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Spectator.

STAUNTON, VA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1895. VOL. 72.

Staunton

NO. 30.

POKER LIKE A WOMAN

THIS IS THE WAY A WRITER SIZES

UP THE NATIONAL GAME.

The Better You Think You Know Either

the Greater Becomes the Mystery-But

"Do you know anything about the

"Just enough to stay out of it," said

There is a curious unanimity of mod-

esty about poker, especially among those

who know something of its fascinations.

claimed to be familiar with the game.

Poker is something like a woman-the

longer you know her the less you know

her and understand her. That is to say,

ing contempt, inspires that respect which

waits upon uncertainty and attends the

unknowable. The best poker players are

married men. The oftener a man is

married the more modest he is about

"sizing up" womankind. He loses con-

fidence in his own judgment of human

nature. He becomes wary. He lies in

wait, never thoroughly satisfied in his

own mind as to what will turn up next

-never absolutely certain whether over

against him is ace high or a royal flush

-"bluff" or "a dead, lead pipe cinch."

I hope no lady—especially a married lady—will read this. It is no desire of

mine to raise the ante on their possibili-

ties. This out of sincere regard for my

It is only the young and inexperienced

who know all about women. It is only

the fresh young amateur who knows all

about poker. And, like the man who

staggers up against a roulette wheel for

the first time, this sort of daring not in-

and caution quit the loser. Everybody

has heard of the innocent who steps up

and plants \$1 or so on the winning OO

and calls the turn on the last cards out

of the box on the first deal-while the

expert, with or without a system, is con-

tent with odd or even or plays the seven

open and unostentatiously coppers the

ace. So the same inexperienced player

will sit down at poker and for a time

baffle the wit of the keenest card sharp.

His very ignorance of the rules of the

Poker has been defined by a cynic as

game at which one friend sits down to

rob another. For the man of wisdom not

a gambler will not rashly engage with

the opportunity of holding up the other

up of amateur sports and a sly expert or

two worked in to leaven the lump. Men

who make a living by cards affect the

"gentleman's game" about the hotels

and clubrooms, the real gentlemen be-

ing their lambs for the shearing. The

professional game, strictly as such, is al-

most unknown. In these times of anti-

gambling laws every hotel in the city

has become a gambling house, poker be-

ing the ruling game. Go through any

down town hotel during the summer

when doors are ajar and you will find

There are three things of importance

besides knowing the game-cards, cour-

age and judgment of human nature. The

last is the greatest of all. The ability to

read the human countenance-to cast

the probable value of a flutter of an eve-

lid, to detect the slightest tremor of a

muscle, to accurately gauge the intona

tion of a voice-these are acquirements.

and to be able to do all of these with

each and every new opponent would be

perfection. Men are very different, and

no two men at poker can be measured by

the same standard. If to study man is

the proper study of mankind, poker is

Theoretically four aces beat any lesser

ing fact, perfectly familiar to every lover

of the game, no hand at all is necessarily

winner, the outcome largely depending

upon the nerve and judgment of the

player. A pair of deuces and a royal

flush of nerve have been known to work

wonders. There is where the fun comes

in. You can count safely on nothing-

except of course that the other fellow

will "do" you if he gets an opening

Just keep your eyes on him. If you hav

an eye in the back part of your head

Never presume on human honesty in

a game of poker. It will save hard feel-

ings, if not money. The man who is the

soul of integrity in ordinary business

will turn you down in a horse trade and

do you up at poker without a twinge of

conscience. The essence of poker skill

lies in deceit—and the more deceitful

Women make good poker players, but

never play any game with money in it

When a man can draw one card, with

fours in hand, with exactly the same

impassive countenance or expression of

one higher step, and that is to be able to

In poker checks or any other promises

don't go. It is c. o. n.—cash on the nail.

Nobody of experience of the game will

trust anybody who plays it. That is an-

other beauty of the institution. You just

shake off all moral obligations and meet

every man on the dead level of a com-

mon humanity. A man's check or word

of honor may go for thousands in Wall

street and be no good at poker. Cash is

a necessary rule of the game. If you

haven't cash and cash to spare, vou'd

better stay out of it. Better to stay out

A Clever Solicitor.

hand, he either lost it or else he wonit.

