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Staunton

Spectator.

STAUNTON, VA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1895.

· NO. 26.

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| An III | 18-tf | 18

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THE ODD TRICK.

tle irritably.

at me if I tell you."

inst discovered"-

"But"--

derneath"-

"Gilbert!"

ated her husband, a little mollified.

"Yes," continued Lucile, regardless

"I don't like all these new fangled

things women get up in to look like fig-

"My dear Gilbert, don't talk about

And, gathering up the small pile of

letters that were beside her plate, Mrs.

Liberty's yesterday, and"-

rupted Mr. Corin impatiently.

out like a houri in a harem."

ares on a Japanese fan"-

all these wonderful toilets."

things you don't understand."

Corin made her way to the door.

Did you speak to me?" for the coffee cup.

will disappear.

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name of all that's reasonable, should I do that?"

"Because I ask you." Mrs. Corin shrugged her shoulders in "You will write to excuse yourself?" "Certainly not. Why, I've got a perfect dream of a gown to wear, and I mean to thoroughly enjoy myself."

"That is to say you intend to make yourself conspicuous by your flirtations, Lucile laughed. go on in this ridiculous fashion."

'My dear Gilbert, don't you think that it is you who are ridiculous just now? You silly fellow," she continued, drawing near him, "what does it matter to you if half the men in the room are in love with me when you know that I'm not in love with them? There, don't talk nonsense, and be off to your ride. "Why don't you come, too?" asked her husband, half mollified again.

"I-oh, no! Couldn't possibly spare the time, dear. Heaps of things to do and letters to write! Goodby for the present.

And with a loughing farewell she tripped out of the room. The smiles, however, vanished as she sank into a low chair in her boudoir and picked one note out of the heap that lay in her lap. Mrs. Corin's pretty dimples disappeared and her brows contracted into a frown as she read:

DEAR MRS. CORIN-You know, of course, that I am engaged to Miss Kathleen Mayse. Don't will think under the circumstances it would be better for you to return me some very foolan sure you will see the advisability of this and will be good enough to give the packet to my friend Applegarth, who will call upon you at 12 this morning. Yours sincerely, W.E. at 12 this morning. Yours sincerely,

"I shall do nothing of the sort," exclaimed Lucile when she had reread the letter for the third time. "Engaged to Kathleen Mayse, indeed! Engaged to her thousands, he ought to have saida horrid, plain, little, red haired thing without an idea in her head. It is perfectly disgusting, the things men will do for money, but I did think Wilfrid was different. I did believe in him at least." And she rose from her chair indignantly. "Why, not a year ago, he was ready to blow his brains out because I would not marry him, and now"-She finished her sentence with a dramatic gesture worthy of Duse herself. A dangerous little person she looked as she paced up and down the pretty bondoir. The fact was that Mrs. Corin was suffering acutely from the complaint which in our nursery days we called

'dog in the mangerness." Married before the close of her first season to a man whose hold on life and fortune was more unstable than any one had supposed, at 21 she was left a widow with an income which allowed small margin for opera boxes or Parisian toilets, both of which, with tout ce que s'en suit, were exceedingly dear to the little woman's heart. Launched among a certain set, however, she was swimming with the stream to no very safe port when Gilbert Corin-an elderly banker-came, saw and was con-

Some one says somewhere that there are no wedding bells which do not ring the knell of somebody's happiness, and certainly on Lucile's second marriage morning Wilfrid Endicott might well have been dubbed the "Knight of the Rueful Countenance." He and the pret-ty little widow had, for some time before Corin's appearance upon the scene, been engaged in a very serious flirtation -so serious indeed that when her elderly suitor declared himself, and Lucile murmured the fateful "Yes," she had a nearer approach to a qualm of con-

science than she had ever experienced. Without doubt had Wilfrid been suitably endowed with this world's goods there would have been small chance for Gilbert; but, as things were, "marriage was a luxury they could not afford," as Lucile told the angry young man when he came to upbraid her for her faithlessness. The little woman was not without a taste for dramatic situations, and on the whole she rather enjoyed her farewell interview with Wilfrid. She wept a little in a becoming fashion and gave utterance to a few sentiments of the "Blanche Amory" type and ended by saying that she would like to keep

