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VOL. 71.

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Spectator.

STAUNTON, VA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1894.

Ye encore flende getteth inne his fyne worke. gives me a headache." With eyes of heav'nly blue, And toe break uppe ye show he didde As muche as he could doe.

Who were compelled toe waste An hour and a halfe to suite

YE BALLADE OF YE ENCORE FIENDE.

Ye performers accede to ye fiende's demands Each piece upon ye programme was Repeated once or more In answer toe ye calles of this

Itte was a wilde, despairing manne, Who felt that he could bear

He fell upon ye youthful flende, Then came a scene of bloode. 'Twas quickly o'er, ye flendlet dropped With a dull, sick'ning thudde.

Ye fichde perisheth.

And as his eyelets gently closed,

Never to open more, He feebly clapped his lyttle handes And called for an encore. Ye judge decideth in favour of ye defendant. Itte was a judge of aspect sterne, Ye case he quickly tryed, And soone decided that ye crime Was fully justifyed.

Ye fiende resteth from his laborious occupat And now ye fiendlet lyes beneathe A tombstone chaste and neate. No more he'll clap his lyttle handes Or stamp his tiny feete.

—Amusing Journal.

REVOLT OF THE

Mr. Madax sat before his desk in a most despondent attitude, his head in his hands, and his hands in his hair. Things were going badly in the city, as, alas! they often do. Mr. Madax was alone in his office in Old Gold alley. He wanted time to think and had given orders that he was not to be disturbed. All the thinking he appeared to be able to do did not seem to help matters, so at last he pulled himself together and paced up and down the room. Finally he stopped and said to himself: "That seems the only thing to do. I shall consult with my wife. I wish she came home more frequently, and then we could talk over these matters."

He seized a telegraph blank and wrote: "Mrs. John Madax, 20 Bullion court, city. Can you run over to Old Gold alley for a few minutes? I wish to consult you on business. Madax."

He rang the bell for a telegraph boy and sent the message, then, pacing up and down his room again, waited for his wife to appear. Instead there came a prompt answer, which he tore open and read feverishly: "Sorry I can't come this forenoon. Too busy. Call on me at 1 o'clock, and I will take you to the club, where we can lunch and have a quiet talk. Joan Madax."

more than two hours before he could see his wife. He sat down at his desk and devoted himself for those two hours to what business there was in hand. He brushed himself up a bit, took his walking stick and drove in a hansom to his wife's office on Bullion court. After having sent in his name a neat little girl showed him into a room and told him that Mrs. Madax would be with him presently.

She was sorry to keep him waiting, but she sent a copy of The Sketch for him to look over during the interval. The Sketch was a paper started in the nineteenth century and was at that time considered to be rather in advance of 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 the other slow going weeklies. Now, however, it was thought to be the correct paper for a man to read, although the women paid little attention to it. 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. In the recention room two or three other men were waiting, nursing their hats. Presently the office girl came in and told them all, except Madax, that Mrs. Madax couldn't possibly see them until later in the day, as she had an appoint-Virginia Hotel ment, and would they be good enough to call about 4 o'clock. So the men took their departure, and Madax was left alone with his paper, although his wife entered very soon after. She was a tall woman, with fine, clear cut, decided features. As far as the upper part of her was concerned, she was dressed almost like a man. She were a somewhat glaring necktie and a standup collar. Her hair was cut short and parted at the side, while the hair of her husband, dark and streaked with gray, seemed to part naturally in the middle. The neat tailor made skirt which Mrs. Madax wore had pockets at each side, high up and very similar in cut to a man's pockets. Her right hand was thrust into one of these pockets, and she ji coins and keys as she enter

where her husband was waiting. "Well, John," she cried, "excuse me for keeping you, but we have had a very busy morinng. However, if you are ready now, I am. We will go to the Pine Ear club and have lunch." She approached her husband as she spoke and patted him with some affection on the shoulder. He looked up at her and smiled. Somehow her influence had a soothing, protective air about it, which made the man feel that he was not bat-

tling with the world alone. One of the numerous girl clerks cam in with a long ulster, which Mrs. Maday put on, thrusting one hand in the armhole and then the other, while the girl held the garment by the collar. When Mrs. Madax had buttoned up the ulster and put a jaunty round hard hat on her head, she looked more like a man than ever, and Madax himself seemed almost effeminate beside her. "Is my brougham at the door?" she

"Yes, madam." "Come along, John; we have no time to lose," said Mrs. Madax decidedly, and leading the way she opened the carriage door, whereupon he stepped in-

"To the Pine Ear club," said the lady to the coachman.

