She presented him also with a lock of her hair. The revolutionists, indeed, were too self conscious."

Another way in which the "Friends of Liberty" showed their admiration for the writers of antiquity was by changing their names for those of their favorite Roman heroes or heroines. This copying of the names and even the customs of ancient Greece and Rome must have often led to some very strange incongruities.

"Even the rooms in the Paris prisons were inscribed Cincinnatus, Brutus, Socrates, etc., sometimes also Marat, which was peculiarly appropriate, until in June, 1794, Payan urged on the municipality that the shades of these great men would be indignant at seeing the cells of conspirators called by their names. Thereupon the inscriptions were effaced. Civic dinners in imitation of Sparta also became common in Paris a few weeks before Robespierre's fall. People had tables spread outside their houses in the street and had their servants sit down to partake with them. A man would be heard haughtily ordering his servant on the staircase and coming out to dinner would have that servant sit beside him and would drink his health. A fashionable lady would say: 'Look how I love equality! I dine publicly with my servants.' This innovation, denounced by some as an intrigue of the Hebertists, by others as an aristocratic device for lulling patriotic suspicions, was, however, very short lived."

A Mild Rebuke.

In a small New England village there lives a man named Jenkins Sanderson, whose enormous, ungainly figure and forbidding expression of countenance seem to belie his real gentleness and good nature and make him an object of distrust and sometimes even of horror to strangers. His wife is a thin, prim old lady, the embodiment of neatness and exceedingly quiet in her manners. She has a serene, placid face, which is not often agitated by smiles and still more rarely ruffled by frowns.

She was taking tea one summer afternoon with a neighbor who had a new "summer boarder," a lady of hysterical tendencies, who boasted of the "extreme sensitiveness of her nervous organization." Several other worthy dames, residents of the village, were participants in this mild festivity.

As the guests were seated around the table, the summer boarder chanced to look out of the window and saw Jenkins Sanderson approaching the house with a message for his wife. It was the summer boarder's first sight of him.

"Oh, mercy on us!" she exclaimed in shrill dismay, dropping her teacup, with a clatter. "Just see! Who's that awful looking man coming up the path? He has frightened me almost out of my wits!"

The embarrassment of the other guests was painful for a moment, but no longer. Mrs. Sanderson gazed calmly out of the window and then turned her mild glance upon the hysterical boarder. "Why, ma'am," she said tranquilly, "that is my good husband. He is an awful looking man, but God made him!"—Youth's Companion.

The Way to Tell an Orange.

Big oranges are no good. They are all skin and fiber. If you want "a yellow cup of wine," buy small fruit—that is, fruit that runs 176 or 200 to the box. Weigh it in the hand and take the heaviest. Sweet, sound oranges are full of wine and sugar and very heavy. A thin, smooth skin is a good sign. Wide, deep pored skins are unmistakable signs of a coarse, spongy article. Bright yellow oranges usually cost more than russet, because they are prettier. When the commission merchant buys in a hurry, he saves time by taking an orange between his hands and squeezing it to death. If it runs a cup of wine, he takes as much of the cargo as he needs. If it runs dry, he cuts the price or refuses to trade. There is no surer way to tell the real value of an orange, mandarin or grape fruit.—Exchange.

Where Age Is Sensitive.

A young girl sprang forward impulsively one evening to help an elderly caller get into his overcoat. He rejected her assistance rather curtly. After he had gone away her mother shrewdly remarked, "If you want to taunt a man no longer young with his age, offer to hold his overcoat for him."—Detroit News.

JIGGING FOR TOMCOD

INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF A CONNECTICUT BUSINESS AND PASTIME.

How the Art Which Works Such Havoc Among the Tomcods Was Discovered. Not to Jig Along the Thames River Is to Be Put Down as Eccentric.

"It's a good thing that virtue is its own reward," said a man from Connecticut. "That is about all the recompense it ever gets, even in Connecticut. Now, for instance, take the confiding and credulous tomcod. Like all fish, the tomcod has habits. Unlike many fishes, none of the tomcod's habits is bad. Yet the most innocent and touching of them leads the tomcod to his inevitable undoing over in Connecticut, especially along the Thames river. His very virtues are his ruin. He might better be a vicious, rollicking, thieving dogfish, the tomcod might, ten times over than his own highly reputable and innocent self. He would live many times as long as he does and have a heap more fun, because then folks wouldn't jig for him. A good many scores of my compatriots take advantage of his trustfulness and jig him from his chilly but congenial home by the bushel.

"Never jigged for tomcods? Then it is plain that you are so unfortunate as never to have lived in Connecticut—anyway not in any of those parts of that incomparable state where tomcods are jigged. Not to jig for tomcods over there, especially along the Thames river, is to be eccentric.

"The fatal habit of the tomcod is to be caressing. If you never noticed this peculiarity of the tomcod, make a point of doing it the very first chance you get. A good place to detect him at it is from the end of some pier that rises from water he frequents. You will see him come up in schools around the supporting pieces of the pier and rub himself against them, passing all around them, always in gentle contact with them, turning first this side and then that side to the pile, rubbing his nose against it and fondling it in many ways, as a pet cat might rub itself against your leg. But piers are not the only objects of the tomcod's fondness. He caresses all sorts of jetsam and even ventures to the surface and pays his addresses to cold and unconscious flotsam. He puts his trust in anything that offers. His credulity is boundless. His confidence is sublime. And the jigger plays them for all they are worth.

