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VOL. 72.

Staunton



Spectator.

STAUNTON, VA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1894.

NO. 13.

How's

Your Liver?

Is the Oriental salutation,

knowing that good health

cannot exist without a

healthy Liver. When the

Liver is torpid the Bow-els are sluggish and con-

stipated, the food lies

gested, poisoning the

blood: frequent headache

ensues; a feeling of lassi-

tude, despondency and

nervousness indicate how

the whole system is de-

ranged. Simmons Liver

Regulator has been the

means of restoring more people to health and

happiness by giving them

a healthy Liver than any

rency known on earth.

It acts with extraor-

dinary power and efficacy.

NEVER BEEN DISAPPO! TED,

As a genéral family remedy for dyspepsia, forpid Liver, Constipation, etc., I hardly ever use anything else, and have never been disappointed in the effect produced; it seems to be almost a perfect cure for all diseases of the Stomach and Bowels.

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Yours truly,

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STAUNTON, VA., April 14th, 1894

STAUNTON, VA., March 28th, 1894.

6.00 p. m. for the west.

stomach undi-

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aug 10-tf

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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.

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A fashionable hair-cut or a luxurious shampoo in the best style of the art. The hair use Nothnagel's Trichocomia. There's NOTHING

Better to restore the hair, invigorate the growth or prevent falling out. As a cure for dandruf and scurf it has no equal.

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its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the nt families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."

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"For several years I have recommended do so as it has invariably produced beneficial

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

HOW IT IS IN LIFE. A rooster flies up on the fence. Just hear him crow! His satisfaction is immense, His lasty lungs give evidence That this is so.

Gets eminent,
Some jealous rival tries to plan
Some way to down him if he can,
And if he just upsets the pan
He feels content.

A \$20 GOLDPIECE.

"Don't stop at L— L—. Better remain over night at C——a and go on clear through to L——d the next day." These were the parting words of our genial host of the Ukiah inn, Mendocino county, Cal. I had purchased a couple of horses and a pack mule lower down in the valley and was taking them along the old Oregon stage route to my home in the northern part of the

Robert Thorndycke Hawkins, or, as he was more generally known, Rancheria Bob, and an easterner named Wilson, who was going to spend a few month I had not advertised for boarders no contemplated starting a "tenderfoot nursery," but Wilson, whom I had met at the Palace hotel, seemed such a genial, pleasant fellow that it was impossible to refuse his earnest request to join us in our mountain life. Bob was Hours for Arrival and Closing of Mails at Staun rather opposed to the scheme, but not being a prominent factor in the matter Wilson came along.

5 a. m. from north, south, east and west. 9.15 a. m. from west. 2.30 p. m. from Clifton Forge and intermediate Our route lay through a section of country which had elapsed into a demipoints, 11.56 a. m. from Richmond and intermediate civilized state, the mines there having in a measure become exhausted, the stage route abandoned for the more expeditious railroad and the immense 1.40 p. m. from the north. 6.45 p. m. from the north, Harper's Ferry and timber tracts still being too far distant to be worked to any advantage. The men as well as the other conditions took 7 a. ni. from Plunkettsville, daily except Sunday.
10 a. m. from Mt. Meridian, daily except Sunday. a backward growth, and those who remained were very favorably described as "tough;" hence the cautioning in-

5 p. m. from Middlebrook, daily except Sunstruction from our landlord. 5.30 p. m. from Monterey, daily except Sunday. Acting upon such advice, we planne our daily route so as to pass L- Lat noon. We were all well equipped with rifles and side arms, and looked 6,30 a. m. for Lexington, Harper's Ferry and points north.
- 11.25 a. m. for Harrisonburg, Woodstock and forward to a very pleasant journey. Our horses were in fine condition, as also was the mule. Perhaps it is needm. for Lexington and intermediate less to say that Bob and myself rode the former, while Wilson was happy on 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

stantly changing vistas. Now exquisite os of bouquet shaped elm trees haunted the river bank, and again an open, undulating meadow with wooded hills in the near distance, backed by the great blue tinted mountains of the the constantly changing view, without any incident uncommon to any trip of the kind, and the evening of the second day found us at C-a. From here -d was 54 miles and L- L- but

in the country, we felt it incumbent on us to make an early start, as it would be a good day's work for the horses, who were beginning to show effects of their recent efforts.