If he was successful, he wrote:

Mr. J. B. Brown (Re Brown v. Smith):

Sometimes it was the one way and

Mr. Benjamin James was a solicitor.

myhow. - New York Herald.

sometimes the other.

read such a face correctly.

with a woman. She can't help cheating,

and when you catch her at it you can'

punch her in the nose or kick her out.

you are the more likely you will be to

come out ahead.

too, it will be of great assistance.

hand held against them. As an interest

the greatest school ever invented.

scores of games in full blast.

game protects him.

frequently wins where riper experience

familiarity with poker, instead of breed

never saw an old poker player who

game of poker?" I asked of a friend.

Both Are Fascinating-The Three Im

portant Things In the Game.

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STAR ROUTES—DAILY EXCEPTION AND THE EXCEPTION AS IN MICHAEL SAME TO AND THE EXCEPTION ASSET TO AND THE EXCEPTION AS IN MICHAEL SAME TO AND THE EXCEPTION AS I

BALTIMORE, MD.

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R. A. CLEMMER.

'Way up in a garret high Just a few feet from the sky Dwell I in Bohemia.
What care I for aught below?
There have I nor friend nor foe; Pity I the struggling throng While I live my life of song

BOHEMIAN UPS AND DOWNS.

'Tween my teeth my brier root— Best of friends, since always mute, Rare thing in Bohemia. Upward as the thick smoke curls What care I for simp'ring girls? Love is weak; my pipe is strong. Why for love, then, be the song Sung here in Bohemia?

Oft my little songs fall flat Hungry? What care I for that, Fasting in Bohemia? Put my only coat in pawn, Live on that and still sing on, Puff my pipe and think I've dined— Barmecidal feasts I find Often in Bohemia.

Haply, then, my rhymelets take With a check my fast to break, Feast we in Bohemia Round the corner of the block, Sign, o'erhead a crowing cock, Mug of beer and sandwich fine, What care we how nabobs dine, Feasting in Bohemia?

Friends have I some three or four-Quite enough, for who has more,
In or out Bohemia?
With them joy is always young;
Grief is but a song that's sung.
Live we, laugh we debonair,
Skies are bright and winds are fair
Always in Bohemia.

—J. E. Campbell in Kate Field's Washington.

THE DOOMED SKATER.

We had cast our lot, my twin brother and myself, in the roughest township of upper Canada. Twenty years are in their graves since then—20 years rung out and rung in by the clang of the woodman's ax-and still that township lies in the heart of its primeval forest. Clotted woods overhang the solitary village, composed of a few log huts, nightly drenched as with a death sweat from the malaria of the swamp. But we came, young and impressionable, from the old country on a venturous quest

after fortune, and the disheveled wilderness of thicket had its charms for us. A river reft the huge tangle of the woods with its dark, sluggish waters, which crept and oozed in among decaying trees on either side. Banks there were none, and the bleached skeletons of the rotten trees alone marked off the channel of the river from the dark fen, fetid with myriad impurities. Such was the aspect of the melancholy Scugog. Our village was by no means a large

The scattered huts which made it up had been knocked together by a sprinkling of hardy pioneers on a soli-tary bluff which repelled the river from its base and gave the fearless settlers some ground of vantage over the surrounding swamp. There was not, however, much cleared ground-nav, very Everywhere we were hemmed by battalion after battalion of monotonous trees. As for our fellow settlers, we found them of a piece with the country -rough and hardy, as they had need to be who 20 years ago colonized the

We were twins. Jack and I. but otherwise unlike. He was a fine fellow. I acknowledged his supremacy and rejoiced in his bold, free spirits. From his childhood he had been the most impulsive creature that ever pointed a moral for headlong youth. Ever in scrapes and difficulties, but never to his dishonor, Jack fought one-half his acquaintances into loving him, which the rest did of their own free will, and my heart still warms involuntarily toward the wild, impulsive boy, with his head-

strong soul all agog for mischief. I confess I was somewhat dismayed by the aspect of our new country. Fresh from the sunny lanes of Kent and the loved circle at home, could it be otherwise? But as for Jack, he was in raptures with everything that disquieted me. Nothing was more charmingly romantic than our hut on the bluff and no river could equal the brown, melancholy Scugog.

