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RICHARD MAUZY,
Editor and Proprietor.

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BY B. AND O.

7.22 a. m. from Lexington and intermediate points.
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7 a. m. from Plunkettsville, daily except Sunday.
10 a. m. from Mt. Meridian, daily except Sunday.
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5.30 p. m. from Monterey, daily except Sunday.
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FOR C. AND O.

9.15 a. m. and 2,15 p. m. for north, east, south.
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2.15 p. m. for Clifton Forge and intermediate points.
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6.00 a. m. for Middlebrook.
1.00 p. m. for Mt. Meridian.
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A "naught-y" thing 2 do,
4 you will see the figure "0"
Is "naught" by looking through.

It's like a strange "'hole' number," true.
And still there's "nothing" then.
But if one stands be-4 it, you
Can see a roguish 10!
—Boston Transcript.

TWO HIGHWAYMEN.

I began at last to think that the ball would never come to an end. I had looked forward to it with absolute dread, for I was well aware of the plan which my uncle and Madam Trelawney had devised between them. I had already recognized that the lady's son was charming in his boyish frankness, but I had seen from the first that it was intended he should propose to me before the night was ended—this night of all nights in the year!—and I was resolved on my part that he should do nothing of the sort.

Truly, he was a gallant boy. I can fancy—for an old woman may surely tell her grandchildren she once was beautiful—that we made a pretty couple as we danced together. I know that madam treated me with quite unusual consideration, and once I caught her watching us with an altogether delightful air of satisfaction. Frank, too, did his dutiful best to offer me such attentions as are proper in a lover, and though I was resolved to thwart his mother and to keep him from courting rejection I could not but enjoy the little play in which I was acting. I pictured the surprise of all the good folks who were now watching me when the news of the morrow should reach them. And though I longed for the end of the ball, and the more serious adventure which was destined to follow, I found the situation vastly amusing.

Perhaps it was this fact which chiefly helped me to keep Frank at a distance.

"You are always laughing at a man," he said reproachfully during an interval between two dances, and upon my soul I was hard put to find an answer. I could scarcely say that for him I had only pity, and yet this would have been the truth, even though I was well aware that his disappointment would be only for a week or two.

At any rate, when the hour of our departure had come, his devotion was still undeclared, and madam looked upon me a shade less kindly, I thought, when I went to take farewell of her. But, in truth, I was by this time too completely overcome by excitement to notice little details in the comportment of these people. They were all conspirators against my happiness and Dick's. I knew they would be checkmated within the hour, and already I could have laughed in their faces.

My uncle was a great gamester and never known to lose his coolness. On this night he had gained a large sum at cards. But, for all that, I fancy he had taken a goodly quantity of liquor during the evening. I noticed that his voice was a little thick. No sooner were we seated in his coach than he lay back in a corner and slept peacefully; soon he was snoring.

I was thus left alone. Indeed I could not have talked with him had it been otherwise, yet I now wished I were compelled to try, for the excitement I was in came near to being unendurable. I could see nothing through the windows of the coach—nothing but the dim reflection of my own pale face against a background of utter darkness. Had I been able to take note of the landmarks as we passed them I might have been calmer. As it was, we had hardly been gone from the house five minutes when I began and continued to feel passionately assured that the very next moment would be productive of the event to which I looked forward so eagerly.

The drive appeared interminable. I began to think that Dick must have come early and grown tired of waiting, and I knew that if he did not keep tryst my heart would simply break. And then, frightening me despite my eager anticipation of it, came the first sign.

I saw a sudden blackness move past the window. A pistol cracked, and as the carriage ceased to move I heard a man's voice speaking sternly to the coachman and his companion on the box. It struck me the sternness was singularly well acted, for the coachman had been in the plot from the first. He happened to have a fancy for my maid, Genefer, and Dick's bribe was a superfluity once she had undertaken to make sure of him.

My uncle stirred in his corner, muttering incoherently, but he was still more than half asleep when the door of the coach was opened, and a tall, graceful figure—how well I knew it, having met him frequently at dusk on the edge of the old plantation!—stood dimly outlined against the darkness. The newcomer was masked and put a pistol to my uncle's head.