Various rumors as to the sanctity and future prospects of the L- L-ites (we classified them as geologists do other hard material) kept reaching us as we journeyed on. So corroboratory were proach as one in the olden times must have felt on nearing Sodom or Gomor rah. L- L- was one of those place (which fortunately are becoming few) where no restriction is placed on any class of society, and the mediæval law, "Might makes right," is the only recognized judicial power. There were perhaps 200 people in all forming the fixed population, though at certain seasons there might be double that number.

The only visible means of support of the inhabitants was catering to the vices of their fellow men. It was the escape valve of that lawless class who haunt the borders of a new civilization. Miners came there to spend Sunday and the result of their past week's toil. DEAR IR;—In reply to yours of this date I wish to say that I have prescribed your "Braddock Pure Rye Whiskey," and find it a pure, reliable whiskey, and an article that is well borne by delicate stomachs.

I will take pleasure in recommending it to those of my patients who need whiskey as a medicine. Herders who might have been leading hermit's life in the mountains for three months brought there the result of their labor and did not leave until i was all exhausted. We did not believ much of all this that was told in re gard to the place, considering the great er part of the information of that myth ical construction common to the char acter of such a region.

Our intention of starting early in th morning from C-a was frustrated by one of the horses casting a shoe, and it was nearly 9 when we entered the woods beyond C-a. However, we had the prospect of a moonlight night DEAR SIR:—Please accept my thanks for the sample of Braddock Whiskey which I have thoroughly tested as to its medicinal properties in my practice, and find it theraputically meets in every way the demands of the profession where a stimulant is required.

Very sincerely,

J. B. CATLETT, and did not despair of reaching L-d in fairly good season. We crossed the watershed at the Mendocino valley, and were descending into that of Hum boldt, the road following the twisting Eel river. Here begins the greatest redwood belt in the state, and as we trav eled lower down the valley we saw the trees which were 100 feet or so high on the foothills assume such mammot proportions that the distance to their tops could scarce be measured in as many yards. They now became an im portant factor in the topography of the road, which deviated from its course continually, obedient to the dictation of these monarchs. This constant interruption made what had been a fairly direct road a system of geometrical curves, impossible to follow in any fix ed direction. From a certainty it beabundance of the trees stilled the atmosphere, giving a somber effect to all the varied sounds natural to the woods We could see limbs swinging at the tops of the trees and yet scarce hear or per beive a trace of the wind, which mus

have been strong to move them so vio lently. The very jingle of our saddle equipments seemed discordant amid the

deeper harmonies. It was here, in the stage times, that Black Bard, the poet highwayman, reapalrous nature, and his memory is held sacred in many a cabin in the woods. One stage driver told with pride how, after relieving him of the mail and Wells-Fargo's box, Black Bard asked him for a chew of tobacco. His nom de plume arose from the fact that, after ri-fling the mail, he would jot down a doggerel verse upon the back of some friend (meaning Bob) got any sand?" specially lucrative envelope—an extem- | said Dick. poraneous address of sympathy to the owner of the package—and sign "The Black Bard." His final capture, after many liberal rewards, was unique. Being interrupted in his self enforced ing interrupted in his self enforced in spectorship of a mail he denarted in

nis naste leaving one of his cuffs. This was traced by the laundry mark to San Francisco and led to his capture. Stories as to his prowess and the speed and beauty of his horses are too numerous to mention. His great virtue, so the people said, was his liberality to the poor, and the fact that he never robbed from any one but the express company and the mail. As we threaded the tortuous road we could easily imagine a highwayman stepping from behind one

