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Staunton



Spectator.

STAUNTON, VA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1895.

NO. 36.

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STAUNTON, VA. aug 10-tf

5 a. m. from north, south, east and west.

9.57 a. m. from west.

2.40 p. m. from Richmond and intermediate

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LOOK UP.

What's the use of doubting What's the good of cryin? What's the good of tears? What's the good of sunshine Sheer you've got in hope?
—Detroit Free Press.

THE LOST JEWELS.

Ting! Ting! Ting! The electric bell over Detective Martinot's desk told him he was wanted in the office of the chief of the secret service. Opening a large glass door he stood before his superior. The latter motioned him to a chair. "Tell me," he said, "if you have been reading the newspapers and are posted upon the Niantic disas-

"The Niantic," said Mr. Martinot, running the case over in his mind and speaking in the bright, quick way which so pleased the chief. "was an apartment house, an old fashioned, aristocratic structure, facing Washington square. At midnight, a month ago, it burned to the ground with great loss of life. The fire is supposed to have originated in an explosion in an upper story, caused in some mysterious way by the gas with which most of the tenants heated their

is on the wrapper. J. H. Zeilin & "Good." said the chief. "Now I concerns us. There visited here today Henry Williams, the famous diamond collector, whose apartments were in the Niantic, and he tells me that on the night of the fire he was robbed of his fortune in jewels, \$250,000 being sto-

"And you wish me"-"To talk with Henry Williams, get the points of the robbery and recover the missing gems for him. And—I would suggest that in tracing the robbery you may find that the Niantic was set on fire. This involves a case of manslaughter, as lives were lost. In short, it will be the biggest case of the year. And I have in my hand a letter from the Empire Fire Insurance offering \$10,000 reward for the discovery of the

day. 10 a. m. from Mt. Meridian, daily except Sun-"When do I begin?" "Right away. You will find Henry Williams in the reception room."

Detective Martinot bowed in his usual quiet manner and stepped across the hall to where Collector Williams sat. nervously waiting to tell his story. "Before you begin," said Mr. Martipoints north.
1.10 p. m. for Lexington and intermediate not, "tell me why you have waited a month before coming here."

6.00 p. m. for Lexington and intermediate "I have been expecting to find the jewels in the ruins of the building, especially as I have offered immense rewards to the workmen.' "And when did the idea of their be-

ing stolen enter your mind?" "I had a suspicion the night of the fire. But it was too vague to put in words. You must have read that I was the first to give the alarm and the last to leave the building. The fact is that I was awakened that night by a sound in my rooms. And, always on the alert for my jewels, I arose, and, lighting a taper, I stepped out into my private hallway to go to the front room where the jewels were hidden in a safe in the As I did so I heard a swift sound, as though some one was running. It was the merest movement, but it alarmed me, and, fearing to make a mark of myself, I blew out the taper and picked up my revolver. An uncanny something seemed to rush past me: but, recovering msvelf, I flew after it to my hall door. It was closed, and all was still again. 'It's my imagination,' I said to myself. But I went into the

front room to look after the jewels. "I was about to put my hand in the safe, which was behind the picture, when I was startled by a terrific explosion, which seemed to blow the roof off the house. I rushed back along my hallway and threw open the door. The big hall was filling with smoke, and, with a sudden fear for the people in the house, I ran along, knocking on all the doors and calling on everybody to awak-

"Then, flying back to my rooms, I slipped on some clothing, put my watch and money in my pocket, and ran to my front room for my jewel casket. I put my hand in the safe in the wall, but the casket was not there! Across the room was another and similar safe, and, hurrying across, I was about to move the picture from in front of it when a fireman rushed in, shouting: 'Run for your life. The main staircase is on fire!' I would have waited even then, but he seized me by the shoulders and forced me to the iron fire escape, which was already hot with the tongues

"Even then I did not forget the jew els. But, knowing they were in the solid iron casket, I reasoned that they would fall through into the ruins, and that I should recover the box entire. Even if its fastenings melted away there were steel drawers, absolutely fireproof.

