Prufer C Jinly08

Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS, $2.00 A YEAR.

☞Remittances should be made by check, draft, postal order, or registered letter.

Staunton

VOL. 71.

PROFESSIONAL.

CARTER BRAXTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 23 S. Augusta St.
Special attention given to collections.

C. S. W. BARNES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 4 West Main Street,
sept 27-tf STAUNTON, VA.

W. H. LANDES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.
No. 2, Court House Square.
aug 9-tf

HUGH G. EICHELBERGER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.
☞Prompt attention to collections.

ALEX. F. ROBERTSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.
Office No. 4 Lawyers' Row, in rear of Courthouse.

DR. D. A. BUCHER
DENTIST.
Office in Crowle Building, Room 25, 3rd floor
Office hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.
may 27

R. S. TURK. HENRY W. HOLT.
TURK & HOLT,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
No. 8 Lawyers' Row, Staunton, Va.

J. A. ALEXANDER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 6, Court House Alley Staunton, Va.
mar 12-tf

J. M. QUARLES,
ATTORNEP-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.
feb 17, '86-tf

JOS. A. GLASGOW,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Room 5, No. 23 S. Augusta Street, Skinner Building. STAUNTON, VA.
aug 10-tf

THOMAS C. KINNEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
South Augusta Street, Staunton, Va.
Room No. 3, Up Stairs.
☞ Collections will receive prompt attention. sep 25-tf

WINFIELD LIGGETT, H. V. STSAYER, C. M. KEEZEL
Harrisonburg. Harrisonburg. Staunton
LIGGETT, STRAYER & KEEZEL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.

Prompt and efficient attention given to all business given to their care. Strayer & Liggett will continue the practice of law at Harrisonburg, as heretofore.

☞ Office in County building, over Treasurer's Office.

DR. H. M. PATTERSON,
STAUNTON, VA.

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Staunton. Office No. 121, East Mtain Street.

J. H. CROSIER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office on Courthouse square,
STAUNTON, VA.

Prompt attention given to all legal business entrusted to him, in State or Federal Courts. Will devote entire time to his profession.
june 1-tf

R. E. R. NELSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND COMMISSIONER IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE No. 10 LAWYERS' ROW,
jan 4-tf STAUNTON, VA.

A. C. BRAXTON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR.
OFFICE.—CROWLE BUILDING OPPOSITE Y. M. C. A.

Special attention given to corporation and real-estate law.

Having closed up all outside business, which for a year or two interrupted my regular law-practice, I am now enabled to, and shall, from this time, give my undivided time and exclusive attention to the law; and to such persons as my entrust me with their litigation, I promise my best efforts and such ability as I may possess. jan 18-tf

BRICKS FOR SALE.
Enquire at the office of the
STAUNTON IMPROVEMENT COMPANY
No. 207, West Main Street, for prices, &c.
apr 29-tf REEVES CATT, Manager

FOR RENT.—Two comfortably furnished rooms in a desirable part of the city. Refer to SPECTATOR OFFICE.
may 23 tf

LOOKING BACKWARD

May be a pleasing pastime, but we take more pleasu in

Looking Forward

To the time when the

etail Grocers

Of the City and surrounding country will have become convinced that the best place to buy

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

and in fact everything in the staple and fancy Grocery line is at

Bowling, Spotts & Co's

OLD AMERICAN HOTEL BUILDING, AT C. & O DEPOT.

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.

EVERY PACKAGE
Has the Z Stamp in red on wrapper.
J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.
june 28-1y.

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.
feb 3rd

Virginia Hotel

STAUNTON, V.

J. C. SCHEFFER. - Proprietor

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

First-Class Meal for 25 Cts.

Finest Cafe in the City.

april 5, '93

ON CALAIS SANDS.

On Calais sands the gray began,
  Then rosy red above the gray.
The morn with many a scarlet van
  Leap'd, and the world was glad with May!
The little waves along the bay
  Broke white upon the shelving strands.
The sea mews flitted white as they
  On Calais sands!

On Calais sands must man with man
  Wash honor clean in blood today;
On spaces wet from water wan
  How white the flashing rapiers play,
Parry, riposte and lunge! The fray
  Shifts for awhile, then mournful stands
The victor; life ebbs fast away
  On Calais sands!

On Calais sands a little space
  Of silence, then the plash and spray,
The sound of eager waves that ran
  To kiss the perfumed locks astray,
To touch these lips that ne'er said "Nay,"
  To dally with the helpless hands
Till the deep sea in silence lay
  On Calais sands!

