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RICHARD MAUZY,

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STAUNTON, VA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1895. NO. 33.

OVER THE SEA TO SKYE.

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone.
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul, he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Mull was astern, Egg on the port,
Rum on the starboard bow;
Glory of youth glowed in his soul.
Where is that glory now?

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone.
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul, he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Give me again all that was there,
Give me the sun that shone!
Give me the eyes, give me the soul,
Give me the lad that's gone!

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone.
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul, he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Billow and breeze, islands and seas,
Mountains of rain and sun,
All that was good, all that was fair,
All that was me is gone.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

SWAPPED SUITS.

I was riding slowly along on my tired sorrel nag after an all day's pull up the mountains of east Tennessee, not far from Jasper, and I was in the very midst of the forest primeval. Giant trees stretched their gnarled branches above my head and scattered their brilliant leaves about me, weaving a carpet for my horse's feet more gorgeous than kings have trod. Away off in the lonely Sequatchie I could see the sloping ridges and spreading spurs dovetailing into each other their crimson and yellow and purple till all faded alike into the distant blue as the mountains lost themselves in the misty east. No sound broke the stillness save now and then the barking of a squirrel cracking nuts in the big chestnut trees or the late call of the wood bird for his mate. I was musing on the mighty works of God and the pitiful efforts of his unworthy creatures as I rode along and wondering where I should take my supper, for I was what might be called decently hungry and indecently thirsty.

Suddenly a sharp turn in the trail stuck my horse's nose almost into the very face of a man who sat on a rock by the roadside, staring straight before him. His head and chest were thrown forward, his chin had dropped below zero, his lank knees spread wide apart like the open jaws of a Louisiana alligator and his hands hung limp at his sides. A suit of brown jeans, so new that they smelt of the walnut bark dye, clothed his thin stripe of manly form, and a shirt collar of blue hickory turned down around a spare neck, to the very verge of which his fadey, straw colored hair was plastered sleek as a ballroom floor with turkey fat. A more perfect picture of abject misery I never saw before nor since, and I jerked my pony's head out of the man's face and leaned forward in my saddle to look at him.

"Got it bad?" I asked at last, when the creaking of his stiff clothes and the snort of his heavy breathing became embarrassingly audible in the quietude of the forest.

"That's what I hev, stranger," he said, lifting his jaw, but keeping his eyes fixed straight ahead. "Ketched it in the neck an collar bone an chist, an the breas' bone, an the heart, an the stomick, an the lights, an the livers, an the bowils, an the yuther lower regions. Facks er the business is, I've got it fu'm the crown er my ole fool head to the soles er my big blamed foot. Got it all over!"

"What gave it to you?"

He sprang to his 7 feet of height with a yell that reverberated on the mountain side, jumped about a yard from the ground, cracking his heels together as he came down again.

"What gin it to me, stranger?" he shouted when he had lit, "what gin it to me? Why, Nancy, ov course! 'Who'd you s'pose? Ca'se why? Ca'se er these her plague on clo'es what you see befo' you, a-kiverin this flabbergasted ole hide er mine. Look at 'em, stranger. Look at 'em, fur Gawd's sake, fur their een is nigh at han," and the fellow gyrated around among the dry leaves like a materialized whirlwind.

"Clothes?" said I. "What's the matter with your clothes? That's as good a suit as I've seen this side of Pennsylvania."

"Stranger, you don't mean it?" he said softly, coming up close beside me and fetching a whack across my thigh that tingled all the way up my anatomy, creeping out at the end of my funny bone. "Sho' now, you don't mean it?"

"Yes, I do, though, but what does Nancy say about it?" I answered.

"Stranger," he said, leaning on my pony's neck and looking up at me confidentially, "you see it's thisser way. Me an Nancy thar's been keepin comp'ny nigh on to three years come the 13 day er nex' December, an things had about got whar thar warn't nairy ornery cuss on the mountaing as dared to look at the groun she walked on. That's what! I'm some, stranger, whenst I gits riled, an the fellows 'lowed 'twas my deal, an cl'ared the track. Well, sech was matters tell the 27 day ner las' Augus', whenst we was comin home f'um meetin down to the cove, me an Nancy. That day I axed an Nancy spoke the word, an we fixed the time—this here very day, blame it—fur the knot to be tied, the knot which binds, but don't inebrate."

