TERMS, \$2.00 A YEAR.

Remittances should be made bycheck

VOL. 72.

SIMMONS

REGULATOR

Are you taking SIMMONS LIVER REG-

That is what our readers

ULATOR, the "KING OF LIVER MEDI-

want, and nothing but that. It is the

same old friend to which the old folks

pinned their faith and were never dis-

appointed. 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 Sim-mons Liver Regulator.

Be sure you get it. The Red Z

is on the wrapper. J. H. Zeilin &

Hours for Arrival and Closing of Mails at Stann-

BY C. AND O. RAILROAD.

7 a. m. from Plunkettsville, daily except Sur

CLOSE. .

FOR B. AND O.

5,30 a. m. for Lexington, 6.30 a. m, Harper's Ferry and points north. 2.15 a. m. for Harrisonburg, Woodstock and points north.

1.10 p. m. for Lexington and intermediate

6.00 p. m. for Lexington and intermediate

STAUNTON OFFICE

Opens 7 a. m., closes 7 p. m. Money orde and registry business opens at 8 a. m., closes b. m W. T. McCUE, P. M.

TO INVENTORS.

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

In you want to know what the Press Claims

JOHN WEDDERBURN, General Manager.

And the Public Generally

outole 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

Respectfully, R. A. CLEMMER.

2.15 p. m. for Clifton Forge and

7.05 p. m. from north, east and south.

Co., Philadelphia.



Spectator.

AN AMPHIBIOUS CRIMINAL.

by Accident.

the hardest chaps to run down I ever

came across was one I had something to

do with when I was on the London po-

lice force, many years ago. He was an all round thief, ready and willing to

and I was keen to make a reputation

and had everything and everybody spot-

He went for the dock, and I was sure I

ouldn't sneak under the flooring, but

of all the water where he went in, but

of my man, and the whole place was

"I made a thorough search, going all around under the docks beyond the only

place where he could get under, but

there wasn't any man there. I was sure

then that he had been drowned, and we

evidently been in the water for a month.

His body had floated off; that was all

there was to it, and we congratulated

ourselves on getting rid of him, even if

we had lost the reward. However, six

one night on a boat on the Thames, and

went overboard and disappeared in the

was made to find him again, but with-

out success, and this time we were sure

in Liverpool, and one of the Scotland

roundsman and chased, and as he went

the water in an unconscious condition.

rubber tube, 10 feet or so long, with a

mouthpiece ready handy at one end, and

the other end fastened into a small cork

float, so that when he went into the wa-

ter he staid there, either swimming

away or holding to a dock pile, but nev-

er coming to the surface for air, as he

got all he wanted through the tube,

with its open end in the float, which

wouldn't be noticed one time in a thou-

sand in the dark in such nasty water a

is about the docks. Of course they would

have got on to him after awhile, but the

accidental falling saved time and ex-

plained a mystery, which he no doubt

guarded sacredly, even from men of his

class, for I know none of the thieves we

ever caught could give him away."-

Washington Star.

Francisco Chronicle

Sir Douglas Galton on Aluminium

Galton's strength, and that he had to

resume his seat before the end was

reached. We are glad to think, however,

that his indisposition was but tempo-

rary.-London Spectator.

"For a year afterward nothing was

he had been drowned.

well lighted with lamps.

"Not a hair of him, though, showed

The retired detective said: "One of

STAUNTON, VA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1895.

NO. 39.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements are inserted at the rates of 12% cents per line, for the first, and 6% cents for each subsequent insertion.

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

Business Notices are inserted at the rate of 15 cents for the first and 8 cents for each subsequent insertion. sequent insertion.

A liberal discount will be made on a 1 orders for 3, 6, or 12 months. Obitaries, Announcements of Candidates for office, and all communications alor private character, will be charged for an advertisements

Staunton Spectator.

PROFESSIONAL.

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 in Crowle Building, Room 25, 3rd floor Office hours from 9 A, M. to 6 P. M. may 27

HUGH G. EICHELBERGER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA. R. S. TURK. HENRY W. HOLT. ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, No. 8 Lawyers' Row, Staunton, Va

LAW OFFICES ALEXANDER & TAYLOR, LAWYERS, No 6 Lawyers' Row,

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

PRATT & KERR, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, No. 17 Court Place, - Staunton, Va NOTARY PUBLIC.

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

Room 5, No. 23 S. Augusta Street, Skinner
Building.
STAUNTON, VA.

