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1895. The Sun! 1895

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dec 26.

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SICK HEADACHE,
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nov 28-1yr

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9.57 a. m. from west.
2.40 p. m. from Richmond and intermediate points.
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BY B. AND O.

7.22 a. m. from Lexington and intermediate points.
1.50 p. m. from the north.
9.09 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.
10.30 a. m. from Sangersville.

CLOSE.

FOR B. AND O.

5.30 a. m. for Lexington, 6.30 a. m, Harper's Ferry and points north.
2.15 a. m. for Harrisonburg, Woodstock and points north.
1.10 p. m. for Lexington and intermediate points.
6.00 p. m. for Lexington and intermediate points.

FOR C. AND O.

9.15 a. m. and 2.15 p. m. for north, east, south.
9.00 p. m. for east, north, south and west.
2.15 p. m. for Clifton Forge and intermediate points.
6.15 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 daily.

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MARGARET & LUCY CAUTHORN.

feb 3rd

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P. S.—The responsibility of this company may be judged from the fact that its stock is held by about seventeen hundred of the leading newspapers of the United States.

dec 19-tf

What is

CASTORIA

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THE HONEST MAN.

Honor the man who brooks no vile art,
No sham, no counterfeit, whose soul is pure
Within as fair without, who humbly stands
Before the searching gaze of earth and heaven
For what he is, whom angels guard and wait
With eager eye the signal to convoy
In safety to the skies, who calm can face
The awful front of death, but will not break
His plighted troth with truth—aye, honor him
And thus ennoble thine own struggling soul.
—N. W. Rand.

UNDER ADVISEMENT.

Away out west a man was about to be hanged. It will not do to be very exact as to names or localities because the question is not yet settled. The man's name may pass as Peter Williams, which is altogether unlike what it really is. As to the place, let it stand at San Topaz, in Orefornia. That the man deserved hanging there is no valid doubt, although his excuse for the crime kept the jury out a whole summer's afternoon. He had made quite a little pile from the sale of an improved smelting process to the Python copper mine, getting about 1 per cent of what the invention was worth, and turning from the express office into the Silver Palace saloon, which was conveniently near, he asked everybody to drink. All but one man stepped forward. That man was the victim.

"I asked him to drink like a gentleman," said Williams in his defense, "and when he wouldn't even take a cigar I said he should take something anyway and flung the whisky bottle at him."

Unfortunately the whisky bottle was a decanter weighing something less than ten pounds, and it cracked the man's skull like a last season's butternut.

What puzzled the jury was whether a refusal to drink with a man celebrating his luck could be construed into sufficient provocation until one juryman happened to recollect that the offending —that is, the refusing—party was deaf and blind. That settled it, and the verdict of murder in the first degree was brought in two minutes after.

Well, the man was about to be hanged, very quietly, too, for with excellent business tact the Python copper mine had made this its pay day. Padre Gombrillo was in the murderer's cell saying a few prayers in Spanish Latin, the other clergyman of San Topaz, a Methodist, being a timekeeper in the smelting office on weekdays. Williams was tugging at a new pair of red topped boots, and Sheriff Stephen Winslow was leaving his office for the scaffold, when the postmaster's little daughter brought a letter addressed to the prisoner, in care of the postoffice. Winslow weighed the letter in his hand for a few moments, pondering whether there was any use bothering Williams with correspondence when his address would soon be the dead letter office. Being a man of much originality of action, he opened the letter, and he read it his red face grew redder, and when he had finished it he smote the office table until the old crack in it ran an inch.

"Well, I'm jing swizzled," he cried. And well he might be, for the letter was from a firm of lawyers in Troybany, N. Y., informing Williams of the death of his uncle, J. Cannon Piece; also of the existence of a will, by the terms of which he was left the old man's property, valued at something near $600,000, the property to go to his children born in wedlock, if he had any, and to his brother Matthew if he died without legitimate issue.

Winslow's face grew positively purple with the blood forced into his head by hard thinking. Williams a millionaire and to be hanged inside of an hour! Should he comfort his last few moments by informing him that he would step from goldbags here on to the golden stairs up there? Or would the news comfort him at all, especially as it was coupled with a proviso that the money in an equally few minutes would belong to his brother Matthew, whom the sheriff remembered to have heard Williams cursing with most fraternal fervor. Then the sheriff thought harder than ever until his temporal veins seemed likely to burst, and then, with a sudden glance at his watch, he hurried out of the office and up to the condemned man's cell.