Though she had laid express commands on Wilfred as to their conduct to each other after her marriage, Lucile had no intention of their being obeyed. Un- Corin to purchase some of our newly fortunately, however, and as every silver imported goods."

lining has its dark cloud, Gilbert Corin
"Then" was as jealous as a Moor, and some "I am a traveler of Mesers. Liberty

whispers concerning his wife and Linuicott having reached his ears it was

place among the maris complaisants. "Eh? I beg your pardon, Gilbert. "Speak to you? I asked you three times to give me another cup of coffee." "Did you, dear? I'm so sorry!" and Mrs. Corin extended a slim white hand "May I ask what so engrossed your

thoughts?" inquired her husband, a lit-Lucile smiled. "Oh, you'll only laugh "Never mind. What was it?" reitereverything-the calmly impersonal tone "I-I was thinking of some lovely of it-it might have been from any one Turkish embroidery they showed me at any one-and her hands clinched as she thought of the contents of the packet "My dear girl, what can you possibly that she was so summarily called on to do with Torkish embroidery?" inter-

Mrs. Corin unlocked a drawer in her "Well, do you know that's what I've | writing table and took out a small parbeen wondering ever since, and I've | cel neatly tied up and docketed: "Letters from W., June-August,

She untied it and glanced over one or two of the most passionate. of the impertinent monosyllable, "I "To think that he could write like think it would look perfectly lovely to that and then be so utterly faithless," trim a tea gown. It could outline a sort she exclaimed. "I've a great mind to of crepe de chine, you know, and unsend the whole lot to that little Mayse girl!" She paused. It would be a de-"Tut, tut! I don't want you decked lightfully dramatic thing to do. It savored of French novels and Dumas plays. "No, no. It wouldn't be safe. There's no knowledge, she might make a scandal, and if it got to Gilbert's ears it might be awkward. No, I suppose there's nothing to do, after all, but meekly deliver them up. How wretch-

"But, my dear husband, there's nothing Japanese about Turkish embroidedly tame! What a stupid, commonplace ery!" exclaimed Lucile as she pushed ending! 'You've come for a parcel for back her chair from the breakfast table. Mr. Endicott? So sorry to have given "Never mind; I don't like it. Beyou so much trouble. Thank you. Good sides you are really too extravagant, morning.' No, I won't! I can't let it Lucile. I cannot see the necessity for end like that. Wilfrid shall come for them himself, of course. I'll tell this man so. He shall come tomorrow morning. I'll receive him here, and we will

And Mrs. Corin's busy brain immediately went to work with the mise en "Oh, by the way," said her husband, a little hesitatingly, "do you very much mind giving up the Claytons' ball toscene-the gown she would wear, the attitude she would assume, the words she would use-ah, Wilfrid should re member that interview, she was telling "Giving up their ball! Why, in the herself, when the maid brought her a

card. "Show Mr. Applegarth in here." He bowed a little stiffly as he advanced, and certainly, if he was suffering from nervousness, Lucile's manner was not calculated to reassure him.

"Mr. Applegarth, will you be good enough to sit down?" The young man took the seat she indicated, and began:

kind enough to receive me, and"-"May I ask what else Mr. Endicott has thought fit to tell you?"

was rather the tone one might use to a presuming footman. "No doubt you are acquainted with the whole story," she continued loftily. letters of Endicott's in your possession, get rid of, and as such things occasionthe simplest way would be for you to know of or care for in the matter." "Why did not Mr. Endicott come for

them himself?" Applegarth suppressed a smile. "It would not have been quite wise. would it? He is not, I believe, a regular visitor at your house.'

"Neither are you." "True; but I am also a total stranger, whereas he was-I mean every one knows that you-that is." he concluded hurriedly, "as you were formerly acquaintances comments might be made if he were seen doing so unusual a thing

as calling upon you. "Oh, is Miss Mayse so jealous, then?" The embassador became interested in a minute speck upon his coat sleeve. and made no reply.