5 a. m. from north, south, east and west.
9.57 a. m. from west.
2.40 p. m. from Richmond and intermediat

DR. H. M. PATTERSON, STAUNTON, VA. Offers his professional services to the citi-zens of Staunton. Office No. 121 East Mtain 9.09 p. m. from the north, Harper's Ferry and intermediate points.

J. H. CROSIER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. STAUNTON, VA. Prompt attention given to all legal business intrusted to him, in State or Federal Courts.
Will devote entire time to his profession.
tune 1-tf

R E. R. NELSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND COMMISSIONER N CHANCERY.
OFFICE NO. 10 LAWYERS' ROW,

A. C. BRAXTON ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR. OFFICE.—Crowle Building opposite Y. M. 9.00 p. m. for east, north, east, south-

Special attention given to corporation and c.15 p. m. for the west. Having closed up all outside business, whic for a year or two interrupted my regular law-practice, I am now enabled to, and shall, from ithis time, give my undivided time and exclu-sive attention to the law; and to such persons as my entrust me with their litigation, I prom-ise my best efforts and such ability as I may possess.

The Sun!

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

1895

RIGHT PRACTICES. THE SUN PUBLISHES ALL THE NEWS ALL THE TIME, but it does not allow its columns to be

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

EDITORIALLY, THE SUN IS THE CONSISTENT
ANT 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
and good order.

By mail Fifty Cents a month, Six Dollars a
year.

The Baltimore Weekly Sun.

The Baltimore Weekly Sun.

The Weekly Sun publishes all the News

Toons of the united States, or
ganized to protect those of the subscribers
who have dealings with Government against
the impositions of unscrupulous claim agents.
The Spectator is a member.
This able Company employs the best legal
talent in every branch of its work. It makes
a specialty of all matters relating to patents,
scunducting interferences, prosecuting rejected
cases, registering trade-marks and copyrights,
rendering opinions as to scope and validity of
patents, securing patents abroad, prosecuting
and defending infringement suits, etc. It
charges nothing for information, and very
moderate fees for services.

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 an AGRICULTURAL paper THE WEEKLY SUN IS unsurpassed. It is edited by writers of practical experience, who know what farming tural journal. It contains regular reports of the work of the AGRICULTURAL experiment stations throughout the country, of the proceedings of farmers' clubs and institutes, the discussion of new methods and ideas in DEPARTMENT and Veterinary column are par ticularly valuable to country readers. Every AND PUZZLE COLUMNS, a variety of interesting and instructive selected matter and other fea tures, which make it a welcome visitor in city

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.

CASTORIA

What is

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

Castoria

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that | Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work intelligent families who do not keep Castoria

New York City.

Castoria.

Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes di gestion,
Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D.,

125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

THE BOY IN GRAY. Fredericksburg had had her fray, And the armies stood at bay. Back of wall and top of hill Union men and men in gray Glowered at each other still.

In the space between the two
Many a hapless boy in blue
Lay face upward to the skies.
Many another just as true
Filled the air with frantic cries

"Love of God!" with pity stirred Cried a rebel lad who heard. "This is more than I can bear. General, only say the word, They shall have some water the "What's the use?" his general, Frowning, asked. "A Yankee ball Drops you dead or worse half way Once you go beyond the wall." "Maybe," said the boy in gray.

"Still I'il risk it, if you please." And the senior, ill at ease,
Nodded, growling under breath,
"For his mortal enemies
I have sent the lad to death."

Then a hotter fire began
As across the field he ran.
Yankee shooters marked a prey,
But beside each wounded man
Heedless knelt the boy in gray.

Throats with fever all aflame
While the balls were spinning by
Drained the cup he offered them,
Blessed him with their dying cry. Suddenly through rain of those Pattering shots a shout uprose. Din of voices filled his ears;

Firing ceased, and eager foe
Made the welkin ring with cheers. Foes they were of bitter need. Still to every noble deed Hearts of men, thank God, must thrill. And we thrill, too, as we read Of those cheers on Marye's hill.

Days of battle long since done, Days of peace and blessing won. Better is it to forget Cruel work of sword and gun, But some deeds are treasures yet.

While a grateful nation showers Here's a wreath for one today;

A CLEAR CASE.