She took her seat beside her husband, and the carriage drove off toward the west end. In a short time it drew up before a palatial building standing where the Metropole once stood. This, as every one knows, is the Pine Ear club, the sumptuous resort of women engaged in business in the city. It is higher priced than the Carlton or Reform, but is much more luxurious than either of these old fashioned men clubs. "Call for me at half past 3," said the

lady to her coachman. The stately doors of the club were opened by two girl porters, and the couple entered. The lady wrote her husband's name in a book which was on a stand in the hall, and together they en-

"We will take the regular club lunch," she said to one of the waiters. "And bring a bottle of '84 champagne see that I want to make some money for myself."

"I-I don't think I care for champagne," said Madax hesitatingly. "It

"Nonsense!" cried his wife. "A glass or two will do you good. You look

"I am worried, and that is what I wished to see you about." "Well, we won't talk business during lunch, if you please," adding as she leaned back in her chair: "It's a habit I never indulge in. It's a bad one. We can have a talk in the smoking room

afterward. How are the children?" "Very well, thank you. The girl is a little hard on the boy and knocks him about a bit, but they are getting on "Poor little fellow," said Mrs. Ma-

dax. "Boys are such a worry to their parents when one thinks that they have to encounter this world alone. I must run down and see them next week if I "I wish you would," said Madax.

"The children miss you very much. Why don't you come home oftener?" "Well, very soon I expect to be able I have a great deal on my mind at pre ent, and the market requires very close

watching." "Can't you come home with me to-night?" he asked. "The children would be so pleased to see you."
"No," she answered. "I have to take Sir Cæsar Camp out to dinner tonight."

"Tomorrow night, then?" he sug-

gested deprecatingly.
"No," said the lady, shaking her head. "It's worse still tomorrow night. I have a lot of stockbrokers dining with me at the Holborn."

"It must cost you a lot of money, these dinners on every night." "Yes, it, does," said Mrs. Madax, "but my experience is if you want to make a good business deal with a man you must first feed him well. I always see that the wines are irreproachable I will say one thing for the men-that they always know good wine when they

"Well," said Madax, "I will tell the children that you send your love to them, but I think, you know, that a woman shouldn't lose sight of her children, even though business is absorb-She urged him to take his share of

the champagne, but Madax declined, saying, "A man must keep his head clear for business nowadays. "Yes," said his wife. "I suppose a man must. There was a slight tinge of sarcasm

in her voice, and she put unnecessary emphasis on the noun. Madax looked grieved, but said nothing. How often do women in their thoughtless rudeness cause pain to the tender hearts of those who love them! After lunch was over Mrs. Madax led

the way up stairs to the private smoking room which she had reserved for their use. It was in a corner of the club building, overlooking a bit of the river and commanding a view of Charing Cross railway bridge. "We will be quite undisturbed here," she said, "and can talk business."

Ringing a bell to give an order, she "What will you drink?"

"Nothing, thank you," he replied, but added afterward, "I will have a glass of milk and soda if you can get

"You will smoke, of course," said his "A cigarette," answered Madax. When the waiter appeared Mrs. Madax said, "Bring a glass of milk and

soda, some of the best Egyptian ciga-

rettes, two Havana cigars and a glass of special Scotch with seltzer." When these materials were brought and the waiter had disappeared, Mrs. Madax walked to the door and turned the key in it. Her husband lit his ciga rette from the match she held out to him, and then, biting the end from her own cigar, she began to smoke. She thrust her two hands deep down in her pockets and began to pace up and down

"Now, John," she cried, "what's Mr. Madax's name was Billy, bu everybody called him John because his wife's name was Joan. Mr. John Ma dax was the name he was known by.