We did not settle down to the regula-We tion life of the settler all at once. determined to sip the nectar of life on the Scugog, if indeed there was any of that ambrosial draft to be drained in the township. The fascination of the swift canoe kept us almost constantly on the dark, mysterious river, and, in truth, there was scarcely any other outlet from our dwelling save on its waters. By day we fished, and we shot from our frail skiffs, and by night, when the moon was up, we would paddle them in her silvery wake. I have said that a few rough settlers

formed our society on the Scugog. Among them were some half breeds—a species of degenerate Indian-who had sunk from the dignity of forest life to the servitude and buffeting of the white settlers. They were lazy, good for nothing fellows, except in the matter of fishing or shooting, wherein they were proficients. We found them useful in giving instruction in the canoe life of our river home. I preferred, for my own part, to go pretty much by myself on our water excursions. Jack, however, had no such idea of placid enjoyment, and speedily leaving me to my aquatic reveries he hired a hang dog looking scoundrel named Olier to assist him in the management of his canoe. I am no great disciple of Lavater, but I never liked that half breed. All these dregs of Indian nobility are sallow, blear eyed there's death in a rifle bullet!" creatures, with a world of cunning, but this fellow was chief of them all for every repulsive trait. Of course Jack ridiculed my sentiments about his new servitor. He was a match for half a dozen-20 fellows like Olier, he said, and it was all right, and I was not to

bother my head about him. It was getting late in the fall. The Indian summer—that beautiful dream of loveliness-had restored to rs in evanescent beauty the glories of a Canadian autumn. The forests were as gay with color as a herald's tabard, and the air was yet balmy with the lingering sweetness of summer. One exquisite evening, born of one of these lovely days, I was listlessly smoking as I lay on the top of the bluff, vacantly sketching home landscapes in the dark Scugog rolling beneath. A canoe shot round the bend of the river below the village. It was paddled by a solitary figure, who turned out to be Jack. I knew he had gone down the Scugog to fish along with Olier, but now no half breed squatted in the opposite end of the canoe. A vague dread seized upon me as Jack, running his little bark sheer up the bank, shouldered his paddle and marched up to me. "How now, Jack? What have you done with your charming companion?"

"Gad! I don't know," replied my brother, sitting down oriental fashion | Safe he was in the tangled thicket, but "Not know?" "Not a bit." was his answer. "How from my wrath.

I inquired, disguising my conjectural

his arms as would have made a few "Oh, I perceive. He's gone tracking

deer or something of that sort," said I, immensely relieved by Jack's manner. There was a slight pause. My fears returned. I felt there was something wrong. "Well," said Jack, "I'll tell you.

don't see why there need be any secret about it. You were quite right about that Olier, you were. He's a good for nothing fellow and coolly refused this afternoon to paddle me when I wanted to go down the river a bit farther than

"I ran the canoe upon a yard of bank -whether an island or not I cannot tell -gave the insolent rascal a good bastinado with the paddle and set him

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, with horror. "Don't you know, Jack-haven't you sense enough to understand-that these Indian fellows are vindictive to the last degree; that they will never forget or forgive a blow?" "Pooh!" said he, getting up quite

merrily and marching homeward, saying over his shoulder: "Oh, don't you

bother yourself! Olier will be down on his marrow bones tomorrow, see if he isn't. Besides, I owe him half a dollar. Tomorrow came, unfruitful with the half breed's submission. The story got abroad among the huts, and the old settlers, who knew their man, shook their heads ominously and boded no good to my impulsive brother. However, two days passed harmlessly, during which Tack and I fished and shot together. Olier had not reappeared, and I began to breathe more freely. Doubtless he had left the district. He was an unset-

tled fellow, at any rate, and had no

property or tie in the village to tempt

Twenty miles below the village the dark Seugog whitens into rapids and is hurled with gigantic power over a lofty precipice. I had often wished to see the falls, but it had been hitherto impossible to accomplish the distance by my single arm. At last my wish was to be gratified. A shooting party was made up by some of the villagers, and at my urgent request I was included. The arrangement was to spend a night at the falls, camping out on the bank, and return the following day. Instead of canoes we were to sail down in a large flat bottomed boat, termed in Canadian parlance a scow. Strange to say, Jack did not care about going, saying that he would enjoy himself more in his own canoe, and as we were already crowded

for room we did not press him to change

Our expedition had little in it note worthy. The river for over 20 miles' sail remained the same monotonous, melancholy Scugog, never varying for the space of a hand. Not a vestige of and the falls, not a glimpse of bank. The trees lined the waters like a wall. and save the wild game no one ever tried to force a way through their close knit ranks, woofed at the base by a table of unwholesome verdure. This aspect I had stern reason for remembering. The only bright thing was the patch of cloudless blue sky seen at the extremity of this long reach of wood and water. Over all brooded the intensest silence. No hird trilled us a single song: all was still save for the lugubrious woodpecker, which, perched on a rotting tree, hammered its hollow sides with its beak. Tap, tap, tap! It was a most unearthly sound.

