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Editor and Proprietor.

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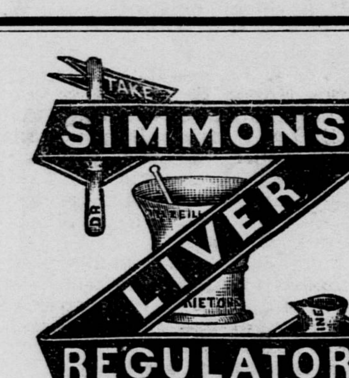

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BY B. AND O.

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CLOSE.

FOR B. AND O.

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2.15 a. m. for Harrisonburg, Woodstock and points north.
1.10 p. m. for Lexington and intermediate points.
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9.15 a. m. and 2,15 p. m. for north, east, south.
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AN OPAL.

A rose of fire shut in a veil of snow,
An April gleam athwart a misted sky,
A jewel—a soul! Gaze deep if thou wouldst know
The flame wrought spell of its pale witchery.
And now each tremulous beauty lies revealed,
And now the drifted snow doth beauty shield.

So my shy love, aneath her kerchief white,
Holdeth the glamour of the east in fee;
Warm Puritan, who fears her own delight,
Who trembleth over that she yieldeth me.
And now her lips her heart's rich flame have told,
And now they pale that they have been so bold.
—Ednah Proctor Clarke in Century.

OUR FIRST CASE.

We were sitting in our little room looking at each other. A week or two ago we had set up independently. We had come here to make our fortunes, but private nurses did not seem to be in much request in this benighted place. All the doctors knew of us, and had welcomed us cordially. With one consent they had said that we were just what was wanted here.

"Do you think we can afford to stay another week?" asked Kathleen.

"Perhaps, one more," I answered.

"It's a most interesting experience," she said.

"And will end in quite an exciting finale," I added. "The worst of it is the return home amid the jeers of our friends, who are expecting us any day."

Kathleen shuddered.

"We may get a case in the next few days," I said. "Such things occasionally happen."

"Give me another cup of tea, Agnes," cried Kathleen. "It is ruinous to the nerves, but I must have it. If any of my patients drank half as much as I do, I should read them a lecture they would not forget, but"—

Our landlady flung open the door, and Dr. Puckle burst in upon us.

"Ah! I was so afraid I should find you out," he cried. He was Irish.

"We happen to have a holiday," said Kathleen. "At least we have no very urgent case on this morning."

"Allow me to give you a cup of tea," said I.

"Tea? Tea at this time of day!" He shook his head at us. "I should have thought you knew better, nurse. Never drink tea at 11 o'clock. No sugar, thank you."

He settled himself comfortably before the fire, and sipped his tea, while delivering himself of a long and strong dissertation on the evil of this habit. Kathleen and I corroborated every word he said.

"Well, now to business," cried Dr. Puckle. "I came to ask you to undertake a case, a very painful case. It's old Josiah Hartland. Ever heard of him?"

"No," I answered.

"That man would have been dead a year ago if he hadn't happened to—ah—live. This time he'll go. Meanwhile I must get a couple of nurses for him, by hook or by crook. Will you undertake his case?"

"Tell us some more about him, doctor."

"He lives in Hartland's Hollow. I suppose you know that part?"

"No," said Kathleen, and Dr. Puckle looked relieved.

"It's a trifle lonely, but I suppose you don't mind that?"

"Not in the least," said I. "We are neither of us troubled with nerves—in spite of the tea."

"You'll find no one there but the coachman and his wife, an old couple. You'll have to do everything yourselves, I'm afraid. When can you be ready? The case is urgent."

We promised to go that afternoon and when Dr. Puckle left us, Kathleen and I held a little celebration in honor of our first case.

We found ourselves before a low, rambling building at 4 o'clock that afternoon. The walls were thickly covered with ivy and creepers; tall trees surrounded it, which lent an air of mystery to the place. A solemn hush was on it, and the chilly afternoon fog was rising.

"I hope there's a good fire," whispered Kathleen, shivering.

The sound of the bell was muffled and seemed to come from underground regions. We had to ring three times before any one thought of answering our summons. Then the door was opened suspiciously, and an old woman peered at us out of her spectacles.

"Oh, be you the nusses?" she mumbled. "You may come in."

