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Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS

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1895. The Sun! 1895
BALTIMORE, MD.
THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE.
FOR THE PEOPLE AND WITH THE PEOPLE.
HONEST IN MOTIVE.
FEARLESS IN EXPRESSION.
SOUND IN PRINCIPLE.
UNSWERVING IN ITS ALLEGIANCE TO
RIGHT THEORIES AND
RIGHT PRACTICES.

THE SUN PUBLISHES ALL THE NEWS ALL THE TIME, but it does not allow its columns to be degraded by unclean, immoral or purely sensational matter.

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THE WEEKLY SUN PUBLISHES ALL THE NEWS of each week, giving complete accounts of all events of interest throughout the world. As an AGRICULTURAL paper THE WEEKLY SUN is unsurpassed. It is edited by writers of practical experience, who know what farming means and what farmers want in an agricultural journal. It contains regular reports of the work of the AGRICULTURAL experiment stations throughout the country, of the proceedings of farmers' clubs and institutes, and the discussion of new methods and ideas in agriculture. Its MARKET REPORTS, POULTRY DEPARTMENT and Veterinary column are particularly valuable to country readers. Every issue contains STORIES, POEMS, HOUSEHOLD AND PUZZLE COLUMNS, a variety of interesting and instructive selected matter and other features, which make it a welcome visitor in city and country homes alike.

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Be sure you get it. The Red Z is on the wrapper. J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia.

nov 28-1yr

Hours for Arrival and Closing of Mails at Staunton Postoffice.

ARRIVE.

BY C. AND O. RAILROAD.
5 a. m. from north, south, east and west.
9.57 a. m. from west.
2.40 p. m. from Richmond and intermediate points.
7.05 p. m. from north, east and south.

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 points.
6.00 p. m. for Lexington and intermediate points.

FOR C. AND O.
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 points.
6.15 p. m. for the west.

STAR ROUTES—DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.
5.30 a. m. for Monterey.
6.00 a. m. for Middlebrook.
1.00 p. m. for Mt. Meridian.
6.15 p. m. for Plunkettsville.
12.30 p. m. for Mt. Solon daily.

STAUNTON OFFICE
Opens 7 a. m., closes 7 p. m. Money order and registry business opens at 8 a. m., closes 6 p. m W. T. McCUE, P. M.

TO INVENTORS.

If you have made an invention you want a patent. And you want a good one. There are various kinds of patents. Some of them are not worth keeping around the house. They don't protect. It is as unsafe to trust to them as to a lightning rod without a ground connection. That is the kind an inventor is likely to get when he draws up his own specifications, or trusts the work to an irresponsible attorney. It is not the kind dealt in by the Press Claims Company.

Do you want to know what the Press Claims Company is? It is a syndicate of hundreds of the leading papers of the United States, organized to protect those of the subscribers who have dealings with Government against the impositions of unscrupulous claim agents. The SPECTATOR is a member.

This able Company employs the best legal talent in every branch of its work. It makes a specialty of all matters relating to patents, conducting interferences, prosecuting rejected cases, registering trade-marks and copyrights, rendering opinions as to scope and validity of patents, securing patents abroad, prosecuting and defending infringement suits, etc. It charges nothing for information, and very moderate fees for services.

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oct 17-tf General Manager.

NOTICE.

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

TO MY FRIENDS
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.

I can furnish you a nice turn-out—Surry, Buggies, Buck-Boards, etc., all in style, accommodated at moderate prices.

Parties wanting first-class turnouts can be Fine horses always kept for sale.

Hoping to receive a share of your patronage and guaranteeing satisfaction, I am
Respectfully,
mar 13-tf R. A. CLEMMER.

What is
CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria is the Children's Panacea —the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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

Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion,
Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."
EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

DEATH VALLEY.

A broad plain stretching westward dry and dun,
Sparse vegetation baking in the sun,
And mountain ranges farther to the west
With white snow masses on each lofty crest,
Except when turned to rosy tints at morn,
Or glowing blood red just ere night is born.

