TERMS. \$2.00 A YEAR.

Remittances should be made bycheck raft, postal order, of registered letter

VOL. 72.

Toward midnight recruiting became difficult. A black, bitter cold that

would have frozen Vesuvius or the four ideas of a fever ridden brain laid the

men in heaps by the bivonac fires, even

among the glowing embers, rolled, massed together, curled up like balls, heads and limbs confounded. To get

them on their feet Champeaux, who

now seemed transfigured, promised them

the cross! Twenty-nine arose. They

were young; they were of the last con-

"Vive l'Autre!" (a nickname for Na-

ooleon, "Long live the Other!")" cried

But his horse would not budge. Pro-

phetic, shuddering, steaming, its neck extended, its hoofs as if glued to the

soil, it stood over the body of a sleeper, snorting and nibbling at the leather

"Who goes there?" growled Cham-

peaux, bending so low that he seemed

"No one goes," said one of the grena-diers of his following. "It's the skele-ton of an artilleryman."

The man who lay there did not budge.

The colonel drew his saber. Then a

rugged head emerged from a mask of snow, and two clear eyes surveyed

The man grew angry. He believed

"You there, take care—one step more and I'll run you through the gullet,

He said this at a single breath. Then,

panting like a dumb brute, he fell back,

exposing his body to view, from which

Champeaux made the round of two

other bivouacs, and toward 3 o'clock

the troop numbering 125 men, he despaired of finding the five others.

They set out, but on the way the

colonel found a light infantryman beat-

ing his feet together between the shafts

of a wagon and scraping the ice from a

"I am not to be disturbed; I am din-

Champeaux raised one of his pistols,

Champeaux did not stop him. He

was seized with an idea which struck

him to the very soul. He laid hold of

He was a little fellow, without beard,

"Here it is," said the conscript.

'Why not! Since I am a drummer-I

Champeaux seized him, put him in

have my drum. If I hadn't my drum"-

the saddle, kissed him on both cheeks,

as he would a woman. Alone in the

midst of that agonized army, which

had abandoned its arms and insignia.

this child, who had guarded his drum,

They returned to the plain and shel-

tered themselves under the wagons.

Toward 8 o'clock Napoleon appeared

He had just inspected certain corps,

and had dictated the Twenty-ninth bul-

letin, by which France was startled and

dumfounded. Ney was at his side. Le-

dru des Essarts came in search of Cham-

The emperor was on a slight emi-

Champeanx, who was mounted, drew

"Attention, my fine fellows," he

said in a subdued voice. "The Other

is gazing at you! Forward! Limber

your legs! Tramp, I say! Make believe

At once, more impetuous than a hunt-

er's pack in full cry, with greater im-

pulse, more ringing, more sonorous than

the vanished bugles of the entire corps

there burst forth a terrible rann-plann-

plann!-and those 125 men, relics of

you are an army! Marrrrrche!"

nence. The Third corps, drawn up four

files deep, was posted 100 yards away.

Champeaux watched until morning.

appeared to him a prodigy.

"Come." said he.

his saber.

the drumsticks.

"Forward!"

"Anyhow, let me get my drum!"

"We will return," he said.

piece of a horse's leg.
"Follow us!" shouted the troop.

ng," answered the specter.

and the soldier sprang aside.

"You are a drummer?"

alender, with hair like a child's.

the man.

"Yes."

had been severed close to the

"What do you want with me?"

be hanging from his saddle.

Champeanx's pelisse.

"Get up!"

hey were joking.

colonel though you be!"

Champeaux. "Forward!"

AN INSECT DUEL

A Fight to Death Between a Wasp and

"I saw a wonderful exhibition of the

bravery of insects while I was on my

for, after the coffee had been brought

spent my holiday camping out," he con-

tinued, "and the sight to which I refer

was a fight to the death between a wasp

"Soon after my tent was pitched I

awoke one morning and heard a buzz-ing sound in the peak of my canvas house. Looking up while still lying on

my improvised bed, I saw a wasp build-

ing his mud house on the tent pole.

