Staunton



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PROFESSIONAL.

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BY B. AND O. 7.22 a. m. from Lexington and intermediate points.
1.50 p. m. from the north.
9.09 p. m. from the north, Harper's Ferry and intermediate points.

STAR ROUTES.

7 a. m. from Plunkettsville, daily except Sunday. 10 a. m. from Mt. Meridian, daily except Sunday.
5 p. m. from Middlebrook, daily except Sunday.
5.30 p. m. from Monterey, daily except Sunday.
10.30 a. m. from Sangersville.

CLOSE. FOR B. AND O.

5.30 a. m. for Lexington, 6.30 a. m, Harper's Ferry and points north.
2.15 a. m. for Harrisonburg, Woodstock and points north.
1.10 p. m. for Lexington and intermediate 6.00 p. m. for Lexington and intermediate

9.15 a. m. and 2,15 p. m. for north, east, south-9.00 p. m. for east, north, south and west. 2.15 p. m. for Clifton Forge and intermediate

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

And the Public Generally.

I have rented the stable on Water street known as the Club stable, and am prepared, at my Sale and Feed Stable, to board horses by the month, week or day, at reasonable prices; also to furnish saddle and driving horses, double and single.

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THE PARROT. The deep affections of the breast That heaven to living things imparts

Are not exclusively possesse A parrot from the Spanish Main.

To spicy groves, where he had won His plumage of resplendent hue, His native fruits and skies and sun

For these he changed the smoke of turf, A heathery land and misty sky, And turned on rocks and raging surf His golden eye.

But, petted in our climate cold, He lived and chattered many a day Until, with age, from green and gold His wings grew gray.

At last, when blind and seeming dumb, He scolded, laughed and spoke no more, A Spanish stranger chanced to come

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech; The bird in Spanish speech replied, Flapped round the cage with joyou Dropped down and died. Campbell in American Woman's Journal

KATIE.

There are few more cheerful places on a cold winter night than a smithy, with its roaring fire. The ruddy glow and sparkle of light, the interested faces of the village loungers, the roar of the bellows and the cheerful ring of the smith's hammer on the anvil all combine to make up a comfortable rural picture of light and warmth.

The smithy at Godscroft on a cold December evening was no exception to this rule. It was warm and bright and filled to overflowing with village gossips, met to talk over the events of the day. The group of men collected round the fire was just such a group as may be found round any smithy fire in the countryhard headed, hard featured, hard fisted shrewd, sensible men, keen politicians learned in polemical controversy, fond of argument on most subjects and able to take an intelligent although often prejudiced interest in almost all the leading topics of the day.

Such were the loungers collected round the smithy fire at Godscroft listening eagerly to a man who was in many respects dissimilar to them. There were about him an easy breadth, a freedom, an expansiveness of gesture and manner which suggested colonial life. He had an air as if the village street was scarcely wide enough for his swinging stride, as if he felt the little world of the smithy, the arena of the intellectual he roes of Godscroft, narrow and circumscribed. He was good looking, with sun browned complexion and dark eyes with a merry twinkle in them, while a strong, squarely cut chin and jaw gave character to a face that would otherwise have been only weakly good natured. A large, wiry haired dog of a mongrel and

formed the theme of conversation. "It's a bonny dog o' its kind, and a guid dog, I'se warrant, but I will never allow that it's a collie." said one speak

"Did I ever say that it was? It has nothing of the collie about it, although it has more than a collie's intelligence.' "It's a dour looking beast," said another. "It reminds me of a wolf I once saw in Wombwell's menagerie that came round this countryside four years ago come Lammas. Ye'll mind it, Geordie?' "You're none so handsome yourself,

Jock," said the stranger, "that you should object to the want of beauty in others. Did you never hear tell of the old proverb, 'Handsome is as handsome does?' Bill, here, is better than he is bonny, and that he has proved." "Tell us all about it. It's just grand

to hear ye telling these outlandish stories," said one of the bystanders. "It would be away out there in Aus tralia. I'se warrant," said another.