We had seen the stupendous falls in their lonely majesty and were steering homeward in our scow. As we neared the village again, distant only some five or six miles, the sun was sinking behind the tree horizon. A slight blue haze bathed the long reaches of the river with ineffable softness and beauty. We voyaged on a liquid field of cloth of gold. But ever and again, marring my intense perception of its loveliness, came the ghastly tap, tap, tap of the woodpecker. I could not resist a chilly sensation of horror as I listened to the measured cadence echoing through the solitude. It sounded like a coffin maker hammering at his dismal task. A relief suggested Some of my companions were French Canadians and the evening before had cheered our bivouac with some gay refrains of sunny France. I asked them for a stave, but I said nothing about the woodpecker, whose note I wished them to drown. A strong chorus soon vanquished the bird of ill omen and rang up the vaulted river. I recollect the strain well. It was a favorite voyagers' ditty, sung to the dash of the

Suddenly the song lulled, and again I shuddered as I heard the reverberating tap, tap of the ominous bird aloft on a spectral fir. My companions had ceased rowing, too, and called my attention to a canoe which was floating down the river a few yards ahead of us. They thought it was a break loose and stood by to strike a boat hook into it, with the prospect of a reward from the owner up at the village. It soon dropped down to us and came, like the note of that ghostly woodpecker, tapping against our skiff. There was a stifled cry of horror from the settler at the bow, and as we crowded forward to see what was the matter another cried out the awful tale of blood, "Here, young fellow, see your brother-stalked by Olier as sure's It was an awful end! My poor broth-

er lay bent over his idle paddle in the canoe, weltering in his heart's blood. An avenging bullet had passed through his heart. Stalked by Olier! Fiendish Indian, that was thy work, and my brother's blood rested on thy head! I shall not now detail the agonies of that Indian summer. Through all my grief ran the thought of an exterminating vengeance. Vengeance? Nay, scant justice. I sought what has been law since the world began-blood for blood. It was vain in those early times of a judicial system in Canada to seek for a rigorous pursuit from the dispensers of legal justice. The criminal executive might be willing, but their arm was weak. Retribution in the trackless wild of wood and water where I dwelt could proceed only from my own steady pur-

pose and solitary endeavor. I could depend but for small aid on the settlers. Some of them indeed cursed the foul murder in no stinted speech but others again imputed little crime to the blood stained redskin and even went so far as to justify his sneaking code of vengeance. Olier had left the district. but a certain instinct told me he would ere long come back again. Likely enough he would suppose I could not long remain in a place to which such hateful memories clung, and then he might safely venture back. I waited my time. to the end I knew that no cov heaven would preserve him harmless

should I be acquainted with all the ins Winter set in, hard and white and and outs of that Rosamond's bower?" cold. The river Scurgor was a level road

of ice. The trees were choken up with snow, and on each side of the ice bound river the forests towered like massive cliffs of chalky rock. No path could now be forced into the recesses of the forest below our village. Scarcely had winter settled down for his undisturbed reign when I heard whisperings that the villain half breed was again hovering on the outskirts of the settlement. It was told me that he was living in a kind of wigwam above the village, and also that he had more than once come to the very dwellings of the settlers by night to visit his friends and obtain various articles for his camp. I knew it would be vain to attempt to track him to his wigwam or, at all events, to surprise him. His woodcraft was much too deep to admit of such a possibility. But a strange, wild joy trembled through my being when I heard he came by night to the village. A terrible scheme of vengeance swept across my soul, and I felt, no matter how fiendish the spirit, that the doom of the half breed was fixed, and that I was to be his unrelenting execu-