"I did not leave the scene, and with this idea in my mind I have haunted the ruins night and day. And now the fact of not finding them, taken with the recollections of that night, convinces me that they were stolen from me before the fire. And there is something else. "That same night my old housekeeper,

who occupies a room on the floor above me, slept very uneasily. Finally she rose, seeing a light burning in the front apartment, where she was sure she had left none, and was about to investigate it when—when the explosion occurred. It was so near her that she was overcome with smoke and escaped with difficulty, flame seeming to be all around

her.
"And still more singular. Yesterday Sarah hobbled out for the first time and naturally turned her steps toward her burned home, where they are still busy with the ruins, and while she stood there a plainly dressed woman came along, wearing on her hand a brilliant marquise ring, one which Sarah thought she recognized as one of

"Would you recognize your jewels," asked Mr. Martinot, "if they had been taken from their settings?"

"As quickly as I would my own fingers," stretching out the long slender hand of a student. "And I will give you my gem catalogue, with each described in it. And upon all," making a very tiny mark, "there is this sign, easily seen with a pocket microscopemy own particular trademark."

'There is one thing certain," he mused as he put on his hat and coat. 'Henry Williams was robbed of those jewels and before the fire. So the Niantic was probably set on fire by some | Martinot betook himself to the lively one—the one who took the jewels. But though simply appointed cottage of Miss it looks a little dark now. The crime Newcastle's parents. "She has the jewwas at night. It wasn't the old servant. els. That is enough for me," he said as Women do not work at night. Yet the step was a light one. It was a gentle-

not a hard footed servant. And when he slipped out so lightly he had that casket with him, hiding it under his coat, of course. That iron casket was heavy and conspicuous, and the first idea was to get rid of it. To do this he must take it to a safe place, break it open and get the jewels out. The Niantic was opposite the park, so of course he would carry the casket over there, and after putting the jewels in his pocket throw the case in the shrubbery. It was found

next morning and ought now to be in the recovered articles department." This line of reasoning so impressed Detective Martinot that he hurried away to the park. Sure enough, the casket had been found, supposed to be dropped by some one running from the burning

building. It was empty. "I declare, it is heavy," observed Mr. Martinot, lifting it. "I wonder that the thief took the trouble to carry it out of the building. Why did he not throw it into the flames or drop it in the hall? It would never have been noticed in the confusion. No wonder that in the hurry of emptying it he dropped a ring-the ring old Sarah saw on the girl's hand. I must visit the pawnshops to see if he has sold the rest of them yet."

When Moses Mendle saw Detective Martinot enter, he was not pleased. "Nothing in your line," he called out before the door closed.

"Come, come, Moses, I've an inducement for you," said Mr. Martinot, taking out a roll of bills. "The fact is some very valuable pieces of jewelry have been taken—special pets of the owner have only to tell you wherein this fire and if you know where they are or can get them I'll pay the pledged price and a nice bonus, providing you tell me the name of the person who brought them Martinot's description and the sight

of the money tempted Moses. "Come to think of it," he said, "a man did leave some very good rings,' pulling out a package with three glisten ing beauties inside, so brilliant that Mr. Martinot could not repress an exclamation of pleasure, "but I can't give his

Reluctantly, but with his eyes upon the greenbacks, Moses finally wrote down a name. Mr. Martinot looked at it and whistled.

"Now, what in the world," thought he as he walked away with the rings in his coat pocket, "can Connor, the green goods king, mean by stealing the Williams diamonds?"

In the office of the secret service there is a great volume of personals, and in this Mr. Martinot read: "Connor, George; born in Connecticut; horseman, bookmaker, reputed wealthy; in green goods transactions; fine looking." Then followed a line a few days old: "Implicated in green goods work; sent to Sing Sing for a year." "Ah, so he may have been in town re-

cently. And now he must tell me the tory of those rings." An upward bound train found Detective Martinot on his way to Sing Sing. "I want to see Connor," he said to the warden. Showing his secret service badge to the green goods king, he said abruptly: "I've come to see you about those rings

you pawned with Mendle. I mean these. They were stelen property, and I confiscated them, you see. "My dear officer," said Connor, glancing carelessly, though Mr. Martinot thought uneasily, at the rings, "you are mistaken, and so is Mendle if he says I pawned them. I never saw them before

in my life." "Better think a minute," cautioned Mr. Martinot. "They are part of the Williams collection stolen from the Niantic the night she burned, but you know more about it than I. Anything more to say?" Connor shook his head.

