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Editor and Proprietor.

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nov 28-1yr

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BY C. AND O. RAILROAD.

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9.57 a. m. from west.
2.40 p. m. from Richmond and intermediate points.
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BY B. AND O.

7.22 a. m. from Lexington and intermediate points.
1.50 p. m. from the north.
9.09 p. m. from the north, Harper's Ferry and intermediate points.

STAR ROUTES.

7 a. m. from Plunkettsville, daily except Sunday.
10 a. m. from Mt. Meridian, daily except Sunday.
5 p. m. from Middlebrook, daily except Sunday.
5.30 p. m. from Monterey, daily except Sunday.
10.30 a. m. from Sangersville.

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 points.
6.00 p. m. for Lexington and intermediate points.

FOR C. AND O.

9.15 a. m. and 2.15 p. m. for north, east, south.
9.00 p. m. for east, north, south and west.
2.15 p. m. for Clifton Forge and intermediate points.
6.15 p. m. for the west.

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5.30 a. m. for Monterey.
6.00 a. m. for Middlebrook.
1.00 p. m. for Mt. Meridian.
6.15 p. m. for Plunkettsville.
12.30 p. m. for Mt. Solon daily.

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And the Public Generally.

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CONSOLATION.

Waking, I dreamed, and deemed my vision true,
Waking, I dreamed of love which never dies.
Ah, rapturously I blessed all things I knew
And felt the blessing of the earth and skies,
Till o'er my daydream sank a night's despair,
A sleepless night of misery and care,
That veiled with tears the vision from mine eyes.

Waking, I dream no more, yet needs must sing,
For when the day is fled with sunset feet,
Across the pillow of my couch I fling
My tangled locks, and gladly nighttime greet,
I sigh for joy and close mine aching eyes,
And sleeping dream of love which never dies,
And sleeping dream and deem my vision true!
Thus consolation lights grief's blinded eyes.

—Mary Berri Chapman.

HE NAMED THE DAY.

His name was Jim Hitchens, and he was a carpenter "to his trade." Her name was Melia, and she was old Binks' daughter, and the neat little brass plate affixed to the door of her modest abode bore the inscription, "Miss Binks, Dressmaker."

Miss Binks was a very genteel young woman, and in aspiring to keep company with her Jim Hitchens was considered to be decidedly "bettering" himself.

Keeping company being, it should be observed, a sort of intermediary process, something between mere ordinary acquaintanceship and that more definite and satisfactory condition which is assumed only on being actually invited to "name the day."

Consequently, when I repeat that Jim Hitchens and Miss Binks were keeping company, I do not wish to imply that they were by any means arrived at that blissful condition which, in a higher walk of life, is known as "being engaged."

Oh, dear, no! Matters were not nearly so far advanced as that, though it was possible that, with time and care, they might reach such a point.

Jim Hitchens had not been keeping company with Miss Binks for more than 15 years at a stretch, and those people who insisted on reckoning the time as 25 did not really know the ins and outs of the affair half so well as they pretended, the additional ten years which they thus indiscriminately tacked on to the period of probation having merely been passed in a species of light skirmishing and entirely without prejudice.

And so they kept company.

Every Sunday afternoon at 3:30 Jim, in all the unaccustomed glory of a clean shave and his Sunday suit—you could tell his Sunday suit at the end of the street by the creases in it—called for Miss Binks, and they made a solemn progress "down street" or "up street," as inclination or the force of circumstances directed.

There was not a great deal of conversation indulged in, because in order to converse brilliantly it is, if not necessary, at least advisable to have some topic on which to express opinions. Consequently, as Miss Binks had no opinions outside her own business, and always talked most freely with a row of pins between her teeth, and Jim Hitchens was equally circumscribed in his ideas, not many words passed between them on these occasions.

Just as the gentleman was on the point of taking his departure the lady would be apparently struck by an original idea.

"I s'pose you wouldn't come in and take a cup o' tea along o' father and me?" she would inquire with modest diffidence.

This unexpected invitation, though repeated Sunday after Sunday as the years rolled by, never failed to take Mr. Hitchens entirely by surprise.

"Well," rubbing his left whisker, "I dunno, but o' course if you puts it that way, Miss Binks, why"—

Then she would open the door, and he would follow her meekly into a little room where a little old man would be dozing peacefully in an elbow chair, with a blue cotton handkerchief spotted with white over his head.

Miss Binks would take off the kettle, and then turning to the little old man bend down and shout in his ear:

"Fa-ather, here's Mr. 'Itchens come to take tea along o' you."

Whereupon her little old parent would whisk the blue cotton handkerchief off his head and betray vast astonishment at the sight of the visitor.

"Lor', now, to think o' that, Mis-ter 'Itchens! Well, bless me, this is a surprise."

After tea Jim invariably escorted Miss Binks to chapel and sat beside her in the gallery.

His words on parting from her at the door—for matters were not advanced to the state that he could expect to be asked to supper, supper being a more confidential and compromising meal than tea—would be something in this style:

"I dunno, Miss Binks, whether you'd be thinkin o' takin a walk next Sunday if the weather 'olds up?"

To which Miss Binks would reply with maidenly hesitation:

"Well, I 'ardly know what to say about it, Mr. 'Itchens. You see, it depends upon father. He's gettin on and—well, if you care to walk down this way it don't take me long to put on my bonnet"—

By this and the foregoing examples it will be seen that the interesting pair had not yet arrived at that degree of intimacy that would warrant the use of Christian names.

One day, however, old Binks woke up from his afternoon nap, and drawing aside the blue veil of mystery in which he was wont to enshroud his wrinkled countenance during these periods of somnolency made the following remarkable assertion:

" 'Melia, my gal," regarding his daughter as she brought all the resources of her art to bear upon a dress she was turning for the butcher's wife at the corner, " 'Melia, my gal," he piped, "you're a-gettin on, ain't you?"