Night after night I lay concealed at the bluff awaiting the murderer. I was armed with pistols and wore skates. Skating was an amusement which I had excelled in when a schoolboy, and facility in the art was of the last importance to my scheme of retribution. At length he came. It was an exquisite night. The white expanse around sparkled in the sheen of a young Canadian moon which sailed calmly through a cloudless sky. I could have shot the villain as he skated by me within 50 yards, but I would not risk the chance, and besides my vengeance cried for a sterner fate than death by the pistol. No sooner was he past my hiding place, than with a shout of exultation, I started on his track. Olier swerved a moment to see who his pursuer was, then, quick as lightning, tried to double up the river again. But I had anticipated this, and with a cocked pistol in either hand I barred his passage. With a curse he turned and sped swiftly down the ice.

And now the race for life began. Mile after mile we swept along in silence. An awful, portentous silence it was, through which nothing broke save the hollow boom of the swift steel cutting its way over the imprisoned river. The moon lit me nobly to my vengeance He could not escape me, for I found with savage glee that I was a match for the swift footed Indian. Olier soon became aware of this, too, for now and again he would skate close to the woods looking in vain for an aperture. But no; there was but one outlet from this walled in river, and that was over the

Faster and faster yet we skated toward the cataract. It could not be far off. I pictured to myself what Olier's thoughts might be. Did he know whither he was hastening, or had that awful light yet to flash on his guilty mind? thought. I saw him in the pale shimmer start convulsively and throw his arms in the air. But he dared not stop, and on he darted again with a vell of despair, which echoed weirdlike up the frozen channel. Another sound came to my ear, and I knew what had caused that cry of agony to burst from Olier; it was the dull thunder of the falls! We were nearing them fast. Still the walls of snow shut in my victim, and every moment lessened his frail hopes of escape. One chance was left him-to distance me and hide somewhere in the snow from my scrutiny. Vain hope; the wings of the bird could scarce have taved him!

Hoarser and louder grew the noise of the waters. If I thanked the Almighty in frantic prayer that the murderer was delivered into my hand, I humbly trust that it is forgiven me now. From the time I had first started on Olier's track we had maintained exactly the same distance between us—perhaps about 100 or 150 yards. I still grasped my loaded pistols ready for any stratagem on the part of the murderer.

And now the crash of the falls came loud and ominous on the ear. Another five minutes would decide the hunt. Suddenly Olier turned and stood at bay. He was not armed. I had felt certain of that all along, for otherwise he would have measured strength with me before. Without abating my pace, I skated down upon him, holding a leveled pistol in each hand. Still my purpose was as fixed as ever only to shoot the villain as a last resource. When I was within 20 yards of him, the coward faltered and again turned swiftly down the river. With a yelling laugh I pursued him, pressing still more hotly on his track. Deafening was the roar of the cata-

ract. High into the pale sky ascended the mist of its spray, through which the splintered lines of the moonlight darted in rainbow tinted beauty. I could see directly in front the jagged line of the ice where it was broken by the rapids immediately above the cataract, and bevond I could trace the dark volume of the Scugog as it emerged from its prison of snow and ice. For an instant the half breed turned his face toward me as I pressed, with concentrated hate, on his footsteps. Never shall I forget the horrible despair that distorted the villain's features. It was a mercy that the sullen roar of the falls drowned his curses-I knew he was shricking curses on me-for they would have haunted me in after years.

With the courage which is begotten of the darkest despair, he dashed on to the brink of the rapids, and the next moment I was alone on the ice! I gazed with stern joy on the dark flood which had seized in its resistless hands the shedder of blood and was hurrying him over the falls. For a moment I thought I could perceive the murderer struggling in the eddies, but the illusion, if it was one, could live only for an instant. The cataract was within pistol shot, and as I turned back over the dreary wilderness of ice and snow I knew that the doom of the guilty skater had been fulfilled. -Chambers' Journal.

