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VOL. 72.

SIMMONS

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7 a. m. from Plunkettsville, daily except Sun-

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Spectator.

STAUNTON, VA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1895.

NO. 27.

Staunton Spectator.

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ecial attention given to corporation and 6.15 p. m. for the west. eal-estate law

The Sun!

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

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A VALENTINE. What would I send you, O friend of minc? Clusters of blossoms To smile and shine.

Staunton

So I am sending, Dear heart, to you Wishes most tender And love most true.

THE MAHATMAS.

The storm showed no signs of abatement. The snow, driven by the wind, had found its way here and there through the "chinking" of the cabin and lay in miniature drifts upon the floor, the fine, dry crystals sparkling in the firelight. We were fairly warm and comfortable where we sat on our rolls of blankets, placed upon the rudely laid rough hearthstones, but ten feet back from the fire the air was bitterly

Tired though we all were from the day's rough journey, there was but little temptation to leave the comparative comfort of the fireside for the hard, drafty bunks which awaited us, and Calkins and I still sat drowsily listening to the theosophist as he discoursed monotonously of reincarnation, Karma-Loca, and kindred topics.

He was a fidgety, clean shaven little man, with weak eyes, long iron gray hair and a pasty complexion. He spoke in a confidential half whisper, lest he should awaken his unsympathetic friend, the professor, rolled in his blankets near by, and provoke controversy. Tired though we all were from the

kets near by, and provoke controversy.
"A mahatma," he said hesitatingly in answer to my inquiry, "is a being difficult of exact or satisfactory definition to a mind unfamiliar with at least the elements of esoteric philosophy and unattuned to the harmonies of oriental thought. He has been tersely but inadequately described as one who by in-tense self absorption has attained supernatural powers and faculties.' He is of the 'Illuminati,' of the 'Brothers,' an 'Adept,' in the occult sense. Developed and perfected by a spiritual asceticism, he finds himself able to read nature's occult laws, to pass, unhindered from one distant place to another in the twinkling of an eye, to melt from view and reappear at pleasure, to surround himself with phantasms"—

"What do you call 'em what does all this?" queried Calkins, with awakeni

"Mahatmas," rather snappishly replied the theosophist, not relishing the "I run against a pair of 'em once way out on the desert east of 'Old

Woman's Springs,' and I recollect well how they done me. That's why I "A pair of mahatmas! Done' you! REMOVAL OF THE LADIES AND GENTLEMENS Impossible!" exclaimed the theoso-

reckon that settles it," said Calkins, and he spat aggressively into the white

ashes in the fireplace.
"But, my dear sir," remonstrated the theosophist in a conciliatory tone, "I did not, of course, intend to suggest any doubt of the perfect sincerity of your assertion. But the idea of your having met two of these phenomenally gifted beings and of their having, as you say, 'done' you struck me for the momen

-well—as certainly most remarkable.'
"Well, it was just that," said Cal PRIZES ON PATENTS. kins, softened. "It was, as you say, the remarkablest racket, considered all ound, I ever was in, and I'll allow I've een more astonishin things in my time

than most men." "Would you mind giving us the par-ticulars of your experience, Mr. Cal-kins?" urged the theosophist, with gen-

"Well," said Calkins after a mo ment's pause and with the tone and air of overcoming a reluctance to speak further on the subject, "with a man who didn't know me"—he had met the ne-"and hadn't the learnin and unfree to allow I'd hesitate to give 'em this account. But with you it seems different somehow. You'll see the bear-

in's of it as p'r'aps some wouldn't. "I had a claim about 40 miles south-east of Old Woman's springs, and there was a rock 'tank' within a mile where I could get water for camp use. I'd rigged up an arastra near the 'tank,' and had been packin ore down from the claim with the one mule I had, and then turned him into harness to run the

"So after I'd made one pretty good run out of about a ton and a quarter—I got three balls of amalgam, which, when I'd roasted and hammered 'em weighed risin ten ounces-I started to go in from the desert, cash my bullion and buy some burro to pack with.

"It was well into November when I'd finished my run and started to come in, and the nights was gettin too sharp for sleepin out with any comfort. I planned to make Higgins Wells first night out, for there was an old stone cabin there, half built into the side hill, without much roof, to be sure, but fur

"Well, I cached my tools and nowder and straightened things out at camp be fore leavin and so didn't get storte until well on toward noon. It took abou eight hours steady hustlin to get to the Wells, but I knew I had a moon to travel with when the sun went down. so I didn't feel hurried, though the days was gettin short.