"How kind!" said Kathleen in my ear. "Don't you feel gratified, Agnes, by this gracious permission?"

She waited till our traps were deposited in the hall, then shut and locked the door.

"One never knows what may happen," she murmured, speaking to herself. Her candle cast suspicious shadows round the low, dark hall. We could smell the dust of ages as we followed the housekeeper up stairs. She told us in passing the different rooms and informed us that some of them were haunted, but she didn't rightly know which.

"What a delightful house!" said Kathleen aloud, and her voice echoed far away and disturbed the brooding silence. I wanted to hush her, for I kept feeling as if I were at church. "So cheerful!" rang out her voice."

"That's your room," said our guide, stopping at the top of the stairs to breathe, "and that's the master's." With that she turned and went into the dark regions we had left behind, and we found ourselves standing in a passage lighted by a single small lamp, with our bags in our hands and our hearts beating rather rapidly.

"I thought there must be something queer about it," said Kathleen. "Dr. Puckie was so very reserved."

"It is charming," I affirmed. "Now, shall we introduce ourselves to our patient or to our room?"

"Our room first," said Kathleen. "Let us keep the best treat till the end."

It was not an ideal room which had been prepared for us, nor overclean; but, as Kathleen said, we were both able to scrub a floor after our hospital training. She threw open the window, lighted both the candles on the dressing table and then declared that it was fit for the queen.

"But horribly cold," I supplemented.

"Well, my dear, wait till it's aired before you shut the window. When that old hag's lighted our fire, it won't be half bad."

"It strikes me," said I, "that we may as well light it ourselves if we want one at all."

"There seems a superabundance of insects and crawling things," said Kathleen, examining the corners of the room. "I'm rather fond of spiders. Are you?"

"On the whole," I answered, "I prefer my bedroom free of them."

"That is a pity," said Kathleen.

"Let us now go and make the acquaintance of our patient," I suggested.

Our gentle knock was not answered, so we went in unbidden.

Josiah Hartland was lying in bed breathing heavily. He was an old man. His skin was as yellow as a London fog, his eyes were so sunken under shaggy brows that at first sight he seemed to have none. The room was comfortless in the extreme. The fire was nearly out, and an untrimmed lamp smoked upon the table by his bed. He turned and stared at us.

"Two of you!" burst out a sharp, thin voice, startling us. "Two! I don't want two. One's quite enough. I'm not going to pay two to do the work for one."

"But one of us has to sit up with you at night," said I in a cheerful, soothing tone.

"What do you want with sleep?" he growled. "A great, strapping girl like you ought to be able to do without it. Has James come in?"

"Who is James?"

"James, he's my coachman, of course. Who else did you think he was? Ring the bell, can't you? I tell you I want James to come up. He's been collecting my rents. I want to see him about them."

"It's rather late in the day to be doing business," said Kathleen.

He turned and stared at her.

"Who's that?" he asked, pointing at her with a bony finger.

"She is your nurse," said I.

"Send her away, then. One's quite enough. I'm not going to pay two nurses, I tell you. I engaged you, but I never engaged her. Send her away!"

"Just now," I answered, "I am going away, and your second nurse will stay with you. I shall sit up with you tonight, so I am going to rest now."

Kathleen followed me to the door, looking slightly scared.

"I wish you joy, dear," said I. "We have a delightful case for our first!"

When I awoke from my nap, I found Kathleen by the fire in our room and a nice little meal waiting for me.

"Don't thank Mrs. Jones for that," said she, "or expect to find such things growing in this house. If you are hungry, you must go and forage about in the larder for something to eat. If you haven't got the genius which distinguishes everything I do, probably you won't find anything. At all events, partake freely now, for you have a long night before you."

She was very tired, and I left her to sleep as best she could in our spider haunted room.

I was simply astonished at the change Kathleen had wrought in the sickroom. The only thing which seemed the same was our patient, and he looked cleaner. Kathleen afterward told me that she had never found it so difficult to persuade any one to let her wash him.

"Has she gone?" asked Josiah.

"Yes; she's gone to bed," said I.

"Gone to bed! Whose bed? I won't have her sleeping in one of my beds."

"Yes, it's all right," I said, "and now you must let me settle for the night."

"You aren't going to wash me!" he cried. "The other one has just done it."