"Yes, boys, it was," said the tall, bronzed, bearded man who owned Bill, and he tossed back his hair and gave his forehead a rub, as if to quicken the bump of memory, and straightaway be-

"You want Bill's story, mates. Well, here it is. Some of you here, I don't doubt, will remember that when the old man died in the hard winter of '70. I left the old country, that was pretty well used up for me, to try my luck in the Australian goldfields, where they used to tell us down here that the gold might be got for the mere trouble of lifting it up. What I got, and that was never very much, took a precious deal of hard work, I can tell you, and what with one thing and another, I tired of it and went up the country to a big squatter, a kenned man and kindly, for he was one of Hunter of Godscroft's sons, and hired myself to be one of his shepherds. I had a good berth with him, nothing to complain of, either in the way of work or meat or wages, but it was an out station, and it was terribly lonesome. I missed my mother, poor old body, more than I can tell you. Many a time it would have done my heart good just to have heard the click of her knitting needles or seen the whisk of the skirts of her old black gown, and sometimes I laughed and sometimes I almost shed tears when I thought how it would have amused her to have seen me with my sleeves turned up kneading damper or toasting a bit

of mutton at the smoky fire. "However, it was better, as I often said to myself, to be alone than tethered to a bad neighbor, and my sheep kept me in so much work that I had very little time for thinking. Every now and again they would take a wandering fit, and I would get up some fine morning and find the half of the hirsel gone, and nothing for it but to scour the country far and near till I came upon the track of them. I have seen me ride 50 miles before I came upon them. "Eh, man, but you would be fear-

fellow appreciatively. The big Australian withered him with a look and went calmly on. "I was out one day after a lot of

some when you did?" said an old school

these long legged wooly trespassers, that were as swift as a deer and as cunning as the oldest fox in your spinneys here, and I had not seen as much as a print of one of their feet. I had been riding since the morning broke, and I was spent with hunger and fatigue, when the night came down upon me pitch dark, not a star visible-a deep Egyptian darkness that could almost be felt. I could not so much as see my hand when I held it up before me."

"Ye were aye a baul billy," said another retrospective schoolfellow, "but that would daunton ye. What did ye

"What could I do? To turn back was more dangerous than to go forward. I let my horse selve the difficulty. He

and heard the rush of Water. It was a began to run snort sne gave nerseit up for lost and lay down in despair to die. and as the horse made no pause I rode "Poor thing! My heart was in my boldly on, and, by God's mercy rather mouth as I listened. Gaunt and haggard than my good guidance, we stumbled as she was, it was easy to see that she on a place that was fordable and got had been a bonnie lassie, and her voice safely to the other side. The steep bank was so soft and sweet that it was like a song from paradise. 'You must not speak of dying,' I said, 'you that have was overgrown with bush, as I could see by a glint of moonlight that flashed all your life before you and can scarcely out all of a sudden, and I was just taking a look round to see if I could make tell yet how pleasant a thing it is to out where I was, when my ears were pierced by the most awful cry I think I " 'I have no desire to live longer,' she ever heard. It was so loud, and so shrill, said. 'I have nothing to live for, now that my father is gone,' and she closed and so full of pain, that it fairly made my blood run cold. I leaped out of the her eyes and shuddered.

ing mother's old world stories about

ghosts, although I tried to tell myself

that there was no such thing. However,

ghost or no ghost, I was bound to go

on, so I set a stout heart to a stey brae,

and when I found that I could not force

the terrified brute up the bank I dis-

mounted and tied him to a young gum

"I had scarcely set my face to the

bank again when the same cry sounded

out once more. I tell you, mates, it

made the blood run cold round my heart,

it was so shrilly wild, so unearthly, so

despairing, and, to make it worse, the

black night came down on me again

mirk and heavy like the blackness of the

parish mortcloth I used to wonder at

when I was a boy. I had not the least

idea in what direction to turn and was

standing irresolute when I heard the cry

again, and it sounded nearer and was so

distinct that I thought I could go

straight to the very spot it came from.