"About sundown it grew raw righ

away, and then the mountains to the east and every little knob and butte stood out sharp, with a chilly dead light on 'em, like they was gettin purple with the cold. There wasn't a cloud nowher to be seen, nor a breath of wind stirrin, and I knew it was goin to be a still, pinchin, frosty night, and I buttoned my coat up tight, and for the first time on the trip begun to hurry up my mule. "Just after sundown on a clear, sharp night's the lonesomest time to be travelin on the desert when you're by your self. With the dusk comin on and the red fadin out in the sky you feel somehow like everythin in the world but

some cheerfuller, but I feit giad enough when I seen the butte where the Wells and the stone cabin was and thought of a fire and blankets.

a fire and blankets.

"When I'd got to within p'r'aps a quarter mile of the cabin, I see somethin I never seen before and couldn't no ways account for. It was like a long, wavy line of mist, comin from the east, movin through the air just above the ground and makin for the butte faster'n a locomotive and straight's a bee flies!

"It didn't look like mist exactly wither but were like a traine of mist."

"It didn't look like mist exactly neither, but more like a string of misty figures, with long, while streamers blowin out behind 'em on the wind! I scarcely had time to spec'late what it was, when just by the cabin it melted away and disappeared altogether. The air was clear and as dry as a bone, so I knew it couldn't be just a flyin vapor I'd-seen, and besides there was nary breath of wind to drive it.

"While I was wonderin at all this, a

breath of wind to drive it.

"While I was wonderin at all this, a light broke out of the cabin door and through the little window, like some one had just started a fire inside. Then next I see a campfire flame up, just down the hill by the Wells, and men and animals movin about near by. I thought it was queer I hadn't seen 'em till just that minute, for the country was open all round and up to now there was open all round, and up to now there hadn't been a sign of life anywhere.

"Then I says to myself, 'Most likely it's a prospectin party, and they was hid by the willows growin round the Wells,' but somehow this explanation didn't satisfy me, and I rode up toward the cabin, feelin glad at the prospect of company, but still wonderin considerathe cabin, feelin glad at the prospect of company, but still wonderin considerable. The place had got to be sort of public property ever since old man Higgins died, and I didn't feel no kind of delicacy in ridin right up to the door, even if there was some one ahead of me. So I dismounts, unsaddles, and after hobblin the mule steps in.

"I'll never forget how all struck stiff I was by the sort of old man I see standin by the fire and inst startin to come

in by the fire and just startin to come toward me, with both hands stretched out and a smile on like he'd been expectin me. But when he seen who I was he stopped short, and the smile died out, and he looked sort of disappointedlike, and his hands dropped, and then I see he'd thought I was some-

body else he was waitin for.

"He was dark complexioned and very old, judgin from his long white beard and the wrinkles on his face, but he was tall and as straight as a tampi stick, and his eyes, though deep in the sockets, was as bright as a hawk's, but kind and friendly, I thought. He was dressed out queerer'n any man ever I see outside of a the-a-ter. His head was wrapped all about with great strips of white muslin, which bulged out all round in a roll. He was buttoned_up close in a long dull yeller colored quilted silk overcoat, with a broad fur collar, and his shoes was red and turned up in long points at the toes.

"I seen at the first glance he was no prospector, but what he was I couldn't make out neither. I said 'Good evenin, and he said 'Good evenin' back, ple enough, but speakin queer, like he wa'n't much used to speakin English. Then he motioned me, lookin very hospit-able, to take a seat in one of the three old rawhide bottomed chairs be-fore the fire, which I done with a 'Thank you,' for somehow, without bein any ways uppish, the old man acted like he owned the whole place, and I felt somehow like he did too. Well, when I set down, he set down and mumbled somethin I didn't just make out, bein in a language I'd never heard before, and, though lookin pleasant an smilin, he seemed sort of absentminded and kept lookin toward the door, like he was ex-

"While I was gazin at him and wenderin who and what he was, and where he come from, and was makin up my mind how to lead the conversation round kind of delicate up to them points, I was startled clean through by seein the old man's chair suddenly get empty—
that's the clearest I can put it—and
findin him standin just outside the cabin door lookin off, over the desert. He hadn't got up from that chair, so far as I could see, and there he was, 20 feet away from it, without so much as stir-rin a leg. Naturally this excited my curiosity considerable. And I got up and went to the door, too, to see what the old man might be up to next. He was gazin off toward the south, and I hadn't more'n just looked that way, too, when

