BY a committee of three editors in a contest recently held, the SPECTATOR was declared by them to be the best weekly newspaper published in Virginia.

Staunton Spectator
AND VINDICATOR.

VOL. 88. STAUNTON, VA., TUESDAY, JULY 6, 1909. NO. 28

OUR Readers will find correct schedules of the Chesapeake & Ohio, Southern, and Chesapeake-Western Railways, published regularly in the SPECTATOR.

The Field

Is open to all Clothing Stores, but just the same it takes competent houses to turn out well tailored clothing, and we bought that kind of product from the foremost makers of Mens and Young Mens Clothing Houses in the land. If you intend to buy a suit today or any other day, we invite you to our

SPECIAL OFFERINGS.

The very height of excellence in make-up, and just full to the brim with SMART STYLES, in all the latest Shades and Shapes. The Man or Young Man that gets their Spring Clothes from us are well dressed; they look like custom-made suits, and they are practically custom-made, in the sense of being carefully and individually worked out by the best of tailors. We have a large collection in the best make of **Trousers** made semi or full peg.

Boys' and Children's double-breasted Suits with Knickerbocker pants, of the latest styles, in cassimeres and worsteds, also Boys wash suits at reasonable prices. A large line of white and fancy Madras and Percale soft shirts. Silk and Wash Ties. Suspenders of good quality webbing with nickel or brass buckles. Warm weather Undershirts and Drawers, Cotton and Lile Socks in all the best shades. Straw and Soft Hats in the latest colorings and shapes.

Call at our Store.

Jos. L. Barth & Company

No. 9 S. Augusta St., Staunton, Va.

"REAL ECONOMY" GAS RANGES

THE ORIGINAL ELEVATED OVEN and BROILER LINE

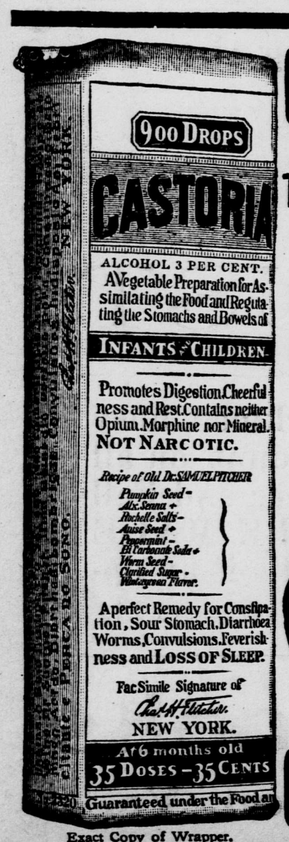
"The kind that saves your back"

The height of ambition of all other makes is to be as good as the "Economy."

If you will examine its construction you will see how well it is made in every part. It is properly proportioned, skillfully and beautifully designed. It is the correct distribution of the highest class material obtainable that makes it durable. Notice in particular the Porcelain Enamel front; it is rust proof and everlasting.

The "Real Economy" is made in many styles and sizes. Every stove guaranteed.

If you wish to see one demonstrated call at the Staunton Gas Co's. Display Rooms.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

At Nightfall

By GEORGE GISSING

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

The sick man had lain still for several hours: an ominous stillness, understood as such by the nurse, who moved silently about her duties, occasionally speaking low with some one at the door. The light of a close-shaded lamp fell upon the corner table covered with sick-room appliances, but as yet it was only afternoon—the afternoon of an autumn day in London, cold, gray, turbid.

The man seemed to be about 50 years old. A face much shrunken; eyes with the look of long pain; mouth relaxed from the half-sullen energy which had been its wonted character. Resignation, self-abandonment, spoke in the changed features, and in the voice a mildness strange to it before.

"Do the servants wait upon you properly?" he inquired, after gazing half absently at the nurse's face.

"Very well indeed."

"Good girls. If I haven't another chance, tell Moreland to pay them well. Give them enough to let them take a good holiday. You won't forget?"

He closed his eyes, and kept them closed whilst answering the inquiries about his feelings which the nurse put to him.

"I'm quite clear-headed, but seem to be all head. You can hear me? I seem to myself to speak indistinctly. The old cotton-wool feeling in the ears. Legs gone—simply gone."

He kept silent for some moments.

"What's the world doing? Any news?"

His voice was stronger, with a note of the old irony. The nurse told him briefly what the newspaper contained.

"Anyone dead?" he asked, again smiling.