"Good day. Oh, something else! Here's a letter I brought up for you from your hotel. It's from a lady, postmarked New Haven. Scented. couldn't have known you were here when she wrote. Look! Mr. Jack Connor. A friend probably. I'm going up there today. Any word?"

"Only that it's fortunate for you I'm behind these bars." "Capital!" soliloquized Mr. Martinot on the train. "He holds his tongue because this woman's in the scrape. I'll have to put a little personal in tomorrow's Planet from her. Then I'll come up and see Connor again."

Next morning, when Mr. Martinot visited Sing Sing, George Connor was reading this personal: "Jack-Tell all. Give up jewels. New Haven." "Your ruse is admirable," said Con-

nor with a smile, but nevertheless ill at ease. "Unfortunately I have nothing to Mr. Martinot west back so the city. "I was way off the truth," said he, "or Connor would have been deceived. He

hasn't the jewels. The woman has them. Fortunately I know she is in New Haven, and still more fortunately that Connor isn't allowed to write to his friends for three days yet. The warden says the letter writing takes place then. I must go to New Haven, and if I can't locate a young, pretty woman-she is young and pretty-in three days I'd better resign my position in the service. I'll put up at the best hotel and go ev-

erywhere."
"Anything going on tonight," asked Martinot of the hotel clerk in New Haven, "besides the ball in the hall? No? Then I'll trouble you to send for tickets for me. And, by the way, I shall want a dress suit. Traveling for pleasure, I left mine home." An hour later, snugly located in the

gallery of the palm decked hall, the detective watched and waited, enjoying the brilliant scene about him and almost forgetting the object of his unusual dissipation. Of a sudden there was a hush. A woman was entering the room, and leaning forward like the rest he caught full sight of the object of so much attention as she passed under the palms surrounded by a court of students. From head to foot she glistened with diamonds and jewels of all sorts. "Who is that young woman?" he ask

ed a man near him. "That is Marie Newcastle." "And who is Marie Newcastle?"

"Oh," laughed the man, "you must be a stranger here. Miss Newcastle is a young actress whose parents live here, where she spends her vacations. From a simple village girl she has grown to be the queen of the college boys and the leader among the livelier set of the town. She is frowned upon and petted, but that she is enjoying her youthful reign you will acknowledge when you see her drive down Hillsboro avenue tomorrow afternoon behind her white ponies with a college boy at her side dividing honors with a snow white bulldog. Oh, Marie Newcastle is a college queen.

With misgivings next morning Mr.

lady to appear after her dissipation of

When Miss Newcastle did appear, it was with a hastily donned gown twisted about her in æsthetic fashion, simulating the coils of a serpent. Its delicate green beautifully set off her blond complexion, but the ornament at the neck caught Mr. Martinot's instant attention. This was a frog of the most brilliant emeralds, with a diamond stripe running down its back, while its legs of gold filigree terminated in two enormous pearls. Something in Mr. Martinot's face frightened Miss Newcastle, for she stepped to the portieres and closed them.

"I am sorry," said he, "to be abrupt with you, but I must ask you for those jewels-that frog and the others. They are stolen property, as you know, but if you give them up at once perhaps''-Miss Newcastle smiled, showing a set of very pretty white teeth. "You are mistaken," she said, "for they are not stolen, and if you will allow me to write a note and send it away by a messenger I shall soon receive an answer

Miss Newcastle seated herself at a dainty desk and dashed off a note upon the same paper and in the same hand which Mr. Martinot remembered. "Now," she said, "I will wait up stairs until the answer comes, but you

that will convince you."

may keep this if you like," tossing the No sooner had the portieres closed than Mr. Martinot stepped to the desk, and picking up the blotter held it in front of the overhanging mirror. The words were blurred, but discernible: "Come. Trouble. Jewels you gave me."

The address was plain Rushing out, Mr. Martinot hailed a cab. "Drive to 998 Chapel street," he ordered "and \$5 if you beat a messenger with five minutes the start.'