Several times he went out and returned

a few minutes later with his load of

"The next morning, at just about

sunrise, I heard the buzzing again, but

it seemed to have increased in volume

Glancing up again, I soon saw the reason. A big spider had spun a web com-

pletely across the corner of the tent,

shutting the half finished home of the

wasp off, so that it could not be reached

except by passing through the web. The

spider was an ugly looking black fel-

low, and he stood on guard watching

the movements of the wasp. The latter

flew backward and forward, looking for

an opening to his domicile. Then he re-

mained still in the air for a second or

two, as if taking a general view of the

situation. Finally he alighted on the

tent pole within an inch or so of the

edge of the web and seemed to be mak-

ing up his mind what to do next.
"By this time I had become interest

ed, and wondered what his plan of action would be. While I was still con-

templating the two foes the wasp flew

off the pole and directly toward the

spider, which had been keenly watching

him and was evidently ready for the

wasp flew past his enemy he curled the

under part of his body up so that the

part containing the stinger would come

"The latter was evidently accustome

to such warfare, however, because he

got out of the way in a twinkling. Maddened at his defeat, the wasp took

a turn and went back again. Once

more the spider eluded his venomous

stinger, but at the same time he ap-

peared to be trying to bite the wasp

The spider might have retreated so far

away from his web fort that his enemy

could not have touched him until the

obstruction was broken down, but he

evidently did not intend to have his

carefully constructed flytrap destroyed

"There were several skirmishes

the kind already described, and then

the wasp again alighted on the tent

this was exactly what he was doing was

proved by what followed. After re-

maining on the role for a few seconds

he flew off and poised himself in the

air a foot or so below the web. Then

he darted directly for the spider, and

went completely through the web at

the exact spot which had been occupied

"For an instant both combatants wer

lost to view and I heard the battle rag-

ing in the peak of the tent. Before

had scarcely had a chance to wonder

which was getting the better of it both

insects dropped to the ground close to

me. The spider was holding fast to the

wasp's head with his small but effect

ive month, and the wasp was runnin

his stinger in and out of the spider's

body with lightninglike rapidity. There

was a short struggle on the ground

when both insects began to grow weal

and their movements were less rapid

Finally they fell apart, but neither

moved. I examined them both, after

watching them for a few seconds. The

poison of each had done the work for

the other, and both were dead."-New

York Tribnne

by the spider a second before.

pole, as though reconnoitering and get-

without a struggle.

in close proximity to the spider.

clay, which very soon formed another

vacation last summer," said the profes-

on and the cigars had been lighted.

and a spider.

section of his abode.

NO. 42.

PROFESSIONAL. ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

Prompt attention given to all legal business entrusted to our hands. J. M. PERRY,
ATTORNERY-AT-LAW,
29 East Main Street.
STAUNTON, VA.

CARTER BRAXTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 23 S, Augusta St. Special attention given to collections.

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

No. 2, Court House Square. aug 9-tf Office No. 4 Lawyers' Row, in rear of Court

DR. D. A. BUCHER DENTIST. Office hours from 9 A, M. to 6 P. M. may 27

HUGH G. EICHELBERGER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA. HENRY W. HOLT. TURK & HOLT,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, No. 8 Lawyers' Row, Staunton, Va. LAW OFFICES ALEXANDER & TAYLOR,

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

STAUNTON, VA.

PRATT & KERR ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, No. 17 Court Place, -

NOTARY PUBLIC. Jos. A. GLASGOW, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Room 5, No. 23 S. Augusta Street, Skinner Building.
STAUNTON, VA.
aug 10-tf DR. H. M. PATTERSON, STAUNTON, VA.

J. H. CROSIER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office on Courthouse square,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND COMMISSIONER CHANCERY.

OFFICE No. 10 LAWYERS' ROW,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR. OFFICE.—CROWLE BUILDING OPPOSITE Y. M.

Special attention given to corporation and real-estate law.

Having closed up all outside business, which for a year or two interrupted my regular law-practice, I am now enabled to, and shall, from this time, give my undivided time and exclusive attention to the law; and to such persons as my entrust me with their litigation, I promise my best efforts and such ability as I may possess.

The Sun!

5.30 a. m. for Monterey.
6.00 a. m. for Mt. Meridian.
6.15 p. m. for Mt. Solon daily,
9.75 m. STAUNTON OFFICE
Opens 7 a. m., closes 7 p. m. and registry business opens at 8 p. m.

W. T. M. 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 sen-

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.

The Baltimore Weekly Sun.

The Baltimore Weekly Sun.

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.

Address,

PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
No. 618 F St., N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

The WEEKLY SUN PUBLISHES ALL THE NEWS of each week, giving complete accounts of all events of interest throughout the world. As 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, an the discussion of new methods and ideas in DEPARTMENT and Veterinary column are par ticularly valuable to country readers. Every ssue contains STORIES, POEMS, HOUSEHOLD AND PUZZLE COLUMNS, a variety of interesting and instructive selected matter and other fea tures, which make it a welcome visitor in city and country homes alike. One dollar a year. Inducements to getters

up of clubs for the Weekly Sun. Both the Daily and Weekly Sun mailed free of postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico Payments invariably in advance. Address A. S. ABELL COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors. Baltimore, Md.

