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PROFESSIONAL.

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BRICKS FOR SALE, STANTON IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, No. 37, West Main Street.

FOR RENT—Two comfortably furnished rooms in a desirable part of the city.

LOOKING BACKWARD, May be a pleasing pastime, but we take more pleasure in looking forward.

Looking Forward, To the time when the Retail Grocers.

TEA, COFFEES, SYRUPS, MOLASSES, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, HIGH GRADE FLOURS.

Bowling, Spotts & Co's, OLD AMERICA HOTEL BUILDING, AT C. & O. DEPOT.

What is Castoria, Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children.

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance.

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It is pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers.

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VOL. 71.

STAUNTON, VA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1894.

NO. 42.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. Advertisements are inserted at the rate of 5 cents per line for the first week, 4 cents for each subsequent insertion.



The Old Friend

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.

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.

10 a. m. from Mt. Meridian, daily except Sunday.

11:30 a. m. from Harrisonburg, Woodstock and intermediate points.

6:45 p. m. from north, east and south.

7:04 a. m. from Lexington and intermediate points.

1:40 p. m. from the north, Harper's Ferry and intermediate points.

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. BY R. AND O. RAILROAD.

4:30 a. m. for Lexington, Harper's Ferry and intermediate points.

11:30 a. m. for Harrisonburg, Woodstock and intermediate points.

4:00 p. m. for Fort Detting.

4:00 p. m. for Lexington and intermediate points.

4:45 a. m. and 9 p. m. for north, east, south.

5:30 p. m. for north, south, east and west.

11:30 a. m. for Clinton Forge and intermediate points.

6:00 p. m. for the west.

5:30 p. m. for Monterey.

6:00 a. m. for Middlebrook.

6:30 a. m. for Plunkettsville.

12:30 p. m. for Mt. Meridian, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

STANTON OFFICE. Opens 7 a. m., closes 7 p. m. Money order and registry business opens at 8 a. m., closes 6 p. m.

REMOVAL OF THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN'S 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.

Virginia Hotel, STANTON, V. J. C. SCHEFFER, Proprietor.

Refurnished and Redited 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.

First-Class Meal for 25 Cts.

Finest Cafe in the City.

april 5, '93

AT THE PHONE.

There are sounds that seem to soothe us. There are sounds that seem to move us. As the early morning in opera or the rooster's early crow.

There are sounds when nothing pleases. And tormenting thoughts will tease us. Then it does good to listen to her musical "Hello."

So so nicely regulated. And so sweetly modulated. That I oft would follow her lead if I did not feel alone.

For some fellow's sake to break in with a sound that I must take in. While I'm patiently awaiting to hear one more "Hello."

"Wait a moment," says she sweetly, and she smiles him off neatly. Then she interposes, tell me what she knows I want to know.

Yet there are no long phrases. For "the chief" is "keeping cases." But she manages to call me something more than mere "Hello."

Although I've never seen her, Curiosity's no foe. Than when first I heard her voice repeat a call, clearly and sweetly.

For in my mind I've pictured her. In my heart I've voted her. The loveliest and the brightest girl that ever said "Hello."

—Cincinnati Tribune.

WIDOW GAMBERTI.

The regiment had been expected since the morning. In the villages remote from the great centers, where he goes on and on, even as the mechanical movement of a well regulated clock, the passage of the troops is always an important event.

The peasants even, naturally peevish, do not complain of the slight expense and inconvenience that the military guests bring for a day into their houses, and he is noted that it is not a patriotic feeling nor affection for the sons of others which animates them, but it amuses them to pass the evening in listening to the adventures and tales and the jokes of the barracks of some soldier that is rather a chatterbox, especially if he is from the south. There are fine things to be heard, you may believe me.

That day the young serving women had done their daily tasks in the quickest way and with various distractions. The workmen busy near the windows had often raised the curtains to see better and to prepare to receive the guests who since dawn had galloped up and down through the town satisfied no doubt with attracting all the feminine glances.

"No, no, thank you, lady and no mistake," said Terbian to himself, not only at seeing her home, but also at the aspect of the servant that came to open the door.

"The signora marchesa is at the Villa di Givovio," said the domestic, showing the lieutenant into a drawing room furnished in antique brocade, where a great fire was crackling merrily in the porphyry chimney-piece. The servant added:

"If the signor tenente wishes to read, on that table are the newspapers, in that bookcase some books. If the signor tenente wishes that I should prepare him some tea or coffee, that I bring him some of the cigars."

"No, thank you," replied the officer absently.

"Perhaps the signor tenente would like to go to bed?"

"No, no, thank you," repeated Terbian. "I never go to bed before midnight."