No shade to soften heats or sun's fierce wrath,
Lizards and scorpions in the dusty path,
Where giant spiders like gray shadows swarm—
Each a small devil with misshapen form—
The yellow rattlesnake coiled low where meet
The bowlder's shadow and the sun's white heat.

At night strange reptiles crawl 'neath pallid moon,
Squat toads and insects join in tuneless rune,
While coyotes howl and heats are scarcely less
Than in the noonday glare so shadowless;
A world of dust and sand, low shrubs and stones,
And 'mid them, gleaming white, bleached skulls and bones.

The red Apache o'er it sweeps sometimes
To re-enforce its horrors with his crimes,
Or Mexicanos, on some sweeping raid,
Add to its corpses with their bandit trade,
Within its silences their rifles crash,
In its sun glares their crimson knife blades flash.

Too oft enacted on this scenic stage
Are dramas red with gore and fierce with rage,
Men monsters vying with the reptile horde—
Their stings the bullet or relentless sword,
Death valley, where the drought and hot sun's breath
Turn skies to brass and shrivel life in death!
—I. Edgar Jones in Boston Transcript.

SAVED BY A SQUAW.

I regret that the heroine of this story did not have a more romantic or musical name than "Gumboots Jane." Had it been Faunfoot or Stareyes it would have been more pleasing to romantic people, and the imagination might more easily picture her as a "maiden of the forest," worthy of companionship with those fair creatures met with in the writings of J. Fenimore Cooper and other regulation frontier stories. But as I am simply giving a sketch from real life I must take the names and characters as I found them.

Truth also compels me to state that she was no great beauty, a fact I the more deeply deplore because all other heroines met with in Indian stories, from the lovely daughter of Powhatan up to the present time, so far as I know, were without exception perfect paragons of native grace and loveliness.

The heroine of this story appeared at French Bar, a mining camp on the Stickeen river, one day in the summer of 1881. She wore a pair of rubber boots much too large for her, and as her skirts were rather short they were quite conspicuous. Now, miners have a way of readily coining nicknames for those with whom they come in contact, and as if by common consent she was at once called "Gumboots Jane." The rest of her apparel consisted of a waist improvised from a man's blue woolen shirt, a skirt of some kind of brown material, a cheap shawl and a rather dirty looking silk handkerchief tied over her head. The girl was about 16 years old, and although no beauty, she was not positively ugly. She had a pleasant face, a well formed mouth and pretty white teeth, which she seemed to like to show when she smiled. But her eyes were the most attractive of her features. They were large, dark and dreamy, and shone with a soft light that made them almost beautiful.

The Indians of southeastern Alaska and British Columbia are far different from those of other parts of North America in disposition and habits of life. They are intelligent, vivacious, industrious and very sociable. They have but little of the stoicism and vagrant ways of the tribes of the western plains and readily adopt our habits of life and style of dress. By hunting fur bearing animals and working in the mines and fisheries they make a good deal of money. They also conduct quite a profitable trade in curios with tourists who visit this "land of the midnight sun" in summer. When out hunting or at work, of course they wear rough clothing, but when visiting with each other at neighboring villages, participating in the festivities of their frequent dances and "potlaches," or attending church on Sundays, they dress about as well as the white people.

French Bar is situated in British territory at the intersection of the Stickeen river and Beaver creek, not far from Telegraph creek, which is the head of steamboat navigation for miners and supplies going into the celebrated Cassiar mining district. The "pay dirt" there was neither extensive nor rich, and at the time of which I am writing the camp contained only 16 men. As it rained frequently during that season and was always cool of nights they lived in snug little log cabins, making a village just at the mouth of Beaver creek canyon. Two miners occupied a cabin together and owned and worked their claim as equal partners, affectionately calling each other "pards." They subsisted from a common supply of provisions, took regular turns at cooking and doing their chores and slept in the same bunk.