"Excuse me, padre," he said, "but I wanter speak to Williams a minnit on a private matter."

The little priest bowed, took a piece of chocolate from under his soutane and went outside munching it.

"Williams," said the sheriff, grabbing him by the arm and drawing him into the farther corner of the cell, "D'ye wanter live?"

"Say, Steve," said Williams, pulling off his boot to hunt for a loose peg, "what's the matter with you?"

"Look here," said the sheriff. "Did you ever have an uncle in Troybany?"

"Yes," Williams replied, "my mother's brother, old Cannon Piece. He is a river scraper or something of that sort and crankier than a stomps spindle."

"Well, he's dead," said the sheriff, "and he's left you his money."

"How much?" asked Williams calmly, having found the peg.

"Over half a million."

"Hully gee!" cried Williams. "Why didn't the old man die six months ago?"

"Moreover, upon your decease without legitimate issue," pursued the sheriff, with a fine recollection of the lawyer's letter, "the property reverses to your brother Matthew."

"To that measly skunk," said Williams, with many omitted parts of speech. "Gee, but that's tough. Say, sheriff, can't I get a reprieve for a few weeks and kinder waste the property from Mat a little? I'd blow in the whole town day and night for a month."

"Can't be did," said the sheriff sententiously.

"See here, Steve Winslow, what's your game?" asked Williams, with a sort of yelp in his voice.

The sheriff stepped quickly to the cell door, looked down the gallery at the dozen or so fellows squatted in the shade of the south wall and came back with his face shortened a full inch by the compression of his mouth and eyes.

"Just this, Williams," he said in the prisoner's ear. "Sw'ar to divvy with me —share and share alike—in your fortune; sw'ar that you hope you'll burn for ever if you break your word, and I'll fix the rope so that it don't kill, and afterward we'll tote together to Troybany and claim the property. D'ye sw'ar?"

"Why, of course I do," said Williams.

"Well, sw'ar it then." And Williams repeated the scorching words.

"Now," said the sheriff, "I'll go and get the rope and fix the coroner. He's pretty nigh drunk anyhow, and has been for a week, and another horn or two with a little red pepper into them will knock him so he won't know your foot from your nose. And that Weekly Roundup feller has got to keep outside the railing."

Less than a quarter of an hour the sheriff was back with the rope.

"Doc's all right," he said, "although he'd like to have choked on that last drink, and I told Bill Hepburn, who's assisting me, that you'd made a last dying request that the noose and cap was put on in here, together with the straps. Now, then, off with your coat lively. I sorter promised the boys I'd hold this thing off till after the noon bell, but I guess not now."

The details of the sheriff's ingenious plan had better be omitted, except to say that they included a running loop under the prisoner's shoulders, and a turn of the rope from the neck down and under this and up again to the noose. Then the knot, as big as your fist, was slipped back of the ear, the coat replaced, the cap pulled well down everywhere save in front, and the straps buckled on.

"Now, Williams," said the sheriff, "I've got to hear that oath once more."

"You will not, then," said Williams thickly from under his cap. "It blistered my tongue too badly when I said it. I'll stand to it, though, and I never broke my word, fair nor foul."

"All right," said the sheriff, "I'll trust you. Now, Pete, I don't say that the fall won't jar you some, and jar you pretty bad, but it won't break nothing, and all you've got to do is to play dead. Now I'll get the padre and Jim."

"Hats of, gentlemen," said the sheriff, when the shuffling figure had been moved on to the chalk cross that marked the center of the trapdoor.

Every hat came off, although, owing to the presence of a few Arequipas, there were not as many hats as persons. The padre turned aside and dropped his stick of chocolate into the looseness of his sleeve. The sheriff moved his hand, his deputy drew his knife across the bolt string, and the five feet of slack rope tautened and hummed like a steamer's last dock hawser.

"Neck broken, I guess, doc," said the sheriff.

"Complete fraxr of shekond sherr'l-bree—shekond sherr'l vert'bree, Mr. Sher'fbree—Mr. Sher'f," said the coroner, turning Williams' wobbly head with spasmodic fingers.