Coming upon a little spring, we halt-ed awhile to refresh both ourselves and our horses. Here we calculated that we were distant but eight miles from L— L— and still had 23 more to go before L-d was reached. It being but little past noon, our ride through L—L—before dark and reaching L—d in good time seemed a foregone conclusion. Nature, however, often upsets the best of calculations, for scarcely were we remounted when a heavy shower came on, softening the road so as to make a slow walk good speed. Our hopes fell with the rain, which was dismal enough in the big woods, rendering still darker a gloomy way. To return was as far out of our plan as to continue, the woods at night being as dark as a pocket. L- L- must be our abiding place perforce. We consulted, therefore, as to the best means to avoid trouble should

of the enormous trees and calling on us to "hold up our hands."

the inhabitants feel in a sportive mood. It being the middle of the week was a point in our favor, as there would in all probability be few outsiders in town. Our first care was Wilson, whose verdancy was too apparent to conceal and would no doubt render him more or less a butt of frontier wit. Bob advised him to go to bed at once on his arrival and said by way of inducement that he could then watch our property, which we would of course be obliged to leave in our rooms. Wilson was perfectly willing to do this, especially after Bob's graphic description of "the dancing act," firing a revolver under a man's feet to see if they are tender. Our most emphatic advice was not to show any money over that absolutely essential for his expenses. The rain and mud had sufficiently taken the newness from our out fit, and we thought we could represent ourselves as going north to work on

It was near dark when we reached the town and slowly rode through the one street on which it was built, looking for the best appearing hotel. On both sides were rows of hotels, gambling houses, barrooms and stores, sometimes separate, but oftener all com-bined in one building. With the desire of getting as far as possible through the town, we selected the last house on the road and applied for shelter. The rain had ceased, and the sky was beginning to clear. We almost regretted that we had not decided to keep on, but the horses were too tired to make the idea lage the "stoop population" were interested enough to comment on the general appearance of us and our horses, but in no way other than common to Coast range. We traveled on, enjoying all western towns. One remark I remember, applying to Wilson: "That yellow haired one on the mule is a 'tenderfoot'-look at his 'chaps.' " son had leggings instead of boots,

We went to a stable between the hotel and woods, unsaddled our horses, and taking our rifles, etc., went up to our rooms. Bob and I soon went down to our supper, which was fairly good for the country. We told the people, who seemed rough, but pleasant, our friend was too tired to come down and secured supper for him. Taking down his dishes, we sauntered into the barroom and were agreeably disappointed to find things fitted up as well as elsewhere along the road. The building was of a class common in the west, an oblong two story structure, with piazza facing the street. Down stairs were the barroom, kitchen, dining room and owners' living rooms, while the entire second story was for guests. This was subdivided by a narrow hall running lengthwise, leaving numerous small boxes called bedrooms on either side, one row fronting the piazza and the street, and the other commanding an extensive rear view. As we were about the only guests, we had rooms in the front row. The house was unplastered. and only the lower floor rooms were

Bob and I seated ourselves in the barroom and answered the various questions commonly asked of travelers and began to laugh at our fears, although there were some pretty tough faces

among the auditors. Our attention was attracted to a cowboy who appeared a stranger, like ourmation that he, too, was going to L-d in the morning. Although we had always made a rule to be chary in talking to strangers, there was something in his face and manner attractive, and I found myself holding quite an animated conversation with him. His name was Dick. This involved an invitation to drink, which I compromised by the less of two evils-a western cigar-which I smoked to the bitter end. I had just resumed my good old pipe in order to re-

ship's offering," when I heard a door open and was surprised to see Wilson come into the room. He said he had just run down for a moment for some cigars, and I let him court his fate and purchase some of the brand I had smoked. To my surprise, he offered a \$20 goldpiece in payment.