Between the lilac and the may
  She waits her love from alien lands.
Her love is colder than the clay
  On Calais sands!

—Andrew Lang.

HALF PAST FOUR.

A June afternoon in the year 1645 the great hall of Fane place was occupied by two persons. The windows were carefully shuttered, and only a small crack was left open to admit light. The door was closed. On the table were spread viands, and a gentleman in the dress of a Cavalier was hastily partaking of refreshments. His companion, a young woman of prepossessing appearance, ministered deftly to his wants, laying her finger on her lips when he attempted to speak.

"Hush!" she said softly. "Eat, Master Quivil, while thou canst. Who knows what may happen next? My brother Toby watches, and he may bring us news of pursuit at any moment. Eat."

He ate and drank, therefore, at her command. But when he had satisfied his hunger Master Quivil rose and stood before her with longing words trembling on his lips. He was young—not more, certainly, than five and twenty—and handsome, with a winning smile and bright eyes. She was perhaps three years his junior and as beautiful as a morn in May. There were indeed some that sighed that there was no court where Mistress Anne Fane might have displayed her charms and won the heart of some great noble by her beauty and her grace. But there was no court now, and the king was in sorrow, and Mistress Anne's mechlin lace was sold, and her mother's jewels pawned, and she herself had donned a sad colored robe, and her countenance was careworn. Nevertheless the fugitive from Naseby thought she was the most exquisite sight he had ever seen, and his eyes dwelt tenderly upon her face.

"How can I thank thee enough?" he began. "I came here friendless, and thou hast succored me. I found thee alone—thy father dead, thy elder brother far away, nobody to defend thee but a lad of 15 and a dotard servant. And yet thou hast received me, fed me, entertained me"——

"Hush!" she interrupted. "Thou fightest in a good cause, and I would die for such. I did it for the king."

"For the king only?" he said.

"I did it for the king," she repeated, blushing. "But do not tarry, Master Quivil. I pray thee go, for I cannot conceal thee here. Even our lumber rooms are bare, and not a mouse could shelter there in safety."

"I will, I will!" he cried. "But first, O Mistress Anne, should I not wait till sundown? I cannot fly in open day. 'Tis little more than 4 by the clock."

She followed his gaze to the clock's face.

"Mistress, I will depart at sundown. Until then my flight would command an easy capture. Harbor me for these few hours, sweet mistress, and I will be gone. Thou knowest not what these few hours are to me. But hast thou forgotten our childish days? Hast thou forgotten when we played together? I was but a lad and thou a little maid, and yet, mistress, I called thee sweetheart. Dost thou recall?"

She did recall, and her pale cheek was flushed with a bright pink spot as he spoke. But she did not reply.

"I gave thee once a rose," he said. "Dost remember? 'Twas June, so long ago that it seems like a dream. We walked together in the rose garden. I mind me we had escaped from Henry Dowdeswell and left him sulking. And I plucked a rose and said: 'Take it, Nan. Take it as a pledge from the uniformed boy that the gallant man shall return to woo thee.' And thou tookest it, sweetheart, with a tear glistening in thy pretty eyes, and thou didst promise to dry its petals and fold them among thy raiment, and keep them till I came back to prove my gallantry and to win thee. Alas, Nan, I have come back. But my gallantry is unproved, for the day is lost, and I have fled, and how can I hope that thou wilt smile upon me now?"

He caught her hand and kissed it.

"Ah, Master Quivil"——

"Wilt not call me Jack, love? Dear heart, I come to thee scarred and luckless. I dare not offer thee my empty hand. But send me not away comfortless."

"Dear Jack," she murmured, blushing, "thou hast ever been in my heart."

He caught her to him.

"And if happier days should come, Nan, sweet Nan, when my hands hold a triumphant sword, and when the king marches proudly to London, and when the gay court gathers again, gayer and statelier than before, say, Nan, wilt thou take my happy hand and suffer me to lead thee to that bright court, which thou wilt brighten and adorn as a diamond adorns the crown?"

"Oh, Jack, thou speakest too kindly."

"Nay, mistress, I am thy humble servant. But wouldst thou thus glorify my poor life?"

"Oh, Jack! Dear Jack!"

But even as he pressed her to his breast something passing the window outside for a moment obscured the one ray of light which streamed through the shutter that had been left ajar. The girl started violently and withdrew from her lover's embrace.

"What was that?" she whispered fearfully.

"Nothing, my queen," he said reassuringly.

"Nay, nay, Jack. Some one passed."