SIMMONS REGULATOR Are you taking SIMMONS LIVER REG-

ULATOR, the "KING OF LIVER MEDI-That, is what our readers want, and nothing but that. It is the same old friend to which the old folks pinned their faith and were never disappointed. But another good recom-mendation for it is, that it is BETTER THAN PILLS, never gripes, never weakens, but works in such an easy and natural way, just like nature itself, that relief comes quick and sure, and one feels new all over. It never fails. Everybody needs take a liver remedy. and everyone should take only Simmons Liver Regulator. Be sure you get it. The Red Z is on the wrapper. J. H. Zeilin &

Co., Philadelphia.

Hours for Arrival and Closing of Mails at Staun-

ton 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 intermediat points. 7.05 p. m. from north, east and south. BY B. AND O.

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. tor 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-

2.15 p. m. for Clifton Forge and intermediate 6.15 p. m. for the west.

STAUNTON OFFICE

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 Company is? It is a syndicate of hundreds of the leading papers of the United States, or-ganized to protect those of the subscribers who have dealings with Government against

EDITORIALLY, THE SUN IS THE CONSISTENT
AND UNCHANGING CHAMPION AND DEFENDER OF
POPULAR RIGHTS AND INTERESTS against political machines and monopolies of every character. Independent in all things, extreme in
none. It is for good laws, good government

JOHN WEDDERBURN, 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 dis-eases. Address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.

I have rented the stable on Water stree 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 h orses, double and single.

1 can furnish you a nice turn-out—Surry, Buggles, 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,

Respectfully, 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

recommend it as superior to any prescription 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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 CARLOS MARTYN, D. D.,

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that | Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes di Without injurious medication.

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

Staunton

Nay, love ms not; it will be better so— Much better, dear, that I should turn and go, For with love's birth may come life's overthrow. Nay, love me not.

Lo, I have watched thy sweet life break to flower,
Thy spirit spread and quicken hour by hour,
Thy wondering eyes, thy small hands' graciou

power! Lo, I have watched! Though time should fail and show me no new thing,
I yet have touched life's sacred, inner ring.
I have known thee, the pulse and blood of

For thee the peace of guarded, tranquil days,
The lanes of life, unsoiled by blame or praise;
For me the turmoil of the loud highways;
For thee, the peace.

—New York Tribune.

THE LAST DRUMMER.

After the passage of the Beresina by Marshal Victor, who, on the evening of the 28th of November, 1812, had lost so heavily in attacking the bridges, the fragments of the French army, having twice dispersed the Russian bands, were resting for a little in the suburbs of their cloaks, with heads bent low, were

passing along the road. "You say, colonel, that there are many French in the rear in spite of the butchery at the bridges?" "There are thousands-stragglers

every corps lying in the snow unarmed. "You should have rallied them."

"I could not carry 10,000 men in my "True. But you should have sounded the alarm. "The alarm-for dead men!"

There was a moment of silence.

"You know that he will review the

Third tomorrow. Ney charged me to inform you. You will head the column. The colonel uttered a formidable "A review of the Third corps!" He turned toward the general, wh

"You are jesting."

"Colonel Champeaux!" "By the sword of Jehovah," cried the colonel. "there is but one emperor who can review those men!" He lifted his arm in the darkness, with a vague gesture toward heaven.

appeared impassive, and his gayety at

"A review," he went on, "but it will be a battalion review. The Third corps numbered 35,000 infantrymen and 2,400 cavalrymen at the opening of the campaign. It had 10,000, all told, on quitting Moscow. Do you know how many yet remain?" He did not wait for the response.

"There remain 130. I say nothing of the horses. They have been digested. I -Colonel Champeaux-do you how many men I myself have?" "How many?" "Seven—the remnant of a fine regi

ment of grenadiers. " The general shuddered, and his horse made a movement. "How many wounded?" "Six." "Officers?"

"One and the sole effective. I am he. And the colonel burst out laughing. It seemed a "good one." "Very well," said the general. "This is the fourth. Tomorrow at 9 o'clock the Third corps must be assembled. You must find these survivors."