"No one in particular, I think. Some millionaire. Yes, Mr. Clifford Bates—"

She was stopped by a movement of her listener. He had thrown up both his arms and raised himself from the pillow, but in the same moment fell heavily back. His face was deeply flushed, his mouth quivered; upon the outside of the bedclothes his hands clutched and struggled. The nurse believed that the end was coming; she had been prepared for some such paroxysm as this. But the eyes that were fixed upon her kept the light of life; a new and wonderful vitality appeared on the haggard features. One or two efforts to speak were unavailing; at length his voice became intelligible.

"How? Where?"

"Thrown from his horse."

"Dead? Not only injured?"

"Killed."

He breathed quickly and irregularly. Again his hands were thrown up, but more feebly. He turned his head this way and that, as if endeavoring to raise it. When the nurse exerted herself to tranquillize him, he kept his look steadily upon her, and the expression in his eyes grew to one of passionate entreaty.

"What chance have I?" he asked in a whisper—"any? Is there one in ten thousand?"

"You mustn't excite yourself—"

"I know. I'm getting quiet. Is there a shadow of hope?"

The nurse answered only by sponging his forehead and hands. He took the silence as it was meant, let his eyelids fall, and seemed to relapse into the comatose condition in which he had spent half the day.

After a long look at him the nurse turned with a suppressed sigh. She was a woman of kind and comely face, still young; the best type of nurse—professional aptitude and gentle manners combining in her to make an ideal attendant upon the sick. Presently she glanced again at the newspaper, wishing to re-read the paragraph which had so strong an interest for her patient. The rustle caused the dying man to open his eyes again, and again he gazed hard at the woman's face, now visible by lamplight.

"Come and sit by me."

At once she did so.

"It always has to be a woman," pursued the unsteady voice. "I could always tell a woman anything—men nothing. You know the world; you see a great deal, of course; one can talk to a woman like you.

"She is nearly 40—ten years younger than I, and ten years since we met, and seven since she lived alone."

"Who are you speaking of?" asked the listener, gently.

"Of his wife—that fellow's that is dead. Is he really dead? Then she will come back at once. I suppose they have cabled to her. She went to India three years ago. I am glad she won't see me. I have one more day, perhaps. It will be an old story by when she gets home. I want you to promise that you'll find her, when she comes back, and tell her something from me. It'll be easy enough. Moreland will let you know her address; I can't give the message to him. From you it'll come naturally when you've explained."

The nurse promised to do his bidding. But a minute or two passed before he again broke silence. His features reflected the working of his mind, a tumult of thoughts and passion.

"You're not unlike her," he resumed, abruptly. "The same type of woman, I mean. I've known the other kind mostly. You have a faith of some kind, haven't you? I mean a real working faith—something you live by?"

"Something I try to live by."

"Yes. I know the look. I've watched you when you thought I didn't. Don't tell her about the bad time I've had; not a word of that, mind. Make her believe it was short and effectual. And then just say this: Say I came round to her way of thinking—that she was right, and I knew it at last. You understand?"

He struggled so hard to raise himself, in the desire to emphasize what he was saying, that the nurse helped him into another position. She tried by assurances that his message should be faithfully delivered to soothe the agitation which grew upon him.

"She was right? he repeated, after a few inarticulate murmurs. "But I wasn't wrong. I meant it with all the life that was in me—I meant it!

"Her name, yes—I remember. I had something more to tell you. Is it night? I suppose I shall go before daybreak, as men often do. Now I have it again, the thought that I want to keep in my mind if I can. It's all over, and I see things in a new way—as she saw them. I wanted to tell her how glad I am she held her own against me. I am glad, glad! Not that I think I was wrong; it's no death-bed twaddle; I think as I always did. But she had her belief, and she held to it through as hard a struggle as ever woman endured. I'm glad! Remember to tell her that. If I had won she would have lived against her conscience. She told me, once and for all, she believed in social laws and duty and all the rest of it—believed that with all her soul. God bless her, my noble darling! We might have gone to the other side of the earth, where no one would have known anything; but she recognized a law and obeyed it. I don't think it was a better law than mine, but she believed in it, and in mine she didn't. I should have led her to unhappiness, say and do what I might. And now it's all over; now that the day's done and the night is coming, I glory in her honesty and her strength. I called her hypocrite; now I would throw myself at her feet and beg her forgiveness, and worship her strong, pure mind. You don't know her. Don't think of the woman who is afraid of what people say. Not she, the woman I love! All that was nothing; if she had thought it right, she would have come to me in the face of the world. And how glad I am that she held her own against me!"

