Editor and Proprietor.

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## Staunton



# Spectator.

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Staunton Spectator.

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The Sun! BALTIMORE, MD

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cal machines and monopolies of every character. Independent in all things, extreme in none. It is for good laws, good government

ticularly valuable to country readers. Every issue contains STORIES, POEMS, HOUSEHOLD AND PUZZLE COLUMNS, a variety of interesting and instructive selected matter and other features, which make it a welcome visitor in city

One dollar a year. Inducements to getters up of clubs for the Week'y Sun. Both the Daily and Weekly Sun mailed free of postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico. Payments invariably in advance. Address A. S. ABELL COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors.

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The Old Friend And the best friend, that never fails you, is Simmons Liver Regulator, (the Red Z)—that's what you hear at the mention of this

excellent Liver medicine, and

people should not be persuaded

that anything else will do. It is the King of Liver Medicines; is better than pills, and takes the place of Quinine and Calomel. It acts directly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels and gives new life to the whole system. This is the medicine you want. Sold by all Druggists in Liquid, or in Powder to be taken dry or made into a tea.

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COMMISSIONER N RY.

VYERS' ROW,
STAUNTON, VA.

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Ferry and points north.
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csnducting interferences, prosecuting rejecte cases, registering trade-marks and copyright By mail Fifty Cents a month, Six Dollars a charge mothing infringement suits, etc. It charges nothing for information, and very

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I want every man and woman in the United States interested in the Opium and Whisky habits to have one of my books on these diseases. Address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga. Box 382, and one will be ent you free.

known as the Club stable, and am prepared, at my Sale and Feed Stable, to board horses by the month, week or day, at reasonable prices; also to furnish saddle and driving horses,

double and single.

1 can furnish you a nice turn-out—Surry,
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Respectfully, R. A. CLEMMER.

Fine horses always kept for sale. Hoping to receive a share of your patronage and guaranteeing satisfaction, I am

What is

## CASTORIA

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.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that | Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D. 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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

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Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes di-Without injurious medication

"For several years I have recomme your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial EDWIN F. PARDER, M. D.

New York City. 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY FROM "SONG OF THE BALBOA SEA."

Of perfect hue, of perfect health Of perfect hue, of perfect health;
Of such perfection and perfume
It filled my poor house with its wealth.
Then came the pessimist who knew
Not good or grace, but overthrew
My rose, and in the broken pot
Nosed fast for slugs within the rot.
He found, found-with exulting pride,
Deep in the loam a worm, a slug,
The while my rose tree died.

Ah, mel the pity 'tis 'tis true.

The fairest rose, the richest mold,
The richer mold the ranker grew
Some lonely life within its fold
From first to last. Wouldst breathe the ros From mrst to last. Wouldst breathe the r Or break the pot and nose and nose? Nay, plead not I for self at last; The past, I have survived the past; My ruined rose, my wrecked repose; But plead I for that coming song, The sweeter, fairer rose.

From heaven's porch, where pæans roll
And yet shall speak from star to star
In silent language of the soul;
You star strewn skies be but a town
With are strewn skies be but a town You star strewn skies be but a town With angers passing up and down.
"I leave my peace with you." Lo! these, His seven wounds, the pleiades
Pierce heaven's porch. But resting there
The new moon rocks the Child Christ in
Her silver rocking chair.

—Joaquin Miller in Overland.

## A MISTAKE.

I had been tradging for 12 hours through the steaming rain, which had penetrated even the thick tweed suit I wore. It had rained steadily for 24 hours, and, judging from the thick, colorless sky and the white cloud wreaths that hung about the lower slopes of the mountains, there seemed every probability that a spell of bad weather had set in.