A Ten Inch Vermiform Appendix. The vermiform appendix, or cul de sac, the death trap attached to the large intestines in the human and allied species, and which of late has received much attention, has been believed by some to be an organ just developing. It has even been argued that the babies of three or four centuries hence will all have to be operated on for the purpose of removing that useless appendage. Recent developments, however, in dissecting a gorilla, proved that the animal's appendix vermiformis was 10 inches in length, whereas in the human being it seldom exceeds 3 inches. From this It is around that the appendix is really breeding ont, and that the future man, instead of having that organ developed to the size of a ten pound sugar sack, will really have none at all.—St. Louis

Twin Hills on the Prairies Made Up of

Oyster Shells. In the south central portion of North Dakota lies a butte, or mountain, which is a wonderful relic of an ancient era when the ocean covered the state. It is really two buttes, 200 or more feet in height, which are composed of little else than oyster shells. They are in the extreme southwestern part of Logan county, about 75 miles southwest of this city, and probably 35 miles east of the Mis couri river. The base of the butte, which at a height of about 100 feet is divided and forms two peaks, each about 100 feet high, is about three-quarters of a mile in length, oblong in shape and lies extended in a northeastern and sonthwestern direction. The sides are precipitous, except at the southern extremity, where it is possible to drive part way

The butte lies in a region almost entirely settled by Russians, and none, so far as could be learned, has even visited it or even given it a name. It is a conspicuous landmark, visible for miles in every direction, as it towers above the surrounding rolling prairie and the valley of the Beaver—a tributary of the Missouri river-near which it is located. Very little vegetation is found on the butte besides prickly pear and in favored spots bunches of grass. The northern end of the butte, which has borne the brunt of wind and rain for numberless centuries, is scarred and eaten away and presents almost vertical walls to the northwest winds. Here and there on its face are huge blocks of the cemented shells, which form a kind of rock, which from a distance appears ready to fall ontward and downward with a crash. The jutting crags and rocks make a wild and picturesque sight.

The southern peak, which can only be

surmounted after a stiff climb, is nearly flat on top, oval in contour, and nothing is visible on the surface but oyster shells. some of them whole, as though just opened of their contents, some crumbling to dust, as though extremely old, while on every hand are broken shells of all sizes. An excavation on the surface reveals naught but more shells and a slight intermixture of gravel.

The other peak is somewhat different in character and contour, though this, like the other, is composed of nothing but shells. It is rougher, and the shells seem to have been united into a kind of rock which defies the wind and weather. This is separated from the butte by a huge block 10 or 12 feet square and is almost as true a cube in general outline as though the hammer and wedge of the stonecutter had fashioned it. Here and there, projecting from the sides, are at intervals large shells which countless frosts have failed to loosen. A small cave has been discovered in the side of this neak. Shells form its roof, its sides and its floor. The butte is isolated, with no hills approaching it in height to be seen in any direction for miles. - Jamestown (N. D.) Letter in Minneapolis

The Sphere of Silence There are things too low to be spoken of, which indeed become low by being spoken of. The appetites are of this kind. They were meant to be the beginnings of action rather than the end of speech. and under the dropping of words they are as wholesome food analyzed into constituent poisons. God lights that fire. and does not want our breath to blow it. or the fuel of our thought to feed it. The inferior impulses in man are glorified by being placed at the natural disposal of higher sentiments. They are submitted to the transforming power of generous aspiration and great ideas. Wielded by these, they are far above the level of sense, and are not only controlled by conscience, but dignified by the light of beauty, and ennobled by the alliance of affection. Their just action is secured far less by repressive discipline against them than by nourishing the strength of the humanities that use them, by keeping them wholly inattentive to them

selves, by breaking every mirror in which their own face may be beheld. Purity of mind is forfeited less by exceeding rules of moderation than by needing them, by intuition of the inferior pleasures as such. There might be less of moral evil in the rude banquet of heroic times, marked perhaps by excess, but warmed by social enthusiasm. and idealized by lofty minstrelsy, than in many a meal of the prudent dietician, setting a police over his sensations, and weighing out the scruples of enjoyment for his palate. Not rules of quantity, but habits of forgetfulness, constitute our emancipation from the animal nature. - Dr. Martineau.