"Some months ago," began Mr. Ma dax, "I went into a wheat deal, and I don't quite see my way out.' Mrs. Madax stopped in her pacing and faced her husband in surprise.

"A wheat deal!" she cried. "Which side of the market are you on?" "Oh, I'm on for a rise." His wife made a gesture of despain

and began walking up and down the "What in heaven's name did you buy for a rise for?"

"Well," said Madax very humbly, "you see, the American wheat crop has practically failed, and I thought I was pretty sure of a rise." "Why didn't you speak to me about it?" she cried.

Her husband flushed uneasily. "I wanted to do something off my own bat," he said. "Of course I had no idea at that time there would' be a corner in wheat."

"Corner!" she cried contemptuous "There's always a corner; there's bound to be a corner. Don't you know enough not to look to the United States any more for indications of the wheat market? India and the Baltic hold the key to the situation."

"Yes, I know, at least I know now, he said, "but there is no use in upbraiding me for what I have done. I am ur to the neck in wheat, and the signs to day are that it is going lower than ever. Now, what would you advise me to do,

"Oh, advise you!" she cried. "What's the use of coming to me when it is too late? I advise you to get out of it as cheaply as you can." Her husband groaned. "I am afraid." he said. "that will

mean practical ruin now." "Well, my opinion is that wheat going lower still." "Then it is utter ruin for me," said

Mrs. Madax stopped once more in her pacing the room and confronted her husband. "John," she said, "why don't you give up your office in the city and go home and take care of the children? A spark of resentment appeared in the man's eyes as he gazed at his wife. "I don't want to be entirely depend-

ent on you," he said at last. "Pooh!" said his wife, and then she added: "I will make you a handsome allowance for housekeeping and as much as you want besides. You are worrying The man sighed. "That's all very well, but you don't

"But you are not making it. You're losing it. You say you are up to the neck. How much does that mean?" "Twenty-five thousand pounds," he

said, with a sigh.
"Dear, dear," she said, "and I suppose that is all the money you have."
"It is more than all the money I have," he answered. "I wish you had spoken to me be-

fore. It is too late now. Don't you see You spoke of taking Sir Cæsar Camp to dinner. Now, I don't know what you want to get him in on, but I do know that I could get him on my side of the wheat deal, and he would bring in others. Then we might be able to stop the break in the market."

Mrs. Madax's eyes sparkled as she looked down at her husband. "Can you really do all that?" sh asked almost breathlessly. "Yes, if I had any assurance that we

would get out with a little profit. It seems to me that all their influence thrown in on our side of the market would give us rise enough to get out of the hole at least." "Oh," said his wife, "that is another matter! Yes," she added after think-

ing a moment, with knitted brows, "that's a first rate idea. How much do you think it would all total up to?" "About a million," said Madax pleased to see that he was getting more attention than censure. "A million," said his wife, more t herself than to him. "Are you certain

you could get all that amount on your side of the market?" 'Quite certain.' Mrs. Madax, as she continued her pac ing up and down, seemed to be making

some mental calculations. She finally "Whom are you running against"
Who is at the head of the corner?" "Oh, that," said Madax, "none of u knows. The business is done through the Tokyo and Jamboree bank, but we don't

know who is behind it." "Now, doesn't it strike you that the first thing for you to do is to find out whom you are butting against? If it's a stone wall, the sooner you know it the better, so that you can stop before your head gets hurt. If it's a hedge, you might manage to get through. It would have been my first work to find out who was against me."

"But," said her husband, "don't tell you that I didn't know there was anybody on the other side of the mar-

"Oh." said his wife impatiently, you can always count on somebody be ing on the other side of the market. So you can't find out who it is?" 'We can't," said her husband.

"Very well," she said. "Now listen to me. You have got £2,500 in this, and if you can get all the money of Sir Cæsar and his friends to help you I will guarantee that you will come out with double—that is, £50,000." "Do you mean it?" cried her husband

"I mean it," said his wife solemnly. "And may I tell Sir Cæsar that you said so?" he asked. "No. Whatever information I wish

Sir Cæsar to have I will give him myself. You will tell him that you have had to mention the dealer's name." "Very good," said Madax, with an intense relief in his face. "Do not let it get out," continued his "Use all your force and see if you can raise the market, and as soon

as the price gets up sell out at once.