The bank was so steep that I had to

scramble up on my hands and knees, of-

ten slipping back and stopping to listen,

but I could hear nothing except the soft,

gurgling plash of the water down be

neath me. I was not sure which way to

turn when I heard the cry again right

out of the scrub before me. I was in the

right direction, that was one good thing,

but I will never deny that I was fright

ened a bit, it was such a terrible cry and

the spot was so lonely. I had that spirit

in me, though, that would not go back,

and I crept forward on my hands and

knees toward the top of the bank, which

was covered with a close, low bush. It

was a bit of a climb, and I had stopped

a minute to get my breath when

thought I heard a low moaning noise

close to me. I gripped my revolver, but

it was of little use in the darkness, so I

took out instead a big bowie knife I al

ways carried and held it ready in my

hand. The next moment there was a sort

of hurtling rush through the air above

me and something leaped right down upon my shoulder. I gave a yell and

then another, and then away down the

bank we rolled, riving and tearing at

each other in an agony of mortal fright.

As soon as I could get my right hand

free I gave a desperate thrust with the

knife, and with a yell of rage and pain

the creature dropped off from me, and I

heard the thud of its fall on some pro-

jecting rock or bush that had caught it

"I was more frightened than hurt

and soon scrambled to my feet. As a

had a light, with which I groped my

way down to where the creature lay,

"A teeger maybe," said another old

"Ye silly gowk, there are no tigers in

Australia. I found Bill; but, my word,

he was not the comfortable, well fed

beast he is today. I don't think I ever

saw such a dog as he looked then either

before or since. He was a gaunt, starved

skeleton, bleeding slowly from a wound

in the side, which he had got in the

struggle with me. He made no attempt

to escape, but lifted his head and gave

me a look so pathetic, so almost human

in its mute, reproachful appeal for help,

that it fairly went to my heart. I spoke

gently to him, and he looked up at me

as if he would fain have spoken and told

me his story. He let me stanch the

blood that was trickling from his side.

and I bound up the wound as well as I

could. He then staggered to his feet

and whined and caught my sleeve with

his teeth, and showed me as plainly as

if he had spoken that he wanted me to

"I took up the lantern and he wagged

his tail and licked my hand, and we

scrambled up the bank together, and

then always whining and looking back

he led the way into the bush. The brush-

wood was so thick and dense that I was

almost beat. I could searcely force my

way through, but whenever I stopped to

get a mouthful of breath he whined and

fawned on me, and pulled at my sleeve,

and showed such an agony of distress

that I could not but pity the poor dumb

peast and make all the haste I could to

follow. By this time the day was be

ginning to break, and it was not so dark

as it had been. He had led me to a sort

of cave formed by a shelf of rock pro

lecting from the bank, and there, wrap-

ped in a tartan shawl, was a sight that

rought my heart to my mouth. A girl,

a bit lassie, so sorely wasted and spent

that I lifted her up in my arms like a

child and carried her out to the open.

Her eyes were closed, and she seemed

too far gone for speech, but there was

life in her still, as I could see by the

flickering of her eyelids when I stooped

"As for the dog, who had crawled

after us, he looked up in my face with

his pathetic eyes full of dumb prayer

for help, and then, for he was fairly

beat and could not, I believe, have

dragged his trembling limbs another

step, he stretched himself out on the

grass beside her and licked her little

wasted hand. I was in such a state of

excitement myself that I fairly trem

bled. I scarcely knew what to do, but I

got some water and laved her face and

moistened her lips, and when she had

swallowed a few drops she came round

so far that she could utter a word or two

She and her father had been on their

way home from the goldfields, and he

had a considerable sum of money or

him, how much she scarcely knew, and

In a darksome gully on the road he had been set upon and robbed and murdered.

and she had fled to the bush like a dis

tracted creature and wandered about day

and night till Bill had come back to ler,

where she had lived for some weeks on

and she had followed him to this bave,

such berries and roots as she could and.

She was afraid to leave its poor shelter,

for she had lost her way completely and

it made little matter, for it was all gone.