Dan Nolan was a member of the camp that summer. He was young and boyish looking, but his manly demeanor, his ready wit, industrious habits and accommodating disposition made him a great favorite with his companions. He was brought up in Dublin and considered that city his home, as his mother and only sister, to whom he sent part of each month's earnings, still lived there.

Of course he was not called Dan Nolan, for miners find nicknames for their favorites as well as for others, and though not selected with any regard for æsthetics or euphony they are generally expressive and often very appropriate. So Dan was known by the more alliterative name of "Dublin Dan." His pard was called "Joaquin" Jones. When he first came to the Bar, he said his name was Jones, but as he had a copy of "Sons of the Sierras," which he read and quoted from with great freedom and frequency, he very soon got "Joaquin" as a front name. It was rumored that he had a history in Arizona and was a bad man when roused. No one inquired concerning his real name, since in the far west it is often taken as a personal insult to ask a man what his name in "the States" was.

The first time Jane came to French Bar another squaw, a good deal older and much less comely, who I afterward learned was her mother, accompanied her. If she had any other relatives, I never heard of them. I did in some way hear that she had attended the McFarland school at Fort Wrangell, Alaska, but never knew certainly whether the report was true or not. Still, as she spoke English pretty well, it is very probable she learned it there.

The Stickeen Indians, the tribe to which Jane belonged, claim the whole Stickeen river region, extending back something like 50 miles into the interior, as their country. But they do not use the upper portion of it except for fishing, hunting and gathering berries in the spring and summer, for in the winter they reside on the Alaskan coast and the numerous islands near the mouth of the river in the vicinity of Fort Wrangell, where they have permanent villages.

Most delicious salmon berries and two or three kinds of huckleberries grow in great abundance along the river, and during the time covered by this story a small party of natives were camped on it a few miles above our camp, engaged principally in picking them. Jane and her mother were with this party, and almost every day some of the squaws would bring down berries in variety to sell to the miners. One night soon after Jane made her first appearance at the bar it rained very hard, causing Beaver creek, from which we took our water for mining purposes, to rise unusually high and flood our main flume to such an extent that it broke. This stopped work until the break could be repaired. Part of the men, therefore, went up early in the morning to mend the flume, while the others lounged about the camp and the bar, talking, smoking and doing odd chores, waiting to begin work as soon as thy could get water for their sluiceboxes.

Dublin Dan and four or five others were sitting on a large hemlock log near the camp, talking and smoking to kill time, when Jane came along the path by the log with a basket of berries. As she came in front of a fellow known in camp as Jack of Clubs, because of a supposed resemblance to that rather notorious knave, he suddenly put out his foot. As she was walking pretty fast she tripped and fell headlong down a steep bank seven or eight feet on to some rocks below, spilling the berries and smashing the basket in the fall.

Now, I do not think that Jack intended to throw the girl down the bank, but he did not have that quality of manhood which prompts a noble nature to admit a wrong, and he was inclined to make a joke of the matter. But as Jane lay where she fell Dan quickly leaped down and picked her up with gentle hands. He wrapped his silk handkerchief around her hand, which was bleeding freely from a cut made by the sharp rocks. He picked up her basket, spoke kindly to her and gave her $1 to pay for the spilled berries. Fortunately she was not seriously hurt, and after thanking Dan and giving him a grateful look she went down to the river and joined her mother.

When Dan came back to where the men were, he looked angry and said to Jack, "Ye blackguard, ye ought to be ashamed to do a thing loike that!"

Jack said he had no thought of hurting the girl, but just meant to scare her a little, and to turn it off tried to joke Dan for the interest he took in her. Seeing that Jack was not disposed to have any quarrel, Dan's good humor soon asserted itself and the affair ended without further trouble.