I see what took my breath-away.
"There was another of them misty wavy processions kitin in through, the air from the south and makin dead for the cabin. Before I'd a chance to rub my eyes and look again it had got close to the door, melted away, and another queer dressed old man was embracin the first one, the two of 'em standin there they was sittin together inside the cab-in, in the chairs before the fire, never havin got there in no natural m with me standin just in and fillin up the doorway and only realizin where they'd gone to when I heard 'em talkin foreign languages behind me. "I was gettin sort of used to this 'lit-tle joker' business and begun to feel

ready for most anything in the surprisin line. But I hadn't seen just nothin yet to what was comin. Seein the two old gen'lemen was busy talkin over a roll of parchment with queer letters and ad brought along with him, I thought it would be considerate to let 'em be alone together for awhile, and I stepped out and down toward the campfire to try and pick up some points there and take a look at the animals.

"I found four men standin close round the fire, tryin to keep warm, two of 'em dressed somethin like the old gen'leman I'd seen when I first come, only plainer, and two of 'em rigged out like the other one, with black sombreros and wrapped up in garments lookin like Mexican serapes. There was about a dozen animals, all told—three white mules and one coal black one, and the rest was fine, stout, big necked burros. My mule had got friendly with three of the finest in the whole outfit, and they was nibblin round apart from the rest, like they'd been raised together. Right away I begun thinkin that if I could get hold of them three it would make just the packin outfit I was lookin for, and then I could quit my trip in off the des make another run or two. Then I could start in with considerable of a stake and not have to come right away back,

"So, havin this in mind, I told the men by the fire what I wanted and showed 'em the biggest ball of bullion I had—weighin close on to five ounces -and offered it for the three burros, intin 'em out. After about a minute they seemed to catch on, and lookin pow-

over the roll of parchment with the queer figures on it. They didn't pay no attention to me comin in at all, they was so took up with what they was talkin of, but I stood by waitin for a lull in the conversation, and when it come I cut in, and addressin the old man in the yeller silk overcoat I told him, plain as I could, what I wanted and showed him the five ounce ball to let him know I meant business and was willin to pay well for what I got.

"He looked at me in the same sort of absentminded way he did when I first seen him, but he smiled and nodded like he meant 'Yes' and said somethin I didn't just get onto, but it seemed clear to me from his way of goin on that it was all right about the burros, and then I handed him the five ounce ball. He wouldn't take it to begin with, but me insistin, and the second old man gettin impatient—at me interruptin their talk, I reckon—he bowed and smiled again very pleasant and dropped the ball kind of carelesslike into a little fancy cloth bag he wore for a pocket fastened on the belt round his waist. Then he went right on talkin again with the other old man just like I wa'n't round, and hed clean forgot me and my business.

Findin I wa'n't mit with the old men, I started to go down and see the burros I'd bought, feelin very well pleased with the trade. Just then the necromancin begun all over again, only this time for keeps, as you'll see. They was,

with the trade. Just then the necromancin begun all over again, only this time for keeps, as you'll see. They was, as I've said, both talkin together very earnest, sittin in the chairs before the fire, and when I turned to go out they was there still, but as I stepped outside there they both was, miraculously, outside, too, ahead of me, embracin and carryin on like they was sayin goodby.

"Then things begun developin pretty lively. When the old gen'lemen had wound up the goodby act, they stands facin each other, both of 'em holdin up their hands and lookin up into the sky. Then they says some foreign words together, like it was a verse they was repeatin, and then—there wa'n't no old men standin there at all.

"I looked down toward the campfire and all about, and there wa'n't a livin thing in sight. Not a man, nor a mule, nor a burro! But goin through the air like a streak—one toward the east and one toward the south—was two of them cloudy lines of figures, with the misty streamers wavin, like I'd seen 'em when the old men first come.

"Yes sir everything was cone pretty

the old men first come.

"Yes, sir, everything was gone, pretty near, but me, and the cabin, and the campfire. Not only them two designin old men and their circus outfit, but with 'em the three burros I'd just have but and paid for, my five ounce ball bought and paid for, my five ounce ball of bullion and actually the mule I'd come on. When the rest of the party blew off in that interestin way, he'd somehow got caught in the draft, I suppose, and had to go along too.