"You ride late, sir," he said. And I wondered at the skill with which he disguised his voice. "I presume you carry firearms and must ask that you will trust them to my keeping."

I can hardly report my uncle's words. Indeed they were not coherent, so great was his indignation, but he gave up his pistols, and the highwayman straightway flung them far into the darkness.

"Your purse," he continued politely. Then, when he had received this also: "Sir Richard Courtney's luck at the cards has passed into a proverb. Tell your friends, sir, that you have given their I. O. U.'s to one who will never ask for payment, for I have no doubt I shall find them here."

He put the purse into his pocket. "There is a diamond ring, too," he said, "and a watch." And these things he also received and pocketed.

All this time my uncle had been cursing him for a thief and swearing he would see him hanged within a month upon the highest point of the moorland. As for me, I had enjoyed the proceedings to begin with, but now I began to be afraid. Precious time was being wasted. There were others who must use this road in returning from the ball, and there was the risk of their coming to the rescue of my dear uncle and spoiling the plans on which so much depended. Moreover, I conceived that my uncle would be hugely angry when he discovered how prettily he had been deceived. It was possible he might be carried by his resentment so far as to make it appear that this mock robbery was real and so bring Dick to serious trouble. It was with great relief I saw that it was ended.

The highwayman spoke again. "You have a lady in your company," he said. "I must trouble her"—

"Scoundrel!" said my uncle, angrier than he had been at all. "Do you rob helpless women also? Oh, but you shall hang high!"

"'Beauty,'" quoted the highwayman—"and I am sure the lady is beautiful—'Beauty unadorned is best adorned.' I must ask the lady to step from her carriage a moment and give me the jewels of which she surely has no need."

My uncle would have hindered me, but I was past him in a moment and stepped out of the carriage.

"Your necklet," said the highwayman, holding forth his hand.

I took the pearls from my neck and pressed his hand in passing them to him. "Be quick!" I said in a whisper. "Where is your horse?"

He paused a moment. "I saw the gleam of a bracelet," he said. "I must relieve you of that also."

Again I obeyed him, but the fear that others would come while he still stopped fooling became more urgent. "I'm ready," I whispered so eagerly that I wonder my uncle did not hear. "Why do you wait?"

Again there was a pause He appeared a little disconcerted. "And I think you are wearing a ring," he went on.

I took the ring from my finger. As I gave it to him I clutched his hand, secure in the protecting darkness. "Take me!" I said. "Take me!"

Again he was silent for a moment. When he spoke, it was in a curiously altered voice and with a little delighted laugh.

"Dost mean it, sweet?" he cried. "Come, then!"

I gave a scream of alarm—a portion of the play we had arranged together—as he caught me round the waist and landed me upon his horse. A moment later I was clinging to him for dear life as we dashed headlong into the black night and went forward across the moorland. I heard him chuckle as my uncle roared his indignation after us.

We rode on and on through the darkness. At first my excitement was so great as to render thought impossible. Moreover, the riding was of the roughest, and I had all I could do to keep my seat. But gradually, as I began to grow more accustomed to my situation, I was overtaken with a most dreadful misgiving. The rider had hitherto seemed like enough to Dick, for I had known he would do his best to change his voice, and, as for his foolish robbery, it was just of a piece with his natural love of mischief. But now I began to feel certain that some impostor had taken his part; that I had eloped with another man—and he a common highwayman. Imagine my distress! I could conceive of no method of extricating myself from the position. A sense of blank helplessness came over me, and I could do no more than cling tightly to the highwayman and await the event.

We had ridden some miles when he suddenly drew rein and dismounted, landing me lightly beside him.

"Upon my soul," he said, "here is a pretty adventure! Heaven knows that I had always a passion for the unusual, or I should be still a humble usher in Brancaster academy. But, tell me, what am I to do with you?"

I suppose I had hoped against hope. To find my fears were justified was a disastrous blow to me, nor could I make any answer.