"No, no, it's all right. I won't wash you again tonight."

When he had taken his medicine and was settled comfortably, I sat by the fire in the darkened room, and strange thoughts came to me. How was it that my life had drifted into this? Five years ago I was a thoughtless girl, with scarcely a care beyond dress and pleasure and friendship. My friends thought it eccentric to "waste" my youth like this. They were amused, and could not see through my desire to do something useful in the world. However it was, here I found myself, a girl who had been shielded from all the roughness and trouble of life, in the very presence of suffering and death, playing an important part in the tragedy which I felt sure would end soon, for I knew the look of death so well that sometimes I saw it with scarcely a shudder. Our patient did not seem conscious of his condition. He lay there in his large and lonely house without one friend or relative beside him. It was a sad case for our first.

It grew more and more silent. An ash fell out of the grate, and it sounded as if a thunderbolt had burst. I jumped in my chair and felt a thrill all down my back. Then I began to think of the lonely situation of the house and the distance between the two old caretakers and me if anything should happen. After awhile the silence teemed with countless noises. I heard a long swish, a queer wailing—more like a human cry than the wind—a pitter patter, a buzzing, a faint tapping, a sigh. And there was a long creeping thud every now and then.

I am not superstitious. I firmly believe that superstition is the result of ignorance, and that educated people ought to despise it. But I began to feel as if perhaps there was more than I had thought in some of those superstitions. Surely they could not have lived through centuries if there had been no truth in them!

"Go and fetch me my rent book."

I nearly screamed. His voice had come so suddenly upon my thoughts.

"D'ye hear?" cried the thin, high voice.

I tried to persuade him to lie down and go to sleep, but he grew so excited that to quiet him I was obliged to yield.

"Where is it?" I asked.

It was down stairs in one of those horrible deserted rooms.

"Wouldn't you rather wait till the morning?" I asked.

"No, fetch it now, now! Besides, then you can look round and see that there are no burglars about. They know I'm ill, and that I've got a great sum of money here. I'm only waiting till I get better to take it myself to the bank."

His voice grew wilder and wilder. He urged me on, and I went, for nothing else could quiet him. I took a lighted candle with me, and as I found my way down the creaking stairs my heart thumped against my side.

I am sure I heard a low growl at the foot of the stairs. As the flickering light of my candle moved onward in the darkness it seemed to disperse countless shadows that had dim shapes. I thought I saw the outlines of a grinning head. Mrs. Jones had said some of these rooms were haunted—supposing this one was! Something scuttled away. I set my candle down, afraid I should drop it, my hand was trembling so. Something fell with a thud on the table, and that was too much for me. Snatching up my candle, I turned and fled. The candle went out, but the feeble flicker of the lamp up stairs guided me, and I stumbled on, not daring to take a breath till I found myself once more in the sickroom. I have since found out that the library was swarming with cockroaches and mice.

Old Josiah had fortunately fallen into a doze, so I settled myself in my chair again, having gently made up the fire. Would this awful night never pass? It was now 2 o'clock, and it seemed like the beginning of eternity.

Tick, tick, tick! What was that? Tick, tick, tick!

I knew—it was the death spider. I had heard of the horrid thing before, and had not believed in its existence. But I had never before spent a night with a dying man in a haunted house. I stole softly to the bedside, but he was sleeping nicely. He had several days to live still.

"Well, how did you get on? What sort of a night had you?"

Kathleen was like a breeze. Her voice swept off the vapors of the night.

"Beautifully," said I. "I have had a delightful night."

"When shall I get better?" asked our patient. "What's the good of paying a couple of nurses and a doctor if they can't cure me quicker than this? Why can't you speak, doctor? Answer me."

"Hartland, it is time to prepare yourself for another world. You cannot get better."

"I must—I must. I've a great sum of money in the house that ought to be banked. And James hasn't got in all the rents. He's a fool at it. Send him up to me at once."

Dr. Puckle told us that this perpetual worrying about his business was hastening the end. He said it could not be far distant now, and Kathleen and I determined to try to get the poor man to think of other things more appropriate at this solemn time.

"You cannot take your money with you," I said, "so why worry about it now? You are dying, Mr. Hartland. Surely you can leave your money matters alone. What importance can they possibly be just now?"