"Next mornin early I started out on foot, packin my blankets, for Old Womon's springs. There I himde hours and

an's springs. There I hired a burro and went in to stay for the winter. Now you can see, sir," concluded Calkins, was talkin of, and that they didn't use me no ways square any way you look at

"A most extraordinary experience Mr. Calkins, most extraordinary!" ex-claimed the theosophist, with some ex-citement. "I shall want, with your permission, to take notes of the occurre for submission to our little Society For for submission to our little Society For Psychical Research at Beaconsville. I believe, though, that through even my limited acquaintance with occult subjects I can put the conduct of those venerable men, whom you were so fortunate as to encounter at their desert rendezvous, in quite a different light from that in which you now regard if—that is, when I have had time to digest that is, when I have had time to digest fully the particulars of your most re-markable narrative."

"I said you'd see the bearin's of it. as p'r'aps some wouldn't, you recol-lect," said Calkins, as, yawning, he arose with his blanket roll and turned

As he moved from the fire I though I heard a low, husky, little laugh, but when I caught his eye he coughed un-pleasantly and regarded me with a va-cant, solemn stare.—Edmund Stuart

"Shoes Half Soled While You Wait." "Your shoes half soled while you wait" is a Seventh avenue sign w recalls many pleasant memories to the man who was raised in the back country and paid periodical visits to the crossroads cobbler during boyhood days. The face of an old man with all of his hair on his chin, and that white with age and streaked with tobacco juice, sitting on a low shoemaker's bench in a little back kitchen of a log house in the woods rises before me as I pass. I smell the sole leather soaking in the tub near the redhot kitchen stove and hear the play of the shining hammer as the old man beats the stiff cowhide on his knee. And such knees! Many a time have I no other protection than his shoemaker's apron. The old man always performed that trick for my boyish edit sat metaphorically at his feet of a cold winter's night and my shoes were being half soled while I waited. It seemed to

give him as much pleasure as it did me. He was a philosopher who had seen much of the great world and had retired from it to the low cabin in the backwoods of northern Indiana, and as he drove the boxwood pegs home with mastering desire to see some of that knowing and scrupled not to part with fractions of that knowledge upon the slightest provocation. The shoe pegs or waxed ends in his mouth never interfered materially with his volubility.

Nothing ever disturbed his good humor. That was 40 years ago, but I remember the deeply sympathetic glance from the mild blue eyes of the old shoemaker as he turned them from the shoe he was trimming and bent them upon me one night after I had given crude expression to a desire to "see the world."
"You'll be disappointed, boy. There's nothing in it."—New York Herald.

The marshal in a western town had occasion to arrest four or five ugly citizens, and he called on Mr. Will Smith, better known as Bill, to act as a posse comitatus. The offenders were found in a saloon, and Mr. Smith went in there with the sheriff very modestly. The sheriff hadn't more than stated his business when he pulled a pistol and the crowd broke for the back door. The sheriff fired and missed, and Mr. Smith tumbled the bindermost man, the others escaping. Then Mr. Smith looked at the sheriff with a look of pain. "H—l, just you and your mule had been stone dead for a hundred years, and feelin that way your animal gets to be great command. When the moon come up, it was not you and your mule had been stone dead for a hundred years, and feelin that way your animal gets to be great command. When the moon come up, it was not you and your feelin had been sold in the said, "why didn't you tell him a beautifully bound copy of Rus."

Land in New York city has been sold in the with a start of the said, "why didn't you tell him a beautifully bound copy of Rus."

Land in New York city has been sold in the with a start of the said, "why didn't you tell him a beautifully bound copy of Rus."

I was now your animal—Not a oft. I bought him a beautifully bound copy of Rus. I with a price equal to \$8,000,000 an area, with pra'r and I'd 'a' had a full house him read it.—New York Weekly.

Land in New York city has been sold in the with a sold in New York city has been sold in the with a sold in New York city has been sold in the with a sold in New York city has been sold in the with a sold in New York city has been sold in the with a sold in New York city has been sold in New York city has been

BURNAND OF PUNCH.

Chat With a Man Who Furnishes Alleged Humor Once a Week. Humor once a Week.

When I wrote F. C. Burnand asking him to grant an interview, I did it with trepidation, having heard that he objected to the modern inquisition of the interviewer. My eloquence evidently prevailed, however, for he replied that I might have the satisfaction of executing my editorial commission. It could only be a "sketchy" affair, as at the present time he was so very busy that his leisure moments were few and precious. As probably I knew as much about him as was necessary, I should let him off easily.