"Thus, bit by bit, I got her story.

down to look at her.

in a faint whisper.

and what do you think I found?"

in its descent.

saddle in sheer fright and looked around "She spoke with a pretty accent, and her voice sounded in my lonely ears like the sweetest music I had ever heard, me like a man bewildered. The wide, bare pastures and scrubby bush around me were void of any human habitation, but although she was so gentle and and yet it was like the cry of some poor sweet she quite knocked all the conceit human creature in the extremity of disout of me, and I could only stare at her and mumble: 'No, no. You must not tress. It was so ghastly, so unearthly, that the horse I was riding, although talk of dving.' "When she revived a little, I carried he was a steady old brute, shied and her down to the place where I had left my horse, and by his aid had got her swerved sharply round. He was in such a panic that I could not help remember-

home to my hut, where she lay for many days more dead than alive. She wanted nothing but a sip of water or tea, and when she came around a little a mouthful of damper. It was a poor fare for an invalid, and one, too, who had evidently been daintily nurtured, and I expected nothing but what it would kill her outright. She rallied, however, and got up at last, and crept to the door. and the fresh air helped to strengthen her, and, as was natural for so young a creature, the heavy cloud of grief that had overshadowed her lightened a little, and she began to sing softly to herself in a sorrowful, heartbroken way that saddened me to hear, but was bet ter for herself maybe than the silent de spair in which she had been since the

day I found her. "As for Bill here, he had got better long before she was able to move about, and although he always took charge of her he showed a great affection for me and liked nothing better than to follow

"I could make out nothing clearly about Katie-for that she told me was her name - except that she was the daughter of a poor gentleman; that her mother was dead, and that she and her father had always been all in all to each other. He had made money at the diggings, but that was gone. She was all that was left, and I could see for myself that she was the bonniest bit lassie that ever gladdened a man's heart. Her eyes were bright and blue, like the dewy bluebells I used to gather when I was a laddie on the Godscroft rigs. Her hair had the color and glint of burnished gold, and her cheeks began to show the loveliest color, like that of the sweet,

"I think I see her as if it were but yesterday, shaking back the curling hair from her brow and lifting her bonny bit face to mine and asking how she was to do this and what she was to make of that, for she had never been used to work, and I had to show her how the simplest things were done, but she was quick at the uptake and never needed to be told a thing twice, and I liked her to ask my advice, for when she did so her eyes would shine like gems and her face would flush up almost as if she liked me, but that, I told myself, was impos

"The long and the short of it was that I began to like her too well for my own peace. The only happy moments in my life were spent in watching her smoker is never without matches, I soon or listening with the keenest delight to

every word she uttered. 'She told me often about the books she had read, and she spoke sometimes of the life she had led-a life altogether unlike mine. My heart sank within me when I thought it over. What was I that I should think of winning her love? I had nothing to offer her but the true affection of a fond, loving heart. I could not even tell her how well I liked her. I trembled before her like an aspen leaf and could scarcely get out a word if it were to save my life. That was a rough time on me, mates. I was so wretched that I got sour and gruff and spoke sharply to the very creature ! could have fallen down and worshiped So from less to more she got to think that I was tired of her presence there and one evening—how well I remember it—she was standing full in the blaze of the firelight, her figure erect, her

hands loosely clasped before her, her bonny blue eyes fixed wistfully on mine. "'I must have been a great trouble to you,' she said quietly, 'and you have been very good to me. But now I feel quite strong. If you will put me on the right road tomorrow, I will go away with Bill and never trouble you any "'Where?' I almost shouted, clutch

ing Bill's collar as I spoke. 'To the city. It was there my father was going. 'Have you any friends there?'

"'No. I have no friends anywhere but I have learned to work. I shall find work there, I hope.' "'Stay with me, Katie,' I cried i

utter despair. 'I have not much to offer you, but I love you. You must have seen how I love you.' "She did not answer me in words.

but she stole her little soft hand into mine. How happy I was! I could scarcely believe in my own good fortune, for I had never dared to hope that it was possible that she could like me. "There was nothing to be gained by

waiting. Handsome trousseaus are not easily come by out in the Australian We went down to the station, where the parson chanced to be making his rounds, and were married. The very loneliness of our life made our happi ness deeper, I think. We were like Ada and Eve in paradise. I never saw the sun shine so brightly as it did that spring or the grass look so fresh and green, and my bonnie bit lassie was as pleased as a queen and as blithe as a mavis. If I were to speak forever, I could never tell you of all the true and tender feeling of a lad and his lass who love each other as we did. Earth was like heaven to us, and that lonely little hut an Eden. Woe is me! We were driven too soon from its shelter.