Rapid Bridge Building. In the building of bridges the question of speed is a very important one. When the bridge costs \$1,000,000 or more, it becomes important to save interest, and it is always important to reduce as much as possible the period during which the unfinished work is exposed to danger from sudden floods, ice jams and other causes. Says a writer in Professor Shaler's "United States of America:" A remarkable instance of the speed

with which the American bridge can be erected occurred in the case of the Cairo bridge of the Illinois Central railroad over the Ohio river. The two channel spans of that bridge

are each more than 500 feet long. The trusses are 61 feet deep and stand 25 feet apart. The total weight of each span is a little more than 2,000,000 pounds. One of these spans was erected in six days. The false work on which the span was built was then taken down: the piles were drawn and redriven for the second span: the false work again erected on the piles, and the second span built. The whole time used in erecting the two great spans and moving the false works was one month and three days, and this time included five days lost in waiting for the completion of certain maso. . This is the quickest time in bridge building of which there

A Foreboding. "Mandy," said Farmer Corntossel, who had been thoughtfully gazing into the fire for a long time, "they's jes' one thing I want ye ter promise me. 'Whut's that, Josiar?"

is any record.

"When ye git ter be a 'mancipated "But, Josiar, I don't wanter be no mancipated woman. "Thot's all right. Ye never kin tell.

I want ye ter promise thet when ye git ter be a 'mancipated woman an air 'lected to office thet ye won't go ter the hotel an register ez 'Honor'ble 'Mandy Corntossel an husband.' '-Washington

IV 2200 ----"Ah," said the old printer, who had he wrote: just come down to be a waiter in a cheap restaurant, "this is like old times Here I am distributing pi!"-Philadel

Staunton Spectator.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements are inserted at the rates of 12% cents per line, for the first, and 6% 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.

Business Notices are inserted at the rate of 15 cents for the first and 8 cents for each subsequent insertion. sequent insertion.

A liberal discount will be made on a lorders for 3, 6, or 12 months.

Oblituaries, Announcements of Candidates for office, and all communications all or private character, will be charged for an advertisements.

bears the title of the "Devil's House." A curse is supposed to rest upon it, and in proof it is pointed out that in the present century more than 100 deaths have occurred in it, most of which were violent or more than ordinarily pathetic. The curse is supposed to have been put

In Ladyard, a small town in Connecti-

cut, is a house built prior to 1710 which

"What are you so much worried about the future of the country for?" asked Mr. Smiggles. "Haven't you got enough to

upon the place by a girl named Green,

who was ill treated there by a relative

to secure her property. -Philadelphia

bother you right here at home?"
"Yes, John," she answered, "but I thought that after 25 years of married life it was about time for me to take my turn at saving the country, while you did some of the speculating on where the kindling and grocery money was coming from."—Washington Star.

BICKLE & HAMRICK UNDERTAKING PARLOR

OS. 11 AND 13 W. FREDERICK STREET,

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.

FUNERAL OUTFITTED every detail and under careful personal at

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

First Presbyterian Church, on Frederick St etween New and Market streets, services 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. A. M. Fraser Second Presbyterian church corner Freder. ick and Lewis streets. Services at 11 a. m 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. 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. and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. J. H. Boyd, D. D Christ Evangelical Lutheran church, Lewstreet, between Main and Frederick streets rvices at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev

strangers or tempt fickle fortune with Baptist church, corner Main and Washing professional players. He must therefore ton streets. Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m Pastor, Rev. W. J. E. Cox. confine his speculation to his known acquaintances and friends. Notwith-St. Francis Roman Catholic, North Auguste standing the apparent solidity of this street, Mass at 7 and 10.30 a. m. Vespers and definition, it is not very difficult to find | benediction of Most Blessed Sacrament at

men willing to be robbed, so they enjoy | p. m. Pastor, Rev. Father McVerry. Young Men's Christian Association, co fellow. What is commonly known as the Main and Water streets. Services at 4 p. m. "gentleman's game" is usually made Sunda .

DIRETORY OF LODGES. MASONIC LODGE.

Staunton Lodge No. 13, A. F. and A. M., meets every second and last Friday night in each nonth, 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 ev

ery Thursday night in Odd Fellows' Hall, over Wayt's drug store, on Main street. John C retwell Noble Grand: C. A. Crafton, Sec' KNIGHTS OF HONOR ODGE. Staunton Lodge, No. 756, Kr. ghts of Honor

neets every first and third Tuesday in each month, in Pythian Hall, Main street. W. L. Divier, 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 neets every second and fourth Tuesday in the month, at Pythian Hall, Main street. W. W. obertson, Regent; Jos. B. Woodward, Sec-

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

B. Coffelt, Sec'y. UNIFORMED RANK, KNAGHTS OF

PYTHIAS. E. B. Stuart Division, No. 10, meets second and fourth Mondays each monta at Pythian Hall. Sir Knight Captain, F. B. Berkley; S Knight Recorder, S. H. Rosenbe

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS. Valley Lodge, No. 18, K. of P., meets onday night at Castle Hall, on West

street, over Dr. Wayt's drug store. C. T. Hammond, Chancellor Commander; Albes eeper of Records and Seal. KNIGHT TEMPLARS.