"'Twas old Diggon, mayhap, or thy brother Toby."

"No, no," she said in terror. "Diggon is in the field, and Toby watches the road. This is some one who has alighted at the postern gate, and who comes

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria is the Children's Panacea —the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

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

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."
CARLOS MARTYN, D. D.,
New York City.

Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation,
Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion,
Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."
EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D.,
125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

jan24.492yrs

STAUNTON, VA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 189

hath come here spying the land. And, Jack, if he should come again he comes as thy enemy. Was he at Naseby?"

"He was, Nan. I saw the prick eared rogue."

"It may be he. Oh, Jack, Jack!"

In another moment the sound was heard of a handle being turned, and then the heavy tread of one who crossed the outer vestibule and drew near to the door of the great hall. Anne clasped her lover's arm.

"My own love, thou must escape," she sobbed. "Through the window? No, no! He will have placed a watch. In the gallery? Alas, no shelter there!"

She looked around wildly. The footsteps drew yet nearer. Suddenly her eyes lighted on the clock's face.

"The clock!" she cried in a stifled voice.

Throwing open the case and holding aside the pendulum, she motioned to Quivil to get within. He obeyed her instantly and without a word. She closed the case upon him, and as she turned away the door of the apartment opened, and a loud and stern voice demanded admittance.

Before she had time either for welcome or denial the speaker entered. He was a tall and soldierly man, wanting yet several years of 30—a man whose countenance had acquired the sour expression cultivated by the Roundheads, but who was not naturally ill favored. He looked suspiciously round the room as he came in and finally doffed his beaver to the lady.

"Good day, Mistress Anne," he said.

"Good day, Master Dowdeswell," she returned.

"I come upon business," he announced. "I have a search warrant to ransack thy house. I seek the body of Master John Quivil. He is supposed to be in hiding here or hereabouts, and I"——

He paused, but she did not speak.

"I came this way," he went on after a moment. "I thought, madam, it might be more agreeable that a friend should search thy house than a stranger."

"'Twas kindly done, Master Dowdeswell."

"Nay, madam. Duty is rarely kind, and I have strictly fulfilled my duty and have cut off every avenue of escape from this house by entering myself through the postern gate while directing my men to follow the public path. I am not kind. But I have been minded to make the search as little painful to thee as possible. Is the traitor John Quivil hidden here?" he demanded.

"There is no traitor here," returned Anne quickly.

Dowdeswell smiled grimly.

"Mistress Anne, thou knowest what I mean," he said. "Thine is a willful misapprehension. I ask again, Doth the traitor John Quivil lie here concealed?"

"I conceal no traitors, Master Dowdeswell."

"But dost thou conceal the body of John Quivil?"

For a moment she could not answer, and Dowdeswell smiled again. "I perceive that thou hast lately eaten," he said, then glancing at the clock: "Half past 4! 'Tis marvelous strange that thou shouldst dine or sup at such an hour."

"The times are strange, Master Dowdeswell, and we do strange things in strange times."

"Aye, mistress, even to the harboring of traitors. Who, I desire thee tell me, who hath broken bread in this place? But nay. Answer me not. Cover not thy malignancy with falsehood. Thou hast a traitor here, and I will drag him forth."

Then, striding to the door, he shouted to his underlings, who had just reached the front entrance of the house. Bidding them search the mansion and the outhouses, he seated himself at the table, laying a pair of pistols upon it. Anne still stood in front of the great clock, whose hands pointed to 4:30.

"Wilt thou not be seated, mistress?" asked Dowdeswell presently in a gentler tone.

"I do not sit with the king's enemies," she replied.

"Ah, mistress, reproach me not," he protested. "Time was when Henry Dowdeswell could win a smile from fair Mistress Anne Fane."

"That, sir, was when Master Henry Dowdeswell's heart beat true."

"It hath beat ever true, Mistress Anne, and never truer than now. Didst suppose that Henry Dowdenswell's heart could beat for any but Mistress Anne Fane?"

"Master Dowdeswell!"

"Listen, Mistress Anne. Dost forget all the days of youth—all the games that we twain played together; all our intercourse, sweet and bitter by turns; all the jealousies and rivalries between thy humble servant and Jack Quivil? I never liked the lad. But I forbore to cuff one upon whom my mistress smiled. Thou didst not often smile upon me, Mistress Anne. Yet there were times when thou call'dst me Henry, and when thy hand would clasp mine as we crossed the rotten bridge returning from church, and when thy thanks came prettily if I brought thee a honeycomb or a dish of yellow plums."

