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NO. 31.

ARE TRYING TO SOLVE.

An interesting discussion took place

recently in Paris at a meeting of scien-

tists as to the distance of the nearest

fixed star. A number of astronomers had

been asked to make observations of a

certain star, and then to report the result

It was discovered that no two calcula

tions agreed, but the astronomers de-

parted with feelings of great satisfaction.

for in no case was the difference between

any two results greater than 20,000,000,-

There are eight planets moving about

the sun, of which the earth is one, and

astronomers have calculated, with very

these bodies from each other and from

But when we come to the fixed stars,

which are themselves suns, many of

them far larger and brighter and hotter

than our own sun, and around every one

of which it is not improbable that a

family of planets is moving, the task of

computing distance is far more difficult.

The abyss of space that separates us from

our nearest stellar neighbor is so enor

mous that the human mind cannot even

form the slightest conception of it.

Even astronomers, who are suspected by

some of possessing minds of more than

human capabilities, confess that this dis-

tance cannot be adequately represented

Nor is the ordinary astronomical unit,

or distance of the sun from the earth,

sufficiently large to be convenient in ex-

pressing the distance of the stars-that

is, if we attempt to denote the distance

of the nearest fixed star by stating that

it is "so many times the distance of the

earth from the sun," it is found that

this unit is entirely too small to be used

with convenience, though it measures

satisfactory to take as a unit the distance

that light travels in a year, which is

about 63,000 times the distance of the

earth from the sun. Thus, if we say a

particular star is at a distance of ten

planet, revolving around a third rate

degree of accuracy the enormous dis-

tance of any one of these stars. The

nary mind can comprehend them only

when they are represented by some il-

lustrative comparison. This may be

globe. Mars will become a rather large

pinhead at a distance of 327 feet from

the central body. Jupiter, the largest of

all the planets-in fact, larger than all

the others put together-will assume

the respectable dimensions of a moder-

ate sized orange nearly a quarter of a

mile from the globe. Saturn, the beau-

tiful ringed planet, will be represented

by a small orange two-fifths of a mile

from the mock sun. Uranus will be a

full sized cherry or a small plum three-

fourths of a mile from the same object.

Neptune, the most remote of all the

planets, so far as known, will be fairly

indicated by a good sized plum at a dis

If, however, we attempt on the same

scale to indicate the distance of the near-

est fixed star, we impose a heavy task

on our power of imagination. For such

a star would be represented by another

globe, about 2 feet in diameter, at a dis-

tance of 8,000 miles-in other words, at

earth, on the end of a line drawn

through the earth's center from the globe

the antipodes, at the other side of the

In 1838 Bessel succeeded in demon-

strating and measuring the parallax of

the star known as 61 Cygni, and then,

by a protracted series of calculations, in

determining the distance of this star as

60,000,000,000 miles. This announce-

ment created a great sensation in the

scientific world, and the fortunate Bessel

was loaded with congratulations and

medals of honor. Then Struve published

the results of his observations of the

same star, in which he located it at not

less than 40,000,000,000 miles. Curious-

ly enough this announcement was re-

ceived as a confirmation of Bessel's dis

covery. A matter of 20,000,000,000

However, one star is known to be

nearer than 61 Cygni. This is the star

known as Alpha Centauri, which is sit-

nated in the left foot of the constella-

tion of the Centaur in the southern heav-

ens. It is never visible in northern lati-

tudes, and its distance is about 35,000.

000,000 miles. This distance is repre-

sented in terms of light years, as ex-

plained above, by 3.6-that is to say, if

this star should suddenly spring into ex-

istence from nothingness we should

know nothing about it until nearly four

The New York Young Man.

Fifth avenue is thronged with church

parade. There one sees in all his splen-

dor the New York young man. Some

how, notwithstanding all his efforts to

be English, he never quite effects it.