I had to be contented with merely catching a glimpse of him in his comfortable study at the "Boltons." He was preparing to start off for the Savoy, where he was occupied in rehearsing his new piece.

where he was occupied in renearsing his new piece.

"Of the many comic papers Punch is decidedly the only one that appears to excite a vague, mysterious interest in the bosom of the reading public. What is the cause, Mr. Burnand?"

"Probably the hebdomadal dinner, at which it is supposed, no doubt, that the jokes are handed round to be digested."

"When was Punch started?"

When was Punch started? "Punch was runch started?"

"Punch was started in 1841, a year of three eventful P's—the introduction of penny postage and the birth of the prince. It was to be a comic chronicle

"Were Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks

"Were Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks and Tom Taylor."

In their identical chair now sits Mr. Burnand, who no doubt, through his other works, is better known to the general public than his predecessors. Francis Cowley Burnand was born on Nov. 29, 1886. His very earliest years showed a promise of literary talent. At Eton his little plays were acted in his tutor's room, and at the age of 14 his "Guy Fawkes' Day" was produced at Worthing. He carried his energies on to Cambridge, where he founded the A. D. C., which still flourishes.

Mr. Burnand quite made up his mind that the church should be his profession. And from reading at Cuddesdon he passed to St. Charles' seminary to study under the late Cardinal (then Dr.) Manning, which resulted in his discovering that the cure of souls was not his voca-

He contributed a good deal to Fun. In fact, it was through Fun not seeing his idea of a literary joke that brought him directly in connection with Punch.

"What was the idea?" I asked him.

The new and original style of "Happy Thoughts" won him popularity as a true wit. Its very simplicity of quaint humor appealed to all. "Happy Thoughts" and Burnands are synonymous, and not undeservedly so. The same keen sense of humor runs through every line of his writing.
"When did you become editor?" wa

my next question. 1880. Though a post of honor, the life of an editor of a comic journal is not exactly a happy one, for many people seem to imagine that a joke has only to be made, and it becomes 'good enough for Punch!' The home of the feeble fun ny story lies in the waste paper baske of The Punch office."—London Sketch

A War of Pamphlets. The two leading features of the fa-mous sermon preached by Dr. Sacheve-rell in St. Paul's cathedral on Nov. 5, 1709, which led to his trial and all the pamphlets consist of short and catch-penny lives of the reverend hero, several sermons preached by him at various dates, attacks by dissenting writers on such sermons and their preacher, and other sermons and replies in support of the high church doctrines.

The list of Sacheverell pamphlets is a record of sermons, speeches, answers, letters, replies, thought, vindications and considerations, with endless variations of title, in long and wearisome procession. The total number of distinct and separate publications connected di-rectly or indirectly with the controversy, enumerated by Mr. Falconer Madar in his "Bibliography of Sacheverell," amounts to no less than 226, and most of these are tracts, broadsides and pamphlets of the most ephemeral kind. Their enumeration is a triumph of bibliographical industry and patience and an astonishing proof of the strength and indeed violence of party feeling, both ecclesiastical and political, at the crisis of Queen Anne's reign.—Gentle-man's Magazine.

"Gie Us a Lead." Dean Hole, in his recent book, "More Memories," tells an amusing story of how an old woman got the better of her clergyman in an argument. The village churchyard was overcrowded, except on its sunless northernside, in which the suicide was buried. One day the vicar, try to get her consent to be buried in

He began by assuring ber that the common aversion to burial in any particular portion of consecrated ground was a silly prejudice and a foolish superstition. Then he besought her, as a personal favor to himself and as an example to other the series and as an example to the series and a series are a series and a series are a series and a series and a series are a series and a series and a series are a series and a series and a series are a series are a series and a series are a series and a series are a series are a series are a series are a series and a series are ample to others, to permit her body to be buried in the northern plot of the

The old woman thought it all over for a few minutes and then answered, "Well, sir, as you seem to think as one part of the churchyard is as good as an-other, and that it makes no difference ere we be put, perhaps you'll gie us

CURIOUS BETS MADE BY PROMINENT MEN IN OLD LONDON.