"Aye, I bear in mind thy goodness of yore. But Master Dowdeswell was then a loyal subject of the king."

"Charles Stuart, lady, was then a loyal king."

"Tut, tut, sir! His majesty can do no wrong."

"Mistress, we will not argue that. Speak not we of the king. Speak we only of ourselves. Mistress Anne, once thou wert little Nan to me."

"Hush, Master Dowdeswell! I cannot hear thee."

"Because I serve not the king, madam?"

"Aye, and because"——

"Not because thou lovest another? Say not that!"

"I must say it, Master Dowdeswell."

He looked at her gravely.

"Mistress, is it all forgot?" he said chidingly. "I twined many a rosy garland for thee in the days of my carelessness and my profligacy, and thou frown'dst not always then. Wilt not smile now, when, in my new habit of grace, I, an elect soul, ask thy favor?"

"But I cannot love twain."

"And thou lovest—whom?"

"Master Dowdeswell, what is that to thee?"

Then there was silence for a space, and presently the trampling of men's feet sounded in the vestibule. Dowdeswell rose and went to the door.

"We have searched, captain, but we have discovered none," said a harsh voice. "Only in the stable a wornout nag reposeth, and there be blood upon his flanks and a slight wound, and methinks he hath been in the battle, and in the holster was this kerchief embroidered with the letters J. Q."

"Good," returned Dowdeswell. "Await me without."

Then he shut the door and came back to his former position, fronting Anne and with the clock that still pointed to half past 4 behind her.

"Mistress Anne Fane," he began sententiously, "I like thee well, and I would fain make thee my wife and gradually draw thee to higher delights and school thy mind to right thinking. To my sorrow, thou dislikest me, and I withdraw. But ere I quit thee I conjure thee to tell me—as thou fearest God and as thou lovest virtue and desirest the rewards of heaven—dost thou conceal here in some secret chamber or in some hidden vault the person of the rebel whom I seek?"

"No," said Anne.

"As thou dreadest the fires of hell, mistress, I conjure thee to speak the truth."

"I do speak the truth, sir."

"Without quibbling, mistress, I bid thee inform me if one lie hid here in some secret chamber whom I account a rebel."

"There is no secret chamber, Master Dowdeswell."

"Mistress Anne, is John Quivil here?"

"Master Dowdeswell, thou hast sought throughout the house, and thou hast not found him, and I tell thee there is no secret chamber here."

"Then to whom appertaineth the wearied nag in the outer stable?"

"How can I say? Our stable door hath no key, and he who will may place his beast there."

"Mistress, fear the Lord and speak the truth! To whom appertaineth the kerchief embroidered J. Q?"

"Master Dowdeswell, thou hurriest to conclusions. May no man own the initials J. Q. save one?"

"Parley not with me, madam. I love thee, Mistress Anne, but my conscience condemns me even while I bandy words with thee. Tell me, lest I drag thee to the seat of justice, where hidest thou John Quivil?"

She was almost at her wits' end. But she held firm.

"How knowest thou that Master Quivil was at the ill fated field of Naseby?" she asked.

"How know I? Because I saw him, madam—saw him in the rear company of the man Charles Stuart, whom thou callest king. I saw him, and I know that he fled in this direction. Madam, the evidence of his presence here is circumstantial. Here are his wearied steed and his kerchief. Yield him up."

"Were it in my power, Master Dowdeswell, never would I yield him up! The king's loyal servants are my true friends, and I deliver no faithful friend to a foe."

"Because thou lovest him, mistress?"

"Not so. Because I love the king."

Dowdeswell gave a short laugh.

"'Tis a woman's wile," he said. "The traitor is here, madam. Thou hast as good as admitted his presence. I must away with thee to the seat of judgment."

But he did not order her to prepare herself to depart. He stood looking at her with blazing eyes.

"Vain and trifling woman!" he burst forth at length. "Thinkest thou to dissemble with me? Thinkest thou to deceive the Lord's elect? Know that I see thy wicked endeavor; that I perceive thy bold purpose, and that I despise thy shallow deceit. The man John Quivil is here. Madam, he is here, and I forbid thee to conceal him longer. Acquaint me where he is!"

"Master Dowdeswell, thou saidst but now that thou lovedst me," said Anne. "If thou hast ever loved me, ask no more, but depart in peace."

"I said I loved thee!" he cried impetuously. "Yes, and I do love thee! Even as Jacob loved Rachel, love I thee! Even as the hart desireth the water brooks, even so I desire thee! My sole desire in life is to content thee, and if needful I would shed my blood for thee. Dear Nan, wilt not return my love and come into my arms, confessing thy great fault of today and telling me where John Quivil lies hid?"