Frank Vanhrugh held a good appoint nent on the staff of The Daily Argus, and always had more literary work or hand than he knew how to get through. day.
10 a. m. from Mt. Meridian, daily except Sunday.
10 a. m. from Middlebrook, daily except Sunday.
5 p. m. from Monterey, daily except Sunday.
10.30 a. m. from Sangersville. He might therefore be considered a "rising" man. He had written a little book of essays, and the critics had told him that he had a style, which is perhaps the highest praise that critics deal in nowadays. On the other hand, his one volume novel had been pronounced crude, morto three editions, whence it may easily popular success. He had begun to know this, chiefly by the kind of circular that now reached him in halfpenny wrappers. They used always to be advertisements of patent fuel, new stoves, proved to contain notices of press cutting firms and booksellers' catalogues—a significant change. "Is this fame?" he once asked himself when he was requested to send his photograph and a sketch paper. On second thoughts he concluded that, although it could not be called fame, it might mean success, and he went on his way rejoicing.

But even a moderate success like his has its drawbacks, as he discovered to Like most journalists he was not a very early riser, and it was with a feeling of distinct irritation that he heard one morning while he was still in his bath the announcement of a visitor.

"Coming," he roared through the door to the adjacent sitting room, and proceeded to dress himself in a leisurely manner, wondering meanwhile whether this early caller were a printer's devil

He looked a personable young fellow as he came out of his room, of middle height, muscular, brisk, erect, with a keen hawk's eye, dark hair that curled wherever it was long enough to get a chance, a quick, bright manner, and a smile that was very attractive. His air of health, strength and joyousness made him a curious contrast to the stranger whom he found in his sitting room, nan who might be any age between 30 and 50, sallow, worn, indescribably fatigued looking, with a long, fair mus-tache, a downtrodden look and decidedly shabby clothes of somewhat foreign cut. He made a profound bow when Vanbrugh entered and stood clasping his picturesque felt hat to his side in an attitude of humble expectancy, while his

usual place near his desk. "I am ashamed to intrude upon you," said the man, speaking in a low, fluent voice not unpleasant to the ear, "but the fact is that Messrs. Malling rec-

host, glancing at him carelessly, asked

im to be seated, and himself took his

ommended me to call upon you''—
"Eh?" said Vanbrugh. He suddenly remembered an account that he had lately seen in the papers of a man who visited authors with false testimonials and messages from publishers, and he wondered if this were the man. Certainly Messrs. Malling & Son were his publishers. "Have you a letter from Mr. Malling to me?" he asked rather

The stranger lifted his hand deprecat ingly. "Not from Mr. Malling," he said in a gentle voice, "but I have a letter to show you. Mr. Malling said that I ought to show it to you. He was very kind, but of course he could not find me work to do. It is work that I am in search of, sir, and unless I find it I dare not think of what will happen to my wife and children."

He paused and put one long, lean hand over his eyes, as though to keep "What sort of work do you want?" said Vanbrugh, fidgeting with his pa-

recopying, typewriting, shorthand from dictation. Anything to keep the wolf from the door. My poor little girls -sir, on Christmas day I had nothing to give them but bread and cheese-I could not bear to see them crying, and I locked myself in my room away from them. But why should I tell you such

will see that it is no fault of my own"-His voice choked a little, and he held put the letter with a shaking hand. Frank looked at him doubtfully. Either ne was a splendid actor, or his emotion was sincere. Vanbrugh had learned by bitter experience to be suspicious of strangers, but he was inclined to believe

pitiful details? Read this letter and you

in this man's veracity.

The paper in his hand bore an engraved crest, an address with which he vas well acquainted. He turned to the last page to see the signature—it was one which he knew well, and the letter. addressed to Malling, the publisher, gave a glowing account of the bearer's abilities and past achievements. "Your name, then," said Vanbrugh,

keeping his eye on the letter, "is Charles Simmonds?' "Yes-yes-at your service, if there is anything I can possibly do for you

months owing to an illness from which I have only just recovered. If you have

any copying"—
"But I don't want anything copied, said Vanbrugh in rather a perplexed tone. "I do all my work myself. And—I don't know, but perhaps—if you called at The Daily Argus office tomorrow about 4 or 5 I might have heard of something"—

He was almost abashed by the man's

eager gratitude. "You give me new he cried, starting up, as if he Then his face fell, the fire died out of his blue eyes and his hands fell help-