"I would not wish a braver sweetheart," he continued, speaking with an odd and attractive perplexity. "But what have we gentlemen of the road to do with wives? Why, sweetheart, you heard the promises of your guardian. He will surely do his utmost to fulfill them, and how should I dare go to the gallows if I knew that I left you widowed and alone? I trust a score of maids would weep a little if poor Jack Arthur went the common way, but God forbid that any should remember him at a week's end. It may seem that I am ungallant, yet I protest I do not like my share in this adventure. Kiss me, sweet, and then fancy I am old and very wise and take my counsel, which is that you permit me to conduct you back to some place near your home. And yet—I would not wish a braver sweetheart!"

And then, moved by the kindness of his words and his pleasant voice, I lost command of myself and burst into foolish weeping.

"Sir," I said, "I am altogether at your mercy. I have done that which will shame me all the rest of my days. But indeed I thought you were another—my sweetheart, whom I should have married tomorrow."

I fancied he spoke less gayly than before. Perhaps he had not hoped altogether that I would take his sage advice. "Ho, ho!" he cried, "then my good fortune is but another theft to my account? I do not understand. You were to have married your lover tomorrow, and yet you entreat a stranger, and a highwayman at that, to carry you off! This is the maddest of adventures."

"Sir!" I said, "my uncle stands to me in the place of father and mother."

The highwayman chuckled. "Poor child!" he said, and softly stroked my hand, which, it seems, he had been holding for some minutes. "Poor child!"

"He would have me marry one whom I do not love, and I began to fear that presently he would overcome me and compel"—

"The old hunks!" cried the highwayman. "You shall marry whom you choose. Nay, I withdraw my foolish wisdom. Come with me, and before the night is here again you shall be Mistress Arthur. Believe me," he added, with a pretty conceit—"believe me, there are many who will envy you."

"But, sir," I interrupted, "you forget what I have told you. Of late I have been closely guarded, for my uncle had discovered that I have given my love to a yeoman of the place. Tonight there was a ball at the house of Madam Trelawney, a great lady, whose son was destined by my uncle and by her to be my husband, and it was arranged that he should stop the coach on our return and carry me away with him."

The highwayman laughed loudly. "And that is why you did not faint or scream?" he said. "I fell in love with you because of that, and that is why I was so flattered at your suggestion of an elopement. But—what will the real lover do? Will he stop the coach a second time and find the bird flown? I warrant he will play the part execrably. I should hardly be surprised to hear he had let himself be captured."

I could not endure his jesting. "Sir," I said, "I am in your hands, and it is small wonder you find my plight only laughable. I have made myself a show for all the country to laugh at. Never a peddler but will be selling ballads in a se'nnight about this that I have done tonight. Yet I could believe you kinder than most. I entreat that you will help me."

He was sober in a moment. "Upon my soul," he said, "the case is one to puzzle a very Solomon! I would do much to help you, but I am not altogether free to do so as I would. To be frank, my life hangs upon my escaping out of these regions with all the celerity I can command. And my life—but listen!"

He broke off, and kneeling placed his ear to the ground. Then he arose, with a curious, excited laugh. "The adventure grows in interest," he said. "Here comes the honest yeoman, and in hot haste."

I listened eagerly and heard far off the sound of a horse galloping furiously along the rough track, which was then the only road across the great moorland. I saw a sudden movement on the part of my companion and perceived that he was fingering his pistols as he stood silent in the darkness.

"Not that!" I cried entreatingly.

"There will be need of an explanation of some kind," he said. "Perhaps you will undertake it. I confess I have not a sufficient gift of words, and I am a little inclined to doubt whether your sweetheart will be in the mood for verbal explanations. Doubtless, as a gentleman of the road, he will ride armed."

The sound of the hoofs grew nearer. He was silent now and listened most attentively to the approaching sound. Presently the rider was quite near.

"Dick!" I called. "Dick, all's well, and I am in the company of a friend of yours and mine."

A moment later he was upon us, and sure enough he held a pistol in his hand. He jumped from his horse in an instant and caught me to him. But it was the highwayman who spoke first.