I saw the fellow's jaw was beginning to quiver, and suddenly he clapped his hands to his face and dropped back on the stone.

I thought he was going off into one of those staring trances perhaps, or worse, so I interposed gently:

"Where was the hitch?"

"Right here, durn it all," he shouted, slapping his narrow pantaloons and flinging open his ample coat front. "These here clo'es, I tell you. Mam made 'em fur me with her own han's, too, that's whar it hurts. I can't go back thar to the cabin an tell mam Nancy scorned the clo'es she made, could you now, stranger, ef you was me? I've knowed mam longer'n I hev Nancy, an she hev stood by me th'ough evil as well as th'ough good report, in sickness an in health"—the fellow's eyes were getting set again. "O Lordy, whatcher reckon make my ole fool min keep runnin ou that marridge cer'mony? As I aimed to tell you while ago, mam she made this here suit out'n out, dyin an cardin an spinnin an weavin an cuttin an sewin an all. She ripped up pap's weddin suit fur a patron, which granpap he'd mar'id in the same befo' him. An this hickory stripe shirt, she made it, too, an stranger, what's a fellow to do? I can't go home, s'help me Gawd, an tell the ole 'oman Nancy scorned the clo'es she made fur me, but I don't min tellin you, seein you are handy an seem kinder soft an harmless.

"As I 'lowed the weddin was to come off tonight, so I got ready and went down early, aimin to be on han an thinkin I could he'p roun mebbe, fetchin wood an drawin cider. I got thar soon arter dinner, an Nancy's little sis Ten, she seed me comin an runned an tol the yuthers. An, by gum, whenst I shinned over the fence an started up the parth to the house, thar they all was big as life came to the do' to watch me. Thar was Nancy an her mam, an her dad, an Buck an Jeems an Marthy Ann an 'Randy Gibbs f'um over at Jasper, what had come to stan up at the weddin, an that little blame Tennessee, an—Nancy! Lord, how they seem' to swell thar in the cabin do' as I fumbled up to the house th'ough the dead leaves. Seem like thar was a plum army ov 'em thar—an Nancy!—an look like my legs tangled up same's a interferin horse, an my arms growed so long they tetched the groun, an my feet so big the yearth couldn't hold 'em. My, stranger, but I was hot whenst I did get to that cabin do', which it natchelly seemed to be miles away. Well, whenst I did get thar, thar was Nancy!

" 'Thomas McTair,' she said, pyeartlike, steppin to the front, an 'Randy Gibbs a-eggin her on f'um behin, 'Thomas McTair—pap his name is Thomas, an mam j'ined on the McTair for the bishop what uster be down to Nashville—'Thomas McTair,' says Nancy, 'was you aimin to marry in them jeans garments?' she says. 'Them was my intentions, says I, seein she had spoke so proper. 'Well, Mr. Lane,' she up an answer, 'if them is your intentions you'll git some yuther gal to marry you. If a man is too low down to git a pa'r er sto' bought clo'es to marry in, why the Lord have mercy on his soul, fur I won't.' Yes, sir, them was Nancy's very words war, an with that the do' slammed, an whenst I looked up thar warn't Nancy! O Lord, O Lord!"

"Stranger," he began again after a moment, eying my rough tweed suit, "did you mean them words you spoke about this here dad blamed suit er jeans? Did you now?"

"Well, yes," I answered, "from my standpoint, that is a first rate suit, straight goods, all wool and a yard wide."

"Thanky, stranger, thanky," said Thomas McTair exuberantly, "blamed ef I don't tell the ole lady them words ner yourn, but—see here, stranger, would you min swoppin?"

"What? Suits?" I asked, smiling at the remembrance of the 12 inches of difference in our heights.

"That's what," he said eagerly. "You see, it's thisser way. Thar's plenty time yit fo' the weddin was to 'a' been, an ef you air a min to 'commodate me I kin get thar by the time the squire'll come, an, bless Gawd, I'll git Nancy!"