"My poor wife—my children!" he muttered. "Must I go home empty handed once again? Sir, if of your great goodness you could but lend me a poor half crown. I will faithfully"-"Oh, good Lord," said Vanbrugh

request than by anything else, and touched also, he scarce knew why, "here's a trifle! If you can make any use of it-you needn't mention it again But they were two sovereigns that found their way into the visitor's long,

shocked more by the smallness of the

lean hand. "I suppose it's a genuine case," said Vanbrugh to himself rather ruefully when the impecunious literary man had taken his departure and the donor of the sovereigns had had time to reflect upon his gift and the very effusive burst of gratitude that had followed it. "It sounded real enough. And that letter from James Desmond. That was certainly in his own hand. However, when I've time, I'll go round to Malling's and see what they know about him." He had light on the subject before h went to Messrs. Malling. He turned

into his club that afternoon and med Desmond, a writer of some repute, upor the steps.
"Oh," said Vanbrugh, after greetin him, "what about that man Simmo you sent to Malling"-

"Simmonds, my dear boy? Capital fellow; very clever; died a year and a "Oh, I see ?" said Desmond, falling into a roar of laughter. "I've heard something of this kind before. There'

a man going round begging under tha name, isn't there? And you've been hit? How much did he get out of you? Motley gave him £5." 'I didn't lose so badly as that,'' said Vanbrugh trying to laugh too, "but he had me I must confess. Then he didn't

"Bless your innocence, no. He's swindler, my boy, a downright swin "And a very clever one. I wish could get hold of him again!" said Van-

come from Malling?"

brugh grudgingly. "A clear case of the

A few weeks later in the season h was taking a short cut to the Strand through some of the narrower and less frequented streets near Drury lane when his attention was caught by figure on the pavement which seemed vaguely familiar. Where had he seen before that shabby, jaunty figure, with the soft felt hat, the indescribable air of poverty stricken picturesqueness? Van brugh had an eye for likenesses. In an other minute he held the man by th arm. It was the swindler indeed-the so called Charles Simmonds himself. But the man was more agile that Vanhrugh thought. He turned a white

terror stricken glance on his captor, then wrenched himself free and dived down a narrow lane on his right hand. Heedless of consequences, Vanbrugh plunged in pursuit through the crowd but the man was evidently well ac quainted with the mazes of the streets and was speedily lost to view. Van brugh, perceiving his pursuit to be use less, stopped short, and found himself in a narrow alley, which his instinct told him was "dangerous." The sinister folk who lounged about it belonged unmistakably to the criminal classes As he had no mind to be despoiled of his watch or his purse, he shrugged his shoulders and prepared to depart, but at

that moment his eye was caught by a face which peered at him from an uppe window and retreated—the very face with its long, fair mustache, of the man of whom he was in search. Vanbrugh as will be evident to every reader of these pages, was not a prudent man. In at the open door of the house, and up the common stair he dashed, quite heed less of the probability that he was rush ing headlong into a den of thieves. He had as quick an eye for locality as for likenesses, and knew at once the exact position of the room at the window of which he had seen the pseudo Simmonds. He went straight to the door,

threw it open and walked in. He looked round and stood aghast No man was in the room at all. It was tenanted only by a tall girl in black, who sat at a table on which stood

sewing machine. As soon as Vanbrugh looked at he and met her eyes he felt vaguely startled and taken aback. Why, this girl, in spite of her shabby clothes, her sewing machine, her poor surroundings-this girl was a lady. Her pale face was ex-quisitely refined. Her hair shone like spun gold above her common gown. Her eyes were so proud, so sad, so calm that Vanbrugh's gaze fell beneath them

"Do you want anything?" she said and her voice was the voice of a lad "I beg your pardon," said Vanbrugh, removing his hat. "I thought I had tracked a man to this room-a swindler, a thief, whom I have long been in search of-but I was mistaken, per-

girl briefly and began to work her ma-But her face had crimsoned and ther

turned white. Vanbrugh made one step to her side and put his hand on her wrist.
"You know where he is," he said sternly. "He has passed through this room. Ah, there is a door"-

He dropped her wrist and would have stridden to the little wooden door which he had not at first observed had not the girl, easting aside her mask of calm and quiet, thrown herself upon him and arred the way. "Oh, stop, stop, if you have any mercy!" she cried. "Don't follow him.