"No, Master Dowdeswell," said Anne, with dignity. "Take me away and immure me in the vilest dungeons, but for my love's sake I will reveal naught."

"But wilt not love me, Nan?"

"No."

He was deeply mortified. The perspiration stood upon his brow, and his heart was hot within him. He looked at her again. Then, with an unpremeditated gesture, he raised his eyes to the clock face above her head. Something in its aspect struck him strangely.

"'Half past 4!" he exclaimed. "Half past 4! Is it always half past 4 here, mistress?"

"The clock hath stopped," faltered she.

"Strange that it should stop even as I entered the chamber," said he. "Let me set it going for thee."

"Nay," she said quickly. "Why set it going for naught, since thou art going to take me to jail! Let the clock be."

"That would be indeed an unkind measure," said he. "Even if thou be taken hence, should not the members of thy household know the time?"

"I have no servants," said she.

"None, madam? Beware. Dost thou dwell alone—absolutely solitary?"

"My brother Toby is here," she admitted, "but he never looks at the clock, and our old servant is half blind and cannot read the time."

"Nevertheless I will set the clock," said Dowdeswell.

And, putting her aside, he flung the clock case wide.

"By St. George!" he exclaimed.

Quivil stepped forth, his plumed hat in hand.

"Good day, Master Dowdeswell," he said complacently. "We are ill met."

"I arrest thee, traitor," said Dowdeswell. "Sergeant Fairchild"——

He was about to raise his voice to call upon his subordinates to enter and seize Quivil, but quick as thought Anne circumvented him. Snatching one of his pistols from the table, she darted up the flight of steps into the gallery, and leaning over the railing she cried to Dowdeswell to stay his movements.

"Hold!" she cried imperatively. "See here, Master Dowdeswell! I have thy pistol. It is loaded. I hold it to my heart. Raise thy voice but one syllable—touch Master Quivil by but one finger—and I fire—I fire, hark ye, and I am dead! And thou lovest me, Master Dowdeswell; thou lovest me! Nay, stand where thou art! Stir but an inch, and I die. See, the pistol is at my bosom! Listen! Make up thy mind to depart in peace and leave Jack Quivil unharmed while I count 10. For if when I come to 10 thou be still here I fire, and I die—thy little Nan, whom thou lovest, dies!"

She began to count, leaning over the balustrade, with the pistol pressed against her breast and her finger on the trigger and her eyes fixed upon the two men. They dared not stir. The determination in her eyes held them spellbound.

pectator.

4.

NO. 44.

"One," she began.

"Stop, Nan, stop!" entreated Quivil. "Let me go with him! I care naught. Stop, dear love, stop counting and take that pistol from thy breast."

"Two," she proceeded slowly. "Three"——

"Mistress Anne, I cannot do the thing I would. But, oh! for the love of God, take that deadly instrument from thy breast," implored Dowdeswell.

"Four," she went on. "Five—six"—

"Nan, thou art killing me. I care not a jot for imprisonment or death."

"Seven"——

"Nan, my little Nan, think that man who loves owes duty too. Have mercy on me and come down."

"Eight"——

"Nan, sweet soul, forbear!"

"Nan, in God's name, cease!"

"Nine"——

"For love's sake!" cried Quivil, pointing his pistol at his own breast.

"For conscience!" exclaimed Dowdeswell, seizing his other pistol which still lay upon the table and thrusting against his head.

Simultaneously the two men fired.

"Ten!"

It was a mechanical cry. Anne dropped the pistol from her hand and rushed down the steps, and as she reached the bottom Dowdeswell's troopers hurried into the room. But the Cavalier and the Roundhead who had loved Mistress Anne so well lay dead, and above them stood the silent clock pointing to 4:30.—Argosy.

A FLYING COMEDY.

Tale of an Uncontrollable Wheel, a Frightened Rider and Two Good Samaritans.

It all happened on a South Side avenue.

The shades of night were getting in their work, and the peace of a righteous community was filtering through the atmosphere. Brown and Jones were enjoying their last cigars and conversing on stocks. There is nothing frivolous or flighty about Brown or Jones.

Suddenly there came a swish of feminine skirts, a skurry of a bicycle, and through the darkened air a shrill wail faltered, "Oh, won't you please help me?" Then a bicycle at full tilt sped across the street crossing, and Brown and Jones stared at each other aghast.