So it was recorded

"Shay, sher'f," said the coroner, with a gravely confidential air, "if 'sh no claim for sh' body shend round to me. Mos' stronery case of 'neurism the aorta ever met with. K'n feel it all 'cross 's chest, right through 'sh closh."

"All right, doc," said the sheriff. "I'll do so."

But next morning he told the coroner that late at night he had thought better of his promise, as he had taken kindly to the boy during his imprisonment, and so had quietly removed the body out to the cemetery and buried it, with his Indian constable's assistance, in the grave that had been dug for it.

The execution took place on July 16th, and on the 31st the sheriff put his deputy in charge, announcing that his nephew had come in from Pestilence Vale, "terrible sick with the chills," and that he was "going to take him down to tidewater." And in truth that very evening he drove over to the Pacific and Atlantic railroad with his nephew by his side, all huddled up in blankets, although the day had been hot enough to cook eggs in the open.

It took the sheriff and Williams ten days to reach Troybany, while the schedule time for the trip is only five days. But they had been obliged to travel by easy stages, for, despite the sheriff's antiexecution device, Williams had been well nigh wrenched in two by the drop and still suffered horribly at times. On reaching Troybany the sheriff saw Williams comfortably bestowed at a hotel and then went out to view the town. Almost the first man he met was Lawyer Belford of San Topaz, the counsel who had defended Williams.

"So you got my telegram?" cried the lawyer joyously.

"What telegram?" asked the sheriff, with a presentiment that there was a snag somewhere in the stream.

"Why, the telegram telling you to come right along here."

"I got no telegram," said the sheriff.

"Well, that's too rich for utterance. What brought you here then?"

"Why, d—n it, I came on business —business of my own."

"Of course, of course," said the lawyer soothingly. "I know. The Williams business. Funny, ain't it? That's what I'm here for too. Two days after you left I got a letter from Wolfe & Fox, a law firm of this place, asking if we could tell them anything of Peter Williams, last heard of at San Topaz, and giving the terms of his uncle's will. They said they had written to him at San Topaz, but had received no answer."

"He got a letter on the day of the execution," said the sheriff.

"Did he now? Well, well! Fancy that! And what has become of it, I wonder?"

"He's got it with him, I guess," said the sheriff, with a rumbling laugh.

"Ah, I guess so, too," said the lawyer, with a discreet and mild echo of the sheriff's mirth. "At any rate, I telegraphed that Williams had died suddenly on July 16 and got a dispatch in reply to come on immediately and bring all the proofs of his death. I went at once to your office, but found you gone, as I've said. Got a copy of your official return of Williams' execution, a copy of The Roundup's account of the hanging and a copy of the coroner's certificate—all properly sworn to. But on the train I happened to think that I had omitted to get a certificate of the burial, and as I remembered to have heard that you attended to that I thought—considering the enormous interests at stake—'twas best to telegraph you to come on. All expenses paid, of course. So naturally when I saw you here I jumped at once to the conclusion that you had come in answer to that call."

"No, sir," said the sheriff.

"Well, never mind. You're here, and I'll see that you don't get—left," said the lawyer cheerily. "I'm retained for Matthew Williams, the present heir, you know. Funny, ain't it, that I defended Peter Williams when living and am now on the other side when he's dead? Small world, eh? The case comes up in the probate court tomorrow at 10, and of course you'll be there."

"I'll be thar for sure," said the sheriff grimly.

He was, and with him came Peter Williams, wrapped in a big storm coat of the sheriff's, with the collar turned up to his ears.

Mr. Wolfe of the local law firm made a statement of the decease of J. Cannon Piece, of the drawing up and filing of his will, read it aloud—it was a very short document—and then asked that the status of Matthew Williams, here present, be duly recorded as residuary legatee owing to the decease without legitimate issue—or any other so far as known—of Peter Williams, the original heir.

"You are prepared to present the proper proofs of the decease of Peter Williams, I suppose?" asked the judge.