"I am afraid your clothes won't fit me," I said temporizingly.

His face fell. "Looker here, stranger," he said, and there were tears in his eyes, "I'm a-losin the chance er Nancy! You don't know what that means, ca'se you've never sot eyes on that purty face er hern, nur seen her walkin in the mist uv a mornin with the dampness curlin that yeller hair uv hern, an—O Lord, stranger, ain't thar a gal somers as you'd die to git?"

"Right you are there, Thomas," I said dismounting. "You've hit the nail on the head, and I'll tell you what I'll do for you. Mam's cooked up a lot of good things, hasn't she, back at the cabin, for you and Nancy to start honeymooning on?"

"That's what," he answered.

"Well, shuck off, I'll lend you my suit till the wedding's over, provided you'll put me on the trail to your cabin and give me supper and a bed. A fellow gets kinder played climbing mountains."

"Stranger, you're a trump," cried Thomas, with effusion. "You're a man ever' inch uv you, an you're treatin me white. O Lord, jest to think, I'll git Nancy!"

"I say, Thomas," said I, after we had both disrobed, "you'll have to get that turkey grease out of your hair, or I am afraid my hat won't stay on your head. It will slip off, you know."

"Right you air, stranger," he said, eying my rough shock. "Mebbe a little stragglin outlook, as you mought call it, would go better wit sto' clo'es. But come down this way a piece."

He picked up my bundle of clothes and his own big boots, which he had been compelled to remove in order to skin his trousers over his feet, and led the way down the trail in his under suit of unwashed Sea island.

We came presently upon a little cove under overhanging ledges of rock, whence a spring bubbled, trailing its way noisily down the mountain side. Before I knew what he was about Thomas McTair had thrown himself forward on the palms of his hands and was standing feet uppermost over the stream The ripples gurgled through his long hair, washing the oil out upon the troubled waters.

"Never wet a thread, did I?" he said by and by as he turned a somersault and landed on his feet.

By this time I was comfortably habited in his hickory shirt and brown jeans, with about a foot of trousers turned up in an English roll around my ankles.

Thomas McTair's dressing proceeded more slowly, converting him into a forked sight. My trousers struck him about the region of his calves and refused to be coaxed any lower, but this was a minor defect, as his cowhide boots nobly satisfied the deficiency. But up above there were no extenuating circumstances. The button tab at the end of the shirt bosom struck him amid seas and lopped over the top of the low cut vest. The short sack coat failed to hide the strap and buckle of his trousers in the rear and showed a suspicious line of white round the waist places when he raised his arm. About three inches of Sea island undershirt formed a cuff protruding beneath the coat sleeve. His wet hair stood out in little weepy wisps all over his head, but the biggest thing in sight was the smile that pervaded his countenance.

"Don't happen to hev a lookin glass about you, do you, stranger?" he asked when his toilet was complete.

"I do just," I said, reaching in my saddlebags for my traveling case, and the glow of satisfaction that shone in his face at sight of his comical reflection rewarded me for my philanthropic endeavors.

"Stranger," he said to me by and by, as he held my hand in his, "you hev been to me a frien in need wuth two in the bush, that's what. Now, s'long tell I see you agin. You foller the leadin er that thar trail th'ough the underbrush, an fust news you know you'll see the cabin in the cla'rin an mo'n likely mam er milkin the cow. She's survigrous lookin, mam is, but she's all right. You jest tell her Thomas McTair sent you, an your fort'in's made with mam. The jug sets behin the do'. S'long; I'm loaded now fur Nancy."

I watched him swing himself down with quick, free strides, and by and by turned my horse's head up through the underbrush. The sun was just sinking to rest and hung like a red ball of fire beyond the murky mountains. I turned for a last look at him to find myself staring straight down the barrel of a rifle.

"Didn't calk'late on this jest, did ye, stranger?" asked the old man at the end of the gun as he came out from the underbush. He was a long, lean, lank, tough old customer, with determination written in box car letters all over his hard old face, and I began to feel a little shaky in my bones with that hungry looking rifle filling up the space between us.

"Well, I believe you are right, old man," I began, circulating through all the gray matter of my brain to produce an appropriate answer.