This was the keynote to the whole trouble. The barkeeper, a big, burly, foxy eyed fellow, slid the gold back of the counter, passed out the cigars and returned change for only \$1. Wilson told him he had given him \$20. The barkeeper bluntly denied this and produced a silver dollar as the one handed him and appealed to a bystander, who, of course, confirmed his statement, and, moreover, challenged any one in the house to differ. Although many had seen the transaction, no one objected, and Wilson, after hesitating a moment, came back to me. In language more emphatic than polite I told him to go up to his room. Dick looked surprised, and when Wilson had gone asked if he was one of our party. I replied in the affirmative and gave the circumstance of Wilson's connection with us. Dick studied a moment and then asked. "Are you going to let him lose that money without making a kick?" I told him I did not see any other way to do, as to make a row in that place would be foolish. He wanted to know what I would give him to get the coin back, and I replied that he could have the whole, as we had lost our claim. "Will you back me up, and has your

Wilson's, so I said, "Yes," although I did not really believe that he was in earnest—in fact, I could not imagine how he would go about a recovery. I was soon to learn.

We had remained in the barroom an hour after Wilson's retirement, and the place had gradually become deserted ple besides the barkeeper and ourselves remaining, and several of these were sleepy drunk. The barkeeper, though he glanced now and then in our direction, paid us no other attention. He seemed to have forgotten the gold episode. I had given up any idea that Dick's suggestions were coming to a point, and was thinking of retiring, when he got up, sauntered over to the bar in an easy manner, and, quick as a flash, covered the barkeeper with his re volver, and asked him to "return that money." Bob and myself at once covered the remainder of the party, who protested, however, that they had no intention of interfering. The barkeeper saw his predicament and sullenly handed out a \$20 goldpiece. The only remark he made was, "You'll wish you was 'burning' before you ever started er I -, and if you think you are going to come it on us so easy you are

naking a —— big mistake.' Dick did not reply, and soon we all went up to Wilson's room. As we went up stairs we could distinguish among the babble of cries the words, "That's a plucky cuss," "Are you going to let those tenderfeet beat you?" "Gee, Bill, you've been held up. You've got to treat." "It won't do for those fellows to boast that they did up L-L-," and then Bill's deep voice: "And they won't either. I'll get my innings be-

fore they leave, you mark me." door of the room with bureau and washstand. We held a council of war. We could hear the men talking below us. Wilson's room was directly over the bar, and by cutting a hole through the flooring we left only the ceiling between them and us, so we could hear distinct ly everything they said. Fortunately the affair occurred too late to bring out a big crowd, and only a few of the near neighbors, attracted by the report, had come in. They decided that we were rooms, especially as we were on our guard, but thought the best idea would be to attack us when we came down, as we would have to do or starve. With this idea, one of them commenced bor-ing holes in the stairway casing, presumably to shoot through. Naturally

we prepared to go out the window. The bed was one of the old fashioned roped kind, and removing the rope from this and blowing out our light we laid the bedclothes on the roof, removed our boots and carefully crawled to the far end of the piazza. The noise in the barroom seemed to have drowned any noise we made, and our only fear was fles and other things into two bundles, Dick lowered them, and then we all slid down the corner post and put for the woods. There we finished dressing and Dick and I then went to the stable for our horses. The clouds had been breaking away for some time, and the moonlight made us so conspicuous that we had to watch the shadows as we dodged across the open space. We had started out, each leading two, I in adthe threshold of the door his sharp hoofs came down upon a flat stone with a loud clatter. I expected every momeat to see the hotel door open, but they either did not hear or thought it a

common noise in the stable. Fearing a repetition of the alarm, ripped up an old blanket, and muffling the horses' hoofs we led them out where the others were waiting, trying to account for our long delay. Then all commenced arranging their things on mounting my horse, with my rifle on my knee, placed myself as a scout to watch the hotel. I confess that I then felt comfortable for the first time that night. It was well I did, for no sooner had I mounted and my horse moved few steps away than one of the other horses sounded a neigh that roused all the occupants of the house we had left. Flinging open the door so that the light fell full upon me, some one yelled,