Have all your plans made for selling

out. Promptness is the thing in these matters. Now I must go. I will drop you down at your office. Mr. Madax knew what his wife said about the markets generally came true. so he, in great jubilation, telegraphed Sir Cæsar Camp and others to meet him at his office, and they did so. He told him that he had private information about the market, and after some slight hesitation they all went in. He arranged with them that the sale would be

made at once after the rise. Next day it was announced that a million of money was put against the corner, and wheat sprang up a few points, but not as much as they expected it would. Madax could have sold out without loss, but saw that he would not double his money, for the corner was stronger than any of them had thought, but after the slight rise down went the price of wheat again.

The very bottom seemed to have dropped out of the market. Madax's £25,000 were swept out of sight, and so was the put in with him. All confidence that Madax had put in his wife had now departed, so he merely telegraphed to her that he was ruined and went home a broken man.

About 8 o'clock that night a carriage drove up to the door, and his wife sprang out and let herself into the house with her latchkey. When she entered the room, her husband never looked up, but she crossed to where he sat and pat ted him gleefully on the back. "Come, come, my poor infant. Cheen

up!" she said. Madax's only answer was a groan of anguish. "And so your little £25,000 has gone

with the rest?" she said. "You told me that I would double my money," he said, "and I believed

"Of course you believed me, and here it is," she said, taking a check from her purse. "There's my check for £50,-000, so you have doubled your money. "What do you mean by that?" said her husabnd, looking up.

"Mean? You poor child! I mean that I am the head of the corner. It doesn't matter now who knows it. That was the reason I had Sir Cæsar and the others dining with me. I had no idea that you were on the other side, and when you told me that you could get them to assist it seemed too good to be true, for I did want that million. Husbands are of some use, after all. Now, my boy, you take that check and go down to Monte Carlo. I may be able to go after all this work is over. I am very much obliged to you for the million you threw in my way and consider it cheap at £50,000. Draw on me for all your expenses while you are at Monte Carlo. I am sure you will find the tables much less expensive than the London wheat market. I am sorry that I can't stay with you, but I am on for a dinner in the city. Those who were with me in the wheat corner are giving me a dinner tonight, and I am due there at 9 o'clock. I am sorry I can't wait to see the children. Give them my love and tell them I will run down in a few days and pay them a visit—that is, unless von take them with you to Monte Car-It must be lovely down there just now. Well, ta-ta. Take care of yourself and your check. I may see you at Monte Carlo."

And with that she left the room and was waving goodby from the carriage window as the dazed man stood watch-

mg ner through the open door before he had quite realized the situation.—Robert Barr in New York Sun.

A NIGHT WITH THE WILD HERDSMEN

There is an erroneous idea that women who dabble in Wall street are bepainted, bejeweled and live a life of sybaritic ease. They are popularly sup-posed to roll up and down Wall street in gorgeous carriages with prancing horses and a coachman and footman in livery. It is believed by many residents in the United States that some made their fortuges by the turn of a hand in Wall street, and that the life of the speculative female is one long sunshiny

If there be any such fortunate women, Wall street men know nothing of them. There are only a few brokers offices where women are ever seen, and these women do not bend over the tick er with feverish excitement and sip champagne between the rise and fall of prices on 'change. The woman who ventures into Wall street these days is very much out of place. To begin with, few brokers, or bankers, for that matter, care to have women visit their offices. They attract too much attention. They have no knowledge of the value of time, and they monopolize a busy man's attention so that business is often at a standstill. Then, as a rule, the average speculative woman is a poor loser. She can understand all about making money and is brimful of good nature while the market is going her way, but when things go against her and her margin is surely and swiftly being wiped out she is apt to become disagreea ble, if not hysterical, so that brokers, as a rule, prefer not to deal with women. And thus comes to an end one of the pleasing fictions of Wall street .-Brooklyn Citizen.

A TREE WITH A TEMPER.