In a short time afterward the men went to work as usual, and in the excitement of mining life this little incident was forgotten by all but Dan. As several days passed and the girl did not come there any more, he began to wonder if her absence was due to injuries received by her fall, and he resolved in his own mind if such were the case he would take the first opportunity to pick a quarrel and whip Jack for it. After about a week, however, one morning Jane appeared again at the camp. But how changed in appearance! At first no one recognized her. She was very neatly dressed in every way, and the gum boots were replaced by a nice pair of shoes; her black hair hung down her back in two heavy plaits, the ends being joined with a bow of pink ribbon. In her new suit she was quite picturesque and pleasing, and it was not surprising that she was not at first recognized as "Gumboots Jane."

But what had wrought this wondrous change in so short a time? Had that strange magic called love, which can suddenly transform the girl into a woman and the woman into a heroine, ready to do and dare anything for her lover, touched her heart? Perhaps so. At any rate it is certain that Dan's kind actions and words of sympathy made a deep impression upon this simple girl. Still, she was more bashful and shy toward him than she had been before she was hurt, for, while she came down to our camp almost every day, she hardly ever ventured within speaking distance of Dan, though she would often sit or stand where she could see him and anxiously watch him as long as she was unobserved or time would permit. But after this had been going on for a week or two he was much surprised one day by her walking straight up to him, and without hesitation saying: "I like you. Bad Indian want to kill white man. Look out!" Before he recovered from his surprise or could say a word, she turned and walked rapidly away.

Dan thought over the matter and tried to reach some conclusion as to what she meant, without any definite result. But he decided that unless the girl knew of some danger either to him or his companions she would not have given this warning, and that it would be proper to tell them about it. That same day, however, a man called Scotty, from Nevada, was down at Buck's station on some business, and on his return brought news that caused considerable excitement at the bar and explained what Jane meant by her warning. He said there had been trouble between some Cassiar packers and Indians working for them, which had resulted in the packers killing one of the Indians. Now the natives of Alaska and the adjacent territory have a law, running back as far as their traditions reach, that when a member of one tribe kills a member of a different tribe the killing must be paid for with blankets or other property, or, if not, then it must be settled by human blood, and a life for a life is demanded. The tribe of the deceased will then kill one of the other tribe at the first opportunity. They do not seek the person who committed the homicide, but take the life of any member of his tribe that falls into their power.

When white men came into this country, the natives applied this sanguinary law to them, and it was well understood by all in our camp. We knew that one of our lives might have to pay for the native killed by the packers, and we therefore agreed to keep a vigilant watch for such danger.

For awhile we carried our guns with us down to the mines, and no man would go away from the camp any considerable distance alone. But as nothing more was heard of the matter our vigilance rapidly relaxed, and it was soon almost forgotten.

One morning Dan was at work on his claim. His partner had gone up the river for some purpose, and he was for the time being alone, with none of the other men even in sight. He was nervous and experienced a vague fear of impending danger. Just then he heard footsteps, and looking up saw Jane coming toward him. She came quite near and stopped between where he was and the woods that skirted the mountain far away. She did not speak nor even look at him. Her eyes were turned in the direction of the woods, and she stood as if listening.

This instead of allaying his nervousness increased it, and he wished he had brought his gun that morning. Then he thought he would speak to the girl and ask what she was looking for there, but at that moment he heard Joaquin's voice singing up the river, and his heart gave a great bound of joy as he turned to look for him. Almost simultaneously the report of a gun rang out upon the air, a shrill scream pierced his ears, and Jane tottered and fell almost at his feet. It required no examination to see that she was shot, and filled with terror Dan tenderly caught her up in his arms with all possible haste and bore her toward the camp. Joaquin overtook him on the way, and together they carried her into the cabin and gently laid her upon their bunk. Two or three other miners came in about that time, and it was only the work of a few seconds to open her clothing sufficiently to show the wound where the bullet had pierced her breast. They tried to stanch the flowing blood, and did all in their power to relieve her, but it was plain that she could live only a short time—perhaps a few moments.