As the cab drew up to the door a young man disappeared inside. "That is the man I want-the young man who

hides when he sees a stranger.' Up stairs in his room, where the de tective ran two steps at a time to catch him, crouched the young man, deadly pale and trembling from head to foot. "I will confess all—all," he gasped as the frog was flashed before his eyes, telling him that his game was up, "all -all, if only you will not let-let him know.

"I was in debt, horribly in debt. I owed for everything and could not get a cent at home, though God knows I tried hard. And then when I was being posted at my clubs I thought suddenly ofof father's jewels, that he has collected for a lifetime, and one of which would mean so much for me. I intended to slip into the upper apartment and take only one, but I could not find the casket. I had been drinking to nerve myself, and I turned on the keys one after another, trying to light the gas.

"Then I went down stairs to look in ther's rooms, and I awake getting the casket out. "And the fire?"

The boy's face grew so ashen that Mr. Martinot stopped him, thinking he would faint.

"O God! O God!" he moaned. "How can I hope to be forgiven! The sound of that awful explosion rings in my ears night and day. I have hated those awful jewels. I gave Marie most of them. She' sent some to a friend to sell for her. There were so many. But I could not touch one. They were blood covered."

The young man's sobs shook the table upon which he had buried his head. 'The little flame of gas must have exploded near those open torches, father's great antique lights. And the people who died! O my God! I heard them shriek!"

There was a gasping, gurgling sound. Harry Williams was choking, but as he was lifted to the window a queer, weird laugh broke from his lips, and his eyes shone like a madman's. "Red as hell!" he shouted. "Beauti-

The case was never brought to trial, for Harry Williams did not regain his reason, and today his father is a broken hearted old man in spite of the recovery of nearly all the precious gems. -Augusta Prescott in St. Louis Globe-Demo-

Bryant at Williams College.

The great name which we associate with Berkshire is that of Bryant. At Williams college his only college days were passed. Though he cannot be called with exactness a Berkshire man, he was born in sight of the Berkshire hills, across the Hampshire border, at Cummington. There was spent most of his life up to his twentieth year. He entered Williams as a sophomore in 1810, but remained only seven months. The beauty of his person, his reputation for genius and the dignity and grace of his manner made him a marked figure among his fellows, and had he chosen he might have won their affection as a comrade and made his mark as a scholar. But he was not content, and in May

1811, he retired. Something in the atmosphere of the place and of his surroundings he found uncongenial, and he betook himself once more to the retirement of his father's house at Cummington, with a Parthian shot behind him as he left in the shape of a satiric poem upon the town and college, which his friends, out of regard for the fame both of his college and himself, did not for half a century permit to see the light or know the touch of printer's ink. He lived in West college, the oldest of the colleges, and room No. 11 on the third floor is reputed to be the one which he occupied.

Years later the college gave him degrees and enrolled him among her graduates. His desire was to enter Yale, and it is pathetic to know that it was the narrowness of his father's means-him self a scholar and a cultivated gentle man-which prevented him from carry ing out his earnest desire. - Arthur Law rence in Century.

A wag went to one of the stations of the Metropolitan railway one evening and finding the best seats all taken opened the door of a carriage and said: "Why, this train isn't going." A general stampede ensued, and the

wag took the coveted seat in the corner. In the midst of the general indignation he was asked: "Why did you say the train wasn't "Well, it wasn't then," replied the wag, "but it is now."—London Tit-

The poor drunkard lay in the gutter while the thoughtless crowd jeered. Along came the good hearted citizen ad placed the unfortunate in a stand-

ing position.
"Ah," said the crowd. "He has been there himself." So shines a good deed in a naughty world. —Indianapolis Jour-

EYEGLASSES FOR NEW YORKERS. The Costly Coulist, Cheaper Optician and

Cheapest Corner Stand. Opticians crowd this town almost as they crowd Boston. You may count six or eight in two blocks of East Twentythird street, and there are scores up and down Broadway, while dry goods shops and corner stands sell eyeglasses to those that will buy. It costs from 75 cents to nearly as many dollars to be fitted with a first pair of eyeglasses. Those that go to the oculist for a prescription as preliminary to putting on glasses must pay him from \$10 to \$25, or if the eyes need treatment from \$25 to \$100, according to the nature and length of the treatment and the accustomed charges of the

When the patient is ready to buy his glasses, he takes the prescription of the oculist to an optician and orders them Being made to order especially for the patient, they may cost anywhere from \$2.50 to \$15. Persons with complicated disorders of the eye really wear from two to five pairs of glasses in one. Some prescriptions call for two separate pairs, and no prudent man is content to have only one pair of glasses by him, since the loss of his single pair may mean the loss of a day's work or considerable injury to the eyes.