Driven as with a goad by the utter discomfort of the dirty inn I had left behind me in the morning, I pressed on in the rain lashed gloaming toward the old Roman watering place on the southern side of the Stelvio pass, Bad Bormio. There, I knew, the joys of good food, clean linen and luxurious bath waited for me. Of course I ought not to have cast one thought on these comforts of civilization, for the Stelvio pass is one of the grandest in Europe, and it had been my privilege to behold the great Madatsch glacier and the cloud

veiled head of the Ortler Spitz, as I stood at the top of the pass and looked over the glories of the Tyrolean Alps. But I was very wet, very tired, very hungry, and I longed for my Capua down in the pleasant valley. My portmanteau had gone on by post-the carry all, omniscient post of foreign parts. At Bormio I would rest me for three whole days; good dinners would I eat and sparkling Asti would I drink, and I would make merry with any pleasant folk chance might throw in my way. And so the pains and penalties of the poor pedestrian would be forgotten, or

forts of the present. I hurriedly pulled myself up at this stage of my reflections, for anticipation had made me forget for a brief moment what was then my condition. The relentless rain had worked its way to my skin. Only my feet were dry, thanks to the waterproof boots and stout leggings I wore. I was as yet within some miles of my goal when I overtook two pedestrians whose case was much worse than my own, for these two belated wanderers were women, and the poor creatures' skirts were wet and draggled and clung miserably about their limbs. Both were slender and young, and the heavy rain heat heavily on their heads and shoulders. Bedraggled though they were, I saw at a glance they were ladies, and a few words uttered by one told me that they were countrywomen of my own. My interest and sympathy were at once

"Another hour, Betty, at most, and we can knock off. What a tramp we've had, and how it can rain in this won-

derful country!" The girl who spoke (she could only have been in her early twenties) had a fair, ruddy complexion, her cheeks looked like roses that had had a thorough drenching, and a great lump of light brown hair, which showed beneath her soaked gray felt hat was heavy with diamond drops of water. Both girls wore neat ulsters, but the rain had evidently soaked them through, and they clung tightly to the slim outlines of

I glanced quickly at the girl addressed as Betty. She was wet, but even prettier than her companion. The steady tramp of my steps probably caused Betty some alarm, for she looked nervously over her shoulder. It was then that I saw what a very pretty girl she was,

despite her somewhat disheveled state. On the impulse of the moment I raised my hat and muttered some sort of salu-

"Oh, you're English!" The accent of pleasure was unmistakable and grati-

The exclamation came from Betty, whose dark eyes were turned full on me. Evidently the result of the inspec tion was favorable, for Betty smiled and showed a row of gleaming little teeth, whose whiteness was accentuated by the rich red of the lips that enframed them. The young lady's complexion was slightly browned by exposure to the sur, but the lashing of the rain had brought a flush of pink to the smooth cheek, whose perfect contour was apparent as she

turned toward me. "Yes, I am English," I said in a com fortable, elder brotherly tone, calculated to win the confidence of these two independent damsels errant, "and I am on my way to Bad Bormio.'

"So are we, and we are so harribly wet, and the road seems as if it would "It is a long tramp from Trafei," I

remarked. "Ch, we only came from Franzenhohe this morning. We had some lunch at Santa Maria, and we hope to reach Bormie by dinner time, "said the other girl, whose name I afterward knew to be Kate, "for, to tell you the truth, we are both awfully hungry." "What hotel are you bound for?" I

inquired. "The Nuovi Bagni." "Ah, I am going there too. Will you allow me to walk with you and to carry that bag?" I added, pointing to a fair sized rucksack strapped to the supple

back of Miss Betty. After a little demur the rucksack was unstrapped and attached to the haversack I carried. I saw with satisfaction that the slender figure, relieved of its burden drew itself more erect and moved forward with greater ease.