"Sir," he said, "I see by the pistol you carry that you take a very proper view of the situation. And yet I believe that everything may be explained. If you will consult the lady"—

"Dick," I said, "this gentleman is a friend. He took me with him, very much against his will, because I asked that he would take me, and I did that because I thought that he was you. You know our plan. He is"—

I paused. The highwayman laughed. "I follow day by day the trade which it pleased you to adopt for a single night. I anticipated you by a few minutes. We are both of us tall men, and the lady took the difference of voice and manner for a clever disguise. I was engaged about my ordinary business when she appeared to suggest that I should elope with her. I will confess my good luck amazed me at first, but I was quick to embrace it, nor did I discover how far astray my conceit had led me until the very moment of your approach. We were endeavoring to devise a method of restoring the lady to her friends when you appeared to solve our difficulty."

"You forget," said Dick doggedly—"you forget the little matter of the money and jewels you have stolen."

The highwayman started. "'Convey,' the wise call it," he replied, with some tartness. "But the only course is that I should surrender everything to you, and then it should be clear to you that I am no less a messenger of Providence to you and the lady—a god from the machine."

Dick was silent, his arm about my waist, his figure held ready for action.

"The good uncle has been robbed of goods and niece," went on the highwayman easily. "You come upon him in his distress, hear the tale and straightway go in pursuit of the thief—the good uncle called me 'thief'—and compel him to disgorge. In truth, the least he can do is to give you the lady in return for his goods. For, though perhaps you do not guess it, you have shown some bravery tonight."

The thing was beautifully clear. "Indeed," I cried, "he shall do no less. Dick, we will go back, and I promise you shall marry me when you will and with his consent. Do you not see it?"

"He ought to do so," said Dick grudgingly. "I suppose we must thank you, sir."

"Oh," said the highwayman lightly, "there is no need of thanks. Here are the jewels and the purse. But first"—he opened the purse and extracted some scraps of paper—"I promised to liberate certain poor debtors, and that promise I must keep."

He tore the papers into fragments and leaped upon his horse.

"Farewell!" he cried and vanished into the night. Nor did I hear of him again until he was hanged, two years afterward, for a most daring robbery.

At least there was one who wept at the news of his death—and she a happy wife.—H. D. Lowry in Strand Magazine.

Excess of Intellectualism.

The soul, indeed, can be trained to considerable indifference; it can be rendered obtuse to pain and pleasure, to impressions and affections. But such indifference means not uniting ourselves closer with nature and the infinite, but cutting loose from them on one whole side. The human creature, no longer enjoying, no longer sympathizing, no longer loving, would hold on to the universe only by his reason. The wind would blow, trees rustle, waters murmur, hills be blue and fields green and people around be beautiful, brilliant or kind, sorrowing or clinging, without his being any the wiser.

It would be good practice for dying, as indeed Roman stoicism was the school where men learned to escape from tyranny by suicide of body and soul. Such stoicism is the folly of philosophers, the cowardice of heroes, the blasphemy of those who, believing in gods, reject their good gifts for fear of their bad. It is afraid of the universe and tries to look at it as Perseus at the head of Medusa, only in the reflected image. This excess of intellectualism, thinking to limit all wants to those of the logical intellect, would defeat its own end, for what should the intellect contemplate and discuss, if all were reduced to abstractions, if things existed only as ideas, if the moment, the individual, the sensation, the emotion, ceased to be?—Vernon Lee in Contemporary Review.

All He Knew.

Foote, celebrated as he was as a man of great talent and wit, was not content to leave the stage alone, though his performances upon it brought him a most unenivable notoriety. His Othello is said to have been a perfect burlesque, and Hamlet, which character he attempted in the early part of his life, at his own benefit, was still more ludicrous.

In the scene where Hamlet quarrels with Laertes, saying:

What is the reason you use me thus?
I loved you ever—but it is no matter.
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day.

Foote desired to distinguish himself and entered into the quarrel with such spirit that the words completely deserted him.