"I 'lowed not, ye dad blasted valley man, ye," the old man interrupted me. "I could give ye the same as ye sont, mebbe, with ole meat in the pot here, but shootin's too good fur ye. I guess ye'll keep handy enough, so ye'll 'commodate me by leadin the way up that trail thar whilst me an ole meat in the pot brings up the rear."

"No use talking over matters before we get up, is there, old fellow?" I asked, breathing easier at the chance of a respite, at least, and finding that the trail was the one pointed out by Thomas McTair. I put two and two together and concluded that my captor was the father of my whilom friend, and that perhaps matters might not prove as disastrous as they looked.

A half hour's steady pull brought us to the clearing which Thomas McTair had described, and, sure enough, mam was at the pen milking. The old man directed my way up to the rickety rail fence and called his wife to him, speaking to her in husky whispers which I could not understand. By and by he made me dismount and lead the way into the cabin. "Onload, stranger," he said, motioning me to a seat in the chimney corner by the fire. I gave him my pistol and empty flask, which were all I had transferred from my pockets to Thomas McTair's when we changed clothes. Through the open window I saw the old woman leading away my tired nag, and I hoped she would give him a good supper. Presently she came in.

"Bets," said the old man, giving her the rifle, "ye set thar by the table an keep the gun p'inted plumb. Ef the skunk winks his eye onnecessary, why, let her go, Gallagher. I'd like to keep him till the boys kin see the fun, but blaze away ef he shows his teeth. I'll g'long down now."

Bets was a "survigrous" old woman, as Tho[illegible]s McTair had said, and she gazed at me with fire in her eye and her finger on the trigger. I calculated upon the chances of Thomas McTair's probable return to the parental roof and concluded that, for the sake of my health and the welfare of humanity at large, it would be unwise to put off eating and drinking until that time. I looked the old lady straight in her fiery eye and said with the deliberation of a seed tick grabbing for keeps and in the sanctimonious tone of a newly appointed circuit rider:

"Madam, if I should by chance die of starvation before my friend Thomas McTair returns from the wedding, kindly tell him that it broke my heart to go without seeing him once more in this life, and that I shall hope to meet him in heaven." The old woman's hand shook, and I feared the trigger would fall, but it didn't, and I kept on. "Tell my friend Thomas McTair that I will and bequeath to him and his heirs forever my plug horse, my saddlebags and all that in them is, my six shooter and my empty flask, and this I do in return for the favor he showed me in so nobly exchanging this excellent and altogether lovely suit of brown jeans for my old garments, which moth and dust doth corrupt and thieves break through and steal. Amen."

By this time the old woman was in tears. She laid the gun on the table, grabbed a pumpkin pie from the shelf behind her with one hand and about a yard of fried smoked sausage links with the other.

"Stranger," she said, shaking a tear about the size of a marrowfat pea from the end of her thin nose. "Stranger, set to."

She laid a plate upon the table as she spoke, flanked it with a bowl of apple sauce, a corn pone and about two dozen hard boiled eggs. "The cabin's yourn, stranger," she said as I drew my chair to the board.

"And the jug behind the door?" I inquired.

"An the jug behin the door," she said, producing a fat brown demijohn and a cracked glass.

By and by she took the gun, set it over in the corner with a thump. "Ole Tom Lane allus was a born'd fool," she said emphatically as she fished her snuffbox and brush from her pocket and sat down to ruminate. I had about cleared up everything in sight and was feeling wonderfully comfortable inside, when I heard a yell like a stray Comanche's, and old Lane burst in upon us.

"Thank Gawd," he said, grabbing my hand and almost crushing it in his own. "Thank Gawd, ye air 'live an kickin. Blamed ef I didn't think ye'd killed my son Thomas McTair fur the clothes on his back, blarst my ole fool hide."

Thomas McTair came in soon after—and Nancy.

"By gum, stranger," said the big fellow, "but you missed a close call f'um the old man's gun, didn't you? But it's all right now. You're safe, an I've got Nancy." Thomas McTair stuck to his bargain of giving me a comfortable bed, and I staid with them until the sun was high in the heavens next day. My empty flask was filled and in its right place when we changed clothes again.