The most careful opticians refuse to examine the eyes of persons that come after eyeglasses, perhaps because the oculists do not send patients with prescriptions to opticians that undertake to perform the work of the oculist. The most expensive way to purchase glasses is through the oculist and the optician. Some very careful persons always visit an oculist before making a change in the power of their glasses. Others simply go on increasing the strength as need seem to direct. It is a good deal cheaper to buy of the oculist-optician, and some persons believe it to be quite as safe as the more expensive method. It is entirely probable that for ordinary conditions of the eye the oculist-optician serves well enough. Most persons that do not guess at their own needs in the matter of glasses either go to an oculist-optician and have him fit them out at from \$2.50 to \$15 or consult a friend. This last is the cheapest method, and it is a favorite one with thousands. The friend, who wears glasses, learns that the other is having some difficulty of sight and offers his own glasses on trial. If they seem to serve the need, the borrower goes to an optician or some other dealer in eveglasses and gets a like pair. He thus saves the fee of the oculist or that of the oculist-optician.

Many persons buy eyeglasses of the dry goods shops. They sell them at from 50 cents to \$1, and they look just like those that the opticians sell for \$2,50. They are perhaps as safe for those whose affections of the eyes are not complicated, but they do not last so long as those of the opticians. They break at the delicate joints. The frames, if they have any, are brittle, and the tiny screws are weak or are put in so badly that they crack the lenses. The dry goods shops, however, cannot compete with the cor ner stands for the trade of a great many persons. There are plenty of old fellows that have been buying their glasses for almost nothing at corner stands any time these 40 years. They never spent a penny on oculists, and they despise opticians. The fact is that science of the eye has grown up since they began to use glasses, and having started with out its aid they keep on in like fashion. It is only because they are not troubled with complicated affections of the eyes that they are able to preserve their sight in defiance of the modern special-

ist.—New York Sun. Strange Use of the Teeth. Mrs. Peary has told what a hard day's

work it was for the Eskimo women in her service when they prepared skins for clothing. The women cleaned the skins, and after a certain number of hour spent in masticating hard hides their laws were quite tired. Polynesian wom en chewing a particular root so as to prepare a fermented liquor must have an equally hard time of it. Primitive man had to use his teeth much more than we do, for he did not eat with

them alone. Every "osteologist has noticed," writes Professor Mason, "how the teeth in the crania of certain savages are worn to the socket, and we are frequently told that this arises from the large quantity of sand in the food." But it is probable that primitive man used his teeth not alone for the trituration of his food. The teeth set on some small ob ject made a vise, and teeth were used for cutting implements. In basket making the teeth were the ready nippers, and the small branches of osiers mus have been peeled by the same means 'Whoever has seen,' writes Professor Mason, "an Eskimo boot neatly puckered all around the edge of the sole will not be surprised at the brevity of the good woman's teeth when he comes across her skull in a museum."-New

A Jehu's Courtesy.

A noted American singer is fond of telling of a little experience she had in Boston once upon a time. She was to sing at an evening concert, and a carriage was to be sent for her. She was staying at the time with a friend, who had a suit of rooms in a large apartment house, in which the tube system of communication with the outer world prevailed. It was past the time when the carriage should have appeared, and the lady was growing a little nervous. She was sitting with her wraps on when the bell rang furiously. Hurrying to the tube herself, the prima donna said: The reply came in a voice heavily

charged with irritation. "I'm a hackman," said the voice, "an I was sent here to git some cussed lady, an I don't know what in time her name is! I've rung ev'ry bell in this house! Are you her?" When informed that the "cussed lady" herself was speaking to him, he

coolly replied: "Well, come on. We'll have to lope it all the way to the hall to get there on time!"-Detroit Free Press.

Oueer Cure For Toothache.