"Here are the letters," continued Lucile, after a pause, holding up the little packet, "but you can tell Mr. Endicott from me that unless he comes for them himself they shall not leave my "But, Mrs. Corin"-

"I am quite determined. Your friend can call upon me tomorrow morning at 11:30. I shall be quite free then, and"-"He cannot possibly do that"-

"He has to travel up to the north this evening with Mr. Mayse on business, and he is particularly anxious that"-"What can it possibly matter to him whether the letters remain with me a few days longer? Is he afraid that I may address them to Miss Mayse by Applegarth's hurried denial was a

of her. Then he would put off the journev and come to her. 'Let me entreat you, Mrs. Corin, to reconsider the matter. It would make things so much easier for every one if you would trust me! Won't you seal up the letters and let me take them away?" "I have already told you that I will give them to no one but to Mr. Endi-

"Bnt"_ "My mind is made up. Thank you very much for all the trouble you have taken, and excuse me if I must wish you good morning. I have some shopping to do.' Applegarth rose.

"If you would"- he began, when suddenly a man's voice sounded with-"Mrs. Corin is in the boudoir, you

"My husband!" exclaimed Lucile in consternation. "What shall I do?" Applegarth looked in surprise at her changed countenance. Was the worthy banker a veritable Othello that she appeared so alarmed as she stood there. the letter still in her hand. As the handle of the door turned she looked round wildly for some hiding place for them, and then suddenly catching sight of a pale green cardboard box, with a big gold "Liberty" painted upon it, she flung them hastily into it, jammed down the lid and sank into a chair just as Mr. Corin appeared on the threshold. "Lucile- Oh, I beg pardon," he added, stopping as he noticed Applegarth and glaring at him with an air of suspicion. "I did not know that you were engaged," he continued, addressing his wife, who was nervously fidgeting with her rings in a way that was anything but reassuring.

"Have I disturbed you?" Applegarth stepped forward quickly. 'I was endeavoring to persuade Mrs. & Co., " he continued bolary, setzice the box, while Lucile gazed at him with

wide open eyes. "I see," said Corin without relaxing his frown. "You've come about the Turkish embroidery, I suppose." "Exactly," replied Applegarth

"It seems to me that shopkeepers de quite enough in their showrooms to induce people to spend money uselessly without pestering them at home." "We only venture to call on our old customers," explained the young man

apologetically, "and really this em-broidery is so very beautiful." "Yes, I dare say," interrupted the banker, "but I particularly dislike that sort of thing. So gandy and"-"Oh, excuse me, I assure you the col-

ors are most beautiful! "My good man!" exclaimed Mr. Corin, checking what looked like a tendency to display his wares, "it's quite useless. Mrs. Corin does not wish for any of your embroidery."
"Oh, but I do, Gilbert," put in Lu-

cile anxiously. "I do very much."

"There is a lovely strip here for £20," "Twenty pounds!" cried the banker.
"Twenty pounds! Perfectly preposterous. Certainly not. We don't want your embroidery; we won't have it, do you

understand? Good morning.' "Good morning," replied the other quietly, taking up the bandbox. "Oh, but won't you leave the box?" cried Lucile hurriedly, "perhaps"-"No, no, take it away; I hate that sort of thing lumbering up the place.' Applegarth bowed, and the door

moment Lucile's sobs caused her hus band to turn toward her with astonish "What on earth is the matter?"

closed on him-and the box. The next

"You — are—so—unkind—to—me," came brokenly from behind the flimsy bit of embroidered muslin that did duty for a handkerchief. "Unkind? What nonsense! Because

handfuls on mere nonsense: "It isn't nonsense. Besides you al ways say that-you never do anything to please me now!" "My dear child," he said soothingly

as the little frame shook with hysteric "Oh, I know, you don't care about me now. You think I'm silly and friv-

"I think you the sweetest little goose in the world," he ejaculated as he drew her hands away from her face and looked into a pair of blue eyes that possessed the rare and enviable quality of looking

had trembled on the eyelashes fell with a splash upon his hand, and Lucile knew by experience that the battle was won. "You never let me have my own way."
"Is it about the ball tonight?" he

of the head, and only half yielding to his encircling arm. "Surely you wouldn't cry about the embroidery, darling?"