'They are getting away!" and emptied his revolver at us. We could hear the bullets sing about us, but no damage was done, and as the others were ready Bob called to me to "pull out." This I would have been glad to do, but my horse refused to budge a step. I think he was dazzled by the flashes from the revolver. I never thought of dismounting, but receiving another salute opened up with eight of my heavy cartridges at the doorway. When I finished, it was vacant. I heard the bottles break as the balls went crashing into the woodwork of the bar. Dick in the meantime had ridden back to see what the trouble was and was firing his 44 rifle as fast as he could. L- L- was certainly being waked up. You could see lights appearing all along the street. But no one came our way on account of the bullets. I think the people thought we were the andlord's party in the woods attacking

the unruly guests. One fellow I shall never forget. He came out of the house and was just aiming to fire as I shot. He made a perfect picture of the tragic as he gave a little spring, his rifle fell to the ground and soon he himself staggered into a sitting posture. I had hit him in the shoulder. A second later I saw a flash from the barn and felt a burning sensation in my neck. Jabbing my spurs into no time in following. We found Wilson suffering from a severe wound in the cheek. A ball had glanced from a tree and cut him quite badly. My neck had just a scratch.

We pushed the horses along at a sharp gallop for some distance, in spite of the bright vellow in color. mud, and then halted for a consultation. It was perfectly silent in the woods. I advised going on to L——d. Dick, however, raised objections, saying there were lots of short cuts by which the L- L-ites could get ahead of us, especially as they had fresh horses. and they would certainly try to. He knew of an old claim up a creek which the road crossed a little way ahead where we would be perfectly safe, if we could throw them off our trail. This we decided to try. When we arrived at the creek, Dick sent Bob and Wilson up the creek, telling them to keep in the water all the time. The creek was one of those shallow, rapid streams common to the section, and the directions were not difficult to follow. Having started them. he and I crossed the creek and continued on the road for nearly a mile.

route again, and at last on and after our friends. Thus we left a plain trail going along the road from the creek should the searching party examine our

As we turned on up the creek I thought I heard voices back of us, but was not sure. We hurried along, the rushing of the water drowning the rattle of our horses' hoofs against the stones. It was some time before we overtook Bob and Wilson, and all were feeling tired out, horses and men, when Dick led the way up the bank, through the redwoods, to our goal.

We found there a fair cabin. Tethering our horses, we went inside and built a big fire of dry wood, and arranging our saddles and helmets lay down to rest. How we did sleep! It was broad sunlight and a gorgeous day when at last we awoke. After a wash in the creek, had it not been for Wilson's cheek, it would have been hard to real ize that our previous evening's experience was more than a dream. The horse were feeding on the rich bottom grass, and this reminded us that we had nothing to eat. To shoot would attract attention, and although we had seen deer about we left them alone. Bob's ingenuity came to our rescue

He had noticed several covey of quail in and about the clearing, which on his approach scurried through a gap in a thicket. Acting on this idea, he con-structed a fence in shape of a V, and at the apex fixed a cage trap, so that by pulling a string it locked the quail in. We went out as beaters and soon had a fine covey running along his new roadway, and when he sprang the trap we were possessed of over 20 fine quail. These we broiled, and no one objected because they had not been hung up two

We rested all day undisturbed and retired to another night's rest. Getting up early the next morning, we ate a breakfast of cold quail and started for L-d. When we came to the road, it looked as though a small army had crossed, but as the freshest tracks pointed toward L- L- we kept on toward L-d, confident of not being disturb ed. Once there we felt perfectly safe, as old L-d was noted for his sterling qualities, and Dick knew him well. On our arrival his greeting was in deed cordial. They had heard of the L-

L- affair, and hearing nothing of u feared we had been captured by the pursuing party. We remained with him two days. During that time the rumor became current that the L-L-ites had got wind of our whereabouts and were coming up to clear us out and L-d. too, if he made any objections, but we never saw anything of them. On leaving we asked for our bill and were surprised to be told there was none, with the additional remark, "Any one who can clean out L- L- travels free at

Dick I persuaded to remain with us, starting home at once, but after his face healed he enjoyed many a month's hunt in the woods.

The \$20 goldpiece I purchased of Dick and keep as a memento of a very trying time.—Arthur Llewellyn in New

POISON FOR ARROWS.

HOW THE DEADLY STUFF IS MADE BY THE INDIANS.

