

We invite inspection of our Subscription List, by Advertisers, and assure them that they will find it the largest of any paper published in this city.

VOL. 81

Our readers will find correct Schedules of the three great railroads of the State regularly published in this paper—the C. & O., the N. & W. and the Southern.

Weinberg Clothing Company

Our Great Semi-Annual Clearance Sale of Men's, Boys' and Children's CLOTHING

is now going on, and in order to sell our entire stock of winter clothing, we will make the most sweeping selling event we have ever held. The greatest of all occasions for enormous savings and selecting ONLY fashionable tailored and the most workful garments. The ONLY KIND Weinberg keeps.

Don't Miss This Great Opportunity.

WEINBERG Clothing Co.

STAUNTON'S UP-TO-DATE Clothiers, Tailors and Furnishers.

5 South Augusta St., STAUNTON, VA.

Next to Augusta National Bank.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. H. Hatcher

Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

900 DROPS

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS AND CHILDREN.

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac-Simile Signature of *Dr. J. C. H. Hatcher* NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 15 Doses. At 1 year 25 Doses.

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

Wool Underwear!

If you have had trouble in finding satisfactory UNDERWEAR you can give you what you want. In the first place, we can fit you—for we have all proportions—for the average sized man for the short man, and for the long man. We have the ribbed UNDERWEAR made of the finest worsted yarns, and full fashioned. Then we have the Flat Underwear, fully fashioned, and with sewed seams.

There is a great variety of colors, and qualities, and weights, and fact our Underwear department is the most complete hereabouts. Underwear from 50c to \$1.75, and if we have left any good thing out of our lines we don't know it. For perfect Underwear come here.

HANGER & GARBER,

CLOTHIERS AND FURNISHERS. OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.

J. J. MURPHY,

DEALER IN

Pure and Unadulterated Liquors.

Handles all the Different Brands of Augusta County Whiskies from Three to Eight Years Old.

ONLY HANDLER OF D. BEARD WHISKEY IN CITY OR COUNTY.

Have also on hand different brands of fine Old Whisky and Monticello, Pennsylvania Gray, Melvale, and other fine brands. Special attention given to all orders.

Having on hand a large quantity of Whiskies and Wines, we will offer to the trade special inducements. We handle Port and Sherry for family use which we will sell at \$1 per gallon.

Also Bottled Beer, Scotch Ale and London Porter.

Our \$2 a gallon Whiskey you will find pure and good.

No. 3 South New Street, Staunton, Va.

CHINKIANG, CHINA.

An Interesting Letter from Far Off Country—How Missionary Work is Conducted by an Augusta Man.

Rev. James E. Bear, a Presbyterian missionary, located at Chinkiang, China, writes us the following interesting letter, descriptive of his work in that country. It will be remembered that Mr. Bear spent his vacation a few years ago with relatives at Churchville, Chinkiang, China, Nov. 26, 1901. The local and personal notes that appear from week to week in the SPECTATOR telling of the movements of old friends are so interesting to me that it has occurred to me that a few lines telling of my work may not be wholly uninteresting to some of them.

Fourteen years have now passed since I bade farewell to the first time to home friends, to take part in our Lord's work in China. My lot has been cast in a rather pleasant place; for outside of Shanghai, a pleasant place that Chinkiang cannot, I think, be found in this part of China. The city of Chinkiang is situated on the south bank of the great Yangtsi River about 200 miles from its mouth. It has a population of nearly 200,000, and a foreign community of about 75 adults and possibly 30 or more little folks. About 16 missionaries of the various denominations, southern Baptists and Presbyterians, northern Methodists and China Inland mission have their homes here. The rest of the foreigners are in business or engaged in Consular or the Imperial Chinese Customs Service. Six lines of steamers make this a calling place in their river trade. The hills and open country behind, give not only a home like look, but also furnish rambles and hunting (pheasants, rabbits, wild ducks, geese, etc.) to those who have leisure for such past times.