"You've been a gawdsen to me, stranger," he said at parting, "fur you got me Nancy."

The distant tree tops blazed in the glory of the noonday sun as I turned from the little trail into the rocky mountain road; the gray squirrels warmed themselves amid the branches overhead, rattling down chestnut hulls upon the fallen leaves, and away back in the underbrush I heard the high pitched, happy voice of Thomas McTair, "Oh, git along, git along, git along, Nancy, way down in Rockingham."—Lavinia H. Egan in Philadelphia Times.

Scotland.

Scotland was named from the Scoti, a tribe which had its birth in north Ireland. It was called by the natives Caledonia, "the little country of the Gaels," Gael properly signifying "a hidden rover." The Picts, who inhabited the lowlands of Scotland, were "painted men."

SWEARING IN RECRUITS.

How Simply It Is Done Here and How Impressively In Germany.

"The unostentatious manner in which our national affairs are administrated is well illustrated by the striking contrast between the ceremony of swearing in recruits in our army and the same ceremony in Germany," remarked an officer who is stationed at Fort Wayne. "Here the recruit, after expressing his desire to serve Uncle Sam, is ushered into the room, a bare, dingy, rented apartment, which serves as office for the enlisting officer of the army, and then and there is called upon to repeat after the said officer the following oath, its solemn import marked by the cursory upward tendency of the irrespective right hand: 'I do solemnly swear that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America, and that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies whomsoever, and that I will obey the orders of the president of the United States and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to the rules and articles of war. So help me God.' Signature to this oath makes him, without more ado, a full fledged soldier.

"How different is the following ceremony used in binding Germany's soldiers to their kaiser: The young conscript is conducted to the church of the parish in which he enlists, where he is first addressed by the pastor on the sacred character and great import of the oath he is about to take; then, the flag of his country and that of his battalion being placed on the altar, the embryo soldier is required to place his left hand on these flags, and raising his right to repeat the following oath: 'I swear before God, who is all powerful, and who knows all, that I will serve loyally and faithfully my very gracious sovereign under all circumstances. On land and sea, in peace and in war, and in all places I swear to seek only his good and to do everything to prevent injury to him. I swear to observe strictly the articles of war which have just been read to me. I swear to obey all orders and to conduct myself as every courageous, honest soldier ought to do, delighting in fulfilling the duties that honor imposes upon me. As surely as God will aid me in gaining eternity through Jesus Christ. Amen!'

"Is it not a serious question whether our simplicity in the administration of a sacred oath does not defeat its very purpose? We in this free born American republic are justly proud of our simple, unostentatious ways, marked by want of useless ceremony, and we, by our example, daily administer rebuke to the old world of the vanity of its ways, but let us not carry this feeling too far. Human nature here, as elsewhere, is impressionable, and if an obligation is rendered more binding by impressiveness we should not hesitate to employ its necessary accompaniments even to the 'fuss and feathers' employed by our elders in the sisterhood of nations.

"The average American, unversed in patriotic lore, woefully ignorant of patriotic symbols, is constantly accused of want of devotion to his country, of too great individualism, too little nationalism. Let us hope that this is not so; that our patriotism but lies dormant, awaiting the occasion which will call it into play and make its existent strength emphatically evident to the world

"In the meantime let the soldier swear by his country's beautiful emblem. Furthermore, let the stars and stripes be displayed more often and with more reverence before the people at large. Nothing will contribute further to arouse our heterogeneous population, our too large disorderly element, the product of sordid, selfish individualism, to a realization of other more worthy interests; of a duty paramount to all others, yet so generally lost sight of, to a country that exists, to a flag that waves, on this side of the ocean."—Detroit Free Press.

Napoleon's Great Victories In Italy.

Within 11 days the Austrians and Sardinians were separated, the latter defeated and forced to sign an armistice. After a rest of two days a fortnight saw him victorious in Lombardy and entering Milan as a conqueror. Two weeks elapsed, and again he set forth to reduce to his sway in less than a month the most of central Italy. Against an enemy now desperate and at bay, his operations fell into four divisions, each resulting in an advance—the first, of 9 days, against Wurmser and Quasdanowich; a second, of 16 days, against Wurmser; a third, of 12 days, against Alvinczy, and a fourth, of 30 days, until he captured Mantua and opened the mountain passes to his army.