"O-o-oh!" half cried the voice of the disappearing rider.

"What in thunder does she want help about?" gasped Jones.

"She wasn't tipping over!" cried Brown.

"Her wheel was all right!"

"No one was pursuing"——

"Help!" floated back to the crossing. With one wild gush of alarm two cigars were flung to destruction, and two reputable citizens went sprinting down Lake avenue. Never since their college days have Jones and Brown made a running record like the one credited to that night's performance, with a movable goal for an object. One block, 2 blocks, 2½, and the fleeing wheel with its sobbing rider came into view.

With an extraordinary spurt, Brown and Jones caught up, grabbed the handle bars and stopped the wild progress of the modern Flying Dutchman.

"What" — began Jones. "How"—gasped Brown, who was stout and unpleasantly conscious of something ridiculous in the whole proceeding.

"Oh!" quivered the feminine rider, who was not young and not fair. "Oh, how can I ever th-thank you! Oh, my goodness, what a scare! I can ride, you know—just learned—but I can't turn around, and I can't mount, and I can't stop my wheel, and I was getting farther away from home every minute, and, oh, dear, what would I have done if"——

Jones coughed. In her excitement the distressed lady was reposing against his shirt front. It was a fresh shirt front, and her act disturbed him.

"Shall we get you started for home?" queried Brown, who always had presence of mind.

"Oh, if you would!" said the distressed lady, and then the two reputable citizens put her on her wheel, turned it around, pushed her half a block and saw her disappear in the darkness, leaving a trail of inarticulate gasps, thanks, protests and exclamations in her wake.

Stillness fell over Lake avenue. Brown and Jones stuffed their handkerchiefs into their collars and looked at each other meditatively. Suddenly Brown went into convulsions. He grabbed Jones' arm.

"How," he stuttered, "how, I say, is that fool woman going to stop when she does get home?"

Then they sat down on the curbstone to recover and incidentally to calculate whether the woman who hadn't learned how to make the wheels stop going round would eventually reach the north pole or be drowned in Lake Superior.

"And yet," Brown says scornfully, when he tells the adventure, "yet some misguided mortals claim that women have sense enough to vote and decide the fate of the nation! Humph!"—Chicago News.

How Moody Made His Money.

"Mr. Moody's money—where does it come from?" some people have asked in connection with his mission work and his pushing of the Northfield schools.

Fabulous sums have been made by successful authors through the publication of their works, but the individual profits of the greatest writer or novelist who ever achieved fame and fortune would be insignificant to what has been derived from a little 6 by 4 book called "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs," by D. L. Moody, P. P. Bliss and Ira D. Sankey. Millions of hands have turned the pages of this little volume, and millions of voices have rendered praise from it. Publishing firms, both in England and the United States, have made magnificent fortunes from the sale of the work, and the receipts grow larger every year.

The enormous sum of $1,250,000 cash has been paid in royalties to the interests represented by Mr. Moody since the book was first published, 20 years ago. The sale of hymns is said to have reached the wonderful total of 20,000,000 volumes. The price of these books has ranged from 5 cents up to $1.25, but whatever may be the selling price Mr. Moody has received the uniform royalty of 20 per cent.—Boston Record.

Crushed.

His eyes met hers for an instant in glance of intense and agonized appea A moment later he staggered to his feet "Crushed!" he moaned. He was terribly pale. "Crushed!" with falterin footsteps he moved away. "Crushed!" All he could do was to tell the police man on the corner that a girl in a whit cap and blue bloomers had run hi down with a bicycle. No; he was unable to furnish a more detailed description. She had disappeared very suddenly.—Detroit Tribune.

THE STREET CAR CON.

HE MUST BE EXCEPTIONALLY GIFTED AND WELL TRAINED.

When You Understand, You Will See That It Is Not "Dead Easy" to Be a Conductor. Patience, Politeness and Readiness Required In the Position.

The common notion that the army of men employed by the street railway companies of this town average low in education, intelligence and skill is hardly true. The man who holds his place for several years as a street car conductor must be much above the broad average in all those things, and what is true of conductors is true in greater or less degree of other classes of street railway employees.

It is not easy to pick from 1,000 men 50 who have the faculty of detail sufficiently developed to make them good conductors. The permanent body of conductors is a picked corps of men that has been sifted out by a long process. The labor unions have been able to enforce some of their demands as to pay, hours and some minor regulations, but they have not been able to prevent the discharge of conductors for seemingly slight offenses—when the offense was not a pretext for reaching a man who had made himself too active as a member of the union.