So far as we can go back into the world's history, we find the rage for making wagers prevalent. The Romans had a great inclination for betting, and they had a conventional form of ratifying their contracts, which consisted in taking from their finger the ring, which the higher classes invariably wore, and giving it to the keeping of some third party. In the old days some very extraordinary bets were made. Thomas Hodgson and Samuel Whitehead wagered in the castle yard, York, as to which should assume the most original character. Umpires were selected, whose duty it was to decide upon the comparative absurdity of the costumes in which the two gentlemen appeared. On the appointed day Hodgson came before the umpires decorated with bank notes of various value on his coat and waistcoat, a row of 5 guinea notes and a long netvarious value on his coat and waistcoat, a row of 5 guinea notes and a long netted purse of gold around his head, while a piece of paper bearing the words "John Bull" was attached to his back. Whitehead was dressed like a woman on one side; one half of his face was painted, and he wore a silk stocking and slipner on one log. The other half

painted, and he wore a silk stocking and slipper on one leg. The other half of his face was blackened to resemble that of a negro. On the corresponding side of his body he wore a gaudy long tailed linen coat, and his leg was cased with leather breeches, with a boot and spur. Much to the astonishment of the crowd, the stakes were awarded to "John Bull."

The Duke of Queensbury laid a singular wager with Sir Charles Bunbury about the end of the last century. The about the end of the last century. The former was to produce a man who was to walk from his grace's house in Piccadilly, London, to the ten mile stone beyond Hounslow in the space of three hours, advancing four steps and at every fourth step retiring one step backward. The bet was for £1,000. Most probably the Duke of Queensbury had borrowed the hint from a circumstance recorded in the history of Catherine Medicis. This celebrated and beautiful queen made a vow that if an enterprise of consequence in which she was enof consequence in which she was en-gaged should terminate successfully she would send a pilgrim to Jerusalem,

would send a pilgrim to Jerusalem, traveling on foot in the manner described. Having succeeded in her first point, it remained to discover a man with vigor and patience enough to undertake the journey. A citizen of Verberris, Picardy, presented himself and promised most scrupulously to accomplish the vow. He fulfilled his engagement with great precision, of which the queen was well assured by those whom she had appointed to travel by his side she had appointed to travel by his side and watch his motions. There was a notorious gambler at the end of the last century who ruined himself finally by a very extraordinary bet.

He had been playing with Lord Lorne.
Their stakes had been very high, and luck had gone steadily against him. Exasperated at his losses, he jumped up from the card table, and seizing a large punch bowl said: 'For once I'll have et when I've got a chance of winning bet when I've got a chance of winning!
Odd or even for 15,000 guineas?"
"Odd," replied the peer calmly. The
bowl was dashed against the wall, and
on the pieces being counted there proved
to be an odd one.

The rash gambler paid his 15,000
guineas; but, if tradition be correct, it
was only by selling the last of his estates that he was enabled to do so.

Here is a record of another wager: A
member of parliament bet a gentleman

member of parliament bet a gentleman well known on the turf that a man should go from London to Edinburgh in any mode he chose while another mad a million of dots with a pen and ink

upon writing paper.

Eating and drinking have at all times bet of a shilling undertook to drink three gills of lamp oil of the most rancid and nauseous quality that could be procured, which he performed with as much gusto and relish as if it had been the most delicious cordial. The mone he had won was immediately converte into strong beer, which, with a penny loaf soaked in another portion of oil, he likewise swallowed. About two hours after this repast for another was swallowed 20 eggs with the shells in 20 minutes, but the last having a young it be complained it spoiled after this repast for another wager h chicken in it he complained it spo

Feats of strength, too, have been a fruitful source of wagering. In 1792 a wager for £50 was made between a Mr. Hopkins and a Mr. Dalton that the ing 20 stone 8 pounds, which he carried 250 times each way 21 yards, and, not withstanding he carried above the weight and the distance one yard more than agreed upon, the feat was per-formed with great ease in seven hours and 25 minutes. - Chicago Tribune.

The late President Hayes was always ted for his thrifty babits, but so things which impressed the multitude as signs of meanness were really nothing but ordinary prudence. For examp we all used to wonder why he wo persist in wearing a silver plated watch, worth possibly \$3. He was aware that this practice was known, and any aston ent manifested amused him instea of making him angry. In answer to a look of surprise he would say, "I think that is a plain watch for a prethe United States to carry, but it is good American make, "as if assuming that this act would counteract the effect of the cheapness of the article. The truth was that almost weekly a deputa-tion of western Indians called upon him, always bringing presents of some kind to the great father. Of course he was expected to give something in return and the object was to find somethin and the object was to find something cheap and at the same time acceptable. Watches were a novelty to the Indians, and to present a chief with a watch which the great father himself had been carrying always impressed him greatly. Having discovered this and not caring to distribute gold watches or even silver ones, Mr. Hayes hit upon the expedient of buying nickel watches at \$36 a dozen and always made it convenient to have one with him against an emergency.—Kate Field's Washington.