This last phrase was uttered in the hope that the marchesa would come home before that hour.

"Her sister has been married for 15 years, my dear lieutenant. She is already an old wife and an old mother," the marchesa said, laughing.

At that point the door opened, and the arrival of a handsome man, tall and well built, followed by two boys, with fresh, rose faces, in traveling costume. All three threw themselves upon the neck of the marchesa without even perceiving the presence of the poor lieutenant, who turned to stone, more immovable and mute than a statue.

"The Marchese Gamberti, my husband," the lady presented him after having returned the family effusions.

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ter—so you can pay to that blond young lady."

"No, no! Like brunettes best. I prefer widows. They are more piquant. Come, I beg of you. Think that your compliances may perhaps decide my whole life."

"Well, take my lodging," sighed the young lieutenant, with affected resignation. "Go and warm your heart in the presence of the Marchesa Gamberti, and kiss your boots at the fireplace of her whole life."

"Then Terbian rushed to hunt up his valises; next into one of the rooms of the inn, where he worked a complete metamorphosis in his apparel; changed his fatigued dress, frayed and discolored, for a brand new uniform, and without re-entering the dining room went to ask some directions of the landlord as to where the Casa Gamberti was."

"Ah, you are quartered there? Excellent!" approved the fat landlord after having looked at the lieutenant from head to foot to make sure that he was worthy of such a place. Then he added:

"Fortunately you have but few steps to take because the Palazzo Gamberti is almost opposite here, that house, you see, where there are so many lights."

The officer went forth, the horse pointed to him. It was an antique building of rich and elegant style—a pearl among lentils in comparison with the other houses.

"The village remote from the great centers, where he goes on and on, even as the mechanical movement of a well regulated clock, the passage of the troops is always an important event. The peasants even, naturally peevish, do not complain of the slight expense and inconvenience that the military guests bring for a day into their houses, and he is noted that it is not a patriotic feeling nor affection for the sons of others which animates them, but it amuses them to pass the evening in listening to the adventures and tales and the jokes of the barracks of some soldier that is rather a chatterbox, especially if he is from the south. There are fine things to be heard, you may believe me.

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"Really this is absolutely what is wanted for me," he thought as he sank between the fine linen sheets, perfumed with orris, that had been prepared for him.

"No going ahead under full sail," explained the young man, rubbing his hands. "This breakfast and this hunt today are what is wanted for my nerves—of love, not war."

The marchesa of course listened with patience and good will, full of encouragement to these propositions, rather verbose, but of an irreproachable morality.

"And I suppose that the conclusion of all this is that you are thinking of marriage?" she said, looking at the lieutenant on the mantelpiece. The train that brought her husband was just then entering the station, and that she saw the pleasure of seeing the lovely white light dance from the north to the south, in which the spectroscopic analysis characterized the greenish yellow rays so characteristic of the aurora borealis. At that point the door opened, and the arrival of a handsome man, tall and well built, followed by two boys, with fresh, rose faces, in traveling costume. All three threw themselves upon the neck of the marchesa without even perceiving the presence of the poor lieutenant, who turned to stone, more immovable and mute than a statue.

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THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Curiosities of the Singular Red Lights in the Northern Skies.

The magnificent aurora borealis with its variations, are looking upon it as an omen of direful disaster. It is not unusual for descriptions of old time battles to mention the fact that the "curious red northern lights" gave warning that something awful was about to happen."

In the year 1859 the people of America witnessed one of the grandest displays of the aurora light that have ever been known in the history of the world. During the month of September, that year, particularly upon the nights of the 2d, 3d and 29th, brilliant auroras were reported from nearly every point on the American continent.

Superstitious people in the olden times of Ireland, Hungary and other countries years ago believe until this day that the peculiar appearance of the sky upon the nights mentioned was a presage of the great conflict which was so soon to be waged between the north and south.

The cause of the aurora has long been a matter of speculation. M. de la Rive, a Genevese scientist, who has long and faithfully labored for the enlightenment of humanity upon this subject, made an interesting experiment in Finland in the year 1882 and one which goes a long way toward proving that "fifur aurora" is a phenomenon of electrical character.

The experiment is best described in the language of the experimenter himself. He surrounded the peak of a mountain with copper wire, pointed at intervals with tin ribs. We next heavily charged the wire with electricity, and just then entering the station, and that she saw the pleasure of seeing the lovely white light dance from the north to the south, in which the spectroscopic analysis characterized the greenish yellow rays so characteristic of the aurora borealis. At that point the door opened, and the arrival of a handsome man, tall and well built, followed by two boys, with fresh, rose faces, in traveling costume. All three threw themselves upon the neck of the marchesa without even perceiving the presence of the