"She was as merry as a linnet, as I said before, and her eyes glanced like diamonds, and her cheek bloomed like the red, red rose, but for all that the canker was at the root of my bonnie flower. She complained of no pain, and she seemed to grow bonnier every day. Yet she grew weaker also, and she knew it herself, but I struggled sore not to see

" 'When I cannot stay any longer with you, John,' she said, 'promise to buryme beside my father.' "For I had gone out to the bush and

looked for the murdered man and found him lying where she had covered him up with leaves and moss. A ghastly object he was to look at, with his skull beaten in and his clothes all covered THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK

'Don't speak in that way, Matie, I cried. 'I cannot bear it. Oh, my lassie, you are better today! Tell me that you feel stronger!'
"'I think I do,' she answered, look-

ing wistfully at me, but that very night, when we were sitting on a bench I had put up outside the door, she leaned her head against my shoulder, and I thought she was tired and was falling asleep, but after a few minutes she opened her eyes, and there was a solemn, faraway look in their blue deeps that fairly frightened me. 'John,' she whispered so low that I could just hear her by bending down my ear to her mouth, 'John, you have been a dear, good husband to me. Kiss me and hold me fast, for I feel as if I were slipping

held her fast forever, but I could not. She was slipping away from me and from all things earthly. There was a flutter of her bonnie white eyelids, a long, long, gasping breath, and she was gone. Bill, there, is all that I have left of her, and, rough, mongrel tike as he is, the money is not coined that could buy him from me!" He drew his large brown hand across

his eyes. "It is years since now, and the world has used me not unkindly. I am a prosperous man, and my wife up there," and he pointed to the village inn behind him, "is a good woman and has made me an excellent wife, and we are happy enough. I have nothing to complain of, but, oh, I never lay my hand on Bill's rough head but I think of my lost love and the place where she lies by the side of her murdered father far out in the Australian bush!"-Chambers' Journal.

THE MODERN WAY.

Shield loved the fair and noble Lady

Chivalric Tale of Love, Flight, Bike Fondly the knight of the Silver

Gwendoline, and she as fondly returned She returned it because it was so nice to have him give it back to her as he

always did. "My own," he murmured, clasping her to his bosom. "Here, too," she whispered as she coyly nestled her flaxen head upon the

stovelid cuirass he wore over his manly chest, partly for protection and partly for revenue only. CHAPTER II. But the old duke, the Lady Gwendoline's father, was opposed to the match.

He had asked the knight to take off

his silver shield and substitute a gold one, and the knight had refused with scorn and contumely. The knight still owed for the silver shield, and he did not care to mortgage his immortal soul for a change.

"Do as I command," sternly ordered the old duke, "or never be son-in-law of mine." "Well. I don't think," hissed the knight between his set of teeth, and the

strike was on. CHAPTER III. The knight of the Silver Shield had told the Lady Gwendoline all. He could not tell her more, or he would have done so gladly, so much he

loved her. "I will flee," she bravely said. "Two flees," he replied heartily. and they packed a small kit of wedding In half an hour they were flying from

the gray and grim old castle.

CHAPTER IV. And fast before the old duke, then, Three hours they'd fled together, And if he'd caught them in the glen He would have mopped the heather up with the knight. The old duke hard behind them hied

Should be their steps discover, Then what could cheer the bonny bride When he had slugged her lover But still, as wildly blew the wind And as the night grow drearer, The duke was coming up behind, His puffing sounded nearer.

CHAPTER V. A great thought came to the knight of the Silver Shield. "Sweet one," he said seftly, slacking his speed, "wait but a little. I will

come again.' "Waiting for you," she whispered 'were such sweet sorrow that I would It was then 11:55 p. m., and the

knight, kissing the fair lady's hand,

hurried back over the way which they

CHAPTER VI. "Saved!" he exclaimed, returning to her side and once more moving swiftly forward.

"But papa?" she asked, with anxious "Knocked out in the first round," laughed the knight of the Silver Shield in loud, triumphant tones. "I filled the road with tacks, and the old man's tire

"My hero!" murmured the fair Lady Gwendoline, gazing fondly on him as they flew along the glistening turnpike. CHAPTER VII.

is punctured so that he has to lay up for

Two bikes with but a single thought, Two lovers safely carried Into the haven which they sought, And so they married.