The two girls, tramping unprotected along that lenely road which winds down from the summit of the pass to Italy, seemed quite free from any fear of danger. The discomfort of rain soaked clothing, boots heavy with mud, and

"You see, when one is on a walking was at Tirano that the climax of my The moral is self evident. - Exchange. tour. one can't stop for weather," re-

marked Betty, with a comprenensive glance round at the mist shrouded mountains, the rain lashed rocks showing their rich brown in vivid contrast to the gray sky and patches of vivid green moss. "One must take the good and the bad just as they come, like the rough and the smooth places on the road. My friend and I are good walkers, and we enjoy a tramp like this in spite of the

I had got the idea that the girls were sisters, although they were quite unlike in personal appearance. Bit by bit I got to know more about my damsels errant. They had walked most of the way from Innsbruck, through the Brenner pass to Botzen. There they had taken the train to Meran, and thence had pursued their tramp, stopping several days on the road at Spondelak, Trafoi and Franzenhohe.

'We shall stay at Bormio a few days and rest, and then we shall meet our bags again. You can't think how glad we are to see those bags. We quite love the very straps and buckles. Do you

I avowed my ignorance. "Nor do we. There was an American lady we met at Innsbruck who recom-mended the Nuovi Bagni tous. I think she thought us quite mad, but she was extremely kind.

"Kittie." she added, suddenly addressing her companion, "do look down here at that leaping water. That must be the Adda. "Oh, our first Italian river, Betty How jolly!" cried the enthusiastic Kate,

her gray eyes beaming out from under her dripping hat brim. Then she looked down the valley and tried, I think, to realize that this rain beaten scene really was Italy.

"Cheer up, Kittie; it will be fine to

morrow and won't we revel in the sun-It was Betty who spoke. The manner of the girls toward each other amused me. They seemed to take the role of guide and consoler in turns, just as, I have no doubt, they had taken it in turns to carry the rucksack which I had

now in my care. Independent though they were, the girls seemed glad of my companionship, especially when we passed through one of the dark, cavernous galleries roofed with stones, built to protect the road from avalanches. They chatted in a friendly, unembarrassed manner, and the sound of the fresh young voices and the sight of the two pretty faces did much to redeem the dreariness of the

long, monotonous road. The next morning was a sumptuous one. I was soon dressed and out of doors. I caught the sound of a woman's voice trilling out the refrain of an Ital

ian volkslied The larklike joyousness of the song seemed in harmony with the glorious morning. In a dreamy mood I listened. remembered only as a foil to the com- The singing voice floated mearer. I caught sight of a white straw sailer hat

bluk cotton plot Italian peasant girls do not attire themselves thus. I am a trifle short sighted, but in a very few moments was aware that, the early rising song stress was Miss Kate Morison. A glance at the hotel register had informed me of the names of my fellow pedestrians. She looked very pretty and fresh. The

mass of light brown hair was twisted up neatly at the back of her head. Clearly the luggage of the two girls had turned up, for there were no signs of travel stain about the trim blue serge skirt and the crisply starched pinl I wished her good morning and in quired for her absent friend.

rather sleepy. I thought it a pity to waste one single hour of this heavenly morning, and I wanted to make a littl sketch from the bridge.' "An artist as well as a singer?" I in

"Oh, Betty is all right, thanks, only

quired, smiling. "Oh, you heard my chirruping, I suppose. One must sing when one feels so utterly happy. Isn't the air exhilarating? But I must make my sketch. I can sit on the parapet-so-and get just the

view I want. Her busy pencil did its work with great rapidity, and when I asked per-mission to look at the sketch I was really surprised at the masterliness of her touch and her knowledge of perspective.

She closed her sketchbook, and we walked back together to the hotel. In the garden we met Miss Betty. She, too, looked dainty and fresh after her night's rest. The same source of information that had made me acquainted with Miss Kittie's name had told me her's-Blount.