Don't go that way. I know what you

have come for, but it is not altogether

his fault. Oh, won't you listen? Won't you be merciful?" Vanbrugh's position suddenly struck himself as humiliating and ridiculous. He had wanted to catch the swindler certainly and had rather thought of giving him a thrashing instead of handing bim over to the police, but it was absurd to be implored in this manner, as if he were a monster of cruelty. Of course

the girl was the man's accomplice, but

he was a very pretty girl

know all about it. This man who calls himself Simmonds, what is his real His Mysterious Method of Escape Revealed

name, by the way?" She looked at him mutely, and he understood that he would get no answer to that question. "What is your own name? Can you

tell me that?" he asked, with more roughness of manner than he quite meant to show. "My name is Dora Simmonds," she answered, and he could see that she was "The wife of the man I am looking

"No," she answered, while the red blood surged to her brow and made her for the moment a living image of shame, "his daughter." Vanbrugh's face seemed to have

caught a tinge of color from hers. He

felt the shame of her heart as if it had been his own. "Forgive me," he said at last in his impulsive way. "I-I did not understand. I will go. He had scarcely reached the door be fore she stopped him. "If you will tell me," she said, "what my father took— from you, I'll pay it back—indeed I

will. If I work my fingers to the bone,
I'll pay it back—and then you will—
perhaps—not wish so much—to—punish
him''— "I don't wish anything. It was only a triffe—a mere nothing. Don't think of

"But I must think of it," she cried, clasping her hands together. "I must think of it. I cannot bear my life unless I try to undo the harm that he has Vanbrugh's heart swelled with pity. But even as he tried to think of words with which to console her she covered

her eyes with one hand to conceal her tears, and shut the door suddenly in his dragged the place, but could find nothing in the shape of a man, though we did fish out a dead woman, who had again?" said the journalist as he de-

scended the rotten stairs. A few days afterward he found in his letter box a little packet inscribed with his name. It proved to contain 10 shillings, and a businesslike indorsement: "First installment. Dora Simmonds." A week later a similar packet was left in the box, and then Vanbrugh vowed within himself that he would find out more about that girl whose wan yet lovely face had begun to haunt him in his dreams or die in the attempt. He sought out the street in which he had been living, but she and her father

were gone. He made inquiries in vain.

At last, by pure accident, he came
upon her as she was descending the stairs that led to his rooms. It was twilight, and he caught her by the arm. "I have found you," he said. "You have been putting that money into my

He spoke almost angrily, and the color came into her pallid face-more pallid, more worn by suffering, than "If I did," she answered, "it

the right thing to do." "Did your father tell you?" "Yes. "But he-did he"-

"I earned the money," said the girl, with a resentful flash of her eyes— 'earned it honestly by needlework, if you wish to know. My father was glad for me to pay it back. He-he had been very much tempted-and I am sure he will not do anything like it-again." Vanbrugh thought of Motley's £5 and felt doubtful. "How did he come by that letter?" he asked. "Is his name Charles Simmonds or not?"

"Charles Simmonds was my nucle The letter was written about him, and my father-he has made use of ittwice. I believe." she answered, her voice sinking into low accents of grief and shame "It was all for my sakehe could not bear to see me working hard-and now he is overwhelmed by grief and contrition"-Vanbrugh reflected that so good an

actor as her father could no doubt make her believe what he chose. There was a colder tone in his voice as he said: "Bring that letter to me, so that he cannot be tempted again, and take back your money, Miss Simmonds."

'You do not believe me! You do not believe him!" she cried vehemently. But I will bring you the letter. He would starve rather than use it again."

She flung away into the darkness, and Vanbrugh felt ashamed. By one of the next day's posts the letter from James Desmond was returned to him, but without a word from Dora or her father. Yet Vanbrugh managed to intercept her when she brought the last installment of the money, though how he managed to do it no one ever knew. He began abruptly: "I feel degraded by taking this money from you. I would sooner-far sooner-that all I had was yours. Miss Simmonds, will you marry "Do you mean to insult me, Mr. Van-

brugh?" "I love you with all my heart, Dora."

"It is impossible. You don't know anything about me." "I know that you are the noblest girl in the world. But I do not love you for

that. I love you because I can't help it. I have loved you I believe ever since I saw you first. Can't you care for me, too-a little?" He tried to take her hand, but Dora drew herself away. "I shall never marry," she said. "My father— He

was not like it once," she broke off to say tremblingly, "but he gambles-and you know what that means." Yes, he knew. But he knew also that Dora loved him, and he was content. Nevertheless he might never have called her his wife had not her father's career been cut short. He fell under the hoofs of the omnibus horses one slippery winter's day, and was carried to a hos-

pital only to linger a few hours. Van-

brugh joined Dora at his side, and hand

in hand they watched and waited dur-

ing the last moments of the gambler's In spite of Dora's representations, it must be confessed that Vanbrugh had always looked on her account of her father's penitence as a pious daughterly fiction. And so he might always have thought had not the dying man opened his eyes at the last moment, looked him full in the face, and raised himself up by one supreme last effort to say a word

"Forgive!" he said, and sank back on his pillow dead. It was always Frank Vanbrugh's opinion afterward that his wife's pitying estimate of her father's character had been truer than his own. - Woman at Home.

in Vanbrugh's ear.