Either his hat is too curly, his coat too

long, or his trousers overpressed. He

looks like an advertisement for a fash-

ionable Manchester tailor, and represents

the wide difference between gentleman-

ly and a gentleman. My impression is,

by the way, they will never be able to

produce the breed of American gentle-

men until they manage to buy up and

transplant an English public school,

with all its traditions and style. At

present the gilded youth here seem to be

last night as the "rottenest show," but

On Sunday morning the west side of

years had passed. - New York World.

tance of 11/4 miles.

representing the sun.

miles was a trifle.

If we select any flat surface, such as a

just sprung into existence.

done as follows:

Experience has shown that it is more

in terms of miles.

93,000,000 miles.

little chance of error, the distance

veniently recorded in miles.

Q00 miles.

of these observations to the meeting.

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Staunton

The first little ship is all for you, Its masts are gold, its sails are blue, And this is the cargo it brings: Joyful days with sunlight glowing, Nights where dreams like stars are grow-Take them, sweet, or they'll be going,

The second ship is all for me A-sailing on a misty sea

And out across the twilight gray.

What it brought of gift and blessing Would not stay for my caressing, Was too dear for my possessing, So it sails and sails away.

The last ship, riding fair and high Upon the sea, is By-and-by.
O wind, be kind and gently blow!
Not too swiftly hasten hither, When she turns, sweet, you'll go with her, Sailing, floating hither, thither, To what port I may not know. —Harriet F. Blodgett in St. Nicholas.

A STRANGE CASE.

The transitory mental aberration of Sidney Davidson, remarkable enough in itself, is still more remarkable if Wade's explanation is to be credited. It sets one dreaming of the oddest possibilities of intercommunication in the future, of spending an intercalary five minutes on the other side of the world or being watched in our most secret operations by unsuspected eyes. It happened that I was the immediate witness of Davidson's seizure, and so it falls naturally to

me to put the story upon paper. When I say that I was the immediate witness of his seizure, I mean that I was the first on the scene. The thing happened at the Technical college in Gower street. He was alone in the larger laboratory when the thing happened. I was in the smaller room, where the balances are, writing up some notes. The thunderstorm had completely upset my work, of course. It was just after one of the louder peals that I thought I heard some glass smash in the other room. I stopped writing and turned round to listen. For a moment I heard nothing; the hail was playing the devil's tattoo on the corrugated zinc of the roof. Then came another sound, a smash -no doubt of it this time. Something heavy had been knocked off the bench. I jumped up at once and went and

opened the door leading into the big lab-I was surprised to hear a queer sort of laugh and saw Davidson standing unsteadily in the middle of the room, with a dazed look on his face. My first impression was that he was drunk. He did not notice me. He was clawing out at something invisible a yard in front of his face. He put out his hand slowly, rather hesitatingly, and then clutched nothing. "What's come to it?" he said. He held up his hands to his face, fingers spread out. "Great Scott!" he said. The thing happened three or four years ago, when every one swore by that personage. Then he began raising his feet clumsily, as though he had ex-

pected to find them glued to the floor. "Davidson!" cried I, "What's the matter with you?" He turned round in my direction and looked about for me. He looked over me and at me and on either side of me without the slightest sign of seeing me. "Waves," he said, "and a remarkably neat schooner. I'd swear that was Bellows' voice. Hullo!' he shouted suddenly at the top of his

voice. Then I saw littered about his feet the shattered remains of the best of our electrometers. "What's up, man?' said

I. "You've smashed the electrometer!" "Bellows again!" said he. "Friends left, if my hands are gone. Something about electrometers. Which way are you, Bellows?" He suddenly came staggering toward me. "The d-d stuff cuts like butter," he said. He walked straight into the bench and recoiled. 'None so buttery that!" he said, and

stood swaying. I felt scared. "Davidson," said I, 'what on earth's come over you?" He looked round him in every direction. "I could swear that was Bellows. Why don't you show yourself like a man, Bellows?"