It Grows In Arizona With Another Tha Gives Light Like an Electric Lamp. "There are more queer things to the acre in Arizona than in any other part of this wide land," said Colonel Brace Dion of Houck's Tank, Apache county, 'and, according to my idea, and I know pretty near what queer things are, the queerest thing in all Arizona is the tree that has a temper worse than a blond comic opera prima donna's and gets its dander up with just as small provocation. They tell me out there that this tree bel to the coniferous species. It grows be something like 25 feet high and then stops. Its leaves are long, slender and pointed. like porcupine quills. When this tree is in a good humor, these leaves lie close to the branches, and it spreads a pleasant aromatic odor all around. But when it is angry every leaf on the tree rises up on end, and the aspect of that particular piece of timber is about as fierce and threatening as anything you would care to look at. The pleasant resinous odor the tree sent forth in its peaceful mood gives way to an odor that will put wings on your feet to place as much distance as you can between the offensive tree

ject of dogs, and the coming of a canine anywhere near it will instantly make it furious. Yet a wolf, a grizzly bear or a mountain lion never ruffles the tem per of this tree if those animals do not resume on too great familiarity with it. They may lie around it as long as they care to, but if one of them so far forgets itself as to rub or scretch the trunk of the tree the hot tempered thing will fly into one of its tantrums instantly, and the way Mr. Bear, Wolf or Lion will make himself scarce in those parts is a whole circus to see. Nothing will work this tree up to concert pitch, though, so quick and effectually as throwing stones at it. Then it will ac tually rip and tear, and no living thing would think of going within gunshot of it. Some folks out at Honek's Tank call this tree the porcupine tree, and somsay its right name is skunk tree. I call it the holy terror tree. Bu no matter what you call it, it is a teer job of nature, and Arizona claims it as her

"While this tree is the only real genuine vegetable kingdom crank we've got in Arizona, we point with some Arizona soil has the talent to produce This one is the electric light tree. This tree is not as abundant as the holy terror tree and is a dwarf, seldom having the courage to get more than 12 feet high. Its foliage is very dense, and at night it gleams like an arc light. The light that shines from this tree is so strong that one may sit 25 feet away and read fine print. The queerest point of this tree is that its light begins to grow dim with the coming of the new moon and steadily loses brilliancy until the moon is full. Then the tree is as dark as a mine. When the moon begins to wane, the tree's luminosity is gradually renewed, and by the time the moon has disappeared the tree is shining again as brightly as ever. Sometimes the light on this queer tree becomes faint even in the dark of the moon. Then we have to do a queer thing to restore it. We drench it with a bucketful or two of water, and instantly the effulgent glow will return in all its brilliancy."-New York Sun.

Committee an America English engineers, finding it neces sary to adopt our system of train ferries, and not wishing to give us credit of inaugurating that system, have managed to discover a Sir John somebody who worked the whole thing up 15 years ago. A New York paper says: "There seems to be nothing in the way of running unbroken trains between London and Paris, except the necessary capital and the employment of sufficient technical skill. If the London, Chatham and Dover would combine with the Northern of France and employ an experienced American engineer to plan and construct the docks and appliances for embarking and landing the trains, and at the same time send to any of the shipbuilding establishments on our great lakes for a man to construct the ferryboats, the arrangement could be perfect ed in a year and a half or two years, when freight and passengers could be transported from any part of Great Britain to the continent, and eventualv to all of Asia and Africa, without change of cars or break of bulk. The system of train ferries will no doubt be established throughout Europe in a few years and will do much to expedite and cheapen transit. -- Engineer-'Oh. Mr. de Cromo! I had such

time finding your painting at the exhibition today. It was hung away up in an obscure corner."

quit art and start a laundry. "Mr. de Cromo!"

ON MOUNT ARARAT.