Just then Scotty came in and asked in a low voice who did it. She heard him, and without moving or looking in his direction said: "Bad Indian wanted to kill Dan. I save him." Then she seemed about to sink and faintly asked for water. The water revived her a little, and she lay there calmly looking at the helpless men about her, but gave no signs of pain. She spoke the name of her mother, though not as if to call her. Perhaps she knew her mother was too far away to come in time. But she looked up at Dan as he stood at the bedside almost blinded by tears and a strange light was in her face. She was not beautiful in life, but as she lay there in the very grasp of death she had a beauty not of earth. She put out her poor little brown hand to Dan. He took it and folded it caressingly in both of his. Love is stronger than death. She looked intently at him with a soft smile on her lips and a tender light in her eyes as she whispered to him in her native tongue: "Yekeahway 'hatt kookanah eatigh" (I am happy to die for you). Then the light faded from her face, and the little brown hand lay limp and nerveless in Dan's. She was dead.—Warren Truitt in Detroit Free Press.

Justice In the Rough.

Mike Williams lived in a frontier settlement and knew very little about law, but his neighbors, having confidence in his sense of justice, elected him justice of the peace. Several horses had disappeared from that neighborhood, for the stealing of which no one had been punished, and Judge Williams, as he was proud to be called, was heard to remark, shortly after entering upon the duties of his office, "Now let thim thaves be caught, and Oi'll see that they gets their deserts."

Some months later a man, accused of having stolen two horses, was taken before Justice Mike for a preliminary hearing. After listening to the evidence and argument the justice was convinced of the man's guilt and sentenced him offhand to the penitentiary for two years.

"But, your honor," began the attorney for the defendant, "this is only the preliminary trial, and you cannot"—

"Oi cannot, ye say? Well, Oi does," said the judge, not giving the lawyer time to finish his objection. "Oi find the defendant guilty and sintince him to the pinitentiary for two years."

"You must at least allow my client the privilege of an appeal."

"Oi allow no appale. What am Oi judge for if Oi can't punish a thafe whin Oi foind him? No, sor; no appale in this court!"

It is impossible to tell what the result might have been had not the prosecuting attorney come to the rescue and convinced Mike that it would be better to remand the prisonor for trial before the district court.

After remaining in jail eight months the accused was duly convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for three years.

Mike thought he was certainly vindicated when he heard the news.

"Just think," said he. "That idiot might have gone up for two years and had a third of his time served now!"—Youth's Companion.

The First Engraving.

It is a very odd fact that we have no authenticated portrait of Cicero. This will be surprising news to most people, for more busts and statues are assigned to him than to any "Roman of them all," excepting the Cæsars, but antiquarian critics reject them all nowadays. They may be true, but there is no evidence. We may feel a comfortable certainty, however, that the familiar face and figure are correct. Cicero would not be restrained by indolence or modesty from sitting as often as he was asked. Every gentleman who took pride in his library would have the great man's bust in its place among the other authors, for such was the fashion.

There was another fashion of the kind much more interesting. We are used to class engravings among the modern arts. But the Romans had a method of inserting the likeness of a writer in his book, which, to say the least, served the purpose of engraving. Martial and Seneca and Cicero allude to it. The invaluable Pliny gives a clear statement, but he does not seem to have understood the process. "By some means or other," says he, "Marcus Varro introduced the portraits of 700 individuals in his numerous books, as he could not bear the idea that all trace of their features should be lost." These illustrations were reproduced somehow, for "not only did Varro confer immortality"—upon the author's features—"but also he transmitted them to all parts of the earth, so that anywhere it might be possible to see them." Pliny calls this a "most blessed invention," and if it were not engraving, what could it have been? The learned have been inquiring and debating for 300 years, but they will never agree. Any day, however, Herculaneum may yield some old papyrus which will decide the question.—London Standard.

Has Money to Burn.

Customer—So you sell these watches at $2.50 each. It must cost that to make them.

Jeweler—It does.

Customer—Then how do you make any money?

Jeweler—Repairing them. —Boston Traveller.

With a population of 3,725,000 Scotland has 6,500 university students, while with a population about six times as great England has only 6,000 university students.

IS THIS A NATION OF GRUMBLERS?

A Hotel Man Says That Guests Here Are Extremely Hard to Please.