At breakfast I happened to mention her by name, and I fancied a look of surprise crossed her face at the glibness with which I uttered it. But her man ner showed no displeasure, and I was encouraged to offer my escort for an expedition to the town of Bormio. The quaint, old world place, with its rough pavements and narrow streets, so Ital ian in its aspect, with the yellow washed houses and curious loggias, and musty, silent church, delighted Miss Kittie and gave much occupation to her pencil But Miss Blount, whose artistic superiority her friend had proclaimed, did not make any sketches, although, no doubt, she stored up impressions for

Nothing but a violent wrench would have enabled me to leave Bormio. I lingered on, hugging my chains, and the two girls, for what reason I know

not, lingered too. The place had a curious charm. It had the strength and grandeur of the mountains and the glory and glamour of the south. A week passed, during which the two girls and I were almost always together. Their utter unconventionality surprised me, but it delighted me too. Their plans were not fixed, but something had been said once or twice about extending their walking tour to the Engadine, by way of the Bernina pass. I had just made up my mind that where they went I would go, for the thought of Betty tramping unprotected and exposed to the chance of insult filled me with dismay. Already I assumed to myself the man's right of protection.

The two girls listened respectfully, almost obediently, to my advice and made no objection whatever when I declared that I, too, intended to visit the Engadine and would go when they went. In my own mind I had fully planned how my romance was to end. I would marry Betty. We should be poor, but I knew her tastes were simple, and I would work trebly hard and win success for myself and wealth for her before we were five years older. Of such visions is love guilty! As the girls were resolute to keep to

their plan of walking from Bormio to

Pontresina we set out in true bohemian

fashion, like respectable gypsies. The

roads were good, the weather perfect,

brief madness came and the denouement

We were housed in the Hotel San Michele, one of the quaintest hostelries surely wherein a man might take his for the building had formerly sheltered a peaceful-sisterhood. The bedrooms were vaulted, the floors were of stone, and all the doors opened on to a broad, cloisterlike gallery. At the end of this winding gallery was an immense loggia, which looked on the piazza and the cathedral—a pilgrimage church—whither on great festivals the faithful were gathered together from all the sur-Perhaps it was the sobering influence

tual air of the place, or the asceticis which breathed from those cell-like bed rooms, but certainly on that third even ing of our sojourn there the girls' man ner had changed. Betty's beautiful face was sad and clouded, and Kittie's gay-ety had vanished. After dinner she pleaded a headache and went to her room, and Betty looked troubled as she left us, but did not offer to follow. I suggested a stroll in the convent gar den, whence came the click of the bowls, for that old world game was always in full swing after the day's work was over. The garden, being large served as an open air club to the towns people. Betty agreed, and we were soon in the cool, high walled pleasance quiet spot, where all we heard of the players was the click of the ball and the distant sound of laughter and talk.

of the gray old building, or the conven

The sun had set, and a cool breeze was whispering among the broad leaves of the fig trees. In the grass the drone of the grasshopper made a sleepy mur-mur. Betty was curiously silent, a trifle embarrassed in manner, and somehow this unwonted shyness and taciturnity gave me confidence in myself. I talked to her about many things, as if I were entitled to her sympathy, told her of my struggles, of my ambitions, of my hopes -talked as a man rarely talks save to the woman he loves and hopes to win

Somehow or other-made bold, think, by a tender softening of her face when I spoke about the hardness of the struggle for fame when the struggle is made single handed—I blurted out my secret. I loved her, and life would be a desert without her love.

Then in the gray twilight I saw a white, astonished face and two large frightened eyes look at me almost in

are surely mad! It is not I you love. It is"- she stopped and bit her lips. Good heavens! It was the old compli cation. I read her unspoken thought in a flash. She believed it was Kittie I loved: that it was for Kittie's sake that I had dangled at their heels all this time. I was about to protest that it was she -Betty, and she only that I loved-

when she resumed, in a calm, self pos-'You must forget that you have ever spoken so to me. Mr. Aslehurst; that you have ever thought of me-in that way -for I am married already. My hus band is coming to join us at Pontre

"Where's Meg?" asked Joe, after I stared at her incredulously for they had passed the compliments of the