Two American Tourists Enjoy ful Hospitality of a Kurdish Chief and His Household-Picturesque Scenes Viewed In the Twilight. Two young American students-Messrs. Allen and Sachtleben-made a

bicycle tour around the world immediately after their graduation. During their passage through Asiatic Turkey they celebrated the Fourth of July by climbing Mount Ararat, the first Americans to accomplish the feat. Their course lay through the grazing grounds were provided with an escort of soldiers through the influence of a letter from the grand vizier. In The Century they gave the following account of a night spent among the nomads:
The disk of the sun had already

touched the western horizon when we came to the black tents of the Kurdish encampment, which at this time of the day presented a rather busy scene. The women seemed to be doing all the work, while their lords sat round on their engaged in milking the sheep and goats in an inclosure. Others were busy making butter in a churn which was nothing more than a skin vessel 3 feet long of the shape of a Brazil nut, suspended from a rude tripod. This they swung to and fro to the tune of a weird Kurdish song. Behind one of the tents, on a primitive weaving machine, some of them were making tent roofing and matting; others still were walking about with a ball of wool in one hand and a distaff in the other, spinning yarn. The flocks stood round about, bleating and lowing or chewing their cud in quiet contentment. All seemed very domestic and peaceful except the Kurdish dogs

which set upon us with loud, fiere growls and gnashing teeth. Not so was it with the Kurdish chief. who by this time had finished reading the mutessarif's message, and who now welcome. As he stood before us in the lihen glowing sunset he was a rather tall but United Brethren church, Lewis street, be well proportioned man, with black eyes tween Main and Johnson streets. Services at and dark mustache, contrasting well II a. m and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. J. D Donwith his brown tanned complexion. ovan. and over his baggy Turkish trousers Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Pastor. Rev. hung a long Persian coat of bright col- H. F. Shealy. the shoulders was slung a breechload. Pastor, Rev. W. J E. Cox. dangled a heavy gold chain, which was probably the spoil of some predatory p. m. Pastor, Rev. Father McVerry, expedition. A quiet dignity sat on Ismail Deverish's stalwart form. It was with no little pleasure that we

accepted his invitation to a cup of tea. After our walk of 19 miles, in which we had ascended from 3,000 to 7,000 feet, we were in fit condition to appre ciate a rest. That Kurdish tent, as far as we were concerned, was a veritable palace, although we were almost blind- month, in Masonic Temple, Main street. Jas ed by the smoke from the green pine M. Lickhter, W. M; B. A. Eskridge, Sec'y. branches on the smoldering fire. We said that the chief invited us to a cup of tea. So he did, but we provided the tea, and that, too, not only for our own party, but for half a dozen of the chief's personal friends. There being only two glasses in the camp, we of course had to wait until our Kurdish acquaintance had quenched their burning thirst. In thoughtful mood we gazed around through the evening twilight. Far away on the western slope we could see some Kurdish women plodding along under heavy burdens of pine branches like those that were now fumigating our

Across the hills the Kurdish shepherd were driving home their herds and flocks to the tinkling of bells. All this to us was deeply impressive. Such peaceful Main street. A. S. Woodhouse, Chief Templar scenes, we thought, could never be the F. B. Kennedy, Sec'y. haunt of warlike robbers. The flocks at last came home, the shouts of the shepherds ceased, darkness fell, and all was One by one the lights in the tents

broke out, like the stars above. As the darkness deepened they shone more and more brightly across the amphitheater of the encampment. The tent in which we were now sitting was oblong in shape, covered with a mixture of goats' and sheeps' wool, carded, spun and woven by the Kurdish women. There were no signs of an approach

ing evening meal until we opened ou provision bag and handed over certain articles of raw food to be cooked for us No sooner were the viands intrusted to the care of our hosts than two sets of pots and kettles made their appearance in the other compartments. In half a hour our host and friends proceeded to indulge their voracious appetites. When our own meal was brought to us some time after, we noticed that the 14 eggs we had doled out had been reduced to six, and the other materials suffered a similar reduction, the whole thing be ing so patent as to make their attempt

at innocence absurdly ludicrous. Before turning in for the night we reconnoitered our situation. The light in all the tents save our own were now extinguished. Not a sound was heard except the heavy breathing of some of the slumbering animals about us or the bark of a dog at some distant encampment. The huge dome of Ararat, though six to eight miles farther up the slope, seemed to be towering over us. like some giant monster of another world. We could not see the summit, so far was it James W. Blackburn, chief of records. Al above the enveloping clouds. We re- visiting brothers welcome. turned to the tent to find that the zaptiehs had been given the best places and best covers to sleep in, and that we were expected to accommodate ourselves nea the door, wrapped up in an old Kurdish carpet. Policy was evidently a better developed trait of Kurdish character than

ane other morning a man went into a music store and asked for "Ave Maria. "Which one do you want?" asked the

"Oh, I don't know whose it is," he said. "Give me the best one." "Well, we have one by Gounod, Liszt, Luzzi, Mascagni, Millard, Cherubin. and Dulcken-any one is good."