"Much you know about business," sneered the old man. "Business is business, whether a man is dying or not." Then he burst out crying like a child. "All my life," he wailed, "all my life I've spent in getting it, and now I've got to leave it. It isn't fair. Send James up to me at once. I want to know whether he's made that villain Richards pay up. Why, the fellow owes two quarters. It's infamous."

I looked at Kathleen in despair.

It was always like that. Sometimes he cried and sobbed, sometimes he railed against the justice of life. His one and only idea was still his money, that money which he had made himself, and which he loved with a concentrated passion. He looked at the cold, useless thing, and never missed the warm, human faces that ought to have been round him now. He had no relations, no friends. His money had come between him and all the softer joys of life, and in dying he cared for nothing except that he had to part with it.

Kathleen started at the little heap of salt she had spilt.

"What's the matter, Kathleen?"

"Oh, nothing," she answered, starting. "Of course I don't believe in any such nonsense, but I saw a crow this morning—now I've spilt some salt."

"Throw a pinch over your left shoulder," I suggested, laughing at her.

"Goose," she retorted, "do you think I'm so silly?"

I stooped to pick up my serviette, and she made a rapid movement as though throwing something over her shoulder.

"Kathleen!" I cried sharply. "Put your knife and fork straight."

"Why? What's wrong with them?"

She looked at them, then suddenly snatched up the fork and laid it down beside the knife.

"I do not believe you were frightened because they were crossed," she said.

"Did you hear the screech owl last night?" I asked.

"No, but I heard a dog howling, and when I got up to see the time I saw a shooting star."

"Superstition is such nonsense," said I.

"Yes, isn't it?"

I was sitting by him, and in the darkened room I saw his bony hands groping about aimlessly or picking at his sheet. When I had washed him, he had fretfully declared that we nurses did nothing in the world but wash him, and "the other one" had done it that very morning. I tried to persuade him that the morning had nothing to do with the evening, but he didn't see it. He was now muttering to himself or lapsing into unconsciousness. He did not know me. His mind seemed to be wandering into the money getting past, for I could hear snatches of calculations and something about the Stock Exchange which I did not understand.

Then all was silence, but for the beating of my heart.

There came a tapping at my window. I sat up straight, clutching the arms of the chair. Death himself might have been knocking for admittance! I knew, I was sure, that it was but a bird, but I had heard that when a sparrow taps at the window it means death. A few minutes after there sounded a loud crash down stairs, and I sprang up and rushed into our room, having just presence of mind left to see that our patient had not been disturbed. Kathleen was sitting up in bed.

"Did you hear that noise?" I gasped.

"Ye-es," said she, through chattering teeth. "Do you think there's a burglar here?"

"Well, perhaps you'd better go and see," said I. "I would, but I cannot leave Mr. Hartland."

"Oh," said Kathleen, "I would, but I'm not dressed. What's the matter, Agnes?"

I took her shoes, which she had left on the table by accident, and threw them down. She started.

"I—I tumbled up stairs yesterday, Agnes," she said, seizing my arm.

There was another crash. I had knocked over a hand glass!

Next morning a large picture of Josiah Hartland was found on its face in the dining room. Mrs. Jones said it had fallen several times before, for the cord was rotten and kept breaking, but Mr. Hartland wouldn't buy a new one. We said it had better not be hung again, as we did not like going to see what was the matter in the middle of the night. She seemed surprised and evidently wondered what we were here for.

I told Kathleen that she looked pale, and she said I looked ghastly. I asked her whether she thought we could endure another night of it, and she said she could not, but if I liked I might stay, and she would give me all the profits.

There was no need for us to stay.

Mr. Hartland insisted on looking at his rentbook to see whether James had collected all the rents. I brought it to him, and he groped about with his hands to feel it.

"I can't quite see," he moaned. "My eyes—they aren't so good as they used to be. Read it to me, you nurse. What are you here for, wasting my money, if you can't read it to me?"

"Let me read something else," I entreated, feeling tears rising in my eyes. "Kathleen, bring me a Bible."

"Business is business," gasped the dying man. "Read the last page to me. I want to know—whether—that villain—what was I saying?"

Kathleen came nearer. We looked at each other.

"What do you know about—business?"

He glared at us and struggled with his breath. His hands wandered over the quilt. They touched the rentbook. A grin crept over the wrinkled face and fixed there. His eyes rolled and shut.