"But, Miss Blount"-"I was Miss Blount once. I am Mrs Field now. Perhaps you know my hus band. He is a barrister too. He could not get away sooner, because he had some important case to work up," she done it, fer Pete was agreeable to me, went on rapidly. "It is all Kittie Morison's fault-this-this dreadful mistake Kittie was my greatest chum before married last year. She was very angry with me for marrying, and she persuad ed me, just for the sake of old times when we used to come abroad togethe for walking tours, to be Miss Blount again. It was she who wrote the nam in the hotel book at Bormio, and when

you called me Miss Blount Kittie was delighted and insisted on keeping up "That was a little rough on me." said in a crestfallen way. The comical side of the situation was apparent to me, and for the moment I forgot the

pangs of despised love. "We did not mean any harm," she murmured humbly. "We used to have such splendid times together when we toured about, Kittie and L When beard you call me Miss Blount, I almost forgot that I had a husband in London.' "Poor Field! He would not be flat-

"You know my husband?" "Slightly. We meet pretty often in hall," I auswered dryly. "Oh, Mr. Aslehurst, what must you think of me? But I do love Edward, and I-I shall be so happy to see him at Pontresina. We are a model couple, and ever so contented. I-I thought that you admired Kittie Morison. She is such a dear, good girl. She has always been very independent and high spirit-ed, but"— Again she stopped, and I read in Mrs. Field's beautiful face the gist of a little romance that had no

doubt been simmering in her brain ever since our meeting in the rain swept pass of Stelvio. Alas, how easily things go wrong! I had fallen in love with the wife instead of with the maid, thanks to Miss Kittie Morison's little freak. Betty-I must call her by the name I have called her always in my thoughts-Betty had allowed the freak to be indulged, and I was a broken hearted man-for fully 36 hours. But I could not in mere civility leave the two forlorn women to trudge together to Pontresina, especially nov that I knew one of them was the wife of a brother barrister. By the time we reached our Alpine Mecca we were the best of friends again. Field turned up a day or two later, and I staid on, for we all found four a pleasanter number than three in our mountain expeditions, and really, Kittie Morison-she has another name now-was and is a very pretty girl, and she is certainly much less independent than when I first made her acquaintance. - Strand Magazine.

Lost the Prize.

The late James Crossley, a noted bibliomaniac, hied him one memorable day to a bookstall in Shudebill market. and spying a little volume took it up and glanced carelessly through it. After awhile he asked its price from an old woman and was told it was two and sixpence. "I'll give you sixpence for it," said Crossley. "Nay," replied the poor old dame, "it cost me 2 shillings." Whereupon our book devourer threw it down in disgust and retired. A gentle man, overhearing the altercation, stepped forward and purchased it at the sum demanded. Crossley returned soon after, and noticing the book had gone auxiou: ly inquired what had become of it. "Sold," answered the woman, "for the fatigue consequent on the long tramp seemed to be the only cause of complaint they had.

and we tramped joyously to Bolladore and a day here and a day there, just as the fancy took us. It shillings for it!" said Crossley eagerly.

And For This Reason There Was No Occa The sun beat down that blistering afternoon on the little adobe cabin just beyoud the arroyo, and on the far side in the shade sat two sweltering cow punchers with a pack of cards between them. It was too hot for even this mild exercise, but it served to keep their minds off the weather, and they played lazily along. At last one of them threw his cards down.

"By gravy, Bill," he exclaimed, "I can't play any more." "What's the matter?" inquired Bill.

"Too hot for you?" "No. 'Tain't that, though the Lord knows it's most hot enough for any-thing. It's that little girl down there at "What's she got to do with the

game?" asked Bill in surprise.

"Nothing much, I guess, but a good deal with me." "How?" and Bill picked up the pack and began shuffling the cards aimlessly. "Oh, I don't know." "Stuck on her?" inquired Bill, with a laugh, which struck his companion

as rather harsh. "Not exactly, I guess." "She's the purtiest thing in this valley," said Bill admiringly.
"I know it," admitted the other. "I was down there last night, and she was sweeter than ever."

"Well," impatiently, "what are you going to do about it?" "What would you advise?" "That depends on what kind of advice you want."