"We've two baseball nines out at out shirt factory," said the variety comedi-What do you call 'en "One is named the Shirts and the

other the Collars." "Which side usually wins?" "Neither, because there is always a tie between 'em."—Philadelphia Call.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE TRICKS THAT

crib anything he could get his hands on, from a house and lot to a hot stove, and he never let anybody get their hands on him if he could help it, and he always did; while I was on the force. For the five years I was working along the dock we couldn't catch him. One night he cracked a safe and got away with \$1,-000 or more, and a reward was offered for him. This put us all on our mettle, for as much as three months, and then one night I flushed him and gave chase. had him, for there was only one way to had to take to the open water. I wasn't ten yards behind him as he went out the dock on a run, and I saw him go over and heard the splash. It couldn't have been a second till I was in sight and threw on a fire in a cottage. This looks like a "variant" of a fairy

tale, but the potato anecdote at least is authentic. The same may be said of the Roman bracelet thrown overboard by its owner in crossing the Firth of Forth and lately discovered by him in a shop, when I got there there wasn't any sign where it was exhibited as a relic of the Roman occupation. Fishers had dredged it from the deep, as in the case of the ring of Polycrates, which may be a true tale. The Inverness ring story has prob ably no evidence but that of tradition A jeweler's boy dropped into the Ness a diamond ring which he was carrying to a customer. He fled the country, returned a rich man, and walking by the river he told his tale to a friend. To illustrate it he struck his stick into the shallow water over the gravel, and there, on the tip of the staff, was the diamond ring.

weeks later, a detective 'detected' him just as he was going to take him in he dark waters of the river. Every effort seen of him, and then we heard of him nev. Arrived at home she searched he Yarders went there to take him if possible. He spotted him as usual, down about the docks, where he seemed to be careless, and again he took to the water and escaped. By this time we felt that he wasn't born to be drowned and that he would turn up again. He did, several times, and each time he got away. At last, about five years after I had been in America, I received a letter from a friend of mine at Scotland Yard to the effect that the 'water dog,' as we called him, had been captured by an accident. He had been seen near the docks by a of the coppers. toward the water across the dock he tripped on a rope and fell, striking his head on a stanchion, and falling into He was fished out and resuscitated, but before they brought him around they discovered his amphibiousness, so to speak. Fastened about his neck was a

> up late to town, he finds every number occupied except 68. He puts down his name there, and draws the winner again. The other sportsmen had acted on the converse of the principle of Marryat's middy, who always thrust his head in action through a hole made in the ship's timbers by a cannon ball, arguing that it would not be pierced twice. These facts of course hit at the roo of the belief in dreams. Thus, a tourist fell asleep at Ventimiglia station, dreamed of 13, hurried back to Monto Carlo and backed 18 for the maximum. It came up three times run

Dr. G. A. Countryman of Mallette, S. D., possesses a combination snake. It is half garter and half sand snake, and this peculiar composition was made possible by a surgical operation performrected to snakes from observing that when a snake is killed its tail appears to live until the sun goes down, when life ceases. It is thought by many that this is owing to the nerves, but the doctor was somewhat skeptical on this point. Being a surgeon he dissected several and made some interesting discoveries. He found that in both the sand and garter snakes the spinal column extended little more than half the length of the body. Knowing that it was possible to graft flesh, this led him to chloroform them and try splicing them, making the splice, of course, below the end of the spinal column. He made four unsuccessful attempts, but succeeded in the fifth. The grafted snake he has now is apparently in good health, and the large place."—London News. parts are perfectly knitted to-

gether. Its body is of the sand snake tempt was made to carry San Sebastian and its tail is a garter snake's. - San itself by assault. Colin Campbell, with The recent meeting of the British association at Ipswich was opened by the usual presidential address delivered by Sir Douglas Galton, who, to use Lord Kelvin's words, has been "for a quarter of a century the mainstay of the British association." Sir Douglas Galton's address was in no sense sensational or epoch making, but its review of the progress of science contained some in teresting facts. Perhaps the most quotable passage is that in which he dealt with the future of aluminium. If, by means of the wasted forces in our rivers or of the wind, the extraction of aluminium be still further cheapened, the metal or its alloys may, he holds, not only be utilized in increasing the spans of our bridges and in affording strength and lightness in the construction of our the inspection he came toward me, drew ships, but "we may hope to obtain a material which may render practicable the dreams of Icarus and of Maxim and for purposes of rapid transit enable us to navigate the air." We regret to have to add that the strain of reading his ad dress proved too great for Sir Douglas

A faint idea of the vastness of our forests in the Willapa valley, Washington, says the Frances News, can be formed by the fact that by building a short spur of from 1½ to 2½ miles of track a body of timber can be tapped which contains about 80,000,000 feet. This is the estimate made by two men of sound judgment on the timber busi-

ODD COINCIDENCES

FATE CAN PLAY.