"Agnes, now we can go home," whispered Kathleen, creeping to my side.—All the Year Round.

ANNOUNCING LEE'S SURRENDER.

The Booming of Cannon at Daylight Gave the News to Washington.

Most people were sleeping soundly in their beds when, at daylight on the rainy morning of April 10, 1865, a great boom startled the misty air of Washington, shaking the very earth, and breaking the windows of houses about Lafayette square, and moving the inhabitants of that aristocratic locality to say once more that they would be glad when Union victories were done with or should be celebrated elsewhere. Boom! boom! went the guns, until 500 were fired. A few people got up in the chill twilight of the morning and raced about in the mud to learn what the good news might be, while others formed a procession and resumed their parades—no dampness, no fatigue, being sufficient to depress their ardor.

But many placidly lay abed, well knowing that only one military event could cause all this mighty pother in the air of Washington, and if their nap in the gray dawn was disturbed with dreams of guns and of terms of armies surrendered to Grant by Lee they awoke later to read of these in the daily papers, for this was Secretary Stanton's way of telling the people that the Army of Northern Virginia had at last laid down its arms, and that peace had come again.

But the great news had really reached Washington the night before (Palm Sunday), and a few newspaper men and others of late habits, who were up through the darkness and the dampness of those memorable hours, had sent the glad tidings all over the Union from Maine to California and had then unbent themselves in a private and exclusive jollification. When the capital was broad awake and had taken in the full value of the news, the fever heat that had fired the city on the day after the fall of Richmond did not return. Popular feeling had culminated then, and after that great event there was nothing that could surprise us, not even if Jeff Davis himself had come to Washington to surrender.

The streets were shockingly muddy, but were all alive with people singing and cheering, carrying flags and saluting everybody, hungering and thirsting for speeches. General Butler was called out, among others, and he made a speech full of surprising liberality and generosity toward the enemy. The departments gave another holiday to their clerks, so did many business firms, and the treasury employees assembled in the great corridor of their building and sang "Old Hundred" with thrilling, even tear compelling, effect. Then they marched in a body across the grounds to the White House, where the president was at breakfast, and serenaded him with "The Star Spangled Banner."—Noah Brooks in Century.

American Indigo.

Indigo for exportation was brought into Charleston in wagons, and the owners received the proceeds in the form of Spanish silver coin, which composed almost the entire currency before the bank of the state was established in 1812. It was a clumsy and inconvenient medium of exchange for large amounts. We read that "the merchants of North Carolina and other distant points used to carry the money in boxes fitting under the seats of the sulkies in which they traveled, so as to be taken out at night and put back in the morning."

The indigo itself was often used directly as a medium of purchase for other commodities. General Harrington at one time sent three four horse wagon loads of indigo to Virginia, buying in exchange from 15 to 20 negroes. An interesting illustration of this use of indigo is connected with General Francis Marion. This incident occurred in 1783, just after the battle of Hobkirk Hill. A nephew of General Marion was to be sent to school in Philadelphia, and was accordingly fitted out with a wagonload of indigo, which was to pay for his tuition and other school expenses. As the British then held possession, General Marion wrote to Lord Balfour, in command in Charleston, asking a permit for the boy to pass through the British lines. General Marion's letter was sent by Balfour to Rawdon, and was afterward countersigned by Cornwallis. The youth with his wagonload of indigo was allowed to proceed by the Charlotte route toward Philadelphia, but unfortunately he died before reaching his destination.—Science Monthly.

Mark Twain on Shipboard.

Mark Twain looks upon a journey across the ocean much as another man might look upon crossing the East river on a ferryboat. The humorist enjoys the ocean and the life of idleness which is enforces on one. He does not know what it is to be sick, and after his own fashion he has a good time. This "fashion" is more pleasing to himself than to any one who happens to share his stateroom, as did a friend of mine recently. This friend told me that he never crossed the ocean with a man who stuck closer to his stateroom.

When the genial Mark awakens, usually about 7 o'clock, he reaches out for his pipe and book and begins to smoke and read. He keeps this up until about 11 in the morning, when he calls for his morning coffee, which he takes while in his berth. Then he smokes and reads again until about 1, when he begins to write. At 5 he stops long enough to dress, take a turn around the deck, and goes to the saloon for his dinner. This is the only time of the day when the passengers see him. After dinner he takes a stroll on the deck, goes back to his stateroom, undresses and begins to read and smoke once more, which he keeps up steadily until far into the night.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Bad For the Teeth.