Within 15 days after opening hostilities against the pope he forced him to sign the treaty of Tolentino, and within 36 days of their setting foot on the road from Mantua to Vienna the French were at Leoben, distant only 90 miles from the Austrian capital, and dictating terms to the empire. In the year between March 27, 1796, and April 7, 1797, Bonaparte humbled the most haughty dynasty in Europe, toppled the central European state system and initiated the process which has given a predominance apparently final to Prussia, then considered but as a parvenu. —Professor Sloane's 'Life of Napoleon'' in Century.

He Shaved Himself.

"I heard a good barber story the other day," said a man in the hotel rotunda, "and for genuine sarcasm I believe it carries off the palm. It may be an old one at that, but if it is it's worth repeating. It appears that a certain barber was trying to describe a certain man to a customer in his chair. He thought the customer ought to know him, as he had lived here a long time and had often sat on platforms at public meetings with other vice presidents.

" 'He is a tall, thin man, with dark hair,' said the barber.

" 'Has he a smooth face?' asked the customer.

" 'No,' said the barber, 'he shaves himself.'"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A youth who is yet classed as a small boy, in whose family there is a physician, came home recently from a visit to the M. D. and seemed to be full of knowledge. "I am not going to play games with kissing," he announced to his own family. "No more kissing games for me." He was pressed for a reason. "Well," he responded, with the air of a child having just made an important discovery, "there is so much disease going around, and most of it is caught by kissing, and who knows what the girls may have?"—Washington Post.

The Anglo-Saxons called New Year's the Wolf-monat because the wolves were more ravenous then than at other times, and the Scandinavians also called it Aefter-Yule. In old illuminated missals and calendars January is depicted as an old man, carrying a woodman's ax and a bunch of fagots, shivering and blowing upon his fingers.—Exchange.

MAKING GEOGRAPHY.

A SUPPOSED PRE-COLUMBIAN DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

An "Authentic Island" and the Ingenious Deductions Made From Its Supposed Location—Mr. Oldham and Other Eminent Geographers on the Question.

The Geographical Journal contains an important paper by Mr. Oldham on a supposed pre-Columbian discovery of America by the Portuguese. The evidence on which the Genoese mariner is to be displaced from the position which he has held for more than 400 years appears, says the London Standard, somewhat slender. It consists of an inscription on a manuscript map executed in London during the year 1448 by Andrea Bianco, a famous Venetian cartographer. On this document, now one of the most valued treasures of the Ambrosian library in Milan, it is recorded that in 1447 an "ixola otintcha," an authentic island, had been discovered 1,500 miles to the west, which is portrayed in the shape of a long stretch of coast line southwest from Cape Verde. The only land in such a position is South America. Mr. Oldham therefore concludes that, as actually happened to Cabral in 1500, a Portuguese ship—and Bianco's map was intended to illustrate the latest Portuguese exploration—might have been driven on the South American coast. Ingenious though this information undoubtedly is, the opinions of Mr. Markham and other eminent geographers, appended to Mr. Oldham's paper, are for the most part rather against the conclusions at which he arrives.

More than likely the "authentic island" was one of the group discovered to the west of Cape Verde, or else some mythical country, such as "Antilia," which so long occupied the position of the Azores. St. Brandan's island was one of those fabulous seagirt spots which, ages after the world had ceased to believe in the fabled Atlantis, were fondly imagined to exist far out in the Atlantic. The Irish saint is supposed to have reached it in the year 565, just as Robert O'Machin and his ladylove inadvertently discovered Madeira 800 years later. But as exploration proceeded, and no St. Brandan's isle could be found, the trustful cartographer, unwilling to dispense with so useful a piece of territory, shifted it farther and farther into the byways of the ocean, until, on Sanson's map of 1669, an island of that name is placed to the west of Madagascar. The silence of the Portuguese regarding their suggested priority in the discovery of America is a strong presumption that they knew nothing about the "authentic island." They were so angry at being anticipated by Columbus that they would certainly have put in a claim, if they had heard of it, to the voyage of the nameless mariner. The early navigators were persistent in holding almost every new land they discovered to be an island.