Tarantula Killers Cooked Together-The Thrilling Method of Testing-A Secret

I had been a cattle ranchman on the plains of southeastern Arizona for some two years before I could find out how the Apaches poison their arrow tips. The Indians inherit from their ancestors an intense secretiveness as to the manner of their preparation of venom for hunting or warlike purposes. A tribal chief years ago would as soon think of cutting off his own head as to let another chief know some method peculiar to the tribe for preparing a powerful poison. Now that the savages use fire-arms almost to the exclusion of their primitive weapons the older warriors will not, if they can, allow information concerning their tribal manufacture of venom to become known among the palefaces. I had in my employ a bright young Indian buck, who gave me full information concerning the way the tions made the poisonous fluids for their arrows. One day he went so far as to get permission for me to go over to the mountains to see a tribe of Yavapais get their weapons in proper poisonou

Rattlesnakes afford most of the Apa che and Piute Indians' venomous com pounds. To see the savages prepare the poisons and try their efficacy on themselves is enough to distress even a fron tiersman's dreams. The bloated rattlesnake of the hot alkali deserts of Arizona or the panhandle of Texas makes the most powerful poison. There is no more hideous and deadly serpent in America than the bloated rattler. It is a terror even to an Apache Indian, and if there is one thing that is worse than a rattlesnake in the opinion of plains men and settlers in eastern Texas and southern Arizona it is an Apache Indian. The Piutes, although a more cow ardly gang than the Apaches, hold this nake in less horror, but they give it plenty of room. The Piutes draw on the snake for their poison after it is dead. The Apaches, in spite of their fear of the snake, make it contribute its venom to them while it is alive.

The rattlesnake of the Arizona desert grows to a length of 6 feet and attain a girth of 6 inches at the thickest part. They have tremendous sets of rattles This snake has fangs an inch long and is frequently fitted with two sets. The poison sacs at the base of these fangs are as big as a hazelnut. The snake is a The desert rattlesnake is a dreadful

enough customer any day in the year, but during August takes on the fullness of its frightfulness, both in appearance and conduct. About the middle of Au gust, when the weather is insufferably this snake becomes bloated from e cause until it is a third larger than its normal size. Its appearance is as if the snake had been blown up like a bladder or charged with gas like a balloon. This rattler is always sluggish and slow in its movements, and like all of its kind usually makes an effort to get out of the way of its intruders, but in August it simply lies still in bloated repulsiveness and will not move for any thing, being ready at all times to strike at everything that comes near it. As near as you can get at it, this rattlesnake at that time of the year is simply

He places in one of the rude earther vessels that are among the Piute house-hold effects ten or a dozen of these snake heads. To them he adds perhaps a pint of tarantula killer, as the big hairy Texan or Mexican spider is called, or rather he puts the abdomen of the spider in with the snake heads. This spider has a sting that injects a poison subtle enough almost to kill a tarantula instantly, which is itself about as poisonous a member of the animal kingdom as one would care to meet. The poison sac of the tarantula killer is in the lower abdomen of the insect, and it is this the Piute brave mixes with the rattlesnake heads. He then pours in a pint of water, seals the lid of the ves sel on with moist clay and places the vessel in a pit where he has made a bed of hot coals. He buries the vessel in these coals, and besides that builds a blazing fire on top of it. This fire is kept burning fiercely for several hours, when it is swept away, and the Indian digs his vessel out of the coals. With a long pole he knocks the lid off and does not venture near the pot until the steam that arises from it as soon as the lid is

taken off entirely ceases to appear. The Piutes say that to inhale the smallest quantity of that steam would be instant death. Whether that is true or not I am not able to say, as I never saw it put to the test. After the fiery ordeal to which the snake heads are put is over, a brownish residuum remains ir the bottom of the kettle. That is certainly the double quintessence of poison, if its action on human blood, or, at least, Indian blood, is any indication. The Piute always tests his poison before trusting his arrows to it. He cuts a gash in the fleshy part of his leg and draws the blood, which he lets trickle down his leg. When the red stream has run down six or seven inches, he dips a stick in the poison and touches it to the lower end of the bloody streak. If the poison is all right, it actually burns the blood almost like hot iron touched to water and rapidly runs up the tric-kling stream. The Indian has his knife ready and scrapes the poisoned blood off. If it were permitted to reach the wound, it would be all up with the Piute. The arrows are dipped into this poison, and the Indian feels that whatever such an arrow hits would much better not have been born.—Exchange.