No conductor, therefore, can long retain his place unless he have the memory and the will to observe a host of petty regulations. The man who cannot accept the discipline of such regulations must make some mistake and bring about his own dismissal. Only men who are prompt, sober, patient and polite can hold places as conductors. A man of violent temper, of ill controlled nerves, of easily confused head, is sure to have a short career.

It thus happens that one almost never sees a conductor drunk on duty; that the great mass of conductors keep their wits about them when the cars are crowded; that conductors are rarely impolite to passengers. Men taken at random even from the learned professions could hardly be expected to discharge the duties of a conductor with success. The men show the effects of their discipline in a hundred ways, and it would not be difficult for an observant person to pitch upon newly appointed conductors.

There is for the faithful conductor the prospect of more or less distant promotion. The peculiar qualities of the men are quickly brought out by the stress of the trade, and when a conductor has been thoroughly proved there is a chance for him when a vacancy occurs in the grade immediately above his own.

Education and natural intelligence count much in the matter of promotion. Any man who will take the trouble to have a word with the conductor now and then will soon discover that conductors, as a class, are above the average in education. Their speech is not elegant, but it is usually free from the blunders of the densely ignorant.

Men of more than average intelligence and education are willing to be street car conductors, partly because the work is more agreeable than that of many manual laborers of about the same pay, partly because an efficient and faithful man is sure of his place, and partly because there is some hope of promotion. The permanance of the place is perhaps its chief attraction. Street railways never shut down even in the dullest times.

The force is reduced at certain seasons of the year, and a small percentage of the cars are taken off, but the majority of the conductors are needed the year round, and when dismissals take place the inefficient and inexperienced men are the ones to go. The companies like to keep track of promising men, for there always comes a time when the force must be increased, and the companies prefer men they know.

The situation of drivers, hostlers and the like is not so fortunate as that of conductors, because these classes of workmen are on the average less intelligent and educated than the conductors. Then, too, these times, when motive power is changing, are hard for men who know horses only. The driver who cannot develop into a gripman or trolley man is in a ticklish position.

As to the men above the grade of conductors, they are of many sorts, but most of them are undergoing the discipline of hard work under the watchful eyes of their superiors. Pay is not high, but places are reasonably secure. The man who has risen from the grade of conductor to an executive post must have acquired an unusual faculty of detail, promptitude, alertness and decision. In all these matters the street railway companies are schools where the practical lessons of life are taught by daily iteration.

The result is that each company has a trained army of men, whence the idle, incompetent and negligent have been weeded out, in order that the company's work may be done with precision and dispatch. No two companies require exactly the same sort of men for those places that bring them in contact with the public, and the character of conductors especially is noticeably differentiated on various lines.—New York Sun.

Germany's Strict Laws.

In no country is the government more strict than in Germany. If a foreigner wishes to remain in a town for some days, he must take his passport to the police and receive in exchange for it, together with a sixpenny piece, a permit card, which entitles him to remain there for six months. The passport is pigeonholed. If, however, you desire to change your lodging, both you and your landlord must give notice to the police. This system recommends itself not a little, for it prevents pauper immigration.

No German is allowed to leave the country unless he can show he has done the military service required of him. If a man is on the point of starting, he must delay his departure until he gets a passport showing that he is a free man.

A most severe press censorship is exercised, and there is no free press like we know it. Any derogatory remark relating to the sovereign is visited with heavy punishment, and frequently the editor is at a total loss to know why his paper has been seized. Foreign publications are always scrutinized before they are allowed to be circulated, and if there is any criticism reflecting on the [illegible] of the kingdom the paper is confiscated. —Pittsburg Dispatch.

Very Cautious.

Incensed Wife—It is impossible to live with him, the way he goes on. Why, the other night he came home and smashed my piano. What do you think of that?

Polite Lawyer—You will have to excuse me, madam, but it is impossible for me to give an opinion. You must remember that I have never heard you play.—Boston Transcript.

Staunton Spectator.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

Local Notices are inserted at the rate of cents per line for the first, and 10 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Business Notices are inserted at the rate of 15 cents for the first and 8 cents for each subsequent insertion

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

Obituaries, Announcements of Candidates for office, and all communications of a personal or private character, will be charged for as advertisements.

CAST OUT,

the disorders, diseases, and weaknesses peculiar to women—by the prompt action of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a powerful, invigorating tonic, and a strengthening nervine. It brings relief for sleeplessness, backache and bearing-down sensations.

Mrs. CORA CUMMINGS.