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CHURCH DIRECTORY. First Presbyterian Church, on Frederick & between New and Market streets, services II a. m. and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. A. M. Fraser

Emmanuel Episcopal Church, worship at Y. M. C. A. Hall. Services at II a. m., and 8 p. m. Rector, Rev. R. C. Jett.

Trinity Episcopal church, Main street, be-tween 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-Methodist church, Lewis street, between Main and Frederick streets. Services at 11 m. aud 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. J. H. Boyd, D. D

Young Men's Christian Association, corner fain and Water streets. Services at 4 p. m.

DIRETORY OF LODG ES.

MASONIC LODGE. Staunton Lodge No. 18, 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. Staunton Lodge, No. 45, I. O. O. F. meets every Thursday night in Odd Fellows' Hall, over Wayt's drug store, on Main street. John C Fretwell Noble Grand; C. A. Crafton, Sec'.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR ODGE. Staunten Lodge, No. 756, Kr. shts of Honor meets every first 221 third Tuesday in each month, in Pythian Hall, Main street. W. L. Dlivier, Dictator; W. A. Burnett, Recorder.

MOUNTAIN CITY LODGE

No. 116, I. O. G. T., meets every Friday night

No. 22, I. O. G. T., meets every three months G. C. Shipplett, D. C. T.; S. H. Bausern Augusta Council, No. 490, Royal Arcanum neets every second and fourth Tuesday in the nonth, at Pythian Hall, Main street. W. W.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE

Charity Division, M. A., Sons of Temperance neets every Monday night at Odd Fellows all. W. A. Rapp, Worthy Patriarch; John UNIFORMED RANK, KNIGHTS OF

PYTHIAS

and fourth Mondays each month at Pythian itall. Sir Knight Captain, F. B. Berkley; 8 Knight Recorder, S. H. Rosenbaum. Valley Lodge, No. 18, K. of P., meets treet, over Dr. Wayt's drug store. C. T. Ham-

Keeper of Records and Seal. KNIGHT TEMPLARS

ONEIDA TRIBE, NO. 88, L. 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

lames W. Blackburn, chief of records.

AMERICAN LEGION OF HONOR. Valley Council No. 736 meets on the first and third Mondays in each mor S. Woodhouse; secretary, Dr. J. M. Hange llector, Isaac C. Morton, Jr.

CATHOLIC HIBERNIAN BENIFICAL

all on the church lot. M. T. B present: J. J. Kilgalen, first vice-president; J. O'Connucture, second vice-president; D.J. O'Connucture, second vice-president, second v

"STONEWALL" BRIGADE BAND. orchestra every Monday and Thursday, orchestra every Wednesday, at 8 p. m., in City Hall. Mr. J. M. Brereton, director, J. 4. Armentrout, president, and C. Harry Haines, secretary.

CENTRAL PROHIBITION CLUB. nect on Thursday night of each week, in the proom, 119 hast Main street. Jas. W. Rody, Acting President; Preston A. Ross, Secre

that the cure of souls was not his vocation. His earliest contribution to Punch dates back to 1855, when he sent in a drawing which was reproduced by the great John Leech. Though the stage has always possessed a great attraction for him, journalism equally claims him as one of its successful lights. With what other papers was he connected? He once edited a small paper, The Glowworm, when Arthur A. Beckett was his "sub."

ists of the day. Of these 'Mokanna' appeared in Punch Feb. 21, 1863. It was attributed to Thackeray. The idea reg-ularly caught on, and soon after that I joined the staff, on which for a long time, owing to my youth, I was called 'The New Boy.'"

The new and original style of "Hap-

paper war which raged around his name, were the denunciation of religious tolerance and the upholding of the doctrine of nonresistance to the crown in its extremest form. The Sacheverell

The vicar did not grasp the argument, out he changed the subject.

Friend—Hasn't he any?

Mrs. Highmind—Not a bit. I be

ECCENTRIC WAGERS.

to the Wrong Man-Bets on Eating and Drinking-But Lord Lorne Won the Best