Jerry Beene's." Cherubini's was handed him, bu about noon he came back dissatisfied. "This is no good on earth," he said. "I can't make head nor tail to the tune."

back again.

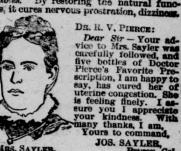
given him, but 3 o'clock brought him

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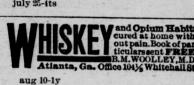
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PIERCE ANICO: L CURE





CHURCH DIRECTORY.

First Presbyterian Church, on Frederick St etween New and Market streets, services 1 a. m. and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. A. M. Fraser Second Presbyterian church corner Freder ck and Lewis streets. Services at 11 a. m 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 advanced from his tent with salaams of 11 a. m., and 8 p. m. Rector, Rev. W. Q. Hul-

Upon his face was the stamp of a rather Methodist church, Lewis street, between wild and retiring character, although Main and Frederick streets. Services at 11 treachery and deceit were by no means m. and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. J. H. Boyd, D. D wanting. He wore a headgear that was | Christ Evangelical Lutheran church, Lewsomething between a hat and a turban, is street, between Main and Frederick streets

ored, large figured cloth, bound at the Baptist church, corner Main and Washing waist by a belt of cartridges. Across ton streets. Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m ing Martini rifle, and from his neck dangled a heavy gold chain, which was street, Mass at 7 and 10.30 a. m. Vespers and

> 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

No. 2, meets third Friday in every month, in

Masonic Temple, on Main street. W. W. Mc

Guffin, High Priest; A. A. Eskridge, Sec'y. ery Thursday night in Odd Fellows' Hall, over Wayt's drug store, on Main street. John

Fretwell Noble Grand : C. A. Crafton, Sec' KNIGHTS OF HONOR ODGE. eets every first and third Tuesday in each onth, in Pythian Hall, Main street. W. L.

No. 116, I. O. G. T., meets every Friday night in their lodge room over Wayt's drug store on

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

Robertson, Regent; Jos. B. Woodward, Sec

month, at Pythian Hall, Main street. W. W.

meets every Monday night at Odd Fellows all. W. A. Rapp, Worthy Patriarch; John

UNIFORMED RANK, KNIGHTS OF

E. B. Stuart Division, No. 10, meets second Hall. Sir Knight Captain, F. B. Berkley; S Knight Recorder, S. H. Rosenbaum KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

street, over Dr. Wayt's drug store. C. T. Han mond, Chancellor Commander; Albest Keeper of Records and Seal.

Valley Lodge, No. 18, K. of P., meets

KNIGHT TEMPLARS. plar, meets first Friday night in every month in Masonic Temple, on Main street. W. B. McChesney, Eminent Commander: A. A. Esk

ONEIDA TRIBE, NO. 88, I. O. R. M., Meets in their wigwam, over Wayt's drug store, every Wednesday at 7th run 30th breath

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.1

hall on the church lot. M. T. Bergin, presi dent; J. J. Kilgalen, first vice-president; J. J Murphy, second vice-president; D.J. O'Connell recording secretary.

Meets first Sunday in every month in their

"STONEWALL" BRIGADE BAND. Band meets every Monday and Thursday orchestra, every Wednesday, at 8 p. m., in City "Gosh," said the customer. "I didn't Hall. Mr. J. M. Brereton, director, know there was so many. Give me J. A. Armentrout, president, and C. Harry

> Mee on Thursday night of each week, in it th room, 119 East Main street. Jas. W. Bod-

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yourself to death about business. You your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to tered the large dining room, where they ought to take a run to Brighton or go took their places at one of the small tables set for two near one of the large ing about city affairs.' front windows.