"Certainly," was the reply. In doing so, Mr. Wolfe regretted to say, they would be obliged to introduce a very delicate and distressing story. The young man, Peter Williams, it appeared, had been his uncle's favorite nephew, but had quarreled with him, had gone out west, and there, passing from one excess to another, had finally, in a drunken passion, taken the life of a fellow being in the town of San Topaz, in the state of Orefornia, for which crime he had suffered the extreme penalty of the law. Documentary evidence in the shape of a transcript of the trial and all of the requisite official attestations of the execution would be presented by an attorney-at-law of San Topaz. In addition to which—by what they could only regard as a providential coincidence—the sheriff of San Topaz was in court at that very moment.

Then Lawyer Belford was introduced and read from the transcript of the trial the personal statement under examination of the younger Williams as to his name, age, place of birth, etc., and read also the sheriff's return for the execution, the coroner's certificate of death and the "dull thud" paragraph of The Weekly Roundup.

"We place these in evidence," concluded the lawyer, "although they are almost superogatory in view of the presence here of the sheriff of San Topaz, whom I shall now ask to take the stand."

The witness chair creaked as Sheriff Winslow settled his huge bulk between its arms.

"Your name is Stephen Douglas Winslow, and you are sheriff of San Topaz, Orefornia, I believe?" said Lawyer Belford, smiling pleasantly at his fellow townsman.

"I am—to both questions."

"You were officially present at the execution of Peter Williams on the 16th day of July of this year?"

"I was."

"This certified copy of your return of the execution is correct in every particular, is it not?"

"It's a k'rect copy."

"You took quite an interest in the unfortunate young man, I understand, Mr. Sheriff, and personally attended to the disposal of the remains?"

"Waal," said the sheriff, slowly spreading himself over the back of the chair, "there's a young man here who can answer that question better than me."

Lawyer Belford evidently did not expect this answer, for he hesitated a moment.

"Put the young man on the stand by all means," said Mr. Wolfe.

Then the sheriff led the muffled young man to the chair and stood beside him while he was sworn.

"What is your name?" asked Belford, glancing curiously at the witness.

Before replying the witness slowly turned down his coat collar, and then, wheeling around in his chair, said, with difficulty, the catch in his voice running through all that he said:

"Peter Williams."

"What!" cried Lawyer Belford and fell back in his chair, clutching at his necktie as though he were going to have a fit.

"Oh, you know me well enough, I guess, Mr. Belford," said Williams, "though you didn't save me from swinging. And Mat knows me well enough, too, I see, although I guess I'm considerably more changed than he seems to be. Howdy, Mat? Sorry for you, old man, but I've got to knock you out this time. By the way, too, if there's any doubting anywhere around this courtroom as to my identity, why, just look at this neck."

Upon which he pulled off a big silk scarf and showed the lingering shadow of the black imprint of the hangmann's rope, whose close hug even the sheriff's life saving contrivance had not quite overcome.

Lawyer Belford still sat grasping his necktie and staring speechlessly at the witness, while Mat Williams' gray face grew livid as he crept into the shadow of his attorney's back. Only the old lawyer, Wolfe, retained his self possession.

"Your honor," he cried, "we object. This is most irregular, most unheard of, and we object."

"It is most irregular, as you say," said the judge suavely, "and under the circumstances I shall myself ask the witness to tell his story."

"We object."

"Certainly," said the judge. Then turning to the witness, Peter Williams, he said, "If that be your name, how comes it that you are here alive?"

Then Williams told the story that he had been taught; that the sheriff, taking compassion on his youth and near grasp of fortune, believing in his solemn promise to reform and not looking forward to any such complications as had arisen, had consented to arrange the rope so that resuscitation might be possible.

The judge listened with close attention, and then turning to Winslow said, "Of course there was a monetary consideration in this, Mr. Sheriff?"

"Waal, nat'rel, your honor," said Winslow in a surprised tone of voice.

"So I supposed. Now, sir"—to Lawyer Wolfe—"I will hear the grounds of your objection."