The colonel interrupted violently: "Look out for an army corps—in this desert!" "Bah!" said the general. "The em-

peror wishes it. Understand, Champeaux, the emperor!" And he plunged into the darkness. Champeaux, erect amidst the snow, reflected a moment, snapped his jaws

together and turned back toward the "The emperor"-This luminous word he passed again and again mechanically before his im

agination. "The emperor- If it's the emperor-All the same if it is he"-The French army was encamped in the midst of an immense circle of wagons and tethered horses-that is to say, in disorder. Bands of stragglers and wounded-the straying of the former and the creeping pace of the latter di-rected by chance—had assembled around thousands of fires, which they fed with rotted planks, tops of caissons, saddle pads and broken wheels. Everywher

here and there looming in the midst of it a miserable shelter. From time to time the heavy, im mense, indefinable breadth of the storm swept by, and again a terrific detonation was heard-a caisson of shells explod-

was a shoreless sea of phantoms, with

Champeaux, savage and irresolute made his way through the group of shadows, cursed by those whose despond-"A review-an imperial review

Tomorrow! These carrion have no longer any uniform! How are corps and regiments to be recognized? Their only raiment is wounds, saddle cloths, hors blankets. Find the different battalion if you can!" He grasped a shoulder at hazard.

"What regiment?" The man was stretched out in sleep. He opened one eye; then closed it heav-Champeaux drew his saber a little

way from its scabbard, entered the edge of the fire, the flames licking his tall boots, and turned toward the men, whose blackened hands and arms were extended toward the coals, dripping as they thawed. They did not so much as look at him, but Champeaux was already roaring out the order of the emperor. Immediately, when this name was pronounced, a few heads were lifted -the oldest-and 12 cavalrymen of the Third corps came and ranged themselves "Have you your horses?"

The soldiers began to laugh softly in the manner of young girls.

"Well, we will do without them," said the colonel. "March!" He went on. He and his men boldly entered the fire circles. Champeaux delivered the emperor's orders, which, in proportion as the difficulties increased. magnified by dint of vociferation, until it became a sort of proclamation to the troops. This reminder of Napoleon drew 30 men from the bivouad fires, of whom eight were grenadiers. "Fall in!" said the colonel.

As he moved forward he stumbled upon the recumbent forms of men imbedded in the ice. Then all would bend down and would loosen these stiffened

the superb 38,000 of Elkingen, defiled before the cold gaze of the emperor. Pann-rrrann! plann-plann! chanted Four files front, accurate of step, el-

bows touching, heads thrown back, those human remnants crossed a corner of the plain, to the consecrated roll of the drum! Champeaux, with his saber aloft as at the Carrousel, rode behind the little drummer. This tragic parade, amid the snow, amid unequaled suffering, before a stupefied army, so shocked the stern old marshal that-beside the impassive Napoleon-his knees trembled under him. They were without uniforms, those 125, but they had the noble mien of martyrs. Even the drummer was known as such only by the tragic fury of his rataplan! Pann! pann! sounded the drum. Plann! plann! At the head, as directed by the regu-

lations, there were eight Grenadiers of the Guard, with chimerical faces, some topped with soiled caps, stained with the smoke of the battle and bivouac; others, a six months' beard on their cheeks, with their heads thrust into tall cylinders of fur. And all were old, their bodies barred with solemn cicatrices. Rrrann! pann! pann! rrrann-rrann

-pan! pan! pan! The drummer wrought himself into rage, sounding, beating, smiting his drum at the head of the column. Next came 68 light infantrymen, old like the grenadiers, one-third of them in black gaiters and the others shod with strips of leather. "Steady! Beware the emperor!" cried Champeaux.

Rrrann! plann! plann!-pataplann! plann! plann! Following, bareheaded, were two soldiers of the engineer corps, with neither sabers nor cartridge boxes, frightfully slashed by the Cossacks, but still carrying their spades. Rrrra-rrra-pataplan! paum!

paum! clamored the tireless drummer.

Then appeared a disordered cavalry,

without horses, hobbling, limping along, but so proudly courageous that they would have retraced their steps on the instant and have reconquered the Russians; eight cuirassiers, without cuirasses, lifting toward the emperor their seamed faces, the fur bands of their helmets tightened about their necks, the most of them clad in Russian pelisses, which they had won by dint of sword play. One, an enormous fellow, as though they were so many sticks of timber. They planted them upright, and Champeaux, with a sort of congestive exultation, brawled out his chant:

"Blockheads! It's for the emperor"—

These words straightened them up as though the many sticks of timber. They planted them upright, and Champeaux, with a sort of congestive exultation, brawled out his chant:

"Blockheads! It's for the emperor"—

These words straightened them up as the many sticks of had no trousers, and had tied a pair of blue saddle cloths about his thighs. He may be a sort of congestive exultation, brawled out his chant:

"Blockheads! It's for the emperor"—

These words straightened them up as the many sticks of had no trousers, and had tied a pair of blue saddle cloths about his thighs. He may be a sort of congestive exultation, brawled out his chant:

"Blockheads! It's for the emperor"—

These words straightened them up as the many sticks of had no trousers, and had tied a pair of blue saddle cloths about his thighs. He may be a sort of congestive exultation, brawled out his chant:

"Blockheads! It's for the emperor"—

These words straightened them up as the many sticks of had no trousers, and had tied a pair of blue saddle cloths about his thighs. He may be a sort of congestive exultation, brawled out his chant:

"Blockheads! It's for the emperor"—

These words straightened them up as the many straightened them up as the many

shorn by musket balls, nairiess, plaqueif Murat himself had grapped them by the scruff of the neck, and they set forth ss, without cordon or plume laughing. After four hours the effective Bravely, drumsticks, rattle away! And you, drummer, roll, roll, for the tattered Pandours of love! trength of the Third corps reached 60

Rrrann! rrrann!—pataplann! Last, approached in four close lines, the artillerymen, in number 15, cannoneers of Piedmont, with neither white looped cordons nor drumsticks; 12 dragoons, riddled with grapeshot, in bloody coats that once were green, with tiger skin casques; and 20 crack hussars, in loose trousers blackened with powder and rent with lance thrusts, their silver dolmans flapping in formless tatters. Rrrann! rrrataplann! Beat with von

might; beat again, spare not, O drum-mer of Tabor! O death's drummer! Pataplann! rrrataplann! plaum! plaum! "Don't look like sausages!" said Champeaux. "Yonder is the emperor!" Napoleon, in fact, erect upon his

steed, unmoved and fatal as destiny, was awaiting them. This knot of heroes, one of the few

that remained of that great epic, defiled past him, their eyes turned toward his face. The drummer continued through the plain to beat his drum; the pitiful battalion followed him; and as if muffled in funereal crape, the rolling of the drum reverberated against the rigid walls of that imperial soul; already distant, becoming vaguer and vaguer, dying upon the ear, it seemed to the emperor like the toiling of brazen tongues, announcing a foregone remediable knell of his puissant armies.

—Translated From the French For Short

"When I first went to the little, old fashioned house known as a hotel in -, Ga.," said a commercial traveler recently, "I was met at the threshold by a tall, rather pleasant faced southern woman, who accorded me a hearty welcome. After registering and lounging around the extensive veranda for some time the proprietress announced that

"She waited on me herself, and while repeating the oral bill of fare said: 'I've prepared especially for you a fine south-ern dish. I know you northerners don't know anything about the deliciousness of sweet potato pie, and I made it just today for your benefit.' "Of course I ate the pie. It was de

licious, I assure you, but I noticed that

everybody else ate sweet potato pie also, but supposed that, of course, she had made a big one while she was about it. "I left the house the next morning," continued the traveler, "and did not visit it again for more than a year. When I returned, the old lady had evidently forgotten me, for she again had sweet potato pie for my 'especial bene-fit.' When she was telling me at the table about the personally prepared dish. I noticed that some of the regu-

at each other in a significant way. Shortly after this I was at the Kimball House in Atlanta with a number of fellow salesmen, and I spoke about the good natured landlady at B-- and her celebrated sweet potato pie. I learned that every one of them had eaten 'specially prepared' pie, and that that delicious dish was on the hotel bill of fare every day in the year."-New York

lars around the table smiled and looke

The Poisoned Arrow. The poisoned arrow is a subject which wants considerable clearing up. Unquestionably if the venom of the rattlesnake could be had, and an arrowhead were smeared with the venom, the effects of a wound received by such an arrow would be dangerous. It is the permanency of the toxic effect of crotaline which may be questioned. It may be read that savages having arrows so called poisonous are very careful with them, keeping them in peculiar quivers. The admixtures which savages suppose add to the deadly effects of the poison, such as spiders, would amount to nothing at all. Unquestionably the Apaches used poisoned arrows, since Dr. W. J. Hoffman writes that in 1871 arrows obtain ed from Apache Indians "showed the presence of blood corpuscles, with a crystalline substance, apparently identical with viperine (Bonaparte) or crota-line, (S. W. Mitchell), the active prin-

ciple of crotalus venom. Captain John G. Bourke, treating the subject of Apache poisoned arrows, writes: "I do not believe in the virulence, or rather in the permanence of the virulence, of the poison made from the putrid liver of deer into which an en raged rattlesnake had injected its venom. At least I can say that I have seen men and animals struck by darts alleged to have been so poisoned, but could not perceive that any extra harm had been done thereby." The question of blood poisoning, a not uncommon cause of death, might have often arisen from an arrow wound, especially if the bowman made it a point not to cleanse the arrowhead after a first wound had been in flicted by the same arrow. According to Giralamo Benzoni, as translated by Captain Bourke, Benzoni has left some de tails of how the natives of South America manufactured their poison. "The compelled an old woman to prepare this deadly mixture, and if it did not half kill the old woman she was nearly beater to death."-New York Times.