"Let Hercules himself do what he may," began the actor, with great heat, "the dog will mew—no, that's the cat. The cat will bark—no, that's the dog! The dog will m—no, that's the cat again! The cat will—no, the dog—pshaw! It's something about mewing and barking," concluded the bewildered Foote in a profuse perspiration. "It's all about mewing and barking, ladies and gentlemen, but I know nothing more of the matter!"—Youth's Companion.

PREHISTORIC CRIMEA.

The Early History of the Bleak Peninsula Veiled In Mystery.

We halt at the evacuated city of ancient Kherson, remarkable for curious rock dwellings and tombs still containing the bones of early inhabitants, but whether of Tartar invader or Greek colonist, who shall say? Civilization and barbarism tread so closely on each other in the Crimea that historical traces of the distant past often becomes confused beyond recognition.

Crim Tartary, known to the ancient world as Chersonesus Taurica, possessed a legendary reputation many centuries before the Christian era, but the early history of the bleak and barren peninsula is veiled in the twilight of dreamland and myth. Greek thought pictured the Chersonesus as a dark realm of mystery and death, and the fancies of the early poets teemed with vivid imagery drawn from the inhospitable shores and savage cliffs washed by the stormy waves of the treacherous Euxine.

Although the city of Sevastopol was built on the supposed site of Kherson, when the Crimea was annexed to Russia in 1786 recent excavations show that the ancient town extended far inland. Sandy tracks seam the plain in every direction around the rocky dwellings of the early Turi—baths, ovens and cisterns honeycombed the granite foundations, and the museum contains numerous household utensils of earthenware and iron, together with the stone weapons and flint arrowheads of primitive times.

Rude carvings of disks and circles symbolize some forgotten eastern creed, buried too deeply in the dust of ages to be capable of excavation. Archaic sculpture, Greek inscriptions and Roman brickwork suggest a melody of ideas, and we escape from the bewildering chronology of ancient Kherson to the neighboring church of St. Vladimir, a distinct landmark of one memorable epoch in Crimean history. The ancient sanctuary now forms the crypt of the brilliant cathedral overhead, and the rugged simplicity of the venerable church contrasts sharply with the elaborate ornament of the modern temple.

The black stone fount wherein the apostle of Russia baptized the first Tartar converts to Christianity occupies the center of the shadowy crypt, the spot on which St. Vladimir stood being railed off and considered holy ground. Wild looking peasants, with matted hair and long beards, are kissing the jeweled icons in the upper church, with much preliminary bowing and crossing. The uncouth aspect of these fervent worshipers shows that even in the nineteenth century Russia still hovers on the edge of barbarism.

Close at hand lies the monastery of St. George, hewn in a granite cliff which towers up perpendicularly from the Black sea. Long tunnels lead to a labyrinth of cells and chapels, from whence flights of rocky steps emerge on the outside of the precipice, where arbutus clings to the narrow ledges and yellow broom trees wave in the winds.

These impregnable strongholds were able to protect themselves from the fierce tribes of wandering Tartars in the early days of Russian Christianity, and the monastery of St. George, rich in legends of attack and defense, colored by the miracles of local saints, gains additional interest to English minds as Miss Nightingale's headquarters during the Crimean war.

A brown frocked monk, with long gray curls and flowing beard, conducts us through the maze of rock tunnels. His brethren are in choir, and the weird chanting of the eastern church mingles with the eternal voice of the sea as it breaks into foam against the frowning cliff. Across the water, blue as molten lapis lazuli today, thousands of sea gulls fly in a white cloud to their home in the rocks, described as "the bird haunted headlands" even in the days of Euripides, who wove into his great drama, "Iphigenia in Tauris," the wild scenery of this iron bound coast, with its fierce traditions of human sacrifice and barbaric orgies.—London Society.

Why He Unraveled His Stockings.