I have a good, substantial mission house built about a mile from the foreign settlement on a hill over looking the city and river. But last year during the troubles, when no one knew what a day might bring forth, we found this position on the hill, cut off from the river and foreign community by a Chinese fort of 500 soldiers, anything but pleasant. Nevertheless, we stood our ground until the ladies and children were ordered to leave. On July 19th, to go to Shanghai for safety. I returned, however, in October, and my family a month or two later, as we saw there was no further probability of danger. The Boxer trouble has had very little detrimental effect on missions work in the Yangtsi Valley. China is a strange country. One part may be distracted by war, famine or pestilence without the people in other parts being disturbed by it. A man may be dying with cholera or small-pox, and his next door neighbor goes on unconcernedly about his work. When at home I have a chapel in the city, in which I hold daily preaching services, usually in a conversational style, for it is very hard to hold a theistic audience if one takes a set text and tries to preach a regular sermon.

The congregation simply gets up and leave you if they find you uninteresting. But I am from home much of the time; for though a Presbyterian, I find it well to be as much of an itinerant preacher as any good Methodist brother can point to. In the last six weeks I have made three trips, two of each week into the surrounding country and villages, and one of two weeks by boat to more distant parts. The trips into the villages are made on a wheelbarrow. And here I think I am one ahead of the good home Methodist brother, for while you have often seen him come in dusty and tired on a gaunt horse, I venture to say you have never yet seen him come on foot followed by a man trundling his roll of bedding on a wheelbarrow. But this is generally the way we have to travel to visit our circuits out here. And as to the inn accommodation,—well, suffice it to say a decent barn floor, or hayrack at home would be infinitely preferable to the majority of them. The boat trips are much pleasanter. You have the center room of the small house boat all to yourself, and you can read, or write as you please with none to disturb you, as you go from place to place. On this two weeks' boat trip I visited five walled cities, and a number of large towns and villages, traveling a distance of about 220 miles, going and coming. You can see from this how populous this section of country is.

It may be asked how do the people regard you in these cities? Well, first, as a curiosity. They never grow weary of looking at you, second, as a barbarian. This vice is, however, I am glad to say, gradually giving way before their increased knowledge of foreigners. Still, we are generally the object of contempt to the literary class, and spoken of, by nearly all, as "foreign devils."

And how do we attempt to preach to them? Generally carrying with us a handful of Gospel portions, and tracts and catechisms explaining Christianity, and going on the street we made a stand here and there where a convenient open place is found. A crowd soon gathers around you, and you may begin by saying, I come here, and you say, "there is a foreigner." But if you were to go to my humble country, you would be the foreigner, and I the native. This almost always gains a laughing assent and paves the way for a hearing. You may continue, "were you to go there, you would find land and water, hills and valleys, men and houses, birds and animals just as here. But there are some things you would fail to find, you would find no idols, no temples, no priests, no one burning incense, and no one worship-

Turkeys Sleep Off A Big Jag.

Gobbled Up Whisky-Soaked Grapes and Got Drunk.

Miss Sallie Blake, who lived near Chesapeake Beach, Calvert county, Md., is well remembered by natives of that county who now live in Baltimore. This story of the lady and her turkeys is vouched for by one of her former neighbors now living in this city.

Miss Blake, like many country people, was in the habit of gathering chicken grapes in the Fall for the purpose of making a palatable and stimulating decoction by pouring over the grapes the proper quantity of whisky and allowing the mixture to stand for the necessary time. It happened on one occasion, after the contents of a demijohn containing the decoction had been exhausted, that Miss Blake emptied the whisky-soaked grapes on the ground, where her fine brood of turkeys gobbled them up.

The turkeys became drunk—so drunk, in fact, that they were soon lying on the ground sleeping off their jag. Miss Blake, not realizing the cause of their stupor, thought they were dead. In order to realize as much as possible out of the supposed dead turkeys, she had them picked so as to get the feathers, and the carcasses were thrown outdoors. The next morning Miss Blake was surprised to see her turkeys walking about. They were alive, it is true, but such a spectacle as they presented, she had never seen before. In order to protect them from the cold she bought enough red flannel to make each of them a comfortable coat to replace the feathers. The turkeys were soon stalking about wearing their red coats, and were the wonder of all beholders.—Baltimore Sun.