asked coaxingly. "I didn't mean it, of

You shall have it. We'll send after the man at once. He can't have got very far, or I'll go round to Liberty's myself. Will that do?" Before Lucile could answer, however, the maid appeared at the door holding

that perhaps the box had better be left till the firm's cart called for it." "There, isn't that lucky?" said Mr.

you want." But having taken out every separate piece of embroidery several times Mrs. Corin did not think it so lucky. She found that she had by no means get all she wanted, and while she cried with rage Wilfrid Endicott and his friend shouted with laughter. Of such contrasts is our little life composed. - London Truth.

Ludicrous Rage. Possibly as ludicrous a thing as ever happened was the experience of my friend, Professor Roswell Park of Buffalo. A man's life had been saved by the beautiful surgical skill of a successful laryngotomy. When health had been restored, my friend proposed to his patient the insertion of an artificial larynx, so that vowel tones, or true voice, could be added to the whisper that necessarily resulted from the absence of the vocal chords. This apparently highly desirable thing was done, but the tone, of course, was uniform. There was no change of pitch posisble to the mechanical larynx, and expression, modulation, timbre-everything that makes voice pleasant and more than useful was absent. The man could speak, convey ideas perfectly, but when he tried to give emphasis, nuances, shadings, diverse meanings and especially when he tried to express emotion, anger or resentment there were only the monotonous drone and squeak of the intolerable machine. Nothing could control the convulsive laughter of the surgeon and assistants. The poor man's indignation sought outlet in speech, but the very words of wrath were turned to outrageous absurdity by the infernal device. In a spasm of ebullient rage he tore the mechanism out of his throat, cursed the man who had saved his life and is probably running and hoarsely whispering invectives at him still. He never came back .- Dr. George M. Gould's 'Meaning and Method of Life."

Stevenson and Carlyle. Robert Louis Stevenson used to tell this story of his early days: He was entering in an absentminded way the famous secondhand bookshop of James Stillie when he ran into a fuming old gentleman who was leaving the establishment. The latter ejaculated in an angry tone, "Man, can you not look where you are going!" Stevenson apologized for his awkwardness and was then confronted by Mr. Stillie, who was also excited. The bookseller exclaimed: 'The creature has been trying to make out that an old book I sold him is spurious! He may be able to write, but he knows nothing about black letter books. He's the most disagreeable customer that ever entered my shop!" "Who is he?" asked Stevenson. "Oh, that's the great Mr. Thomas Carlyle," was the

Wife-William, I do think our boys are the worst I ever saw. I'm sure the; don't get it from me. Husband (snappishly)-Well, they

When you wish to read at a headlong speed Or to write a sentence fleetly, You should mind your stops, or the meaning drops,
And sense gets lost completely.
So I write these lines to commend the signs

Which we use in our punctuation.

For the sign that's best, though I like the rest,
Is the note of interrogation Now, a clever child has been sometimes style The most perfect type of beauty, But the infant mind is to knowledge blind, So to teach is an clder's duty. Yet I would not ask for a harder task

Than a juvenile's education,
For each child I know, until twelve or so,
Is a note of interrogation It is passing sweet to a maid to meet
With the touch of the tender passion,
When a lover true is at hand to woo
In the old but immortal fashion,
And the girls all long for the same sweet song

On its sweet strains they dote, but its sweet Is the note of interrogation.

—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. What She Missed.

"Did you have a good rest over at your Sister Mary's?" asked one of Mrs. Jennie Woolson's neighbors. "I s'pose I had a good rest enough, answered Mrs. Woolson. "I didn't have a thing to do for a week. But I was as homesick an lonesome as an old

"Why, I thought they'd entertain you first rate!" exclaimed the neighbor. "I understood Mary kep! a hired girl

and lived real stylish.
"Well, so she does," admitted Mrs. Woolson. "An they did everything they could for me. But Mary's husband's shop is right across the street, an he's always home just on the tick for his meals. An she's got a hired girl that's just as capable as she can be an don't need a mite o' lookin after. An her two boys are just like little clocks-I never see two sech stiddy young ones in all

"Well, I should think you'd have had a real peaceful time," said the neigh-

"I did," returned Mrs. Woolson "but it wa'n't like what I'm used to. There wa'n't a thing for me to worry about from mornin till night-an missed the excitement; that's jest what the trouble was. An I come home two days before my visit was out because l got so dreadful low in my mind I begun to feel kinder sick."