It occurred to me that he must be suddenly struck blind. I walked round the table and laid my hand upon his arm. I never saw a man more startled in my life. He jumped away from me and came round into an attitude of self defense, his face fairly distorted with terror. "Good God!" he cried. "What was that?" "It's I-Bellows. Confound it, David-

He jumped when I answered him and

stared-how can I express it?-right through me. He began talking, not to me, but to himself. "Here in broad daylight on a clear beach. Not a place to hide in." He looked about him wildly. "Here! I'm off." He suddenly turned and ran headlong into the big electro magnet-so violently that, as we found afterward, he bruised his shoulder and jawbone cruelly. At that he stepped back a pace, and cried out with almost a whimper, "What in heaven's name has come over me?" He stood, blanched with terror and trembling violently, with his right arm clutching his left, where that had collided with the By that time I was fairly scared and excited. "Davidson," said I, "don't be

afraid. He was startled at my voice, but not so excessively as before. I repeated my words in as clear and firm a tone as I could assume "Bellows," he said, "is

"Can't you see it's me?" He laughed. "I can't even see it's myself. Where the devil are we?" "Here," said I, "in the laboratory. "The laboratory!" he answered in a puzzled tone, and put his hand to his forehead. "I was in the laboratory—till that flash came, but I'm hanged if I'm

"There's no ship," said I "Do be

there now What ship is that?'

to forget my denial forthwith. "I supsaid he slowly, "we're both dead. But the rummy part is I feel just as though I still had a body. Don't get used to it all at once, I suppose. The old shop was struck by lightning, I suppose. Jolly quick thing, Bellows-eh?" "Don't talk nonsense. You're very much alive. You are in the laboratory blundering about. You've just smashed

a new electrometer. I don't envy you when Boyce arrives." He started away from me toward the diagrams of cryohydrates. "I must be "as if I was being carried irresistibly deaf," said he. "They've fired a gun, toward the water. I was not very much for there goes the puff of smoke, and I alarmed at first. Of course, it was night never heard a sound."

I put my hand on his arm again, and this time he was less alarmed. "We me as odd. seem to have a sort of invisible bodies," said he. "By Jove! There's a boat com- night there when it is day here. Well, ing round the headland! It's very much | we went right into the water, which

nke the old life, after all-in a different climate. I shook his arm. "Davidson," I cried,

"wake up!" It was just then that Boyce came in. So soon as he spoke Davidson exclaimed: "Old Boyce! Dead too! What a lark!" I hastened to explain that Davidson was in a kind of somnambulistic trance. Boyce was interested at once. We both did all we could to rouse the fellow out of his extraordinary state. He answered our questions and asked us some of his own, but his attention seemed distracted by his hallucination about a beach and a ship. He kept interpolating observations concerning some boat and the dayits and sails filling with the wind. It

made one feel queer, in the dusky labo-

ratory, to hear him saying such things. He was blind and helpless. We had to walk him down the passage, one at each elbow, to Boyce's private room, and while Boyce talked to him there, and humored him about this ship idea, I went along the corridor and asked old Wade to come and look at him. The voice of our dean sobered him a little, but not very much. He asked where his hands were, and why he had to walk about up to his waist in the ground. Wade thought over him a long timeyou know how he knits his brows-and then made him feel the couch, guiding his hands to it. "That's a couch," said Wade. "The couch in the private room

of Professor Boyce. Horsehair stuff Davidson felt about, and puzzled over it, and answered presently that he could feel it all right, but he couldn't see it. "What do you see?" asked Wade Davidson said he could see nothing but a lot of sand and broken up shells. Wade gave him some other things to feel, telling him what they were and

watching him keenly. "The ship is almost hull down," said Davidson presently, apropos of nothing. "Never mind the ship," said Wade.

'Listen to me, Davidson. Do you know what hallucination means?' "Rather," said Davidson.