"They are very simple," said that old practitioner. "We object not only because of the utter irrelevancy of the testimony, but because of the utter immateriality of the witness himself. We are quite willing to admit that during the lifetime of this young man his name was Peter Williams, but, your honor, Peter Williams is dead. He was hanged by the neck till dead in San Topaz on the 16th day of July of this year of our Lord, 1894, and you yourself, your honor, have admitted the evidence that proves it. The testimony of this man Winslow—which he will be only too willing to give—that he, a sworn officer of the law, did cheat the law and did actively participate in an evasion of the law and made a lying return, cannot possibly have the faintest weight in this court. It would be the testimony of a self confessed perjurer indulging in cumulative perjury. We are even willing to admit that such a plot was concocted and that it was carried to a successful issue, but that does not in the very slightest degree affect the legal fact of the demise of the late Peter Williams as sworn to in every requisite formality. It comes to just this, your honor: Physically Peter Williams may be alive, but legally he is dead, and legally, too, Matthew Williams is therefore the only heir."

"Humph!" said the judge, with a faintly marked twist at the corner of his mouth. "Your statement, Mr. Wolfe, puts a very curious aspect on affairs. I will take the matter under advisement."

And he has it under advisement yet. —Thomas J. Vivian in Short Stories.

A smart little boy calls himself compass because he is boxed so often.

DRAWBACKS OF A BLACK EYE.

It Inspires Humor and Brings Varied Misery Upon Its Owner.

Unfortunate indeed is the lot of the young man with a black eye. In addition to the fact that it is black and will prevent his appearance in respectable society for a time are the many explanations which he has to invent for the curious who want to know how he got it. Then he has to stand no end of bantering, insinuating smiles, hypocritical sympathy and the stares of men, women and children wherever he goes.

The young man in this case got his black eye in the manner in which the general public believes 999 out of 1,000 black eyes are received—that is, from the fist of another young man delivered straight out from the shoulder. At the time he received it there was no means of relief at hand, and he was in no condition to seek it after receiving the blow that began a new course in astronomy for him. So he went home and contented himself with applying heated cloths to it for the rest of the night. He lived in a boarding house, and when he went down to breakfast in the morning he wore a handkerchief bound tightly around his head, so as to conceal the black eye. This did not prevent the boarders from inquiring in unison:

"Where did you get the black eye?"

The young man flushed crimson, and as he looked around the grinning crowd he saw that he would have to tell a pretty straight story.

"I don't know whether it's black or not," he stammered, "although it feels as if it was. You see, I got in late last night and in the darkness stumbled against the hatrack. I didn't like to wake anybody up and just put some hot water on it."

"Why didn't you hit the hatrack first?" asked one of the skeptics.

"I tried to, but"—

"The scoundrel got the drop on you," put in another boarder.

"Well, he did, but"—

"I suppose he's got a pair of em, eh?"

"Well, there's no use denying it, fellows," whispered the young man. "I did have a run in with a gang, but they were five to one, and after I had knocked three of them down the other two got at me, and that ended it. Say, what's good to take it right away?"

"Let's see it," demanded the boarders, and the young man was forced to undo the bandage. He disclosed a swollen mass of flesh on the right side of the face, which rivaled a Thanksgiving football field for coloring. In the center a guilty little pupil of an eye flashed, surrounded by the crimson of Harvard. Shading off on the cheek was the orange, surmounted by black, emblematic of Princeton, while the blue of Yale was predominant.

"A symposium of college colors," cried one of the boarders. Suggestions for relief were then in order.

"Try a piece of raw beef," was one.

"Or a raw oyster," was another.

"Hot water and extract of witch hazel."

"Epsom salts and hot water will take the bloodshot out of the eye."

"Have it painted."

"No, have it cut with a razor and let it bleed."

"Get a leech."

The young man carefully noted all the suggestions, and as a discussion arose about the most efficacious remedy decided to visit a black eye doctor. After all the boarders had gone he bandaged up his eye and went in search of one.

"Now, if you had only come to me as soon as you got it I could have removed it in an hour and a half," said the black eye specialist, "or if you had come within 24 hours afterward I might have had a better chance of removing it. As it is, it will take a week."

The young man had his eye washed and bathed for a couple of hours with hot water and other lotions and declared that he felt better. The swelling was reduced somewhat, and he thought that with the help of a little flesh paint and Chinese white he could face his best girl that evening. Surely, he thought, she would believe any story he told about it. But she was as skeptical as the rest, and after listening to his plaintive story about his encounter with the hatrack said:

"Now, really, Charles, who did it?" —New York Sun.

The Glory of Trees.