In Staffordshire and Shropshire, England, they have a most extraordinary cure for toothache. The sufferer watches a mole's runway with spade and traps, and as soon as he succeeds in capturing one of these reputed eyeless little animals cuts off its paw and quickly applies it to the aching molar. In orde to make the cure sure and effective, the paw must be amputated while the mole is yet alive. Furthermore, if the aching tooth is on the right side of the jaw, a left hand mole paw must be used, and vice versa. A similar toothache super-stition exists in the Cape Verde islands and also on the Canaries. -St. Louis Republic.

HE WOULD LIE DOWN.

THE DEACON'S EIGHT YEARS' STRUG-GLE WITH OLD BILLY.

For a Time the Strange Performance Interested All Storkville Centre; Then Only Strangers Paid Attention to It-A Flood

"Deacon Penguin," said Colonel Calliper, "had a farm on the outskirts of Storkville Centre, Vt. He raised considerable truck, and he was at the Centre most every day. In fact, he and his horse and wagon were about as familiar as any objects in Main street, and in 1852 something happened that drew attention to them more than ever.

"In that year the deacon bought a new horse-a big, gaunt, gray horse, which he called Billy. The gray wasn't a handsome horse, but he was good and strong, and the deacon got him pretty cheap, so he was satisfied. But the second day he drove him into the village something disagreeable happened. When the deacon came out of a store where he had been leaving some vegetables, he found Billy lying down. That was unpleasant. It isn't nice to have a horse that lies down when you are driving him. Deacon Penguin got him up after a good deal of trouble and drove him home. The next day the horse lay down again, and the next, and then it was discovered that he had a habit of lying down, which the horse dealer of whom Deacon Penguin had bought him had

forgotten to mention when he sold him to Deacon Penguin. "The next day when the deacon drove along Main street the people saw around the body of the big gray horse a broad canvas belt, and when the deacon drew up by the curbstone at the store where e generally stopped first they saw sticking up from the top of this belt alongside the saddle of the harness a stout iron ring. Sticking out of the rear of the deacon's wagon were three or four timbers, and what these things were for was very soon seen. The deacon hadn't much more than got into the store before the horse lay down, as usual.

"When the deacon came out, he went around to the rear of the wagon and pulled out the timbers. He set them up over the horse. They made a sort of gallows frame-two uprights with a crossbeam between. Right in the middle of the crossbeam on the under side there was a stout iron eye. The deacon went back to the wagon after he had set up this derrick and reached under the seat and pulled out a tackle, one block of which he hooked to the eve set in the crossbeam, while the other block he hooked into the ring in the belt. Then he carried the free end of the rope from the upper block along to a block attachto one of the uprights and then down

to and around a drum, to which was attached a handle. "By the time the deacon had got this derrick rigged it seemed as though all Storkville Centre and the surrounding population were standing on the side walk and in the street watching him and when he set taut on the tackle and the frame began to creak with the horse's weight the interest was something tremendous. Slowly but surely he raised the big gray horse until he had him on his feet again. When Billy's feet touched the ground, he gave up. The deacon unhooked the tackle and carried it back and put it under the seat again, and then he took down the derrick and stowed it in the wagon.

"But the next day the same perform ance was all gone through with again. It would seem as though Billy ought to have known better. Of course he knew that the deacon was bound to get him every time, but he was mulish about that one habit. He wouldn't give it up. And some people said the deacon was mulish too. He was certainly a very persistent, patient man. He kept the derrick in his wagon always; never unloaded it. He was ready for Billy any time, and whenever he came to town Billy was sure to lie down and the dea-

"For a week or ten days the deacon's derrick was the most interesting thing in Main street. A crowd gathered every day to see him lift Billy up, and I suppose that, all things considered, the lifting of Billy, which was continued in that way for eight years, was really the most astonishing thing that ever happened in Storkville Centre. But after a week or two people scarcely paid any more attention to it. The deacon got to be very expert in getting the horse on his feet, and people-that is, Storkville people-paid no more attention to it than they would to a man rolling a barrel of flour into a wagon on a pair of skids. But it was always of interest to strangers. The stranger who happened to see Deacon Penguin getting old Billy on his feet again was pretty sure to think and to say that it was the most curious thing he'd ever seen.