"Well, everything you see is hallucinatory. "Bishop Berkeley," said Davidson. "Don't mistake me," said Wade 'You are alive, and in this room of Boyce's. But something has happened to your eyes. You cannot see; you can feel and hear, but not see. Do you fol-

"It seems to me that I see too much. Davidson rubbed his knuckles into his eyes. "Well?" he said. "That's all. Don't let it perplex you. Bellows here and I will take you home

low me?"

in a cab. "Wait a bit." Davidson thought 'Help me to sit down," said he presently, "and now-I'm sorry to trouble you-but will you tell me all that over

Wade repeated it very patiently. Davidson shut his eyes, and pressed his hands upon his forehead. "Yes," said he. "It's quite right. Now my eyes are shut I know you're right. That's you Bellows, sitting by me on the couch. I'm in England again. And we're in the dark.'

Then he opened his eyes. "And there," said he, "is the sun just rising, and the yards of the ship, and a tumbled sea and a couple of birds flying. I never saw anything so real. And I'm sitting up to my neck in a bank of sand." He bent forward and covered his face

with his hands Then he opened his eyes again. "Dark sea and sunrise! And yet I'm sitting on a sofa in old Boyce's room. God help me!"

That was the beginning. For three

weeks this strange affection of David-

son's eyes continued unabated. It was far worse than being blind. He was absolutely helpless, and had to be fed like a newly hatched bird and led about and undressed. If he attempted to move, he fell over things or struck himself against walls or doors. After a day or so he got used to hearing our voices without seeing us, and willingly admitted he was at home and that Wade was right in what he told him. My sister, to whom he was engaged, insisted on coming in to see him, and would sit for hours ev ery day while he talked about this beach of his. Holding her hand seemed to comfort him immensely. He explained that when we left the college and drove home it appeared to him as if we drove right through a sandhill—it was perfectly black until he emerged again and through rocks and trees and solid obstacles, and when he was taken to his own room it made him giddy and almost frantic with the fear of falling, because going up stairs seemed to lif him 30 or 40 feet above the rocks of his imaginary island. He kept saying he should smash all the eggs. The end was that he had to be taken down to his father's consulting room and laid upon a couch that stood there. I remember one odd thing, and that

was he wanted very badly to smoke. We put a pipe in his hands—he almost poked his eye out with it-and lit it. But he couldn't taste anything. I've since found it's the same with me-don't know if it's the usual case-that l cannot enjoy tobacco at all unless I can see the smoke.

He described the island as being a bleak kind of place on the whole, with very little vegetation, except some peaty stuff and a lot of bare rock. There were multitudes of penguins, and they made the rocks white and disagreeable to see. The sea was often rough and once there was a thunderstorm, and he lay and shouted at the silent flashes. Once or twice seals pulled upon the beach, but only on the first two or three days. He said it was very funny the way in which the penguins used to waddle right through him, and how he seemed to lie among them without dis-

But the queerest part of his vision came when Wade sent him out in a bath chair to get fresh air. The Davidsons hired a chair and got that deaf and obstinate dependent of theirs, Widgery, to attend to it. My sister met them in the lower town, Widgery trotting along complacently, and Davidson evidently most distressed, trying in his feeble, blind way to attract Widgery's atten-

He positively wept when my sister spoke to him. "Oh, get me out of this horrible darkness!" he said, feeling for her hand. "I must get out of it, or I shall die." He was quite incapable of explaining what was the matter, but my sister decided he must go home, and presently, as they went up the hill, the horror seemed to drop from him. He said it was good to see the stars again, though it was then about noon and a blazing day. "It seemed," he told me afterward,

there—a lovely nig "Of course?" I asked, for that struck "Of course," said he. "It's always

into it. The surface glistened just like a skin-it might have been empty space underneath for all I could tell to the contrary. Very slowly, for I rode slanting into it, the water crept up to my eyes. Then I went under and the skin seemed to break and heal again about my eyes. The moon gave a jump up in the sky and grew green and dim, and fish, faintly glowing, came darting round me, and things that seemed made of luminous glass, and I passed through a tangle of seaweeds that shone with an oily luster. And so I drove down into the sea, and the stars went out one by one and the moon grew greener and darker and the seaweed became a lumin-