The practice of taking hot and ice cold drinks, especially when alternated at short intervals, as when hot coffee or tea and ice water are taken at meals, the careless use of the toothpick, which often irritates and wounds the gums and causes them to recede, the too free use of artificial sweets and the use of tobacco are all causes for the decay of the teeth. The most potent cause, however, says an authority, is the lack of natural exercise of chewing, which will bring to them a sufficient blood supply to keep them solid and sound.—New York Telegram.

A Slender Thread.

Extract From Historical Lecture.—In those stormy times the fate of Germany hung upon a slender thread, and that slender thread was Charles the Fat.

HE WENT TO A BALL.

OVERCOME BY THE HOSPITALITY OF YOUNG LOUISVILLE MEN.

The Dance Was at a Female Seminary, and It Was Full of Surprises—The Stranger Declared He Would Never Attend Another "Swell" Dance In Kentucky.

"Speaking of practical jokes," said a drummer at one of the hotels the other night, "I was the victim of one of the most embarrassing I have heard of for a long time. It was during my first trip south, and not being familiar with the people in this part of the country I thought I had found a really sociable place when three young 'swells' of the town with whom I had been talking the evening before asked me to go with them to a dance that was to be given at a female seminary a few miles from this city. I had been away from home for some time, and not having had the pleasure of being in the company of young ladies I was fairly delighted at the idea of spending a pleasant evening.

"I told them I would be pleased to go, and after hurried preparation we started. The young men laughed at the idea of my paying anything toward the carriage hire, and I felt that I had never been in the company of a more hospitable set of men.

"When we arrived at the place, the dance had already begun. We left the carriage in care of a negro man and entered the ballroom. Of course I felt very strange at first among so many strangers, but my companions seemed to feel quite at home and insisted that I should meet some of the young women at once. One of the young men took me by the arm and led me across the room to where there sat a young woman who was rather pretty and had an extremely neat appearance.

"After receiving an introduction to her I sat down and started a conversation. Soon she was talking at an astonishingly rapid rate. I became rather interested in the girl, but was very much surprised to learn that she was the twentieth daughter of a wealthy farmer. At last she began to talk and laugh so loudly that I began to feel a little embarrassed and asked her if she did not want to dance. She was on her feet in an instant, and we had danced a few steps when she suddenly yelled out at the top of her voice: 'Don't! Don't! Oh, don't hold me so tight! I am full of dynamite.' And she uttered a yell that made the cold chills run up and down my back.

"I turned her loose in an instant and stood simply horrified. I felt like swearing when the other people in the room only laughed and went on dancing. I did not know what to do. I knew I had done nothing I should not have done, intentionally at least, but I started up to her with an apology, when one of my companions came up with a young woman on his arm. He gave me an introduction to her and asked me if I would not dance the next set with her. I did not feel like dancing a bit, but there was no way of getting out of it, so I told him I would. While we were sitting down waiting for the next dance she told me she had been married 14 times and had 1,000 children at home. I thought she was just trying to joke me and asked her where she lived. She said she lived in heaven. I knew something was wrong with her, and I made up my mind right there that I would not dance with her. I asked her to excuse me a moment, and without waiting for a reply rushed across the room toward the door. I thought to myself that if I once got on the outside I would never attend another 'swell dance' in Kentucky.

"I had got within a few feet of the door when an old woman ran up and threw her arms around my neck. She yelled out that I was her lost son, who ran away from home 400 years ago, when I was a mere child. I tried to tear myself away from the woman, and she fainted at my feet. I made a dart for the door, and when I reached the threshold I looked back and saw several persons carrying her off the floor. I was dazed. I expected to be arrested every moment. I saw a man outside and asked him if there was not a train leaving that place soon. He said there would be one going to Louisville in about an hour, and I concluded to wait around the little station until it was ready to leave. I do not remember to have ever heard a more welcome sound than the whistle of that train, after spending an hour in silent misery. I reached my hotel in this city shortly after midnight, but could not sleep. I had learned on the train that I had been to an insane asylum ball, and I was as mad as a hornet.