The coolness and resources of the steeplejack were never better shown than in a case which happened in the north a few years ago. A steeplejack had flown his kite over a chimney, and subsequently drawn himself up to the top. He was just beginning his inspection of the work, when, by some mishap, he dropped his rope, and was left, like St. Simon Stylites, alone on his pillar. Attempts were made to fly another kite over him, but the wind had dropped. There were iron ladders inside the chimney, but the fires would have had to be drawn, and the chimney let cool for hours. The steeplejack was then seen to unlace one of his boots, take off the long blue stocking generally worn by workmen, and set to work carefully to unravel it, knotting the pieces of yarn together when necessary. He then fastened a stone to the end, plumbed the depth, picked the other stocking to pieces, and added it to the first length of yarn, and let it down far enough to meet a tall ladder, from which he drew up, first a strong string, next a rope, and then, after completing his inspection of the chimney top, lowered himself to the ground.—London Spectator.

Making Sure.

On a recent missionary Sunday at one of the largest Presbyterian churches in Philadelphia the pastor preached on the distress of the heathen and the beneficent influence of Christianity. A practical business man was moved to place $1 in the collection. After the service he waited around to speak to the pastor. When he had secured his attention, he said, "Pastor, I gave $1 to the foreign mission this morning, but I was so impressed by your description of the condition of the heathen races that I would really like to have them get the benefit of that dollar." The pastor looked up inquiringly, and the man added, "Here is $10 to pay the expenses of getting the dollar over there."—Philadelphia Letter.

An Indian Baby Soother.

One of the strangest ways of inducing babies to sleep is prevalent in India, where the native mothers put their little ones' heads under a spout of water to get them a-slumbering and keep them quiet. There are a series of tiny spouts adjusted to the hill springs, and under each spout is a kind of earthen pillow and a little trough constructed to carry off the water. The restless child is placed upon this pillow in such a position that one of the spouts plays directly on the top of the head, the water trickling off into the trough and passing away. The process is most successful, and the babies seem to enjoy it, and the mothers say that the little ones are strengthened and benefited by this means. In fact, they assure, or endeavor to assure, the incredulous white mother that if a child is not subjected to this treatment daily it will grow up weak-minded and good for nothing.

CHEW ALL YOUR FOOD

FACTS IN DIGESTION AND HABITS THAT DISTURB IT.

"Salivary Indigestion" and Its Causes. Abundant Use of Sweets Is Very Bad. Strong Acids on Cereal Food Objectionable—Shun Ices and Cold Water.

The necessity of carefully chewing the food is popularly considered to rest upon the advisability of separating it into small portions, so that when it reaches the stomach it may be better acted upon by the gastric juice. But important as this is, there is another reason—namely, the necessity of mixing the food well with the saliva, which has its own part to play in the digestive organs. It is just as necessary therefore to chew foods that are already minced or pulverized as those that require separation with the teeth, and failure to do so properly results in indigestion. In Modern Medicine an interesting article deals with the evils resulting from imperfect mastication, which it calls "Salivary Indigestion."

At the outset our attention is called to the fact that accurate knowledge on the subject was for a time actually obscured by an important discovery. Leuchs, about 60 years ago, found that saliva converts starch into sugar. To this fact indeed its value is due, since the gastric juice will not digest starch directly. But since the saliva will not act upon starch thus when rendered acid it was at once concluded that it could have no useful digestive qualities, since the food remained such a short time in the mouth and the gastric juice of the stomach is powerfully acid. Recent investigations have shown, however, that at the beginning of digestion the fluid contains no free acid, and that the digestive power of saliva goes on increasing till its alkaline qualities are actually neutralized. Hence it has half an hour or so to act—ample time for its purpose. The article goes on to say:

"During the half or three-quarters of an hour which intervenes between the swallowing of the food and the production of a degree of acidity sufficient to prevent the action upon the starch through the appearance of free hydrochloric acid very active conversion of starch is taking place. If the food has been thoroughly masticated, so that it is broken up into fine particles, thus also insuring an admixture of an abundant quantity of saliva, the great share of the starch elements of the food will be rendered soluble by conversion into dextrin, even if not completely converted into sugar, thus setting free the nitrogenous elements which may be acted upon by the gastric juice in their turn.