"She shall know; I promise to find her and tell her."

"You will; I trust you; you have the same look in your eyes when you speak earnestly. You're not her sister, are you? No, no; I remember. It's good to end with that thought. She can never be sorry when she knows how it helped me at the last. If I had had my way, I couldn't have gone into the darkness with a mind so easy. I should have left her with her self-reproach, her broken conscience. Let women act as they believe, and be strong. No pretending, out of fear of the world, if they didn't hold the world's faith. Brave rebellion, or brave loyalty in the old ways. It was my fate to love the woman—the one woman—who loved me but could resist me. I see the good in it now. It's helping me at nightfall. I have her image before me; beautiful—good God, how beautiful!—and strong and honest. She was doing the best for me, and I daresay she knew it. The other women—gone and forgotten! But she is with me to the end—helping—forgiving—"

Another long silence. When the nurse bent over him again to cool his forehead he moved a hand towards her. She took it and held it in her own, and saw the smile that thanked her when his lips could not move in speech.

TELEPHONES IN DEEP MINES.

Conversation Easy Between Chicago and Some of the Richest Lodes of the Rockies.

With the extension of the long distance telephone system last summer as far west as Denver it is now possible to talk from Chicago to the bottom of some of the deepest mines in the Rockies.

Up at Idaho Springs, the center of the famous Clear creek district, where the Newhouse tunnel has been run under the mountains for over three miles to connect a network of underground workings, there is a mine now down 2,500 feet. This mine, like many others, has its own telephone system which is connected with the surface telephone lines. At the bottom of the deepest shaft, 2,500 feet under the mountain, there is now a telephone instrument, and standing there in the bowels of the earth one can call up Chicago.

Of course telephoning in a mine isn't quite as easy as it is in a sound proof telephone booth, especially if the great drills are working. Nevertheless the miners get used to the racket and seem to have no trouble talking over the telephone, though to others it is almost impossible at first few attempts.

They tried talking to Chicago last summer, when the arrival of the long-distance telephone caused almost as big a sensation in Colorado as did the first railroads. It is a common occurrence to talk with Denver, 40 miles away, from some of the subterranean workings in the Rocky mountains.

The telephone instruments in the mines are specially constructed with a view of protecting their delicate parts from the dampness. At Idaho Springs there is a regular telephone system under one of the mountains where there are over a hundred mines, all of them tapped by an underground railway through which the telephone wires run.

Life 100,000 Years Ago.

Scientists have found in a cave in Switzerland bones of men, who lived 100,000 years ago, when life was in constant danger from wild beasts. To-day the danger, as shown by A. W. Brown of Alexander, Me., is largely from deadly disease. "If it had not been for Dr. King's New Discovery, which cured me, I could not have lived," he writes, "suffering as did from a severe lung trouble and stubborn cough." To cure Sore Lungs, Colds, obstinate Coughs and prevent Pneumonia, its the best medicine on earth. 50c and $1.00. Guaranteed by B. F. Hughes, druggist. Trial bottle free.

New Recruit.

Instructor—Now, then, No. 3, what is a file?

Recruit (after thinking)—Any number of men less than one.

Instructor—Look here. How many more times do you want to be told a file is two men. Now what is a defile?

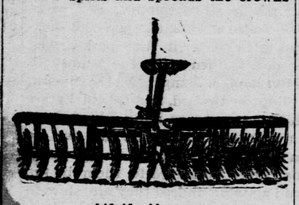
Recruit (face brightning)—Two men of company K.

DISK-HARROWING OF ALFALFA

At a Trifling Cost This Harrow Splits and Spreads the Crowns of the Plants.

The disking of alfalfa is a common practice. The ordinary disk harrow is widely used for this purpose, but a special machine for the cultivation of alfalfa has been devised on the principle of the disk harrow, but with rows or strong spikes or digging teeth in place of the continuous edges of disks. The spike tooth disk, known as the "alfalfa harrow," does excellent work when properly adjusted, and is perhaps a better implement for this purpose than the ordinary har-

At a trifling cost, varying according to individual circumstances, this harrow splits and spreads the crowns



Alfalfa Harrow.

of alfalfa plants, causing them to develop additional tops; it destroys the egg deposits and larvae of certain injurious insects; it destroys weeds; it breaks up the silt blanket resulting from the use of muddy irrigating water, allowing better penetration of water and air to the roots of the crop; it loosens up certain dense soils, and to some extent it incorporates beneficial sediments and fallen alfalfa leaves with the soil.—Prof. R. H. Forbes.