The January number of the Century Magazine has been received from the Century Company, New York. Its contents are: The Gentleman of the Plush Rocker. A Few Neighbor-Children. Eliph Hewitt, Castaway; Policeman Flynn's Adventures, New Year's Day Twenty Years Ago, The Old Stage Coach of the Plains, Some of Our Wise Virgins, Midwinter, Thackeray in the United States, The Sentiment of the West, Poems, Two Women of the Eighteenth Century, poem, "The Popples in the Wheat," Essay: Huxley as a Literary Man, Poems, Electric Transit in London and Paris, Watch-Night at Trinity, Barabossa, To My Mother, The Rescue, Their Native Correspondent, Topics of the Time, In Lighter Vein.

A Good Guess.

It was a few months after the funeral and mamma had gone out in her becoming widow's weeds, while Aunt Clo took charge of the child.

"And all I never have another papa, Auntie Clo?" asked little Dorothy, round-eyed and entreating.

"You will if God chooses one for you, dear," responded Aunt Clo, vaguely.

An hour later mamma came back, accompanied by a tall gentleman cousin, who found a quick road to Dorothy's heart by giving her a box of delicious sweets.

"Oh, oo is is a nice man," gushed Dorothy, squeezing a huge chocolate into her tiny red mouth. "I do hope Dad will fix on oo when he picks me a new papa!"

And a sunrise of guilty color flushed instantly in mamma's pretty, girlish face.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

If the old saying, "All the world loves a lover," is true, then the fiction in The Cosmopolitan for January should be popular, indeed. All the stories vary in treatment, plot and action, from Frances Courtenay Baylor's charming story, "Cupid's Practical Joke," to Maarten Maartens' strong domestic tragedy, "Her Father's Wife," but all have love for a central theme.

An Indirect System.

"Yes, her father persuaded her not to marry me."

"How did he do it?"

"By running me off the premises with a dog and a gun."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Among the peasant of Turkey most of the doctoring is done by women.

Hospitable Remarks.

"Western girls are charming," said a young man who accompanied the Presidential party on the late President McKinley's Western trip, "but sometimes their hospitality declares itself in disquieting ways. Out in Los Angeles I met the prettiest girl I've seen in years. We were walking in that dream-like park of the town, Westlake, when she suddenly stopped and looked at me. Then, in that brisk way Western girls have, she said: "Isn't there something the matter with you?" "I didn't know whether it was my hat or my tie."

"I don't know," I said, "is there?" "Haven't you a cough?" she asked.

"No," I answered, getting worried.

"Didn't you ever have bronchitis, or short breath, or a stitch in your side, or pleurisy, or pneumonia, or anything like that?" she went on.

"I had 'fuss up' that I hadn't."

"I'm so sorry," she said, plaintively; "I hoped you had."

"I just gasped, and she continued: "For if you had, you know you could stay out here and join the B. L. B."

"What on earth is that?" I asked.

"Why, the Dusted Lung Brigade,"—Lots of the loveliest men belong to it. I'm so sorry you can't but—and she brightened visibly—"perhaps you will be consumptive after a while."

"That's a Western girl's way of being agreeable, but it struck me as a bit ghoulish."—New York Times.

Keep Your Bowels Strong.

Constipation or diarrhoea when your bowels are out of order. Cascarets Candy Cathartic will make them act naturally. Genuine tablets stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. All druggists, etc.

Standing Neutral.

"Speaking about dreams," said the Boston insurance man, as he relighted the stub of the cigar, "I can't say that I do or do not believe in them. One night during the palmy days of the Louisiana lottery I dreamed that a certain ticket bit the capital prize. Two days later a friend showed me that very ticket and I gave him \$25 for it."

"And it hit the prize?" was asked.

"No, sir; didn't come within a mile of it."

"And have you any other instances?"

"I have. A year or two later I fell asleep in a hammock one day and dreamed that it was the biggest asset in America for dreaming that other dream."

"An' did it turn out as you dreamed?"

"Waal, I have my wife's word for it very hour in the day, and so I guess it did. She wanted that \$25 for a Spring hat, to see."—Detroit Free Press.

How Are Your Kidneys?