ous purple red. It was all very faint and

mysterious and everything seemed to quiver. And all the while I could hear

was calm and snining under the moor

light—just a broad swell that seemed to

grow broader and flatter as I came down

the wheels of the bathchair creaking and the footsteps of people going by and a man with a bell crying coals. "I kept sinking down deeper and deeper into the water. It became inky black about me, not a ray from above came down into that darkness, and the phosphorescent things grew brighter and brighter. The snaky branches of the deeper weeds flickered like the flames of spirit lamps, but after a time there were no more weeds. The fishes came staring and gaping toward me and into me and through me. I never imagined such fishes before. They had lines of fire along

the sides of them, as though they had

been outlined with a luminous pencil. And there was a ghastly thing swimming backward with a lot of twining "And then I saw, coming very slowly toward me through the gloom, a hazy mass of light that resolved itself as it drew nearer into multitudes of fishes, struggling and darting round something that drifted. I drove on straight toward it, and presently I saw in the midst of the tumult, and by the light of the fish, a bit of splintered spar looming over me and a dark hull tilting over and some glowing phosphorescent forms that were shaken and writhed as the fish bit at them. Then it was I began to try to attract Widgery's attention. A horror came upon me. Ugh! I should have driven right into those half eatenthings. If your sister had not come! They had great holes in them, Bellows,

and-rever mind. But it was ghastly! For three weeks Davidson remained in this singular state, seeing what at the time we imagined was an altogether phantasmal world, and stone blind to the world around him. Then, one Tuesday, when I called, I met old Davidson in the passage. "He can see his thumb!" the old gentleman said, in a perfect transport. He was struggling into his

overcoat. "He can see his thumb, Bellows!" he said, with the tears in his eyes. "The lad will be all right yet." I rushed in to Davidson. He was hold-

ing up a little book before his face and looking at it and laughing in a weak kind of way. "It's amazing," said he. "There's a kind of patch come there." He pointed with his finger. "I'm on the rocks, as usual, and the penguins are staggering and flapping about as usual, and there's been a whale showing every now and him out. But put something there, and I see it-I do see it. It's very dim and broken in places, but I see it all the same, like a faint specter of itself. I found it out this morning while they were dressing me. It's like a hole in this infernal phantom world. Just put your hand by mine. No-not there. Ah,

yes! I see it. The base of your thumb and a bit of cuff! It looks like the ghost of a bit of your hand sticking out of the darkling sky. Just by it there's a group of stars like a cross coming out. At first be was unfeignedly glad and seemed only too anxious to complete his cure by taking exercise and tonics. But as that odd island of his began to fade away from him he became queerly interested in it. He wanted particularly to go down into the deep sea again, and would spend half his time wandering about the lower town, trying to find the water logged wreck he had seen drifting. The glare of real daylight very soon impressed him so vividly as to blot out everything of his shadowy world, but in the

nighttime, in a darkened room, he could still see the white splashed rocks of the island and the clumsy penguins staggering to and fro. But even these grew fainter and fainter, and at last, soon after he married my sister, he saw them for the last time. And now to tell of the queerest thing

of all. About two years after his cure I dined with the Davidsons, and after flinner a man named Atkins called in. He is a lieutenant in the royal navy, and a pleasant, talkative man. He was on friendly terms with my brother-in-law, and was soon on friendly terms with me. It came out that he was engaged to Davidson's cousin and incidentally he took out a kind of pocket photograph case to show us a new rendering of his fiancee. "And, by the way," said he, "here's the old Fulmar."

Davidson looked at it casually. Then suddenly his face lit up. "Good heavens!" said he. "I could almost swear"— "What?" said Atkins.