"I was thinking about marrying her." Bill gave a long whistle and stopped shuffling the cards. "What, marry a half breed, and you having the kind of folks you have back

in the east?" he said seriously. "I don't see how I can get out of it honorably," he reluctantly confessed. 'I've been going down there to see her think much about it at first, but now blame me if I don't think about her pretty much all the time. The last four or five times I've been to see her she showed me straight that she thought a lot of me, and last night she told me everything, and said if I left her her heart would break and she would drown herself in the river. I can't stand that, you know, and besides I'd rather marry her myself than have anybody else marry

"She'll git old man Slocum's property when he goes over the divide," said Bill thoughtfully, "and that 's worth a

"Yes, but I don't care for that. It's the girl and my own bonorable action

They talked until the sun had sunk behind the mountain, and by that time it was decided that Bill would go with his friend Joe and settle the business with the girl's father old man Sloonm Early the next morning they set out. and before the sun had reached the hot place in the heavens they were at Slo-

"Oh, she's skipped," answered Slocum, with a laugh. "Skipped?" gasped Joe. "Yes. Skipped some time in the night with Pete Smiley, and she needn't 'a'

and he laughed again. Joe felt something rise in his throat and drop back again like a piece of lead Bill looked at him curiously "Gals will be gals," said Bill, turning to Slocum, "but what we come down here to see you about, Mr. Slocum, is cattle," and he carried it through no-

bly. - Detroit Free Press. Paul Jones and the Private The French embassador, the Duc de Vauguyon, committed the astounding faux pas of suggesting to Paul Jones that he take command of a French privateer and thus escape from his dangerous situation in the Texel. Paul Jones' reply to this was an instant and haughty demand for an apology, which was promptly forthcoming. No man hated privateering and its "infernal practices." as he calls them, more cordially than Paul Jones. He wrote of privateers as "licensed robbers," and was naturally indignant at the affront offered him. Some years afterward in a French port he had an amusing controversy on

the subject with Captain Truxton, afterward the celebrated commodore. Truxton was then in the humble capacity of captain of a private ship bent on plunder. He had the assurance to raise a pennant in the presence of Paul Jones without asking his permission and in defiance of the act of congress forbidding a privateer to hoist a pennant under such circumstances without the permission of a naval ship's commander They had a tart correspondence, and Commodore Truxton was evidently mightier with the sword than with the pen, as Paul Jones writes of him that there are in his letter "several words l do not understand and cannot find in the dictionary." Paul Jones sent him "a polite message" to haul down the pennant. This being disregarded, another polite message and Lieutena Richard Deal with two armed boats were sent, and the pennant came down. -"Paul Jones," by Molly Elliot Seawell, in Century.

Are Thanks Unnecessary? "A great deal is said about men being thanked for giving up their seats in the street cars to women," said a man in conversation with a friend. "Now, for my part, I don't want to be thanked for simply doing my duty." "But is it your duty," asked the

friend, "to give up a seat for which you have paid and stand up the entire trip to accommodate a stranger?" 'I look at it as a duty. It is a deal easier for a man to hang to a strap than it is for a woman. The fact that a woman is standing while I sit annoys me. It does not matter in the least to me that she is a stranger. I feel under

obligations to give her my place.' "That is gallantry," "It comes nearer to being reciprocity Every few days some man gives my wife or mother a seat in a crowded car, so I try to pass the courtesy on. Only yesterday I saw every man in a Gratiot avenue car give up his seat to some nan. Not one was thanked, or looked as if he expected to be, or indeed gave the woman in the case a chance to thank him. It was done as if all belonged to one family, but the true spirit of politeness was in the atmosphere, and thanks, though not audible, were felt. have a woman repeat that set formula,

'Thank you, sir!' " "I guess you're not often embar-rassed," retorted his friend cynically, and there the conversation ended.—DeEARLY MINSTRELSY.