Dr. Hobbs' Scrupulous Pills cure all kidney ills. Sample free. Add: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

Whiskey Medicines.

The temperance press is emphasizing the danger to the home in the use of "medicines" which are loaded with whiskey or alcohol. In this respect, as well as in the remarkable character of their cures, Dr. Pierce's medicines differ from other preparations. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and "Favorite Prescription" contain no alcohol, whiskey or other intoxicant, and are equally free from opium, cocaine and other narcotics. Every family should have a copy of the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, sent absolutely free, on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. H. Hatcher*

His Fault.

Mrs. Gaddie—My husband's so slipshod. His buttons are forever coming off.

Mrs. Goode (severely)—Perhaps they are not sewed on properly.

Mrs. Gaddie—That's just it. He's awfully careless about his sewing.—Philadelphia Press.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. H. Hatcher*

The Judge Knew Him.

Magistrate—You have been behind the bars several times, haven't you?

Prisoner—Well—or—I have been—Magistrate—I thought so. Your face is very familiar.

Prisoner—As I was sayin', I'm a bar-tender.—Philadelphia Press.

E. W. Brown

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

Trials of the Doctor's Wife.

Mrs. Peckham—I'd hate to be a doctor's wife.

Mrs. Ka Flype—Why?

Mrs. Peckham—They're always so fussy about not wanting people to try the patent medicines.—Chicago Record Herald.

How Coffey Got His Brandy.

A Richmond gentleman tells the following story of how an old man in Nelson county succeeded in getting some "Apple Jack" for Christmas:

"Marble Coffey is now about eighty years old, and advancing age has compelled him to lay aside his calling as a carpenter, and thus he is not always financially able to indulge himself in the luxuries of life. Marble is a brother of Peter C. Coffey, a former noted distiller and famous justice of the peace of that county. Peter has long since gone to his reward, but his memory remains, and Marble in a way reflects the ancient glory of his picturesque brother.

"Not strong as Marble Coffey from the standpoint of physical beauty, for he is low of stature and his nose and chin nearly meet in a fashion that makes everybody give him a second glance. As Christmas drew near Marble longed with an infinite desire for a quart of good old apple brandy such as Peter used to brew.

"Money was scarce, and Marble's wife alone stood as the medium of exchange for the desired distillation. The bars have all been closed in Nelson, but Marble remembered a still-house on the river Tyte and taking two big quart bottles he began his journey to the mountains. Before reaching his destination he stopped at a spring and filled one of his bottles with water, thinking out a scheme as he trudged along. At the distillery he ordered a quart of the oldest vintage, and from his best cask the owner filled the bottle.

"I will pay you," said Marble, "after Christmas."

"Then came a series of words in print like this—

"and credit was emphatically and profanely denied old Marble.

"Take back your blank blank brandy, said Marble, but give me my bottle, and he pulled out the water bottle from the side of the brandy bottle in his overcoat pocket.

"Back into the cask was poured the quart of water, while with well concealed delight old Marble started home with his one quart of 'vintage of '78.' He paused at the spring on his return and drank a spirited toast of apple brandy to the sparkling water that is 'only good to trade for better stuff.'

Strangest Yet.

The postoffice employees at the Union Station sub-station at Indianapolis, Ind., found a strange package among the Christmas packages when they came to assort them at mid-night Tuesday night for the waiting trains in the station. All the offices were crowded Tuesday and many packages were posted at the substation. When the employees came to assort them they found a basket on which there was no address and no stamp, and none of the men could remember taking it in. Examination showed that it was covered over with linen. When turned to one side a small bottle of milk fell out. This led to the opening of the basket, and a boy baby, probably a week old, was found neatly wrapped up in flannels and sleeping soundly. Another bottle of milk was found in the basket.

The police were called and took charge of the infant, but the post-office employees are at a loss to know how it got into the office. It is supposed, though, that the mother put it through the window or quietly entered the room while the men were busy and deposited the basket with the packages, which were piled in a heap on the floor. The station police say they saw a woman near the sub-station just before the basket was found, but nothing about her attracted particular attention.

Help... Nature

Babies and children need proper food, rarely ever medicine. If they do not thrive on their food something is wrong. They need a little help to get their digestive machinery working properly.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME & SODA

will generally correct this difficulty.