"That I had seen that ship before:" "Don't see how you can have. She hasn't been out of the South seas for six years, and before then"-"But," began Davidson, and then:

"Yes. That's the ship I dreamed of. I'm sure that's the ship I dreamed of. She was standing off an island that swarmed with penguins and she fired a "Good Lord!" said Atkins. "How

the deuce could you dream that?" And then, bit by bit, it came out that on the very day Davidson was seized H. M. S. Fulmar had actually been off a little rock to the south of Antipodes island. A boat had landed overnight to get penguins' eggs, had been delayed, and a thunderstorm drifting up the boat's crew had waited until the morning before rejoining the ship. Atkins had been one of them, and he corroborated, word for word, the descriptions Davidson had given of the island and the boat. There is not the slightest up his job because he has had a warning doubt in any of our minds that Davidor his wife has dreamed of a white son had really seen the place. In some horse. There are various dreams underunaccountable way, while he moved stood by powder men to foretell an acci hither and thither in London, his sight dent or an explosion, and it is very difmoved hither and thither in a manner ficult, often impossible, to get a man who has had one of these to go near the that corresponded about this distant island. How is absolutely a mystery. works. - McClure's Magazine. That completes the remarkable story of Davidson's eyes. It's perhaps the best

authenticated case in existence of a real vision at a distance. Explanation? There is none forthcoming, except what Professor Wade has thrown out. But this explanation invokes the fourth dimension and a dissertation on theoretical kinds of space. To talk of there being "'a kink in space" seems mere nonsense to me; it may be because I am no mathematician. When I said that nothing would alter the fact that the place is 8,000 miles away, he answered that two points might be a yard away on a

encer of paper and yet be brought together by bending the paper round.-ASTRONOMY CLASS. English Illustrated Magazine.

THE MARINE COMPASS

The Reason Why It Varies During Thunderstorms and In Fogs. Apparently the compass is a simple instrument, a needle of steel suspended on a pivot, the needle magnetized either by a magnet or battery, so that its points are attracted north and south. What attracts and determines the position of the needle, whether it be currents of electricity from north and south passing round the earth, or, as vulgar sea knowledge has it, the north pole, scientists yet are in doubt. Of course every school child knows that the compass is useless as it approaches the north pole, the dip is so great, although instruments have been made for the use of vessels destined for voyages of discovery. But this com-mercial age requires that all things should be practical.

The modern steel and iron vessels have made it a necessity that there should be some test for the compass. In fact, upon an iron vessel the compass is useless unless the local attraction of the iron in the vessel can be neutralized or the snn. The various results can be concounteracted. This is done by placing small magnets in the pilothouse, which can only be done correctly by swinging the vessel exactly north and south, then by small magnets overcome the local attraction, until the needle of the compass is correct. There the danger begins. In a month or so the magnets lose part of their power; the iron of the vessel absorbs it. The consequence is that the vessel is in danger. Another thing, a dense fog will neutralize or rather weaken the magnetic power of the needle of the compass, so if there be the least friction in the pivot the needle swings upon, the compass is faulty and the vessel is ashore. It is a singular, unexplained fact that coming to and passing the straits of Mackinac the local attraction of the shore is such that the compass cannot be depended upon for safe navigation. Many a vessel might be saved, if in a fog, by placing a compass at the masthead and "con" the course by the call of the man placed there to observe it. If the ship is near the shore, say within one mile, the needle of the compass will be deflected one-fourth of a point; the shore attracts it. A thunderstorm will change the poles of the compass at times, and summer lightning or any electric disturbance will make a difference. In the fall a brilliant display of the northern lights (aurora borealis) will play hob with your compass. Sometimes the point, especially in the spirit compass, may become very blunt (it is made of brass) and the compass cord will hang. It is a good plan for every captain navigating the lakes to test his compass. Take a piece of steel or a long knife, chisel or file; apply it opposite the north pole of the compass and gradually try to pull the needle either way. If after releasing the

needle from the influence of the article used it swings back and points to the north, the compass is correct—that is if the needle is placed right on the card. But when within a mile or more of the shore the lead is the instrument to be depended upon. I venture to say that every shipmaster will tell you that at times the compass has its moods. But when we take into consideration the many surrounding influences that in our modern iron ship bear upon the efficiency of the compass we wonder there are not more errors.-E. R. P. Shurly in