"You look all right now," said the

neighbor, with a glance at Mrs. Wool-

son's red cheeks. "Mussy sakes, yes! Why, when Cyrus met me at the depot yesterday, he said fust thing that he thought by the looks of the corn 'twas all dryin up, an we shouldn't have anythin to pay for all he'd spent on the field this year, an he said that Miry looked to him as if she was comin down with the measles, as Johnny had cat somethin that he reck oned was p'ison the day before, an was liable to be took sick any minute. An, lawzee, I begun to feel jest as homey an by the time we drove up to the door I

was all chippered up an ready for any thing!"-Youth's Companion

SHE TAUGHT HIM A LESSON A Traveling Man Who Discovered That He Annoyed the Wrong Girl. As the drammer came into the smoker a man in the corner got up and went

"You seem to have a bad effect on

that party," remarked a man from Chicago. "Well, yes," laughed the drummer; "he doesn't like to see me around." "Who is he?" "I don't know his name, but I hap pened to see him utterly put to rout on

a train once, and now whenever he sees

"What was it? Tell us about it,

came in chorus. "He's one of the kind of traveling men who are always discreditable to th profession, and I think he travels for some third rate house in New York. I never saw him until the day I saw him get what he deserved, and from what I have seen of him since I should say it had taught him a valuable lesson. It was on a train going out of Louisville. and there was a pretty girl ahead, who was of the type that grows into virago hood perhaps, but of that let us not talk. In any event, she had a section in the middle of the car, and this fellow cam in, and after looking the territory over sat down where he could look into her face. There was no other person on that side of the car, and only two old ladies and myself on the other. He had just begun to ogle the girl by grinning and gazing at her when she changed her place and turned her back on him. In a few minutes he had taken the seat beyond and had begun his operations again. She stood it some time and changed her position again. He did the same, waiting quite a little while, so as not to attract too much attention. She changed again, and he went to the smoker. Then I stepped over and asked her if she needed my services in stopping the annoyance. She thanked m and said she would attend to it herself. Pretty soon he came back and sat down facing her again, with a smile as if he thought he was having a great joke. She changed again, and so did he. This time I could see her cheeks redden and could almost hear her eyes snap as she reached over and opened a little handbag by her side. She took from it a revolver, and as she looked up again she nodded and smiled as if she wanted him to come to her. But she didn't, though it looked that way when she got up and

"There,' she said, loud enough for us all to hear, 'that's loaded, and if you look at me again I'll put a portion of its contents into your ugly face.'

'She trembled so as she spoke that the revolver shock in her hand, but she turned and walking firmly back to her place, sat down again, and the remarkable part of it was she sat so if he raised his face he would look directly at her. But he didn't raise his face. He slunk out toward the smoker, and he never came back. I've met him several time since," concluded the drummer, "but I have never seen him so much as look the second time at a lady on a train." -Detroit Free Press.

The small nephew of a friend re ceived 15 cents from his father a few days ago and was told to get his hair cut. The boy walked boldly into the barber shop and put this question to

'Say, mister, can you give me 1

cents' worth of hair cut?" The parber said he could and gave the boy the regulation cut. The youngster then blew in his penny for taffy,

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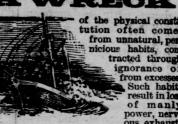
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aum 4-tf

CHURCH DIRECTORY. First Presbyterian Church, on Frederick St between New and Market streets, services Il a. m. and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. A. M. Fraser Second Presbyterian church corner Freder ick 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 11 a. m., and 8 p. m. Rector, Rev. W. Q. Hul-

United Brethren church, Lewis street, be tween Main and Johnson streets. Services at 11 a. m and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. J. D Don-Main and Frederick streets. Services at 11

is street, between Main and Frederick streets iron, in which there are several notches. Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Pastor. Rev. H. F. Shealy. Baptist church, corner Main and Washing ton streets. Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m

who holds the reins. An engineer on an p. m. Pastor, Rev. Father McVe engine not his own is at an utter loss Young Men's Christian Association, corner what to do if it begins playing tricks, Main and Water streets. Services at 4 p. m.