If you will put from one-fourth to half a teaspoonful in baby's bottle three or four times a day you will soon see a marked improvement. For larger children, from half to a teaspoonful, according to age, dissolved in their milk, if you so desire, will very soon show its great nourishing power. If the mother's milk does not nourish the baby, she needs the emulsion. It will show an effect at once both upon mother and child.

See and get on all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. H. Hatcher*

BAD BLOOD

Reveals itself in many ways. Sometimes the impurities in the blood mark and mar the skin with blotches, pimples, boils or other eruptions. Sometimes the result of bad blood is rheumatism or a debilitating condition which is popularly described as "feeling played out, hardly able to drag myself around."

The impurities and poisons which corrupt the blood, clog the liver and cloud the skin are removed by the use of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It does more than eliminate the poisons; it increases the activity of the blood-making glands so that there is an increased supply of pure, body-building blood. It brightens the eyes, cleanses the skin, and gives new, physical energy.

Accept no substitute for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

"I thank God for the good your medicines have done me," writes Mr. James M. Birmingham, of Mitchell, Lawrence Co., Ind., Box 501. "I change for the desired distillation. The bars have all been closed in Nelson, but Marble remembered a still-house on the river Tyte and taking two big quart bottles he began his journey to the mountains. Before reaching his destination he stopped at a spring and filled one of his bottles with water, thinking out a scheme as he trudged along. At the distillery he ordered a quart of the oldest vintage, and from his best cask the owner filled the bottle.

"I will pay you," said Marble, "after Christmas."

"Then came a series of words in print like this—

"and credit was emphatically and profanely denied old Marble.

"Take back your blank blank brandy, said Marble, but give me my bottle, and he pulled out the water bottle from the side of the brandy bottle in his overcoat pocket.

"Back into the cask was poured the quart of water, while with well concealed delight old Marble started home with his one quart of 'vintage of '78.' He paused at the spring on his return and drank a spirited toast of apple brandy to the sparkling water that is 'only good to trade for better stuff.'

Money to Lend.

\$7,000	\$2,000
\$10,000	\$1,250
\$15,000	\$1,000
\$20,000	\$750

Long loans of above amounts at regular rates as desired. Correspondence solicited.

McILHANY & HILLEARY, d 63m Real Estate, Loans and Insurance.

Edw. C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Mexican Mustang Liniment

will readily overcome Loss of Hair, Dissected Hoofs and Scratches in Horses. It keeps horses and mules in condition.



A toad under a harrow

suffers no more than the faithful horse that is tortured with Spavins, Swinney, Harness Sores, Sprains, etc. Most horse owners know it and apply the kind of sympathy that heals, know far and wide as

Mexican Mustang Liniment.

Never fails—not even in the most aggravated cases. Cures caked udder in cows quicker than any known remedy. Hardly a disease peculiar to muscle, skin or joints that cannot be cured by it.

is the best remedy on the market for Wind Galts, Sprains and Skin Lamps. It keeps horses and mules in condition.

DR. LYON'S French Periodical Drops

Strictly vegetable, perfectly harmless, sure to accomplish DESIRED RESULTS. Greatest known female remedy.

CAUTION: Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine is put up only in paste-board Cases with fac-simile signature on side of the bottle. Send for Circular to WILLIAMS' MED. CO., Sole Agents, Cleveland, Ohio.

For Sale by HOGSHEAD BROS. & CO. Staunton, Va.

1901. FALL & WINTER

Men's, Boy's and Children's Fashionable CLOTHING!

All the Novelties for the Fall and Winter Season.

Our Line this season is larger than ever before, and we are able to give better goods for the same money than in any previous year. We carry in stock Suits that will fit you whether you take a Regular, Slim or Stout Size—we have them.

OUR OVERCOAT DEPARTMENT

You will find all the latest YOKE ULSTERS and DRESS OVERCOATS. We have paid special attention to our department in PANTS, FURNISHING GOODS and HATS. Come to us if you want good value.

JOS. L. BARTH & CO.,

No. 9 South Augusta St., STAUNTON, VA.