THE BOWLDER WAS ALIVE.

An Apache Stratagem That Nearly Cost a Government Courier His Life. "Talking of Indians and their strataems," said D. A. Marston, lately of the

United States cavalry, "they are past masters in the arts of skulking and deceiving. An Apache will lie behind a soapweed on the open prairie, and you may ride past 200 or 300 yards away and never have an idea that there is a redskin within 50 miles of you unless pass the soapweed he works his body around so as to keep it always in line with the plant and you. Even on the open prairie, with no more shelter than that afforded by some little inequality of surface, he will sift dust over his body, flatten himself out, face downward, against the ground, and lying as motionless as a stone will escape the observation of any except sharp and practiced eyes. Sometimes in a group of cactus or Spanish bayonet, his buckskin garments blending with the hues of the plants, his face and neck concealed by the head of a Spanish bayonet, he will stand like a post, indistinguishable to the inexperienced eye, even at close quarters, from the grotesque plants about him.

"A queer experience of this kind occurred to me in my service in Arizona during General Crook's last campaign against the Apaches. Tom Merriam of my troop and myself were detailed to carry dispatches from Camp Bowie to Camp Grant, up on the Rio Benito. It was a dangerous service at that time, and we had to keep a sharp lookout and be ready to fight or run at a moment's notice, for there was no knowing at what point on the route the Apaches might not be lying in wait to jump us as we came along.

"We were on our return to Camp Bowie and had just crossed the wooded canyon where the cold spring is and were coming out upon the open prairie that stretches down to the San Pedro river, when through the branches of a dian on the plain, about a half mile ahead. But on spurring my horse for-ward so as to get a better look nothing was to be seen save the bare prairie, with no sign of man or beast upon its

expense.
"As we rode along I spoke of the matter to Tom, who laughed at what he called my scare, which he said caused me to see imaginary Indians. We came opposite a low, gray bowlder upon the prairie 200 paces or so from the trail.

"'I don't remember ever to have seen that rock before,' said Tom, who had been over the route several times. 'How in the devil did it get there? I'll ride over and take a look at it!' And he reined his horse and rode toward the object. I followed him, a few yards be hind.

"His horse had scarcely taken a doz en steps when the seeming gray rock moved slightly upward, and there came from its lower edge a flash and report with the scream of a big caliber ball that flapped Tom's coat with its wind and caused his horse to plunge so suddenly that Tom, one of the best riders in the troop, not being on the lookout for such a happening, was thrown. At the same instant an Apache leaped from beneath the gray blanket that had served him to masquerade as a bowlder and ran like a deer for the canyon, leaping to left and right as he went to avoid the shots that Tom and I sent after him from our repeating carbines. "We knocked up the dust about his

feet and made him do some tall dodging to the whistling of our bullets, but that was all, for we didn't hit him. To have chased him would have been folly, first, because we were bearing dispatches in haste and needed the last ounce of reserve force in our horses, and, secondly because with the start he had we should not have overhauled him in his run for the canyon, into which we could not have followed him. So we took the trail again and rode our way with another wrinkle added to our experience of Indian trickery and cussedness."-New

Boil the giblets-heart, liver and gizzard-soft, chop fine and add to the brown gravy you usually make. Fried or scalloped oysters may be served with the turkey. Either is better than oyster stuffing, as long cooking spoils the flavor of the oyster. - Exchange.

Staunton Spectator.

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asonic Temple, on Main street. W. W. Mc Guffin, High Priest: A. A. Eskridge, Sec'v.

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

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third Mondays in each month. Commander A. S. Woodhouse; secretary, Dr. J. M. Hange collector, Isaac C. Morton, Jr.

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