NATORS OF THE SHOW.

brated Burnt Cork Artist-A Friend of Edwin Forrest and a Talented Comedian. Negro Minstrelsy In Great Britain.

er day very entertainingly regarding her father's career. She gave me his old scrapbook to refer to and several excellent photographs and some old fashioned

It seems so long since the days of the Christy minstrels that I rather expected to see an older looking woman than George Christy's daughter appears to be. She is an enthusiast over her father's memory. She has another sister living, and also a brother, George Harrington who, instead of perpetuating the family trademark, has been known chiefly through his "beefsteak dinners" at the

"My father, known in private life as George N. Harrington, was a young man when he died," said Mrs. Fair. "He was only 40. He had a fine constitution, it was thought, but he wore his heart on his sleeve and put a year into every day. Being jovial, hearty and generous with every one, even his most humble employee, he was persistently sought by well known persons, and his nature could not resist the compliment

was Edwin Forrest. A few days before name his child for him. 'What if it's a girl?' asked my mother. 'Then we' call her Edwina, 'replied my father. . Se you see I was named beforehand. other friend of his, my brother tell was Theodore Thomas, who used

black up and do 'nigger business.' dancer he had few equals. He was also a contortionist and seemed blessed with every physical possibility.
"I was 18 years old when I last saw

different in general style. Although I think it is generally un- Main and Water streets. Services at 4 p. m

derstood that the Christy minstrels were | Sunda . the originators of that sort of entertainment, individual negro delineation was done as far back as 1799, at the Federal Street theater, in Boston. in the spring of 1841, for one night only, at the Chatham theater. The com-

and Dick Pelham. The entertainment met with astonishing success. It was repeated subsequently at the Bowery amphitheater and at the Park. Fearing quick opposition here, the company, with G. B. Wooldridge at its head,

at the Adelphi in connection with Professor Anderson, then known as "the wizard of the north." A misunderstanding arising, a second company was organized by Pelham and Whitlock in connection with Joe Sweeney, and it traveled through Ireland and Scotland with success. Another company, called the "Ring

one of the members introduced the character Lucy Long, which became imme diately popular. Simultaneously minstrel companie were being organized in nearly all the American cities, and on the return home

provement on their plan. Now followed in notable favor the "Kentucky minstrels," the "Congo melodists" and "Buckley's serenaders." Then was organized the famous Chrisconsisting of E. P. Christy, George N. Christy, L. Durand and T. Vaughn. George, who afterward became the

1839, and in 1842 the company started on its existence in the same city in a hall on Water street. George Christy was "bones" and Lansing Durand was "tambo." It is asserted that George was the original Lucy Long, the first to do the "wench business." made a hit as Cachuca. The first appearance of the company in New York was at the Palma Opera

After several years of great success Messrs. Wood and Christy opened the Fifth Avenue Opera House, in Twenty

A Mother's Lament.

It was in the Black sea that he fell from the bridge, and the captain said, "Is it Jack that is overboard?" For he loved him like a son, and he plunged in to save him. And the water was wild, and he grasped-but it was only his cap. And a sad present it was that they sent me that Christmas-his silver watch and chain. And since then I have been weak and weary, for he was the first of 13, and I loved him the best. Ah, Jesus sent and Jesus took! I know it must be so, but when I sit on the rocks I think maybe God took my son to some island in the sea, and when I see the birds skimming on the water I think maybe he was not drowned, but will come up out of the sea to his mother, who nursed him so dear.—

GEORGE CHRISTY, ONE OF THE ORIGI-

Mrs. Edwina Forrest Fair, a daughter of the famous George Christy, who established negro minstrelsy in New York in 1847, chatted with me the oth-

old Morgue club. Calls attended day and night.

he felt their companionship to be. "One of his very particular friends

"And why not? Didn't Edwin Booth try it? It was a pity that my father did not live to make a great name as an actor in white, for he was considered a United Brethren church, Lewis street, be remarkable low comedian. In burlesque he used to sustain from one to half a dozen characters in a piece and exhibit wonderful versatility. He made a great hit with his Topsy in a burletta on 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' He had a singularly sweet singing voice, and as a is street, between Main and Frederick streets Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Pastor. Rev.

him, and that's a most impressionable age for a girl. I think Billy Birch copied a few of his characteristics, and George

Baptist church, corner Main and Washing ton streets. Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. W. J. E. Cox.