"Americans are said to be the best natured people in the world, and it is also often said that they will put up with more inconvenience and discomfort without grumbling than the people of other countries." So spoke a prominent hotel proprietor one evening last week. He went on: "I do not wish to contradict these broad statements only so far as they relate to our people and our hotels. We have by far the best hotels in the world, and this is no idle, Fourth of July boast, and yet of all the people on earth our own are the greatest grumblers and the most exacting after they have placed their names on a hotel register.

"To say that they simply want the earth is sometimes putting it mildly. They want not only that, but want a roof garden on top of it which will permit them to grab the moon. They want the best of rooms, food and drink, baths in every room, electric bells, speaking tubes, stationery and an amount of waiting on that to satisfy some of them would necessitate providing a 'front' for about every guest.

"And, then, if this is all made satisfactory, and there is nothing else to kick about, they kick about the charges. Now, one often hears comparisons made between this country and Europe, to the decided detriment of the United States. If anything goes wrong, it is immediately said that such a state of affairs would not be tolerated in Europe. But one will notice that unfavorable comparisons made between our hotels and those abroad are generally made by Americans who have never visited Europe. Europeans know better. We have the best hotels in the world, and those of London, Paris or Berlin are not to be compared with them. Enlightened foreigners will generally readily admit this themselves. Just now every guest we have wants a private bathroom, and no matter how full the house is feels aggrieved if it cannot be had. There is a man staying in the house who recently returned from Paris. While there he staid at the best or at least the highest priced hotel in the city. But no matter what he was willing to pay he could not get a private bath. He could not even get a bath on the same floor with his suit of rooms, but had to go down stairs to the hotel's public baths.

"Then, again, much has been said about the cost of living in this country compared with that abroad. The truth is, good living costs more in London and Paris than it does in New York. Of course I speak of the comparative prices of the really first class hotels and restaurants. I like to see our people go abroad, as when they get home they are, as a rule, far better satisfied with their own country than they were before, and especially with our hotels and modes of traveling."—New York Tribune.

The Last of the Garrison.

In the course of the giant struggle before Metz, a handful of chasseurs flung themselves into a small red roofed farmhouse, determined to sell their lives dearly. They barricaded the ground floor as strongly as they were able, and from the upper story opened fire on their assailants. For nearly two hours the Prussians were kept at bay. The storm of rifle bullets riddled the roof and upper walls, and finally, one by one, the chassepots were silenced. Concluding that the ammunition of the little stronghold had at length been exhausted, and prepared for a savage hand to hand tussle with the garrison, the Prussians burst through the barricade and effected an entrance.

To their amazement the ground floor was unoccupied save for a little girl of 5, who looked up into their faces with a smile of happy unconcern. She had been playing with her doll, and evidently thought that the heavy firing had been an odd new game which the "grown ups" had been having especially for her amusement. As the big blue eyed sergeant caught her up in his arms and kissed her, she asked, with an air of disappointment, why they had stopped the pretty "boom boom." Through the terrible death wrestle of two mighty nations this happy little house mother had been pleasantly absorbed in family cares. The wrath of kings, the savagery of ancient race hatreds, were things she could not understand, even the hurricane of fire and lead had seemed to her but such strange elemental music as the wren in its nest hears when a thunder shower sweeps over the woodland.

A ladder led to the upper floor of the farmhouse, and when the conquerors ascended they found among the wreckage of shattered roof and crumbling walls the rest of the garrison—no more than nine in all—lying dead. Beside them lay the mother of the child, with a chassepot still clutched in her hand.—Good Words.

Tropical Downpours.