-New York Sun.

Philosopher's Stone An excellent reproof is that which is said to have been administered on one occasion by Jose Ribera, the famous Spanish painter. He lived in the days when there were many students of al chemy and foolish believers in its great powers. One day two Spanish officers were discussing certain wonders of alchemy in Ribera's house.

Ribera did not join in the discussion, but at last said quietly that he was in possession of the "philosopher's stone." and that they might see his way of using it the next morning if they chose. The two officers appeared at the ap-

pointed time the next morning, but found the artist hard at work, not in a mysterious laboratory, as they had expected, but at his easel. Asking them to restrain their impatience for a short time, he painted steadily on, finished the picture on which he was at work. and sent it out by his servant, who brought back a small, sealed package. Ribera broke the seal in the presence of his eager guests and threw 10 gold doubloons on the table.

"You see now how gold is to be made," he said quietly, with a smile at the crestfallen officers. "I do it by painting; you by serving his majesty. Diligence in one's chosen work is the only true alchemy."—Youth's Compan-

On the tomb of Jefferson, at Monti cello, he is described as the author of the Declaration of Independence, the founder of religious freedom in Virginia and of the University of Virginia, but

THE NUPTIAL KNOT.

HAD FOR MARRYING.

Are the Most Prominent-The Percentage of Such Marriages That Were Failnres Is Not Reported. In romance and tales of love the hero and heroine marry for pure heart affection. Stern papas and scheming mammas plan otherwise for their beloved daughter, but she is invariably obstinate, and true love always comes in by a head. In real life, however, many and various are the reasons for tying the 'Woe's me, how gladly would I have nuptial knot. An ardent philatelist inserted an advertisement in a matrimonial column, and the wife he wanted, in addition to being able to boast of the usual good qualities of womanhood, was

to be in possession of a certain stamp-

a description for the guidance of the

matrimonially inclined lady collectors

following-the rarity of which rendered

it almost priceless. We do not think

this man would meet his ideal in a A gentleman whose hobby was the collecting of rare specimens of pottery made violent love to a lady-a matter of surprise to his friends and the lady's own people, he being always deemed a cynical bachelor, holding strict views concerning the marriage question—who was the fortunate owner of a lovely sevres vase. Apparently she was nothing loath and responded to his wooing fervently, finally giving him her hand, fortune and-the vase. This person reverted to his cynical views afterward and often told his wife it was the vase he had been in love with and not her-

Cases where money has been left on condition of the heir or heiress marrying a chosen person are sufficiently common, but surely few are so hedged in with restrictions as the youth who was to wed his consin because she was "cross eyed, redhaired, and had no chin." as the will read, by which we may understand that she of the diminutive chin

was "heavily moneyed."

The following is told of two costers who brought about a marriage between a son and a daughter of the respective families for a unique purpose. They had but one donkey between them, and though the two costers were quite willing to change about, using the animal in turns, the wives of the hawkers were not at all agreeable, and many and furions were the quarrels between them. To mitigate this unisance and to bring the two families together the marriage was effected of the two olive branches, quite unknown to the mothers-an arrangement fraught with satisfactory results, for the good ladies were on better

terms ever after. Rather than lose a valuable appointent a young man went in search of a wife-the situation he had secured being only for married men, as one of which class he had posed. Therefore it was essential that he should take unto himself a partner at a moment's notice figuratively speaking. He had hitherto experienced no affair of the heart, and the finding of a life's partner was not, under such circumstances, a very simple task. However, he secured the one thing needful to insure the retaining of the position and commenced married life and new business duties at one and the

same time. A situation agent declares that he has reasons to believe this procuration of spouses is very often effected at the last moment, purposely to secure coveted posts whose requirements are for man and wife. He further avers that he is acquainted with one young fellow who got married purposely to apply for such a situation, leaving his bride immediately on coming out of church to make application for the place.