It is just possible, though not very probable, that such an island existed and has now disappeared below the surface. In the course of the last 400 or 500 years earthquakes, volcanic disturbances and the slow secular depression of the sea bottom have been steadily at work. On the sea charts of 1½ centuries ago various islets are marked which further search has failed to discover. Besides the Atlantis, so long believed in, the old "sunken land of Buss," west of Rockall, that lonely rock in the Atlantic, is by many believed to have been founded on something more substantial than myth, while geological opinion seems again to be stiffening in favor of the once discarded "Miocene Atlantis." But apart from these hypothetical places, or others admittedly fabulous, very recent charts note Atlantic isles which the surveyor has long ago set down as fiction.

Where, for instance, is St. Matthew's island, which Garcia de Loyasa reported in 1525, if it was not really the isle of Annobon, in the gulf of Guinea? Santa Cruz, which in sixteenth century charts is placed about two leagues west of St. Matthew's, Ascensao or the False Trinidad and Santa Maria d'Agosto are equally chimerical, unless they can be merged into actual spots or have perished since their discoverey. All over the Atlantic rocks just rising above the surface had a place on the charts of a century ago. For instance, between St. Helena and Cape Negro, the "African Pilot" of 1799 places "St. Helena Nova" as "doubtful," and between the bay of Biscay and Newfoundland, the "isle of Mayda," the Devil's Rocks and the Green island. But of all of these spots in mid-Atlantic, St. Paul's rocks, or the Penedo of St. Pedro, are about the only ones which have survived the unimaginative cartography of the present day.

We hear nothing of the others. Where are they? Did they ever exist? The Atlantic is so much traversed and retraversed every year that it is scarcely possible for any spot to be overlooked. Indeed new islets are no longer among the annual discoveries of seamen in the Pacific, though now and then we hear of submarine volcanoes throwing up cinder heaps. We are therefore justified in speculating whether the forces of nature may not perhaps have saved the credit of the old navigators by occasionally submerging an islet in the Atlantic.

Slaughtered the Hog.

The Pittsburg Dispatch tells how a "railroad hog" was punished the other day. He had piled the space next to him in a car seat with his bundles, and when a gentleman asked him if any one was to occupy it he replied that the bundles belonged to a man who was temporarily in the smoking car. "All right," said the gentleman, "I will sit in the seat till he comes," and he proceeded to remove the bundles. Pretty soon the owner of the bundles arrived at his destination and he started to gather up his effects. But the gentleman at once put a veto on this, with the remark: "You can't take these bundles. You yourself said they belonged to a man in the smoker." The fellow got mad and abusive, but the gentleman was inexorable.

Finally the conductor was called in, who delivered his dictum as follows: "If the bundles are not claimed by any one on the train, then, by coming around to the depot tomorrow and identifying them satisfactorily we will give them to you." The man's face was as red as fire with rage, and he shook like gelatin, but he could do nothing, so, amid the laughter of the passengers, he rushed out of the car to jump off just as the train was pulling out from the station. And he meekly came around to the depot for his bundles the next day, but swore revenge upon the man who played such a practical joke upon him.

Staunton Spectator.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements are inserted at the rates of 12½ cents per line, for the first, and 6¼ cents for each subsequent insertion.

Local Notices are inserted at the rate of 20 cents per line for the first, and 10 cents for each subsequent insertion.

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One of the most difficult diseases to deal with is Catarrh. Perhaps the *only* medicine that will *cure* it, root and branch, is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. So small is the chance of failure that the makers *guarantee* it in the worst cases.

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NOS. 11 AND 13 W. FREDERICK STREET, NEXT TO JESSER'S

We keep constantly on hand the finest stock of goods in our line ever seen in the city of Staunton. All the latest styles and novelties. Calls attended day and night.

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CHURCH DIRECTORY.

First Presbyterian Church, on Frederick St between New and Market streets, services 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. A. M. Fraser

Second Presbyterian church corner Frederick and Lewis streets. Services at 11 a. m and 8. Pastor, Rev. Wm. Cumming.