I see that The Daily Telegraph has inaugurated a discussion in its column as to the "Proper Age for Love," and much that is silly has been addresse to that journal. The first thing to de cide would, I should imagine, be, what love is. If that sort of infatuation be meant which occasionally gets the better of a sane human being, and leads him or her, as the case may be, to gush and pine and mope, there is no age proper for it. If, on the other hand, is meant a certain feeling of affection felt by one person for another of the opposite sex, any age between 20 and 40 is proper for it. For the follies of love poets and no elists are to blame. The former exalt it as something pleasurable beyond belief;

the latter too often make their tales turn upon two silly persons insisting on marrying against all practical sense. And this fidelity or folly is put forward as the noblest of virtues. Love may set tle down into a reasonable attachment, but as a rule it is a mere temporary sen sation. People meet each other, and, after a slight acquaintance, feel that they cannot live apart. In nine cases out of ten they eventually find that they get on apart excellently. Even friendship is more of a habit than anything else. -London Truth.

roast yeal? Tell you what, Peppi-you

When Healy, the American artist, was in France, he painted a portrait of Louis Philippe. It became the property of the American minister, General Cass, and soon after its completion the king met the artist and said to him: "Mr. Healy, I understand that I wa seen last evening at your minister's in very good company, between Washing

ton and Guizot, both painted by you Where and how did you copy your Wash Mr. Healy replied that he had copied it from an engraving of Stuart's Wash ington, as the original had not been within his reach. The king then said that while he and his brothers were in the United States they had seen Stuar at work on this great portrait, and that during the sittings Washington had con versed with the young princes.

"And now," added the king, "I wan you to make me a copy of that very portrait." The great difficulty was to know where to find it, but in a week's time the king thought he had his information. "Mr. Healy," he exclaimed, "we are

dished! The portrait is in Russia, and under present circumstances I can ask nothing of the Russian government. What are we to do? I must have my Washington! I have set my heart on it! Mr. Healy proposed copying the full length portrait hanging in Fancuil hall, "No, no!" said the king. "That is in his military uniform, and I want him

as president of the United States, in his black velvet suit. Will you start for America and do your best? I leave the whole affair in your hands. You might copy the portrait which Mrs. Madison cut from its frame in 1814, when the English burned the city of Washington. So the artist set sail for America and, once there, the president, John Tyler, allowed him to paint in the room where this portrait, a rather feeble imitation of Stuart, had been hung. Later, when he passed through London, h learned by chance that the portrai which Louis Philippe had believed t

be in Russia was really in London i

self, and that he might be allowed t

finish his copy from it. - Youth's Com-

That Tennyson hadn't good manners is the contention of Mr. Sherrard, and this young man, in support of his state ment, tells the story of a visit paid by his mother in her youth to the laureate' wife. Tennyson came into the room, looked very gloomy and, in fact, snub bed the assembled company, if one may believe Mr. Sherrard. Commenting on this tale, The Nev

Budget says: "The absurdity of attempt ing to trick out Tennyson as a drawing room hero is palpable to all who know him. It is, moreover, a species of fawking upon him which he would have been the first to resent. His manner to men and women was frankly boorish. He did not mean unkindness, but so it was that be protected or merely amused

PIPES AND SMOKERS.

STORIES OF MEERSCHAUM COLORING TOLD BY AN EXPERT.