The national pride of America in its giant trees is well founded. If the giants of our own woods appeal to us as an embodiment of magnificence, what must be the impression created by this hall of columns, in which each equals in height the spire of a cathedral and has stood through ages of whose duration the years of the oak are an inconsiderable fraction? These California giants lack one element of impressiveness. They have no associations other than those which their size conjures up. Human fancy has never played with their mighty forms. So far as is known no human eyes have watched the ages of their growth. They have no place in the story of nations. They have built no temples and furnished no navies. They have no place in story. They were found alone in the wilderness, as the Siberian fur hunter found the ice cased mammoth, in a world of their own. To the mind of the educated west the groves of the cedars of Lebanon would appeal more strongly than the groves of the Sierra Nevada. The bulk of the one could not outweigh the associations of the other. But to the primitive notions of eastern peoples the giant tree makes a direct appeal not only for respect, but for worship. Whatever departs from the ordinary course of nature strikes them as the immediate work of God and one which necessarily preserves something of the divine.—London Spectator.

Two Famous Old Apple Trees.

The decayed stump is all that remains of the famous "mother tree," the oldest known specimen of the Rhode Island Greening. A few rods southwest of the old limekiln on the northern verge of Fruit Hill, on Frederick W. Winsor's farm, stands a younger tree. Mrs. Winsor's great-great-grandfather, Nehemiah Smith, planted the mother tree, of which the other is a limb wrenched while loaded with fruit from the parent stock, during King George II's reign, in 1748, and was therefore 141 years old when it was cut down in 1889-90, and its life from the seed must be nearly 150 years.

The present tree, "the daughter tree," so called, is a limb of the mother trunk and was broken off in the September gale of 1815, and which, from an elbow thrust into the moist, rich soil, took root and became independent. F. M. Perry of Canandaigua, N. Y., a famous nurseryman and pomologist, pronounced the fruit of these trees the finest of the Greening family and procured hundreds of scions from the stock to introduce into New York and the middle states.—Providence Journal.

AMERICAN CITIZENS.

THOSE WHO ARE NATURAL BORN AND THOSE MADE BY LAW.

The Former Only Are Eligible to the Office of President—Opinions of Leading Authorities Upon the Subject—Morse, Who Dissents, Is Short on Argument.

Kindly inform me whether a child born of American parents under the following circumstances is recognized as an American citizen or not: Case 1.— The child is born upon high seas. Case 2.—The child is born in a foreign country. An argumentative decision.

Answer.—Our correspondent, we apprehend, does not ask for all he wants. We will endeavor to enlighten him, however, on points which seem to have invited dispute, regarding eligibility of certain classes of citizens to the office of president of the United States. The child of a citizen born on the high seas under the American flag is a citizen of the United States and eligible to the presidency. The child of a citizen born in a foreign country is a citizen of the United States by law, but is not eligible to the presidency. The argument is in the constitution of the United States, which provides:

No person, except a natural born citizen, or a citizen of the United States at the time of the adoption of this constitution, shall be eligible to the office of president. Neither shall any person be eligible to that office who shall not have attained to the age of 35 years and been 14 years a resident within the United States.

The difference of opinion existing rests upon the meaning of "a natural born citizen." On this subject Paschal, regarded as one of the highest of legal authorities, says, "A natural born citizen (is one) not made by law or otherwise, but born." Bates on "Citizenship" (10 op., 382) limits the "natural" members of the body politic to "the people born in the country," and he repeats this, confining the meaning to "every person born in the country." Kent says, "Nativity furnishes the rule." Story on "The Constitution" says, "Considering the ages of all such—i. e., those who are alien born and citizens when the constitution was adopted—no person of foreign birth can now ever be president under this constitution." Morse, on "Citizenship" (page 125, section 90) says: "A natural born citizen is one not made by law or otherwise, but born. The constitution does not make the citizens. It only recognizes such of them as are natural, home born, and provides for the nationalization of such of them as are alien, foreign born, making the latter, as far as nature will allow, like the former. The expression 'natural born citizen' recognizes and reaffirms the universal principle common to all nations and is as old as political society —that the people born in a country do constitute the nation, and as individuals are natural members of the body politic." Now, a citizen is, first, natural born. Children born within the allegiance of the United States are natural born citizens. Second, made a citizen by statute. Children born of American parents outside of this jurisdiction are made citizens by statute (United States Revised Statutes, section 2172) and are not citizens natural born. If there was no statute, they would not be citizens. The Journal of Commerce, Nov. 13, 1889, stated the case as follows:

They argue that, as a child born abroad of an American citizen is by act of congress invested with the full rights and privileges of citizenship, therefore he is a citizen by right of birth and is a natural born citizen and eligible to the presidency of the United States. But they overlook the fact that he is not a citizen by right of birth alone, but is made a citizen on account of his birth by act of congress. He is not therefore a natural born citizen, but a citizen made by the law. If he was a natural born citizen, there would have been no necessity for an act of congress investing him with citizenship. A person born out of the allegiance of the United States is therefore made a citizen by law, is not natural born and can not be legally elected president without a change in the constitution.

There was an old feudal doctrine under which the embassador of a country to another carried with him a box of soil from his native land, and in the event of necessity he would put the box in position, and standing upon it assume that he was on his native heath for the time being. That, we believe, is no longer in practice. As to the officials representing the government of the United States in foreign countries, they are in no way superior to other American citizens, because in the United States there is no rank above citizen.

In order that the reader may clearly comprehend why children of American citizens born abroad are not eligible to the office of president, the following clause of the United States Revised Statutes is given:

The children of persons who now are or have been citizens of the United States shall, though born out of the limits and jurisdiction of the United States, be considered as citizens thereof (section 2172).

The difference between a citizen made under this provision of law and a natural born citizen is the difference of one born out of the limits and jurisdiction of the United States and one who is born within such limits and jurisdiction. It is the difference between an individual who needs the law to make him a citizen and one who is a citizen by the mere circumstances that he was born and exists. The opinions of Paschal, Story, Bates and Kent have been advanced, and Morse, although maintaining that a citizen made by the law, as quoted, is eligible to the presidency, has not succeded in stating his position so as to support his theory. His statement clearly sustains the popular interpretation—that of the highest and leading authorities in law.—Brooklyn Eagle.

If more attention were given the night toilet, rest would be better, sleep sweeter and dreams pleasanter. A bath will rout the nightmare, but it should be taken at least two hours after the evening meal, in cool water and with no more rubbing than is needed for drying. The hot bath is good when there is inflammation, as it "draws." Cold water is stimulating, and the reaction may induce wakefulness. Ordinarily the cool dip will cool the blood, be tonic enough to arrest wasting tissue, and prepare the body for refreshing sleep.—New York Dispatch.

The way to make a prosperous year is to make it. Quit borrowing trouble. Quit conjuring up hard times. Remember that the sun will shine, the rain will fall, health and strength are yours, and that your fortune is with yourself and not with the stars.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A "RUN DOWN"

and "used-up" feeling is the first warning that your liver isn't doing its work. With a torpid liver and the impure blood that follows it, you're an easy prey to all sorts of ailments. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures every one of them.

PIERCE Guarantees a CURE.

MRS. BRANSFORD.

I can truthfully say that I believe your Golden Medical Discovery saved my life. When I began your treatment two years ago, I had been given up by the Doctor, and my friends had lost all hope of my recovery. I had suffered for years with torpid liver; I had chronic pleurisy and catarrh in a very bad form. Attended with hemorrhages—was confined to my bed two months. In a few days after beginning your midicine I could perceive a slight change for the better; in three months I felt almost like a new person. Yours very gratefully,
MRS. MAGGIE E. BRANSFORD, *Williamsburg, W. Va.*

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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 .

DIRETORY 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. Mc Guffin, 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 Fretwell Noble Grand; C. A. Crafton, Sec'y.

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; S Knight Recorder, S. H. Rosenbaum.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Valley Lodge, No. 18, K. of P., meets Monday night at Castle Hall, on West street, over Dr. Wayt's drug store. C. T. Hammond, Chancellor Commander; Albes 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, in Valz Building every Wednesday at 7th run 30th breath setting of the sun. S. S. Peterson, sachem James W. Blackburn, chief of records. 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.

Meet on Thursday night of each week in [illegible] room, 11 East Main street. Jas. W. Bod[illegible] Acting President; Preston A. Ross, Secretary.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

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