The intensity of genuine tropical rainfall is extraordinary. The rain appears to come down, not in separate drops, but in great sheets. In Darwin's "Voyage of the Beagle," writing of a heavy shower, amounting to 1.6 inches in six hours, which occurred during his stay in the neighborhood of Rio de Janeiro, the author describes the sound produced by the drops falling on the innumerable leaves of the forest as very remarkable and says the noise was like the rushing of a great body of water and could be heard at a distance of a quarter of a mile. Dampler gives a lively picture of the rain at Gorgonia, off the coast of Panama, where, he says, when he and his men were drinking chocolate in the open air, it rained so heavily that some of them declared they could not empty their calabashes, for they could not drink up the water as fast as it fell into them. In many parts of the tropics rain is a remarkably regular phenomenon. At Rio de Janeiro it is said that it used to be the fashion in invitations for the afternoon to state whether the guests were to assemble before or after the thunderstorm which came on regularly every day at a particular hour.

At the government cinchona plantations in Jamaica, on Dec. 21, 1885, 11.80 inches of rain fell in 24 hours, but this measurement does not indicate the total fall, as a gauge when read at the usual hour of 7 a. m. was found full and overflowing. It is probable that unless care is taken to prevent this occuring many very heavy falls are not fully measured. On the crest of the Blue mountains, on the same plantations, 31.50 inches fell in one week, of which three days were fine.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Pleasant For the Neighbors.

Friend—I should think your daughter's four hours' practice on the piano would drive you crazy.

Hostess—Oh, not at all! She opens all the windows, and most of the sound goes out doors.—New York Weekly.

EARTH WABBLINGS.

A WISE MAN MAKES DISCOVERIES WITH A PENDULUM.

An Unsuspected Motion Indicated by Tests In Colorado's Elevated Capitol—This Same Scientist Once Had an Experience In Switzerland.

It is a curious old contrivance, this world of ours. It has more motions than almost any other eccentric body, and the more it is studied the more motions it has. First of all, it travels about the sun; then it takes a whirl of its own accord around itself, like a top; then it wobbles from one end to the other, just a little bit, it is true, but enough to make a motion. Now it has another quirk, and what that quirk is goodness only knows. The new quirk does not exist at the equator, but it does at the north pole. It is very slight at sea level, but up in the mountains it is quite perceptible. Anybody can see it if he wants to, this newly discovered movement of the world.

Suspended from the lantern of the state capitol building, which is that tall, thin tower on top of the dome and reaching into the subbasement is a wire. It is of steel, one-sixteenth of an inch thick, and on the end of it is a plumb, filled with wet sand and weighing about 40 pounds. A wise man who once had a similar contrivance working in Switzerland has started this one in the capitol dome. His observations in Switzerland got him into no end of trouble. He said the world made such and such a movement, or rather that his pendulum did, and as the big pendulum did it, then, he argued, the world must do it amid its many other remarkable acts. But the astronomers came down on him like a thousand of bricks. They hauled out their papers and their telescopes, their spectroscopes, their picroscopes, their algebras and everything else they possessed and proved that the experimenting scientist was not only wrong, but quite wrong.

He said his pendulum described an ellipse. The astronomers said it did nothing of the kind, if not interfered with, and the worst of it was they proved it. Now he has proved it himself, and although it reverses his former position he is immensely pleased with the result of his observations. The experiment made in the Alps several years ago and that just made in the dome of the capitol is simple and a very beautiful one.

The long pendulum was suspended and the center of gravity determined—that is, a spot was marked which was exactly beneath the suspensory at the top of the lantern. The pendulum was then carried in a straight line 16 feet to the north of the center of gravity and released. This gave a full swing of 32 feet. As any one would suppose, the pendulum went as a clock pendulum does, backward and forward, but slowly it left the straight north and south course through the center of gravity, veering toward the west. Little by little the end of the swing, which should have always swung back to the north, if it was to keep up the figure described by a clock pendulum, gradually crept west, until it went through 45 degrees, when it was swinging from south to north. Then it crept east and around to the point of beginning. In 48 hours to a minute almost a complete circle had been described.

The experiment is said to have been a complete success. Twice each day the pendulum was given a new impetus, its own weight and natural laws tending to stop it. Before grasping it the scientists conducting the experiment would carefully sight between the two points on the basement floor it was oscillating over, and having fixed them to a nicety would seize the plumb, carry it to the full 16 foot point and release it for another 12 hours' journey. For six days this was kept up, and three times did that pendulum make a complete revolution.