Little Expense Where His Pipes Were Concerned-The Duke Colored the Cigar Holder In One Day, But-"Oh, yes, you ought to be able to get real meerschaum for \$2-a plain one,

course-but there isn't much sale for

taking advantage of the cheap prices cheap manufacturers went into the busi nue cigar store, few people have any real notion of artistic work.

hest workmen have come from Germany. "Do I know any mechanical way of coloring a meerschaum? Oh, yes; I have known a man to fix up a small rubber bellows that was kept going by a clockwork attachment, and so did his
H. F. Shealy. common method is to hire some constant smoker to use your pipe until it gets the tint you want. British officers sometimes distribute their meerschaums among their men for this purpose, and on a long voyage passengers give their pipes in charge of seasoned old salts.

don't von?

interest in his pipe colorer, and started out by sending him to his own barber, shape. Then he insisted that the man that, with \$4 a pound tobacco-and he He ought to have remembered the workman in his will, to make the romance

quests.' "Especially if he smoked the ghost "Here's another story of meerscha

want it colored. Can you have it done "But, your grace,' I said, 'coloring takes time. I couldn't have it done by Monday. A few weeks'-

you on Monday as black as your coat.' "And he did. This is how he did it: He went out and bought 100 long 5 ridge, Recorder. cent cigars, went home and smoked them all day Sunday, one after the other, until they were gone. Sure enough, the holder had a beautiful color, but he had nearly spoiled his teeth, and he admitted that he wouldn't do it again. One hundred 5 cent cigars in one day was too much even for an Italian."-New York Tribune.

our correspondent says, a curious sentence to the bills of performance a few nights ago. The piece to be performed was "Il Catenaccia" ("The Chain"), by Blum and Toche, which had not before been performed at Naples. The sentence was as follows, "The manager considers it his duty to advise the public that this comedy, because of its rather licentions character, is not an entertainment fit for young ladies."-London News.

the land there po Doubtless an oppressive silence would have intervened but for the roar of a storm at sea depicted upon a nearby canvas.—Detroit Tribune.

The Rich Peruvian Who Didn't Mind a

the carved and ornamental ones now,' said the pipe expert to his interlocutor. "Meerschaum carving was well done here 25 or 30 years ago—so well that an American exhibit only failed to receive a medal at the Paris exposition of 1867 because the judges thought the work too good to have been done on this side of the Atlantic. That bulldog would have cost you two or three times the price in those days. It was expen sive then-the work and the material both—but people had an appreciation of it that they seem to have lost since. And this is the reason, in part, at any rate: The growth of commerce has made it possible for American manufacturers to import meerschaum directly from the producers in Austria and Turkey, instead of paying the profits of ten or a dozen middlemen as they once had to do. Amber is cheaper, too, for the same reason. Then, some years ago, ness with cheap labor-tenement house labor, largely—and cheapened and vul-garized the business. Now that you can buy a meerschaum at every Third ave-

"I mean to cultivate a taste for it again, though-to popularize it if I can. I'm going to sell a lot of meer-schaum blocks, with bowls and stem holes hollowed out, at a price pretty near cost. Then I'm going to give directions so that any man with a bent for carving can ornament his own pipe. It's such a pity there shouldn't be more popular interest in this branch of art,' sighed the enthusiast, "for no material lends itself to carving like meerschaum. Why, I never see one of these irregular lumps that the shape of it doesn't suggest the beautiful form that lies within it. Here"-he snatched a sketchbook and opened it-"is a hound's head, after Landseer; a group of fallen angels, from Dere; a portrait head, carved from life-see the range of subjects? But Americans haven't generally been successful at meerschaum carving; our

is street, between Main and Frederick streets moking for him, but a much more p. m. Pastor, Rev. Father McVerry.

"Some years ago we had a customer, a rich Peruvian, who had bought a great' many pipes from us; he had about 50 pieces of fine meerschaum. Of course he couldn't hope to color all those himself unless he smoked like a volcano. especially in the 12 months he expected to stay here. So be asked me if I knew anybody who would do it for him. I introduced him to one of our workmen, a young fellow, and the Peruvian turn ed over his pipes to him, supplying him with a lot of the very best tobacco he could buy. He used to come in often and watch the man at his work. He would sit and admire the slow coloring of those pipes as an artist would a painting. You know how you feel as you see the beautiful rich hues come in,

"Well, sir, a sort of friendship sprang up between those two. The Peruvian took a personal, or perhaps a proprietary, to be shaved into more presentable should have his teeth examined, and he paid a \$75 dentist's bill for him. He sent him to a fashionable tailor and gave him a fine outfit; he bought him a panama hat, and so on until we figured kept the fellow smoking all the timeand all the rest of his expenditures on that workman, the coloring of those pipes cost him about \$1,200. Then he went back to Peru, and I heard afterward that he was killed in Australia. complete, but this is a true story, and I can't say he did. Perhaps he felt himself fully furnished with pipes for this

of his cut cavendish in his phantom meerschaum," suggested his listener. "Ye-es," said the other, who could appreciate Jerome too. "But I don't most of that cut cavendish by proxy. coloring: The Duke of Castelluccia used to be one of my customers. One Saturday he came in and looked at a fine meerschaum eigar holder.
"'That's handsome,' he said. 'But I for me on Monday?'

world and the next without any be

"'Bah!' he said. 'I will bring it to

A Curious Playbill Phrase. The Teatro Nuovo, at Naples, added,

The realist trembled with passion. "Only \$25 for my picture!" he shrieked. "Why, sir, are you aware that less than \$450 a front foot?"

sequent insertion.