DIRETORY OF LODG ES.

MASONIC LODGE Staunton Lodge No. 13, A. F. and A. M., meets every second and last Friday night in eacle

UNION ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER. No. 2, meets third Friday in every month, in

ery Thursday night in Odd Fellows' Hall, over Wayt's drug store, on Main street. John C Fretwell Noble Grand; C. A. Crafton, Sec' . KNIGHTS OF HONOR ODGE.

Staunton Lodge, No. 45, I. O. O. F. meets ev

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 on the axle. As they work the steam

Main street. A. S. Woodhouse, Chief Templar

Augusta Council, No. 490, Royal Arcanum

meets every second and fourth Tuesday in the month, at Pythian Hall, Main street. W. W. SONS OF TEMPERANCE

eets every Monday night at Odd Fellows all. W. A. Rapp, Worthy Patriarch; John B. Coffelt, Sec'y. UNIFORMED RANK, KNIGHTS OF

E. B. Stuart Division, No. 10, meets second

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

and fourth Mondays each month at Pythian Hall. Sir Knight Captain, F. B. Berkley; 8

Valley Lodge, No. 18, K. of P., meets fonday night at Castle Hall, on West treet, over Dr. Wayt's drug store. C. T. Hamond, Chancellor Commander; Albes

McChesney, Eminent Commander; A. A. E kridge, 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, sacher mes W. Blackburn, chief of records. /

A. S. Woodhouse; secretary, Dr. J. M. Hange llector, Isaac C. Morton. Jr. CATHOLIC HIBERNIAN BENIFICAL

SOCIETY. Meets first Sunday in every month in their hall on the church lot. M. T. B dent; J. J. Kilgalen, first vice-president; J. J.

Band meets every Monday and Thursday rehestra, every Wednesday, at 8 p. m., in City Hall. Mr. J. M. Brereton, director, As a rule the Chinese prepare their J. A. Armentrout, president, and C. Harry CENTRAL PROHIBITION CLUB.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

ing isaac Witz, president; J. C. Shields, seer

Remittances should be made by check

CARTER BRAXTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 23 S, Augusta St.

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The Sun! BALTIMORE, MD.

RIGHT THEORIES AND RIGHT PRACTICES. TIME, but it does not allow its columns to be degraded by unclean, immoral or purely sensational matter. EDITORIALLY. THE SUN IS THE CONSISTENT

ter. Independent in all things, extreme in How to get \$100 and Perhaps Make By mail Fifty Cents a month, Six Dollars a The Baltimore Weekly Sun.

DYSPEPSIA

The underlying cause is in the LIVER.

J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia Pa.

5 a. m. from north, south, east and west. 9.57 a. m. from west. 2.40 p. m. from Richmond and intermediate

Prompt attention given to all legal ousiness entrusted to him, in State or Federal Courts.

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5 p. m. from Montagov daily except Sunday.

STAR ROUTES-DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

We secure patents and to induce people to keep track of their bright ideas we offer a prize of one hundred dollars to be paid on the first of every month to the person who submits to us the most meritorious invention during the preceding month. We will also advertise the invention free of charge in the National Recorder, a weekly newspaper, published in Washington, D. C., which has an extensive circulation throughout the United States and is devoted to the interests of inventors.

THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,

quered.

bis letters as a souvenir of their

speedily made clear to Wilfrid that Mr. Corin was by no means likely to find a

Acting on the principle that when a man's heart is broken he gathers up the pieces and melts them together again at the nearest candle, Wilfrid had gone to Kathleen Mayse for consolation, which consolation was possibly all the more effective that, as a setoff to her red hair

and hazel eyes, the young lady was sole heiress to one of the richest iron founders in England. The engagement had been formally announced a few days ago, and some-how Lucile's maid had not found that her lot lay among the lilies and roses of life ever since, and this letter capped

deliver up to this Mr. Applegarth.

say our last goodby."