St. Francis Roman Catholic, North Auguste tions of him, but they and such other benediction of Most Blesse men as Schoolcraft and Sweatnam are p. m. Pastor, Rev. Father McVerry.

The first idea of minstrelsy in its every second and last Friday night in each present shape, or before Mr. Haverly in-troduced his "Mastedons," came forth pany was called the "Virginia minstrels" and was made up by Dan Em-Masonic Temple, on Main street. W. W. Mc met, Frank Brower, Billy Whitlock

In London it performed for six week

and Parker minstrels from Boston, now came along, and while in Liverpool

of these two organizations they not only found plenty of rivalry, but much im-

leader and was the joyous spirit of the show, had previously appeared at the old Eagle Street theater, in Buffalo, in

House, in Chambers street. After vari ous visits to other localities it finally settled at 472 Broadway, in 1847, where it remained 11 years. George finally withdrew from the care of his foster father, E. P. Christy, and with Harry Wood opened another hall at 444 Broad way, and a year later the original party went to California, and George became master of the situation.

fourth street. Christy's last appearance on the stage was with Hooley's minstrels, in Brooklyn, on May 2, 1867. He died on May 12 at his home and was buried from Trinity chapel three days later. His body is in Cypress Hills ceme-

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

Baptist church, corner Main and Washing Thatcher has given some good imita- street, Mass at 7 and 10.30 a. m. Vespers and

Young Men's Christian Association, corner

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DIRETORY OF LODG ES. MASONIC LODGE.

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

Guffin, High Priest; A. A. Eskridge, Sec'y. Staunton Lodge, No. 45, I. O. O. F. meets ev Wayt's drug store, on Main street. John C. retwell Noble Grand: C. A. Crafton, Sec.

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Staunton Lodge, No. 756, Kr. ghts of Honor eets every first and third Tuesday in each conth, in Pythian Hall, Main street. W. L. livier, 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

Augusta Council, No. 490, Royal Arcanum neets every second and fourth Tuesday in the month, at Pythian Hall, Main street. W. W. Robertson, Regent; Jos. B. Woodward, Sec-SONS OF TEMPERANCE Charity Division, M. A., Sons of Temperance

eets every Monday night at Odd Fellows

all. W. A. Rapp, Worthy Patriarch; John

. Coffelt, Sec'y.

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UNIFORMED RANK, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS. E. B. Stuart Division, No. 10, meets second nd fourth Mondays each month at Pythian Hall. Sir Knight Captain, F. B. Berkley; S. Knight Recorder, S. H. Rosenbaum.

Valley Lodge, No. 18, K. of P., meets londay night at Castle Hall, on West treet, over Dr. Wayt's drug store. C. T. Hamond, Chancellor Commander; Albes Keeper of Records and Seal. KNIGHT TEMPLARS. Staunton Commandery, No. 8, Knights Tem-

lar, meets first Friday night in every month

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

in Masonic Temple, on Main street. W. B. McChesney, Eminent Commander; A. A. E k-ONEIDA TRIBE, NO. 88, I. O. R. M., Meets in their wigwam, in Valz Building very Wednesday at 7th run 30th breath etting of the sun. S. S. Peterson, sacher

ames W. Blackburn, chief of records. A

isiting brothers welcome.

Haines, secretary.

AMERICAN LEGION OF HONOR. Valley Council No. 736 meets on the first and hird Mondays in each month. Commande A. S. Woodhouse; secretary, Dr. J. M. Hange collector, Isaac C. Morton, Jr.

CATHOLIC HIBERNIAN BENIFICAL

Meets first Sunday in every month in their all on the church lot. M. T. B lent; J. J. Kilgalen, first vice-president: J. J Murphy, second vice-president; D.J.O'Connell

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te t on Thursday night of each week, in the broom, ils East Main street. Jas. W. Bod-y, Acting President; Preston A. Ross, Secre CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

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