"The next morning the young men came around to the hotel and apologized, and now they are the best friends I have in this city."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Truth of the Matter.

The Bookman tells a story of Mr. F. Cope Whitehouse, who recently spent five years in Europe. He had been long in conflict with both British and Egyptian authorities on the question of irrigating a certain district and found them almost equally conservative. After a time he met Lord Cromer, just arrived in the country, and was received with a chilling coolness.

"I really cannot go into these matters with you," said Lord Cromer, "because I hear that you treated my predecessor with great discourtesy."

"Discourtesy? Discourtesy of what nature?"

"Oh, I am informed that you accused him of er—in fact, that you insinuated he was untruthful."

"I? Oh, dear me, no! Not at all. The truth of the matter was just this: I had to characterize his attitude in some way. Now, you see, I couldn't speak of his simplicity, because it would not be exactly complimentary. Of course I couldn't speak of his multiplicity, because that wouldn't be true, you know. So naturally I had to call it duplicity, don't you see? It really was forced upon me, you understand."

Fate of the Twelve Disciples.

Andrew was probably crucified at Patræ, in Achaia; Bartholomew, said to have been flayed alive and crucified, with head down, in Armenia; James, brother of John, Herod killed him with his sword; James, son of Alpheus, thrown from the temple and stoned to death; John, time of death a conjecture; Judas, said to have hanged himself in a very bungling manner; Jude, said to have died naturally and also claimed to have been martyred; Matthew, claimed as a martyr, but probably died a natural death; Peter, crucified at Rome; Philip, said to have been tortured to death in Greece; Simon (Canaanite), crucified in Judæa in the reign of Domitian; Thomas, probably put to death with a lance in Persia or India.—New York Dispatch.

The Devil's House.

In Ladyard, a small town in Connecticut, is a house built prior to 1710 which bears the title of the "Devil's House." A curse is supposed to rest upon it, and in proof it is pointed out that in the present century more than 100 deaths have occurred in it, most of which were violent or more than ordinarily pathetic. The curse is supposed to have been put upon the place by a girl named Green, who was ill treated there by a relative to secure her property.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Are Visiting Lists Too Long?

Mrs. de Fashion (average society lady making her round of calls owing to average society friends)—Is Mrs. Wiggins Van Mortlande at home?

Servant—No, madam, she's—

Mrs. de Fashion—Please hand her my card when she returns.

Servant—She won't return, madam. She was buried a month ago.—New York Weekly.

BICKLE & HAMRICK
UNDERTAKING PARLOR
NOS. 11 AND 13 W. FREDERICK STREET, NEXT TO JESSER'S

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

FUNERAL OUTFITTED
in every detail and under careful personal attention

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Nos. and W. Frederick St.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DIRETORY OF LODGES.

MASONIC LODGE.

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

UNION ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER.

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

ODD FELLOWS' LODGE.

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

KNIGHTS OF HONOR LODGE.

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

MOUNTAIN CITY LODGE.

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

DISTRICT LODGE.

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

ROYAL ARCANUM.

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

SONS OF TEMPERANCE

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

UNIFORMED RANK, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

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

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

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

KNIGHT TEMPLARS.

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

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

Meets in their wigwam, in Valz Building every Wednesday at 7th run 30th breath setting of the sun. S. S. Peterson, sachem James W. Blackburn, chief of records. Visiting brothers welcome.

AMERICAN LEGION OF HONOR.

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

CATHOLIC HIBERNIAN BENIFICAL SOCIETY.

Meets first Sunday in every month in the hall on the church lot. M. T. B presi-dent; J. J. Kilgalen, first vice-president; J. J Murphy, second vice-president; D. J. O'Connell recording secretary.

"STONEWALL" BRIGADE BAND.

Band meets every Monday and Thursday orchestra, every Wednesday, at 8 p. m., in City Hall. Mr. J. M. Brereton, director, J. A. Armentrout, president, and C. Harry Haines, secretary.

CENTRAL PROHIBITION CLUB.

Meet on Thursday night of each week, in the club room, 119 East Main street. Jas. W. Bodley, Acting President; Preston A. Ross, Secretary

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

Monthly meetings, Fourth Tuesday in the month at 7:30 o'clock. Room in City Hall building Isaac Witz, presid t; J. C. Shields, secretary.