CELERY FOR HOME AND MARK

Vegetable Loves a Cool Climate and a Light, Fertile, Humus-Laden, Moist Soil.

Although requiring rather peculiar climatic and soil conditions, yet celery can be grown both for home use and market over a wider area than most people think. Almost everybody is fond of celery, and it is a healthful vegetable food. With a little study and experience in growing it, celery might be on the table of ten times the number of homes that it now is, and it might be grown for market by twice the number of gardeners that already grow it.

Celery loves a cool climate, and a light, fertile, humus-laden, moist soil. The ideal climatic conditions for the production of celery are bright sunshine, pure air, cool nights and a well distributed rainfall of about eight inches during the growing period in the field or garden.

In the production of celery for domestic use, a rich, mellow, sandy loam will give the best results. The soil of the seed bed should contain plenty of leaf mold and should be passed through a sieve having not less than six meshes to the inch. The soil of the transplanting bed need not be sifted so fine, and some well rotted barnyard manure should replace a part of the leaf mold; in other respects it should be the same as the seed bed.

Any fertile, well drained soil will grow celery, but a rich, loose, sandy loam is preferable. The soil cannot well be made too rich, and the presence of a large amount of humus or vegetable mold is an essential for large and rapid growth. In the regions where peat bogs or muck soil abound the crop may be more easily produced on these than on any other soils, but the keeping qualities are not so good, and the flavor is never equal to that of celery grown on sandy loam, or even on clay soils. If nothing but clay soil is available, it may be made to produce good celery by liberal application of well rotted manure. On clay soils there is likely to be injury caused by the soil becoming washed into the hearts of the plants while they are yet small.

High Grade of Meat Animals.

It has been clearly demonstrated by experience that it pays the farmer to raise a high grade of cattle, sheep and hogs. The farmer who is using scrub males, whether of cattle, hogs or sheep, cannot expect to produce the best grade of meat, no matter how intelligently he may feed. He has begun wrong.

Let him be particular about the individual merit of the animal. See that he has good bone, a strong constitution and even lines. Be sure that he is strong in the back or loin, short of neck and masculine in the head. Look out for blockiness of form and shortness of leg. Inquire of the owner how the animal has been cared for, and seek to duplicate the care when he is transferred to his new home.

Late Potatoes.

Potatoes planted after June 1 may not mature before frost. Potatoes, like other crops, need plant food. Potato soils should be well supplied with humus to increase their capacity for retaining water. Drought is a serious enemy to the crop. Humus is best supplied by plowing under clover. If stable manure is used it should be applied a year ahead of the potato crop.

Care of the Ladder.

Keep the rounds of the ladder all good and stout. When you go to trimming fruit trees or hunting worms' nests you don't want to fall and break a leg. Things that snap under you often take the snap out of you.

ONLY 50 CENTS

to make your baby strong and well. A fifty-cent bottle of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

will change a sickly baby to a plump, romping child in summer as well as in winter. Only one cent a day—think of it—and it's as nice as cream.

Get a small bottle now. All Druggists

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

WHEN HER BACK ACHES

A WOMAN FINDS ALL HER ENERGY AND AMBITION SLIPPING AWAY.

Staunton women know how the aches and pains that come when the kidneys fail make life a burden. Backache, hip pains, headaches, dizzy spells, distressing urinary troubles, all tell of sick kidneys and warn you of the stealthy approach of diabetes, dropsy and Bright's disease. Doan's Kidney Pills permanently cure all these disorders. Here's proof of it in a Staunton's woman's words:

Mrs. Charles E. Danner, 113 E. Salem St., Staunton, Va., says: "I suffered severely from backache and kidney trouble. My back was very weak and if I made a quick movement, sharp pains darted through my loins. My head ached intensely and I was also subject to dizzy spells. I saw Doan's Kidney Pills highly recommended for troubles such as mine and I procured a box at Thomas Hogshead's drug store. They helped me from the first and I continued using them until my back was strong and the other symptoms of kidney complaint were removed. Doan's Kidney Pills have my highest endorsement."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cts Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

The abnormally dry season on the watersheds from which Vienna draws its water supply, made it necessary recently to reduce the service in each house to one tap. The city is now building works for a new supply obtained 120 miles from the city.

A Night Rider's Raid.