A liberal discount will be made on a 1 orders for 3, 6, or 12 months.

Obtinaries, Announcements of! Candidates for office, and all communications alor private character, will be charged for an advartisements. Puffery and Totaldle.

Staunton Spectator.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

or each subsequent insertion.

Local Notices are inserted at the rate of 20 ents per line for the first, and 10 cents for ch subsequent insertion.

Business Notices are inserted at the rate of cents for the first and 8 cents for each sub-

I am weary of reading the encomiums which are heaped upon the barroom loafers who pose as "racovieus," the young men of fashion who condescend to "go into trade," the "plucky" actresses who at a moment's notice assume a role which they have been dringently understudying for mentls and the "literary" women whose parlors are filled on Sunday evenings with the very cream of the great "aristocracy" of brains and culture. I believe that in the course of time a few other people will become as tired of twaddle of this description as I am, but it is possible by that time, too, that other living creatures besides the human race will come

in for their share of puffery. It would be a comparative relief to read an article on "Popular Car Horses Who Drag Our Bobtail Cars," "Favorite Croton Bugs Who Patronize Well Known Hotels," and "Brave Goats Who Defy the Harlem Police." Indeed some of our dailies have already waxed eloquent over "our Central park babcons" and "Talks with Maggie, the African Missing Link," or with "Chiko, the Learned Chimpanzee," are getting quite common. - Bachelor of Arts.

BICKLE & HAMRICK UNDERTAKING PARLOR OS. 11 AND 13 W. FREDERICK STREET.

We keep constantly on hand the finest stock f goods in our line ever seen in the city of ton. All the latest styles and novelties. Calls attended day and night.

FUNERAL OUTFITTED n every detail and under careful personal at BICKLE & HAMRICK Nos. and W.Frederick St.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

First Presbyterian Church, on Frederick St Il a. m. and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. A. M. Fraser Second Presbyterian church corner Freder. ick and Lewis streets. Services at 11 a. m and 8. Pastor, Rev. Wm. Cumming. Emmanuel Episcopal Church, worship at Y.

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

M. C. A. Hall. Services at 11 a. m., and 8 p. m.

Rector, Rev. R. C. Jett.

tween Main and Johnson streets. Services at II 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 Lew-

ton streets. Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m street. Mass at 7 and 10.30 a. m. Vespers and benediction of Most Blessed Sacrament at

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

DIRET RY 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.

UNIC " ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER. No. 2. meet 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.

ery Thursday night in Odd Fellows' Hall, ove-Wayt's drug store, on Main street. John C Staupton Lodge, No. 756, Kr., hts of Honor meets every first and third Tuesday in each month, in Pythian Hall, Main street. W. L.

Dlivier, Dictator: W. A. Burnett, Recorder. 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.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE

Charity Division, M. A., Sons of Temperance

ROYAL ARCANUM.

Augusta Council, No. 490, Royal Arcanum

neets every second and fourth Tuesday in the

nonth, at Pythian Hall, Main street. W. W

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 monta 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 fonday night at Castle Hall, on West street, over Dr. Wayt's drug store. C. T. Ham-

Keeper of Records and Seal. KNIGHT TEMPLARS. Staunton Commandery, No. 8, Knights Tem-

olar, meets first Friday night in every month

in Masonic Temple, on Main street. W. B. McChesney, Eminent Commander; A. A. E k-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

risiting brothers welcome. AMERICAN LEGION OF HONOR. Valley Council No. 736 meets on the first and hird Mondays in each month. Comm

James W. Blackburn, chief of records. A

A. S. Woodhouse; secretary, Dr. J. M. Hange collector, Isaac C. Morton, Jr. CATHOLIC HIRERNIAN RENIFICAL SOCIETY.

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

"STONEWALL" BRIGADE BAND. Band meets every Monday and Thursday orchestra, every Wednesday, at 8 p. m., in City Hall. Mr. J. M. Brereton, director

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

Monthly meetings, Fourth Tuesday in the month at7:800'clock. Roomin City Hai build ng Isaac Wits, presid t; J.C. Shields, secre