"Endicott told me that you would be

"I am aware that there are certain which he thinks you workd be glad to ally miscarry in the post he fancied that give them into my charge. That is all I

'Why not?'

trifle too emphatic not to have a doubtful ring about it, and Mrs. Corin was too keen not to notice it. He was afraid

A fresh burst of weeping was his only "What's wrong, Lucile?"

won't let you throw away money by

all the prettier through a few tears. "No, you don't," and a big drop that

"It isn't that," she said, with a shake "I did want it so much, and"-'You silly child! Well, dry the tears. out rather hurriedly.

the fateful green box. "Please, madam, the gentleman said me he feels better to get out of the way. Corin as he smilingly placed the box on his wife's lap. "Now you've got all

his face.

Can Drive a Bargain. the tonsorialist:

don't get it from me.

Wife (reflectively)—No, William; you first to suspicion and then to confession seem to have all yours yet.—Detroit of what he had done.—New York World.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN.

THIS IS WHAT A "BEAR OF A MAN" SAYS ABOUT LOCOMOTIVES.

fron Horses Are Freaky Creatures and

Full of Whims - Some of the Odd Things They Do-They Seem to Have Instincts Just Like Live Horses. That locomotives are freaky creatures and deserve classification as "she"-for no one ever heard of an engineer calling his machine anything else-is attested by William H. Crawford, chief of the

constructing engineers' corps of the

Baldwin works.

and women.

"It is not an uncommon expression, said Chief Crawford, "to hear that such and such a thing works with the regularity of a machine, and one is not surprised when su a comparison is made, for machines are supposed to work with mathematical regularity and never to vary from the speed or action to which they are set. The locomotive, though, is a striking exception to this rule. It seems decidedly opposed at times to a monotonously perfect performance of its work, and to rid itself of the depressing effect of sameness it indulges in the most fanciful and inexplicable freaks, driving its master into bewildering wonder. To attempt to tell you all its curious ways would be as great an undertaking as to tell why a woman does thus and so. In this respect there is a great similarity between locomotives

"No one ever heard of an engineer

speaking of his machine as 'he,' and no one ever will unless it becomes more submissive to reason or less inclined to act according to its own whims and caprices. Thus an engineer must know his engine before he can manage it. He cannot mount a cab in which he has never sat before and obtain good work. He must become familiar with its habits and ways, and whenever he changes engines he has to begin all over again. Engineers do not like to go out on any other engine. They never gain comple mastery over any, but approach it nearer when they have been on one for some time. This seems strange, in view of the fact that there are so few levers to be controlled to manage a locomotive. The only parts of the machine necessary to be touched to move an engine for ward, back it or bring it to a stop are the throttle, the reverse lever and the airbrake. The throttle is the controller of the main valve, which admits or shuts off steam to the cylinder. The reverse lever runs over a semicircular bar of When this lever is thrown open, the engine will move forward. To reverse it he reverse lever is thrown backward. Pastor, Rev. W. J E. Cox. The only other lever necessary to be The only other lever necessary to be used governs the brakes.

St. Francis Roman Catholic, North August street, Mass at 7 and 10.30 a.m. Vespers and benediction of Most Blessed Sacrament at used governs the brakes.

one of the most common of which is Sunda . running away. The engineer will get out of the cab, leaving the machine standing quietly and submissively as can be, when of a sudden it starts along the track at top speed and generally keeps on running until steam is exhaust month, in Masonic Temple, Main street. Jas ed unless it runs into another train and is brought to a sudden stop. Just why engines do this is a mystery. How the throttle opens itself or how it can run with the throttle closed is beyond the knowledge of engineers, but they do it and sometimes play havor too. "Another trick is foaming. Without warning the water in the boiler will begin to foam, and instead of generating steam will bubble like a teakettle. This can be remedied, though, by taking a new supply of water. It is an old

trick for discharged employees and dur-

ing strikes to have a piece of soap drop-

ped in the boiler to produce this effect.