Most Peculiar Ways-In the View of the Science of Chances Such Things Are Not An article in Good Words by the ed-

well authenticated coincidences. These | the fisher folk of Brittany and trying in cannot but encourage the novelist, who discovers that no invention of his can be more improbable than reality. Thus a sailor idly cuts his name on a piece of wood on Spanish shores, and the waves carry it to his sister's feet on the coast saving. The fishermen replied that they of Orkney. The Duke of Argyll startles | were willing to accept the boat, but not a bird which is flying overhead, and it if it bore the name of an actress .- San drops a pine cone at his feet, the vehicle of a vegetable substance almost unknown to science. A lady loses a ring, and it is found next year by her servant in a potato which she is peeling. In the same way a sportsman is said to have lost a ring on the moor. Next season he found it in a peat which he broke up

Quite recently, it is said, a young lady was traveling in an omnibus. In her purse she had all her portable wealth, threepence in coppers. Near her sat an ill looking man, dirty, wearing a large, shiny ring, which she supposed to be paste. When she alighted from the omnibus, her purse was gone, her pocket was picked, and she, with confusion of face, had to go on credit for her jour pocket afresh, and therein was the seedy man's shiny ring. This was fair circumstantial evidence against her unknown fellow passenger, but somebody had the curiosity to take the ring to a jeweler. It proved to be an excellent large diamond, but advertisement did not discover the owner. He had stolen three- H. F. Shealy. pence and a purse, and had lost a small fortune, probably dishonestly acquired, ton streets. Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m in the process. We would judge no man Pastor, Rev. W. J E. Cox. hastily, and there may be some other explanation of the presence of the ring Such things as these keep occurring. To the disinterested gaze of the science | Main and Water streets. Services at 4 p. m.

of chances it does not seem odd that Sunda they befall; the miracle would be if they did not befall. For innumerable events are eternally happening, and according to Cocker, extraordinary events must necessarily be among them. It would be extraordinary indeed if some month, in Masonic Temple, Main street. Jaz events were not extraordinary. Thus, a M. Lickliter, W. M; B. A. Eskridge, Sec'y. man puts his name down in the Club Derby Sweep, say, opposite No. 68. He draws the winner. Next year, coming

ning, and he was "on" every time. He then, in a brief oration, described the circumstances and resumed his journey to Italy. This kind of thing was mathematically certain to occur one day or

other, and the adventurer nicked it. But the amateur would be very ill advised who backed his dreams, for of dreams there are millions every night, and nobody can tell whether his vision is the one of the many millions which is destined to be fulfilled in a manne that seems extraordinary to the vulgar The calm observer, when a dream is fulfilled, does not, like the French caddy at Pau, after a brilliant shot by his em ployer, say "beastly fluke." He only recognizes the inevitable working of the law that out of countless incidents some must be odd. He is convinced that once in a blue moon the dealer must hold all the trumps. This blue moon. not infrequently appears in the United States of America, it being "such a On July 25, 1813, an unsuccessful at-

20 men of the light company of his regiment, constituted the forlorn hope at the great breach, and on reaching top he was shot through the right hip and fell to the bottom. Again ascending, he was shot through the inner part of the left thigh, and Graham in his dispatch said, "I beg to recommend to you Lieutenant Campbell of the Ninth, who led the forlorn hope, and who was severely wounded in the breach." In 1857 _viz. 44 years after the siege—Colin Campbell was inspector general of in-"While," said Campbell, "I was in specting the depot at Chichester I noticed that an old man, evidently an old soldier, though in plain clothes, was constantly on the ground and apparent- James W. Blackburn, chief of records. ly watching my movements. As I was leaving the barrack yard at the end of

himself up, made the military salute and with much respect said: 'Sir Colin, may I speak to you? Look at me, sir. Do you recollect me?' I looked at him and replied, 'Yes, I do.' 'What is my name?' he asked. I told him. 'Yes, sir, and where did you last see me?' 'In the breach of San Sebastian,' I replied, hall on the church lot. M. T. B presi-'badly wounded by my side.' 'Right, dent; J. J. Kngalen, first vice-president; J. J sir.' answered the old soldier. 'I can Murphy, second vice-president; D.J.O'Connell tell you something more,' I added. recording secretary. 'You were No. -- in the front rank of my company.' 'Right, sir,' said the