Staunton Commandery, No. 8, Knights Templar, meets first Friday night in every month diffidence he will wear in drawing to a hob tailed flush, he will have almost McChesney, Eminent Commander; A. A. E k-

mastered the art of poker. There is but ridge, Recorder. ONEIDA TRIBE, NO. 88, I. O. R. M., Meets in their wigwam, in Valz Building every Wednesday at 7th run 30th breath tting of the sun. S. S. Peterson, sacher James W. Blackburn, chief of records. I

> AMERICAN LEGION OF HONOR. Valley Council No. 736 meets on the first an third Mondays in each month. Commande A. S. Woodhouse; secretary, Dr. J. M. Hange

visiting brothers welcome.

He was a clever man, and he was also a Murphy, second vice-president; D.J. O'Connel

collector, Isaac C. Morton, Jr. CATHOLIC HIBERNIAN BENIFICAL

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

clever solicitor. When he had a case in recording secretary. "STONEWALL" BRIGADE BAND.

Band meets every Monday and Thursday But it was usually the former.

As there were two possibilities to the Hall. Mr. J. M. Brereton, director, conclusion of any action, so he had two J. A. Armentrout, president, and C. Harry forms of announcing the results to his Haines, secretary.

CENTRAL PROHIBITION CLUB

SIR-I am pleased to inform you that I have today won this action. Yours faithfully,

BENJAMIN JAMES.

BENJAMIN JAMES. 1 y, Acting President; Preston A. Ross, Secre If, on the other hand, he lost the case, ary

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Mr. J. B. Smith (Re Smith v. Brown):
SIR-I regret to inform you that you have
today lost this action. Yours faithfully, Monthly meetings, Fourth Tuesday in the month at 7:30 o'clock. Room in City Hail build ing Isaac Witz, presid t; J.C. Shields, secre

Staunton Spectator.

C. S. W. BARNES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 4 West Main Street, STAUNTON, VA.

W. H. LANDES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, STAUNTON, VA. No. 2, Court House Square. aug 9-tf

DR. D. A. BUCHER DENTIST.

J. M. QUARLES, ATTORNEP-AT-LAW,

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Staunton. Office No. 121 East Mtain Street.

BY B. AND O.

7.22 a. m. from Lexington and intermediate points.

R. E. R. NELSON,

OFFICE .-- CROWLE BUILDING OPPOSITE Y. M. Special attention given to corporation and 6.15 p. m. for the west.

The Sun!

FEARLESS IN EXPRESSION SOUND IN PRINCIPLE. UNSWERVING IN ITS ALLEGIANCE TO RIGHT THEORIES AND

TIME, but it does not allow its columns to be degraded by unclean, immoral or purely sen-EDITORIALLY, THE SUN IS THE CONSISTENT ANT UNCHANGING CHAMPION AND DEFENDER OF POPULAR RIGHTS AND INTERESTS against political machines and monopolies of every charac-

The Baltimore Weekly Sun.

The Weekly Sun publishes all the news of each week, giving complete accounts of al events of interest throughout the world. As an AGRICULTURAL paper THE WEEKLY SUN is ucal experience, who know what farming neans and what farmers want in an agricultura journal. It contains regular reports of the work of the AGRICULTURAL experiment

AND PUZZLE COLUMNS, a variety of interesting and instructive selected matter and other features, which make it a welcome visitor in city up of clubs for the Weekly Sun. Both the

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. "Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D.,

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."

111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria. Castoria cures Colic. Constination Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation,

Without injurious medication "For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficia!

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes di-

New York City. 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

BY C. AND O. RAILROAD.

STAR ROUTES.

STAUNTON OFFICE

STAR ROUTES-DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

TO INVENTORS. If you have made an invention you want a patent. And you want a good one. There are various kinds of patents. Some of them are not worth keeping around the house. They don't protect. It is as unsafe to trust to them

NOTICE. 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 sent you free.