Often, too, it will go 'lame.' This hap-

pens when the eccentric is slipped or it

does not 'cough' properly. The eccentrics

work on the axle of the main driver, and

often the outer ring will slip and fall

chest, the supply is cut off when one of F. B. Kennedy, Sec'y. them slips, and the engine comes to a standstill. 'Coughing' is not the result of a cold, but is the discharge of the steam from the cylinder after it has been used. There ought to be four 'coughs to every revolution of the driving wheels, but when the valves choke it will 'cough' only once or twice, and the relief is a large dose of oil. "One of the oddest freaks of an engine is jumping. I do not mean to tell retary. of the wonderful tales of engines leaping across canyons when bridges were gone, but frequently when running at a high rate of speed, if some small obstruction is met on the track, the engine will jump 10 or 12 inches and drop squarely on the rails again. These are

a few of the ailments a locomotive is

subject to, and they begin as soon as it

leaves the shop and continue until it is

consigned to the junk pile."-Philadel-

Philadelphia Broil.

In Philadelphia we have what is

known as the "Philadelphia broil,"

which, by the way, is not a broil at all.

The oysters are cooked after the follow

Drain the oysters; put the liquor over

the fire; boil and skim it; for each 20

oysters allow a tablespoonful of butter,

phia Inquirer.

ing fashion:

which put in a saucepan and brown; add a tablespoonful of browned flour; then add a half pint of the oyster liquor, which has been boiled and skimmed; stir taking a few steps stood in front of him. the mixture until boiling; add half a Then she shoved the revolver close to sherry and a tablespoonful of paprica. Turn all this into a double boiler and add a teaspoonful of "Kitchen Bou quet." Have very hot an ordinary cake griddle; brush it lightly with butter: throw on a few oysters at a time. As

> Tea In China Numerous volumes have been written by Chinese authors on tea and on its preparation. The well known writer, Lu-U, has, among others, produced an exhaustive work on the preparation of this beverage. The Chinese love to discuss matters pertaining to their favorite plant, and many curious lines appear in the national literature in praise of this fragrant herb.

soon as they brown and curl turn and

throw them at once into the saucepan,

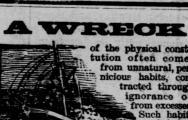
and so continue until all the oysters are

broiled. The griddle must be very hot,

or the juice of the oyster will prevent

the browning. - Household News.

tea thus: A Ni-Hung pot, made of a Haines, secretary species of terra cotta, with an unvar-nished interior, is partially filled with rain or spring water and allowed to boil until a few bubbles begin to rise. It is then taken off the fire, and the tea is thrown in, when it is allowed to stand for five minutes at the most. Good tea when ready for use should be clear and barely yellow in color.—London Illus-



n every detail and under careful personal at BICKLE & HAMRICK Nos. and W. Frederick St.

and 8. Pastor, Rev. Wm. Cumming.

Methodist church, Lewis street, between m. and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. J. H. Boyd, D. D Christ Evangelical Lutheran church, Lew-

M. Lickliter, W. M.; B. A. Eskridge, Sec'y. Masonic Temple, on Main street. W. W. Mc Guffin, High Priest; A. A. Eskridge, Sec'y. ODD FELLOWS' LODGE .:

Staunton Lodge, No. 756, Kr. shts of Honor

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

Charity Division, M. A., Sons of Temperance

KNIGHT TEMPLARS.

Staunton Commandery, No. 8, Knights Tem-

Masonic Temple, on Main street. W. B.

plar, meets first Friday night in every month

AMERICAN LEGION OF HONOR. Valley Council No. 736 meets on the first and

third Mondays in each month. Commande

Murphy, second vice-president; D.J. O'Connell recording secretary. "STONEWALL" BRIGADE BAND.

Met on Thursday night of each week, in the

Mouthly meetings, Fourth Tuesday in the month at 7:30 o'clock. Room in City Hail build

We keep constantly on hand the finest stock