"People in Connecticut are very observant folk, especially along the Thames river. One day long ago one of my fellow citizens sat musingly upon the bank of that storied stream. He held in his hand a small oak bough on which leaves were clustered. At last he aimlessly dropped the bough into the river. It fell near the shore, and the bunches of leaves sank somewhat below the surface. Presently tomcods came swimming up to the leaves, obtruding themselves into the line of my fellow citizen's pensive vision. Scores of them surrounded the oak leaves and swam in a fondling way among them and about them, manifesting much the same dumb delight that a cat does as it rolls and wriggles on a bunch of catnip.

"After awhile this strange affinity between the oak leaves and the tomcods gradually gave my fellow citizen an idea. Pensiveness gave way to the practical. He got up and went home and then tied some sharp hooks to the end of a long stick. Then he returned to the river. The oak branch was still lying close at hand in the water. He manipulated its leaves beneath the water gently, and as the caressing and trustful tomcods responded to their undulating movements my fellow citizen yanked them out with the hooks at the end of his stick. So long as he kept the bunch of oak leaves moving in the water the tomcods swarmed about it, unmindful of the play of the destructive gaff among them. Now and then my fellow citizen would remove the bough from the water. Then the tomcods would instantly disappear. The oak back again in the water, back would come the tomcods and were aware of no other presence. Soon the shore was strewn with the unsuspecting fish, and the sport becoming monotonous my fellow citizen filled his basket and went home.

"Of course this interesting discovery in piscatorial psychology, so to speak, soon absorbed attention in those parts, and experimenters lined the banks of the Thames river daily. These experiments at last took on the accepted name of jigging, and tomcod jigging became a popular recreation in Connecticut and is yet.

"An expert with a bunch of oak leaves and a jig can fill a wagon with tomcods in a few hours if he wants to, and if every tomcod that swims was in a school around one bunch of leaves and the jigger at that bunch could stay and jig long enough he could make the race of tomcod extinct, for every tomcod would come right up to that bunch of leaves and be everlastingly jigged. A great many good Connecticut people protest that they jig for tomcods not for pleasure or pecuniary profit, but because of the great moral lesson they learn from it. Whether that is so or not, the fact remains that the toothsome tomcod is the most confiding, credulous and innocent of fishes."—New York Sun.

Cracks In Bread Loaves.

The cracks in loaves are caused usually by too much flour being used in the kneading, making the loaf too stiff. When the batter is set at night, sufficient flour is added to make it pour thickly from a spoon. In the morning when kneading only enough flour should be added to keep the dough from sticking to the hands and the board, and practice in kneading makes this quantity much less than at the first trial. Bread should be turned in the oven while baking so that all sides may be baked equally or be exposed to equal heat, as this sometimes makes the cracks.—New York World.

Boston Composure.

He (of Chicago)—My dear, I smell something burning. I do believe the house is on fire, Priscilla. For heaven's sake, lay aside your Boston serenity and help me see what is wrong.

She (formerly of Beacon Hill)—My dear husband, lay aside your western fidgetiness and be composed. It is bad form to be so demonstrative. The odor you detect is caused by the cook burning some rags.

He (10 minutes later)—Priscilla, permit me to ask, with true Boston composure, was it a rat or only a mouse that disappeared under your skirts a moment ago?

She (wildly)—! ? ! ? ! ! !—Pittsburg Bulletin.

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Second Presbyterian church corner Frederick and Lewis streets. Services at 11 a. m and 8. Pastor, Rev. Wm. Cumming.

Emmanuel Episcopal Church, worship at Y. M. C. A. Hall. Services at 11 a. m., and 8 p. m. Rector, Rev. R. C. Jett.

Trinity Episcopal church, Main street, between Lewis and Church streets. Services a 11 a. m., and 8 p. m. Rector, Rev. W. Q. Hullihen

United Brethren church, Lewis street, between Main and Johnson streets. Services at 11 a. m and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. J. D. Donovan.

Methodist church, Lewis street, between Main and Frederick streets. Services at 11 m. and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. J. H. Boyd, D. D

Christ Evangelical Lutheran church, Lewis street, between Main and Frederick streets Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Pastor. Rev H. F. Shealy.

Baptist church, corner Main and Washington streets. Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m Pastor, Rev. W. J. E. Cox.

St. Francis Roman Catholic, North Augusta street, Mass at 7 and 10.30 a. m. Vespers and benediction of Most Blessed Sacrament at p. m. Pastor, Rev. Father McVerry.

Young Men's Christian Association, corner Main and Water streets. Services at 4 p. m. Sunda .

DIRECTORY OF LODGES.

MASONIC LODGE.

Staunton Lodge No. 13, A. F. and A. M., meets every second and last Friday night in each month, in Masonic Temple, Main street. Jas M. Lickliter, W. M; B. A. Eskridge, Sec'y.

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