"Well, this went along until the fall of 1860, which was the year they had the great flood in Storkville Centre. There was a little brook running through Deacon Penguin's farm right back of the barn in which old Billy was stabled. Nobody ever dreamed of this little stream ever being anything more than a brook in any kind of weather, but in the great flood it rose to a torrent, and it carried away the old barn and old Billy down into the larger stream that runs through Storkville Centre. The big gray was never heard of in Storkville Centre again, and so nobody could tell how the struggle between him and the deacon might finally have ended."-

Preachers Made Victims.

"Preachers are the prey of all sorts of swindlers," said a prominent Methodis divine the other day to a group of fellow clergymen who were gathered in the Methodist Book concern in Fifth avenue. "I shall never forget," he continned. "how I was once taken in by what we sometimes call a 'temperance tramp.

The solitary layman in the party did not know the definition of "temperance tramp," and in reply to his inquiry the clergyman explained: "A temperance tramp is a man who goes from town to town delivering lectures on temperance. The man I refer to came one Wednesday evening to see me while I was stationed in a country town up in New York state. He presented one or two letters of recommendation from ministers whom I knew and said that he desired to lecture for me. We made over for his use a bedroom in the center of the house. My two sons and a daughter had rooms in the back of the house, and I occupied the front. None of us slept a wink all night-he snored so loud. "At breakfast the next morning after grace had been said I was serving the

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"That afternoon a strang". " .qu'red if the so called flev. Mr S--- was at my house. I told him that he was. He said, 'Well, I have a warrant for la arrest and have been following has from place to place for the last two weeks.' He was wanted for the largery of some books in Philadelphia and had be des passed forged checks in various places through the state under assumed names."-New York Herald.

Staunton Spectator.

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The Quality of Tact. Tact is not dishonesty, writes Frances E. Lanigan in the Ladies' Home Journal. It does not mean the suppression o the truth nor the expression of an untruth, but it does mean the withholding of gratuitous disagreements from arguments in which they are quite superfluons. It also means the effort to induce an agreement kindly when possible, and if an agreement is impossible it demands a gracious acceptance of opposing views.

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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. 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, 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 Washing ton streets. Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m

Pastor, Rev. W. J. E. Cox. St. Francis Roman Catholic, North Auguste street, Mass at 7 and 10.30 a.m. Vespers and enediction of Most Blessed Sacran p. m. Pastor, Rev. Father McVerry.

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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

Fretwell Noble Grand: C. A. Crafton, Sec' KNIGHTS OF HONOR ODGE. Staunton Lodge, No. 756, Kr. shts of Honor 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. Augusta Council, No. 490, Royal Arcanum

meets every second and fourth Tuesday in the month, at Pythian Hall, Main street. W. W.

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 nd fourth Mondays each monto at Pythian Hall. Sir Knight Captain, F. B. Berkley; 8 Knight Recorder, S. H. Rosenba

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS Valley Lodge, No. 18, K. of P., meets onday night at Castle Hall, on West treet, over Dr. Wayt's drug store. C. T. Ham-

Keeper of Records and Seal

KNIGHT TEMPLARS.

Staunton Commandery, No. 8, Knights Tem plar, meets first Friday night in every month McChesney, Eminent Commander; A. A. E & ridge, Recorder. ONEIDA TRIBE, NO. 88, I. O. R. M.,

Meets in their wigwam, in Valz Building every Wednesday at 8th run 30th breath setting of the sun. J. D. Anthony, sacher James W. Blackburn, chief of records. 1

FAMERICAN 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

CATHOLIC HIBERNIAN BENIFICAL SOCIETY. Meets first Sunday in every month in the.

hall on the church lot. M. T. B prest 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.

ub room, 119 East Main street. Jas. W. Bod-1:y, Acting President; Preston A. Ross, Secre

CENTRAL PROHIBITION CLUB.

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oatmeal when the 'temperance tramp Monthly meetings, Fourth Tuesday in the north at 7:30 o'clock. Room in City Hail build pointed with his knife at the dish, and looking at my lean figure asked disdainfully. 'Do you think that stuff will ing Isaac Wits, presid t; J.C. Shields, secre

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