The worst night riders are calomel croton oil or aloes pills. They raid your bed to rob you of rest. Not so with Dr. King's New Life Pills. They never distress or inconvenience, but always cleanse the system, curing Colds, Headache, Constipation, Malaria, 25c, at B. F. Hughes' drugstore.

Authoritative opinions hold that the number of sheep in all countries in the world decreased from 400,000,000 in 1873, to 300,000,000 in 1908.

Country Home For Sale!

I offer for sale today, a nice little country home, containing 30½ acres, lying on the South side of the Greenville and Middlebrook road, about four miles from Greenville, and two miles from Middlebrook.

This land is in high state of cultivation, has on it an eight room, frame, shingle-roof house, and all necessary outbuildings, consisting of a splendid stable, corn-crib, spring-house, ice-house, wash-house, hen-house and hog-house.

There are about 100 apple, pear, cherry and damson trees in full bearing, and 140 York Imperial and 25 Ben Davis, seven years old, which are beginning to bear. This land lies just the least bit rolling, and is well watered with three springs, is right at a church and graded school.

This is a desirable piece of property for any one wanting a comfortable country home. Address,

A. LEE KNOWLES,

Building, Real Estate and General Insurance.

STAUNTON, VA.

Wool! Wool!

To get the highest price for your wool see AMOS KLOTZ before selling. Also paying the highest prices for Beef Hides and all kinds of Junk.

AMOS KLOTZ,

Cor. Lewis St. & Middlebrook Ave. PHONE 638.

NOTICE!

Having leased the Wayman

--Foundry and Machine Shops--

situated on East Kalorama St., we are prepared to do all kinds of jobbing.

Stove Repairs a Specialty.

Give us a trial and let us convince you that we can do your work right. ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

CHILDRESS BROS.,

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

Long Distance Phone 623.

STYLE 8—IONIC

One of the popular styles of the Bush & Lane Pianos

STYLE 8—IONIC

THIS piano will appeal strongly to those who prefer the elegance that lies in simplicity. It is doubly veneered on hard wood, the veneer being very choice and the figures beautifully matched. All the mouldings and trimmings are of the solid natural wood. Everything entering into the construction of this piano is of the first quality. It has brass continuous hinges and trimmings. Empire top. Made in Oak, Walnut and Mahogany. Height, 4 feet 9½ inches; length, 5 feet 4½ inches; depth, 2 feet 4 inches; 7⅓ octaves.

SOLD ON THE CASH OR EASY PAYMENT PLAN

W. W. PUTNAM & CO.

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

The VICTOR

The wonderful entertainer. We sell all styles of this machine, and carry all the records.

Sold on easy payments

LAWSON RED, 41138.

Will make the season of 1909 at the stables of W. C. BOSSERMAN, 210 North Central Ave., Staunton, Va. at the low price of $15 to insure a mare in foal. Parting with mare forfeits insurance. All care will be taken to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible for any that may occur.

DESCRIPTION—Lawson Red is a beautiful mahogany bay; stand 15½ hands high, is 7 years old, and will weigh about 1200 pounds. He is elegantly bred, is stylish, exceedingly handsome, and developed a 2.40 trial without any training whatever. Altogether, no better bred, prettier or more stylish horse has ever been owned in this section of Virginia, and with fair opportunities in the stud, should sire not only speed and race horse qualities, but road and carriage horses of the highest class.

Lawson Red, 41138 — Red Leo, 2.26¼	Red Wilkes	George Wilkes	Hambletonian 10	Abdallah
				Kent Mare
			Dolly Spanker	Henry Clay
				Old Telegraph
		Queen Dido	Mambrino Chief 11	Mambrino Pay Master
				Dam of Goliah
			Daughter of	Red Jacket
				Patterson Mare
	Dictator Girl	Dictator	Hambletonian 10	Abdallah
				Kent Mare
			Clara	American Star
				Dam of Shark
		Miss Alice	Dr. Keene	Mambrino Champion
				Daughter of Highlander
			Fanny Hill	Mark Time by Berthune
				Daughter of Crusader
Annie Lawson 2.20	Prince Orloff	Messenger Denoc	Hambletonian 10	Abdallah
				Kent Mare
			Satinet	Roe's Abdallah Chief
		Glenn Mary	Hambletonian 10	Abdallah
				Kent Mare
	Maud	No trace	Fanny Star	American Star
				Monell Mare

W. C. BOSSERMAN, 210 N. Central Ave., Staunton, Va.