Chicago Inter Ocean. Now that hypnotism is in the air, our conversation books will have to be re-

modeled, as thus:

Yes, I had a most successful trance last winter. Have you laid up at all? Only for a few days at Christmas just to escape the bills. Well, you take my advice, old man and rent a private catacomb on the three

vears' system. It comes much cheaper

Good morning. Have you hibernated

in the end, and you save all your coal and gas, to say nothing of clothes. We've started a Nirvana club in our neighborhood on the tontine principle. The last person who wakes gets the prize, unless the first who comes to makes off with it.

It is capital, any way, when you are taking a tour. Saves all the trouble of sightseeing. You are just packed up and iorwarded from place to place, with an automatic kodak which records everything you visited. Try it! Will, some day. By Jove, I must be off! I've got to attend an anæsthetic

concert, absolutely painless. And I've got a mesmeric dinner party on tonight. All the bores will be put in glass cases and fed mechanically. Goodby, then. Sleep well!-London Punch. working in rowder Mills.

Apart from the danger of explosions, which, by the way, are less frequent than is generally supposed, gunpowder mills are exceedingly healthful places. Such a thing as a workman dying of consumption is unheard of, the explanation being that the constant breathing into the lungs of dust containing charcoal, sulphur and saltpeter is beneficial to them. As to the death rate in powder

mills, the popular ideas are much exag-

gerated, the average freight yard being

vastly more fatal than they. Statistics

show that from the beginning of this

century, when the Du Pont powder mills

were established, up to the present year, there has been an average of not quite one death a year from accidents or ex-As among the employers, so among the men, fear is almost unknown, the black faced fellows shoveling the gunpowder about as if it were coal and walking through it knee deep, as they would through so much flour. They are perfectly happy, these stolid Irishmen, who go on risking their lives year after vear for about the same wages as are paid in less dangerous employmentsthat is, \$40 or \$50 a month. And yet they are exceedingly superstitions, it being not uncommon for a man to throw

In an old black letter translation of Albertus Magnus the donkey figures in the following extraordinary recipe "Take an Adder's skyn, and Auri pigmentum, and greeke pitch of Reupiriti cum, and the waxe of newe Bees, and the fat or grease of an Asse, and breake seething pot full of water, and make it to seeth at a glowe fire, and after let it waxe cold, and make a taper, and every man that shall see light of it shall seeme headlesse. "-Gentleman's Magazine.

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A liberal discount will be made on all orders for 3, 6, or 12 months.

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

Staunton Spectator.

said a benignant elderly person to a messenger boy as they waited together to cross a street. "Men who take pride in their work are the men who succeed." "Oh, I'm a record breaker, the manager says." "That's the way for a boy to talk. Tell me how you do better than the other boys." "I can take longer to carry a message than any of

Little Nellie persisted in rocking backward and forward in her high chair at he breakfast table.

ed earnestly about her. namma anxiously.

pered Nell.—Exchange.

We keep constantly on hand the finest stock

n every detail and under careful personal at

BICKLE & HAMRICK Nos. and W.Frederick St.

CHURCH DIRECTORY. First Presbyterian Church, on Frederick St

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. Rector, Rev. R. C. Jett.

ween Lewis and Church streets. Services at

1 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

light years we mean that it is so far away that it will take ten years for its H. F. Shealy. light to reach us, supposing it to have Baptist church, corner Main and Washing on streets. Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m It is curious to think that such com-Pastor, Rev. W. J. E. Cox. paratively insignificant creatures as hu-St. Francis Roman Catholic, North Augusta

Young Men's Christian Association, corner

Main and Water streets. Services at 4 p. m. magnitudes are so great that the ordi- Sunda .