What got the scientist who is now at work in the capitol into trouble in Switzerland was a similar experiment to that he is now making. He went as near the top of a mountain as he could, and from the projecting bough of a tree suspended a 300 foot pendulum. He followed there precisely the same methods he did in Denver last week, but instead of his plumb traveling in sharp lines back and forth it described an ellipse—that is, it made a long O.

This struck the experimenter as being a marvelous discovery. He wrote about it in a most learned manner. His pendulum did precisely what it did in the dome of the capitol. It made its revolution, but the ellipse was what caused the immense excitement and shook up the astronomers. Now the experimenter has decided that the ellipse was all occasioned by the give which the bough of his tree must certainly have allowed, no matter how stanch the tree, and his experiment in the capitol quite bears him out in this position. The capitol was selected because it is over a mile above the sea level, it is absolutely stationary, and the interior is free from all outside interferences, such as drafts or flying projections.

It had been stated that the world has more quirks in it than were ever dreamed about, and every time it is tampered with something new is discovered. The fact is that it is all the time shaking like an aspen. A basin of mercury which Assistant Superintendent Griner of the capitol keeps in the place, mercury being the most sensitive of all liquids, shows the capitol to shake very much. Reduced to common measurement, perhaps the oscillation is about decimal ten naughts and one of an eighth of an inch, but the shake is there because the mercury quivers.—Denver Republican.

Rossini's memory was lacking in retentiveness, especially in respect to the names of persons who had been introduced to him. This forgetfulness was frequently a cause of amusement whenever Rossini was among company. One day he met Bishop, the English composer. Rossini knew the face well enough, and at once greeted him. "Ah, my dear Mr."— but the name escaped his memory, and to convince him that he had not forgotten him Rossini began whistling Bishop's glee, "When the Wind Blows," a compliment which "the English Mozart," as Bishop had been dubbed, recognized quite as readily as if his ecclesiastical surname had been mentioned.

Mme. Rostowska.

Mme. Rostowska of Lille, France, is 112 years old and a major's widow. She was the cantiniere of a Polish regiment in the Russian campaign, was under fire 12 times, received three wounds and was decorated with the silver cross. Besides this, she has survived her 15 children, the last of whom she buried at the age of 80.

Fall of the Parisian Appetite.

The statistics of 1894 show that each Parisian ate 16 pounds less than his annual average of meat. The consumption has diminished yet further during the course of the present year. This is due to the higher prices caused by the exclusion of American and other meats under the alleged pretense of their unhealthfulness. The Society of Commercial and Industrial Economy of Paris holds that the working people have been enfeebled and made more liable to disease as a result of this limitation of their food supply. In other words, by excluding our meats on false pretenses France is punishing herself as well as doing injury to the United States.—Philadelphia Press.

Changed His Location.

"I see Mrs. Allfire has had her late husband's likeness set in a miniature and wears him under her chin."

"H'm! She wore him under her thumb when he was alive."—Detroit Free Press.

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CHURCH DIRECTORY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DIRECTORY OF LODGES.

MASONIC LODGE.

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

UNION ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER.

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

ODD FELLOWS' LODGE.

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

KNIGHTS OF HONOR LODGE.

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

MOUNTAIN CITY LODGE.

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

DISTRICT LODGE.

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

ROYAL ARCANUM.

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

SONS OF TEMPERANCE

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

UNIFORMED RANK, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

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

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

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

KNIGHT TEMPLARS.

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

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

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

AMERICAN LEGION OF HONOR.

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

CATHOLIC HIBERNIAN BENIFICAL SOCIETY.

Meets first Sunday in every month in the hall on the church lot. M. T. B[illegible] president; 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.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

Monthly meetings, Fourth Tuesday in the month at 7:30 o'clock. Room in City Hall building Isaac Witz, president; J. C. Shields, secretary.