Emmanuel Episcopal Church, worship at Y. M. C. A. Hall. Services at 11 a. m., and 8 p. m. Rector, Rev. R. C. Jett.

Trinity Episcopal church, Main street, between Lewis and Church streets. Services at 11 a. m., and 8 p. m. Rector, Rev. W. Q. Hullihen

United Brethren church, Lewis street, between Main and Johnson streets. Services at 11 a. m and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. J. D Donovan.

Methodist church, Lewis street, between Main and Frederick streets. Services at 11 m. and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. J. H. Boyd, D. D

Christ Evangelical Lutheran church, Lewis street, between Main and Frederick streets Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Pastor. Rev. H. F. Shealy.

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

St. Francis Roman Catholic, North Augusta street, Mass at 7 and 10.30 a. m. Vespers and benediction of Most Blessed Sacrament at p. m. Pastor, Rev. Father McVerry.

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

DIRETORY OF LODGES.

MASONIC LODGE.

Staunton Lodge No. 13, A. F. and A. M., meets every second and last Friday night in each month, in Masonic Temple, Main street. Jas M. Lickliter, W. M; B. A. Eskridge, Sec'y.

UNION ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER.

No. 2, meets third Friday in every month, in Masonic Temple, on Main street. W. W. Mc Guffin, High Priest; A. A. Eskridge, Sec'y.

ODD FELLOWS' LODGE.;

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

KNIGHTS OF HONOR LODGE.

Staunton Lodge No. 756, Knights of Honor meets every first and third Tuesday in each month, in Pythian Hall, Main street. W. L. Olivier, Dictator; W. A. Burnett, Recorder.

MOUNTAIN CITY LODGE.

No. 116, I. O. G. T., meets every Friday night in their lodge room over Wayt's drug store on Main street. A. S. Woodhouse, Chief Templar F. B. Kennedy, Sec'y.

DISTRICT LODGE.

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

ROYAL ARCANUM.

Augusta Council, No. 490, Royal Arcanum meets every second and fourth Tuesday in the month, at Pythian Hall, Main street. W. W. Robertson, Regent; Jos. B. Woodward, Secretary.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE

Charity Division, M. A., Sons of Temperance meets every Monday night at Odd Fellows all. W. A. Rapp, Worthy Patriarch; John B. Coffelt, Sec'y.

UNIFORMED RANK, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

E. B. Stuart Division, No. 10, meets second and fourth Mondays each month at Pythian Hall. Sir Knight Captain [illegible] B. Berkley; S Knight Recorder, S. [illegible] osenbaum.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Valley Lodge, No. 18, K. of P., meets Monday night at Castle Hall, on West street, over Dr. Wayt's drug store. C. T. Hammond, Chancellor Commander; Albes Keeper of Records and Seal.

KNIGHT TEMPLARS.

Staunton Commandery, No. 8, Knights Templar, meets first Friday night in every month in Masonic Temple, on Main street. W. B. McChesney, Eminent Commander; A. A. Eskridge, Recorder.

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

Meets in their wigwam, in Valz Building every Wednesday at 7th run 30th breath setting of the sun. S. S. Peterson, sachem James W. Blackburn, chief of records. A visiting brothers welcome.

AMERICAN LEGION OF HONOR.

Valley Council No. 736 meets on the first and third Mondays in each month. Commander A. S. Woodhouse; secretary, Dr. J. M. Hange collector, Isaac C. Morton, Jr.

CATHOLIC HIBERNIAN BENIFICAL SOCIETY.

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

"STONEWALL" BRIGADE BAND.

Band meets every Monday and Thursday orchestra, every Wednesday, at 8 p. m., in City Hall. Mr. J. M. Brereton, director, J. A. Armentrout, president, and C. Harry Haines, secretary.

CENTRAL PROHIBITION CLUB.

t on Thursday night of each week, in the room, 119 East Main street. Jas. W. Bod y, Acting President; Preston A. Ross, Secretary

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

Monthly meetings, Fourth Tuesday in the month at 7:30 o'clock. Room in City Hall building Isaac Witz, presid t; J. C. Shields, secretary.