"It must not be forgotten also that the saliva is the most active peptogen—that is, the presence of saliva in the stomach, in connection with the food, stimulates glandular activity on the part of the stomach, whereby an active and abundant supply of gastric juice is produced.

"Another cause of salivary indigestion which we should mention is the abundant use of sweets. In order that the saliva shall exercise its properties efficiently it is necessary that it should act in a suitable medium. A temperature of 100 degrees and an alkaline or neutral reaction are necessary for prompt and vigorous action on the part of the saliva upon the farinaceous elements of food. A low temperature hinders this action and acidity stops it altogether. The presence of a large amount of sugar also hinders the action of the saliva.

"It is thus evident that the copious drinking of cold water, or the taking of iced foods in connection with meals, is a means of producing salivary indigestion. The free use of strong acids, such as vinegar, in connection with cereal foods, is equally objectionable. Nothing could be more absurd than the combination of strong acids with vegetable elements, as in pickles. This is probably the reason why so many persons find themselves unable to use acid fruits without fermentation. The acidity may be sufficient to neutralize the action of the saliva upon the starch.

"Evidently it is not only psychologically absurd to add sugar to farinaceous foods, since the starch, which composes one-half the weight of these foods, is all converted into sugar in the process of digestion, but the practice is also highly injurious, since it prevents the normal action of the saliva upon the starch. In this way sugar, preserves, sweet sauces, confectionery, ice cream, cakes and other sweets are in the highest degree conducive to salivary indigestion. The consequences of salivary indigestion are: Acid fermentations, heartburn, stomach and intestinal colic, dilation of the stomach, catarrh of the stomach and many evil effects arising from these conditions.

"The remedy for salivary indigestion consists in prohibiting sweets, ices and soft foods and requiring patients to masticate thoroughly every particle of food swallowed. In many cases it is well to aid the process of salivary digestion by exposing the cereal food substances to the prolonged action of heat, thereby converting the starch into dextrin, rendering it more readily soluble, and hence more readily acted upon by the saliva. Granola and swieback are invaluable articles of food for use in cases of this sort. The malt preparations are useful as palliatives in some cases, but it should be remembered that it is wrong to become dependent upon any artificial digestive agent."

How Bulow Conducted an Orchestra.

It is said that no one who ever saw Bulow at the conductor's desk, controlling an orchestra as if it were a single instrument on which he himself was playing, could ever forget the influence of his wonderful personality. A Beethoven symphony conducted by Bulow was a revelation. His manner of conducting was inimitable. With him everything was impulse, every movement a personality—the expression of a delicate sensibility, and it was this that made the communication of his purposes to the orchestra so effective.

No one understood how to extract such a brilliance, such a fullness, from his orchestra as Bulow did. The clearness and absolute precision of his rhythm were unsurpassed. His epigram, "In the beginning there was rhythm," is notorious. No one could make his orchestra speak with such passion. And the same works played the next day under another conductor were no longer the same things that they had been under the magic wand of the great leader.—Musical Courier.

The New Man.

"Look," twittered the new man, "is not this just a lovely waistcoat? I made it myself out of one of her old sleeves. Ain't I saving?"

And the other new man gazed at the garment in voluble admiration.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Joys of Golf.

The fascinations of golf can only be learned by experience. It is difficult to explain them. It has its humorous and its serious side. It can be begun as soon as you can walk, and once begun it is continued as long as you can see. The very nature of the exercise gives length of days. Freedom of movement, swing of shoulder and that suppleness of which the glory had departed all return to the enthusiast. He has a confidence in his own ability which is sublime because it is justified by performance and that self control which chafes the ordinary adversary.—Henry E. Howland in Scribner's.

How She Caught Him.

Mr. Nointentions (carlessly)—Aw, how would you like to marry a man who had only $10 a week?

Miss Passe (eagerly)—Oh, George, this is so sudden, but I think we can worry along if pa lets us live here with him.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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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. Mc Guffin, 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 president; 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, president; J. C. Shields, secretary.