DIRETORY OF LODGES. MASONIC LODGE. Staunton Lodge No. 13, A. F. and A. M., meets level field, and place on it a globe 2 every second and last Friday night in each nonth, in Masonic Temple, Main street. Jas

No. 2, meets third Friday in every month, in a grain of mustard seed at a distance of 82 feet. Venus will be indicated by a Masonic Temple, on Main street. W. W. Mc Guffin, High Priest; A. A. Eskridge, Sec'y. small pea at a distance of 142 feet from the aforesaid globe. The earth will be ODD FELLOWS' LODGE.: a slightly larger pea 215 feet from the

> Fretwell Noble Grand : C. A. Crafton, Sec' KNIGHTS OF HONOR ODGE. Staunton Lodge, No. 756, Kr. shts of Honor

> > MOUNTAIN CITY LODGE.

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

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

eets 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 neets every Monday night at Odd Fellows

Knight Recorder, S. H. Rosenbaum KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS. Valley Lodge, No. 18, K. of P., meets

mond, Chancellor Commander; Albes Keeper of Records and Seal. .

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. E k-

etting of the sun. S. S. Peterson, sacher ames W. Blackburn, chief of records. A visiting brothers welcome

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 president; J. J. Kilgalen, first vice-president; J. J

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

CENTRAL PROHIBITION CLUB.

ng Isaac Witz, presid t; J.C. Shields, secre

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Proud of His Work "I hope you like your work, my lad," A PROBLEM THAT THE STAR SHARPS The Nearest Fixed Star-The Distance Billions of Miles-So Far Away Its Location Can Be Appreciated Only by Com-

hem. "-Providence Visitor.

'Don't do that, dear," advised mamma. "You will lose your balance."

Nellie heard, but heeded not. In another moment she was thrown from her perch, and without crying a sound look-

"What are you doing, Nellie?" asked "I'm looking for my balance," whim-

BICKLE & HAMRICK

OS. 11 AND 13 W. FREDERICK STREET,

f goods in our line ever seen in the city of Staunton. All the latest styles and novelties. Calls attended day and night. FUNERAL OUTFITTED

etween New and Market streets, services Il a. m. and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. A. M. Fraser Second Presbyterian church corner Freder

Trinity Episcopal church, Main street, be-

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

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

man beings, inhabiting a fifth rate street, Mass at 7 and 10.30 a.m. Vespers and benediction of Most Blessed Sacrament at sun, should be able to compute with any p. m. Pastor, Rev. Father McVerry.

feet in diameter we may consider this the sun. Mercury, which is the nearest M. Lickliter, W. M; B. A. Eskridge, Sec'y. planet to the sun as well as the smallest UNION ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER. of all the planets, will be represented by

> 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

> neets every first and third Tuesday in each onth, in Pythian Hall, Main street. W. L. Dlivier, Dictator; W. A. Burnett, Recorder.

DISTRICT LODGE.

Augusta Council, No. 490, Royal Arcanum

all. W. A. Rapp, Worthy Patriarch; John 3. Coffelt, Sec'y.

PYTHIAS. E. B. Stuart Division, No. 10, meets second and fourth Mondays each month at Pythian

UNIFORMED BANK, KNIGHTS OF

Hall. Sir Knight Captain, F. B. Berkley; S Monday night at Castle Hall, on West street, over Dr. Wayt's drug store. C. T. Ham-

KNIGHT TEMPLARS.

ONEIDA TRIBE, NO. 88, I. O. R. M., Meets in their wigwam, in Valz Building very Wednesday at 7th run 30th breath

SOCIETY.

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

boy and the masher; they talk very low, between their teeth; they call each oth-CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

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

next minute out leaps the cowboy, either in manners or talk, and the temporary

in the transition stage between the cow. Meet on Thursday night of each week, in the