Mrs. CORA CUMMINGS of No. 74 E. Yates St., Ithaca, N.Y., writes: "I took your Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription when I was run down and through the warm weather. It worked like a charm on my system and I am a good deal heavier in flesh now.

It is the best medicine in the world for 'female troubles,' for I took almost all kinds of Patent Medicines, and doctors' prescriptions without benefit. There is hardly a day passes but that I recommend it to some of my lady friends."

PIERCE Guarantees a CURE OR MONEY RETURNED.

april 15-1 yr

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

ARE YOU CONSUMPTIVE

Use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Cough, Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Pain, Take in time. 50 cts.

HINDERCORNS. The only sure cure for Corns. Stops all pain. 15c. at Druggists, or HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

may 30 4ts

WHISKEY and Opium Habits cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D. Atlanta, Ga. Office 104½ Whitehall St.

aug 10-1y

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

First Presbyterian Church, on Frederick St between New and Market streets, services 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. A. M. Fraser

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 at 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.

UNION ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER.

No. 2, meets third Friday in every month, in Masonic Temple, on Main street. W. W. McGuffin, High Priest; A. A. Eskridge, Sec'y.

ODD FELLOWS' LODGE.

Staunton Lodge, No. 45, I. O. O. F. meets every Thursday night in Odd Fellows' Hall, over Wayt's drug store, on Main street. John C Fretwell Noble Grand: C. A. Crafton, Sec'.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR LODGE.

Staunton Lodge, No. 756, Knights of Honor meets every first and third Tuesday in each month, in Pythian Hall, Main street. W. L. Olivier, Dictator; W. A. Burnett, Recorder.

MOUNTAIN CITY LODGE.

No. 116, I. O. G. T., meets every Friday night in their lodge room over Wayt's drug store, on Main street. A. S. Woodhouse, Chief Templar F. B. Kennedy, Sec'y.

DISTRICT LODGE.

No. 22, I. O. G. T., meets every three months G. C. Shipplett, D. C. T.; S. H. Bauserman District Secretary.

ROYAL ARCANUM.

Augusta Council, No. 490, Royal Arcanum meets every second and fourth Tuesday in the month, at Pythian Hall, Main street. W. W. Robertson, Regent; Jos. B. Woodward, Secretary.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE

Charity Division, M. A., Sons of Temperance meets every Monday night at Odd Fellows all. W. A. Rapp, Worthy Patriarch; John B. Coffelt, Sec'y.

UNIFORMED RANK, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

E. B. Stuart Division, No. 10, meets second and fourth Mondays each month at Pythian Hall. Sir Knight Captain, F. B. Berkley; Sir Knight Recorder, S. H. Rosenbaum.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Valley Lodge, No. 18, K. of P., meets every Monday night at Castle Hall, on West Main street, over Dr. Wayt's drug store. C. T. Hammond, Chancellor Commander; A. [illegible]est Keeper of Records and Seal.

KNIGHT TEMPLARS.

Staunton Commandery, No. 8, Knights Templar, meets first Friday night in every month in Masonic Temple, on Main street. W. B. McChesney, Eminent Commander; A. A. Eskridge, Recorder.

ONEIDA TRIBE, NO. 88, I. O. R. M.,

Meets in their wigwam, over Wayt's drug store, every Wednesday at 7th run 30th breath setting of the sun. S. E. Lushbaugh, sachem James W. Blackburn, chief of records. Al visiting brothers welcome.

AMERICAN LEGION OF HONOR.

Valley Council No. 736 meets on the first and third Mondays in each month. Commander, A. S. Woodhouse; secretary, Dr. J. M. Hanger collector, Isaac C. Morton, Jr.

CATHOLIC HIBERNIAN BENIFICAL SOCIETY.

Meets first Sunday in every month in their hall on the church lot. M. T. Bergin, president; J. J. Kilgalen, first vice-president; J. J Murphy, second vice-president; D.J. O'Connell recording secretary.

"STONEWALL" BRIGADE BAND.

Band meets every Monday and Thursday orchestra, every Wednesday, at 8 p. m., in City Hall. Mr. J. M. Brereton, director, J. A. Armentrout, president, and C. Harry Haines, secretary.

CENTRAL PROHIBITION CLUB.

Meets on Thursday night of each week, in their room, 119 East Main street. Jas. W. Body, Acting President; Preston A. Ross, Secretary

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

Monthly meetings, Fourth Tuesday in each month at 7:30 o'clock. Room in City Hall building. Isaac Witz, president; J. C. Shields, secretary.