"I was putting my hand in my pocket | Band meets every Monday and Thursday stepped forward, laid his hand on my Hall. Mr. J. M. Brereton, what I want, but you will be going to Haines, secretary. Shorneliffe to inspect the depot there. I have a son in the Inniskillings quartered

are "Le Divocre Inper'al," written for her by Emile Ballerar, in which she An article in Good Words by the ed-itor, Dr. Macleod, contains a string of during the past summer by living among all things to be one of themselves. But they did not take to her. She noticed how dangerous for the fishermen's hoats the harbor of Sauzon is, and offered to provide them with a stanch craft to bear her name and to be used for life

> Hotel Visitor-Now, you are sure this bed is quite clean?

Servant—Yes, sir. The sheets were only washed this morning. Just feel them. They ain't dry yet.—London Tit-BICKLE & HAMRICK

NOS. 11 AND 13 W. FREDERICK STREET.

We keep constantly on hand the finest stock taunton. All the latest styles and novelties Calls attended day and night. FUNERAL OUTFITTED

n every detail and under careful personal at CHURCH DIRECTORY.

First Presbyterian Church, on Frederick 81 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. M. C. A. Hall. Services at 11 a. m., and 8 p. m. Trinity Episcopal church, Main street, between Lewis and Church streets. Services at 11 a. m., and 8 p. m. Rector, Rev. W. Q. Hul

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

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

street, Mass at 7 and 10.30 a. m. Vespers and where no ring should be and the absence | benediction of Most Blessed Sacrament at p. m. Pastor, Rev. Father McVerry. Young Men's Christian Association, corner

St. Francis Roman Catholic, North Auguste

DIRET RY OF LODGES. MASONIC LODGE. Staunton Lodge No. 13, A. F. and A. M., meets every second and last Friday night in each

UNIC M 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'v.

Staunton Lodge, No. 45, I. O. O. F. meets ev Wayt's drug store, on Main street. John C Fretwell Noble Grand: C. A. Crafton, Sec. KNIGHTS OF HONOR ODGE.

Staupton Lodge, No. 756, Kr., ghts of Honor nonth, in Pythian Hall, Main street. W. L. Olivier, Dictator: W. A. Burnett, Recorder. MOUNTAIN CITY LODGE.

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

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

ROYAL ARCANUM. Augusta Council, No. 490, Royal Arcanum meets every second and fourth Tuesday in the month, at Pythian Hall, Main street. W. W

hertson, Regent: Jos. B. Woodward, Sec-SONS OF TEMPERANCE Charity Division, M. A., Sons of Temperance meets every Monday night at Odd Fellows all. W. A. Rapp, Worthy Patriarch; John

UNIFORMED RANK, KNIGHTS OF

E. B. Stuart Division, No. 10, meets second and fourth Mondays each monta at Pythian Hall. Sir Knight Captain, F. B. Berkley; S KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS. Valley Lodge, No. 18, K. of P., meets

street, over Dr. Wayt's drug store. C.T. Ham-

fonday night at Castle Hall, on West

mond. Chancellor Commander; Albes

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

plar, meets first Friday night in every month in Masonic Temple, on Main street. W. B. McChesney, Eminent Commander; A. A. E k-

every Wednesday at 8th run 30th breath setting of the sun. J. D. Anthony, sacher visiting brothers welcome.

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

Meets in their wigwam, in Valz Building

Velley Conneil No. 788 meets on the first and third Mondays in each month. Commander

CATHOLIC HIBERNIAN BENIFICAL

"STONEWALL" BRIGADE BAND.

to make the old man a present, when he orchestra, every Wednesday, at 8 p. m., in City wrist and said: 'No, sir. That is not J. A. Armentrout, president, and C. Harry

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

at that station, and if you will call him out and tell him that you knew his famouth at 7:30 o'clock. Room in City Hai build ther that is what I should wish."—

Monthly meetings, Fourth Tuesday in the month at 7:30 o'clock. Room in City Hai build ther that is what I should wish."—

I seaso Witz, presid 1; J.C. Shields, secre

Staunton