Few persons would express themselves in so matter of fact a fashion as the farmer who, wooing a widow, the owner of an adjacent farm, told his son that the lady's niece was just the sort for him, the girl being possessed of property in her own right; a double marriage therefore would enrich the lot. Like an obedient son, the lad complied with this request, and as the farmer rented his own land through the niece it was a most accommodating arrangement. We wonder if these marriages were failures. For an amalgamation of property and

land they were infinitely successful. A man, recently united for better, for worse, to the portly dame who had hitherto ruled over his kitchen, was unmercifully chaffed by his associates, the lady of his choice being much his senior and in different ways most unsuitable to her spouse. His naive reply was to the effect that it would minimize expenses, because he would have no wages to pay for culinary labor, as his wife had agreed to continue her position of cook. Her refusal to comply, he declared, would have resulted in the attach-

ment being "off." Most unique was the reason for "committing matrimony" as given by a city gentleman. A widow lady had appealed at a court of justice, and the culprit, rather than pay the fine imposed upon him for certain slanderous statements he had made concerning the fair prosecutrix, settled affairs by marrying the lady. He certainly was possessed of a coolness below the zero of the proverbial cucumber to propose marriage when it must have been obvious to everybody, the woman in particular, what his reasons for so doing were. However, she like Barkis, was "willin," and wedding arrangements went on apace. So sensational was this marriage, following immediately on the lawsuit, that the couple found themselves the topic of conversation at every street corner and considered it essential to their comfort to leave the country. -London Tit-Bits.

I was talking about actors to an actor the other day, and I happened to say, regarding a certain Thespian now passed

"Ah, genial old Mr. --!" "Oh, yes," retorted the actor bitter-"very genial! How he ever got that reputation is more than I know. "When he used to give his famous performance of Sir Anthony Absolute in The Rivals' and I'd play Captain Abolute, he'd give me a genial poke with his stick, say, 'Ah, Jack, you dog!' with a genial smile and just keep me a prisoner down at the corner of the stage

while he took the center and got all the "If he saw me working up to get a little notice, which the part required, he'd poke me down again and keep it up till the curtain fell."-Polly Pry in New York Recorder.

Appropriate. A Tioga wag in sending a handsome clock as a wedding gift tacked a card to

sequent insertion. 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 advertisements. NO. 38.

STRANGE REASONS COUPLES HAVE

Pecuniary Considerations, In Some Form,

I'll give you a token to mind it. What is the shape o' this smuffbox in my hand?" "Square, sir." replied all. "Yes, but on the Sabbath day, whin I change ma cloes, I change this snuffbox for a round one. Will you mind that for a token?"

Examination day came, and the class

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.

Rusings Notices

A country schoolmaster was coaching

his pupils for the yearly examination

in geography he asked:

the shape of the earth?'

and having before him the junior class

'Can any little boy or girl tell me

To this there was no answer. "Oh.

dear me," said he, "this is sad! Well.

"Can any little boy or girl tell what is the shape of the earth? Every hand was extended, every head thrown back and every eye flashed with excitement. One little fellow was sin-

tell us. "Round on Sundays, and square all the rest o' the week!"-Chicago Times-

gled out with a "You, my little fellow,

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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

ll a. m., and 8 p. m. Rector, Rev. W. Q. Hul-United Brethren church, Lewis street, be tween Main and Johnson streets. Services at ll 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, Lews street, between Main and Frederick streets Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Pastor. Rev.

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 Augusts street, Mass at 7 and 10.30 a. m. Vespers and

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

DIRETORY OF LODG ES.

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. ghts of Honor neets every first and third Tuesday in each

nonth, 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 3. C. Shipplett, D. C. T.; S. H. Bauserman District Secretary. ROYAL ARCANUM. Augusta Council, No. 490, Royal Arcanum meets every second and fourth Tuesday in the month, at Pythian Hall, Main street. W. W. Robertson, Regent: Jos. B. Woodward, Sec-

etary. 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, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS. E. B. Stuart Division, No. 10, meets second

and fourth Mondays each monto at Pythian Hall. Sir Knight Captain, F. B. Berkley; S KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS. Valley Lodge, No. 18, K. of P., meets Monday night at Castle Hall, on West street, over Dr. Weyt's drug store. C. T. Ham-

nond, Chancellor Commander; Albes

Keeper of Records and Seal.

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

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nall on the church lot. M. T. B dent; J. J. Kilgalen, first vice-president; J. J Murphy, second vice-president; D.J. O'Connell

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