Miss Binks, with her mind engrossed with the subject of box plaits, to say nothing of having made a temporary pincushion of her mouth, refused under these circumstances to commit herself to anything beyond a monosyllable grunt.

"That young man o' yourn, 'Melia, he's been comin 'ere gettin on fur some time now?"

Again Miss Binks assented, or dissented, for the sound was noncommittal, and wondered what "father" was driving at—a question which he at once proceeded to answer for her.

"I s'pose, 'Melia, he ain't begun to say nothin to you 'bout 'is hintentions yet awhile?"

"No," snapped Miss Binks, taking a row or two of pins out of her mouth and stabbing a refractory box plait in its most vulnerable part, "not yet he ain't."

"'Pears to me, 'Melia," continued her parent, who had apparently been thinking hard before he again spoke, "that it's time as somethin were said by one or t'other. I courted your mother fowerteen year and three month, and though I don't go so fur as to say I 'olds wi' short courtships as a rule, still I niver 'ad no reason to repent, though they do say marry in 'aste and repent at leeshure. P'raps you'd like me to speak to Jim, friendlylike, and put it to 'im? Not as ther's no need fur 'urry, but somethin might be said def'nit' as to the year arter next, or if that were considered too soon, the one arter that, fur, though I doesn't 'old wi' 'urryin things on, neither, 'Melia, my gal, does I 'old wi' shillyshallyin."

Miss Binks, before replying to her parent's proposition, bit off a thread and seemed to be turning the matter over in her mind and weighing its pros and cons.

Then, with merely some half dozen pins in her mouth, she "up" and spoke, and her words were the words of wisdom:

"Well, father, I won't go for to deny as I 'aven't thought as Jim 'Itchens were a bit over back'ard in comin forrard, and I know the neighbors do talk, so p'raps if you could give 'im an 'int it might 'elp 'im to know 'is own mind, which he don't seem to do not at present, and if it don't do no good I don't see as it could do much 'arm."

Here the clock, giving way to excitement, struck 11 without stopping to take breath.

"Mind you," continued Miss Binks, as soon as the clock had done speaking, and pointing at her father with her needle, "I don't want for you to be 'ard on 'im, only jest to find out what 'is hintentions is, or whether he's got any or's likely to 'ave."

So in the morning old Binks put on his hat—or rather his daughter put it on for him, jamming his head well home—and took his stick and toddled off "down street," charged with the delicate mission of plumbing the unknown depths of Jim Hitchens' matrimonial inclinations.

What transpired in the course of this momentous interview has never been divulged. Possibly old Binks himself might have been to blame in that he failed to bring to bear upon the matter that delicacy and tact for which it preeminently called.

At any rate, when he returned home it was plain that the little old man had been considerably "put about." This at once made itself evident to his daughter, who met him at the door, and taking from him his hat and stick inquired, in a voice in which not even the presence of pins between her lips could disguise the signs of interest amounting almost to eagerness:

"Well, father?"

"Not at all, 'Melia, not at all," was the tremulous reply. "I should say anythin but sich!"

"Lor', father!" exclaimed Miss Binks, with an attempt to quell her rising agitation by placing her hand on her heart—an attempt that was balked by a rampart of her favorite implements of extra large size. "Lor', father!"

She could say no more, but laying violent hands on her parent's coat collar she bore him across the flagged passage into the front room, where, depositing him in his elbow chair, she mounted guard over him. "Now, father, speak your mind."

" 'Melia, my gal, it's my belief as he's bin makin a fool o' you. Leastways, all as I could get out o' 'im when I puts it to 'im straight, was as he weren't prepared to go to sich lengths as to menshin any perticler date, as he couldn't abide bein 'urried, nor yet drove—drove was his very words, 'Melia—as he niver see no good come o' it. All as he could and would say was as he'd be round as usual come Sunday."

"Father," cried Miss Binks in a voice choked by emotion and pins, "jest you leave 'im to me!"

Sunday came, so did Jim Hitchens.

Mr. Hitchens leaned against the fence and chewed a twig, wondering at the unusual time taken by his ladylove in putting on her bonnet.

He turned and looked up at the window, but Miss Binks was too quick for him and dodged behind the curtain.

Once the idea of going boldly up to the door and making inquiries presented itself to him, but the idea being altogether too venturesome, and entirely without parallel in the annals of his courtship, was abandoned as soon as formed.

Then the church clock struck the quarter before 4, and with a start Mr. Hitchens realized that his 'Melia was not forthcoming that day.

Mr. Hitchens was flabbergasted. As he slowly turned and left the gate it was to him almost as though the universe were turned upside down.

Mr. Hitchens rubbed his left whisker against the grain and opined that this "were a queer start!" So she meant to give him a go by after all these years, did she? And all because—at least, he s'posed that must be it—he wasn't altogether prepared to rush off and get married in about a couple of years' time!

On the whole, he wasn't sure that he hadn't had a lucky escape. Such a display of temper as he had just been treated to seemed to indicate plainly that she was not the sort of young woman to have made him comfortable. A party as would turn nasty over such a little thing as that wasn't the right party for him.

All the same, as he passed absently along, he was conscious that the prospect of commencing another lengthy courtship at this time of life seemed a very uphill and doubtful sort of one.

As to the lady herself, no sooner did she realize that she had actually sent Jim Hitchens to the right about than she sat down and had a good cry and forgot all about putting the kettle on.

There was, as may be imagined, considerable comment in the town when it became generally known that the courtship of Jim Hitchens and Miss Binks had come to an unexpected and untimely termination.

In fact, it was such a universal topic and source of comment and interest that wherever two or three, particularly of the gentler sex, were gathered together, they were sure to be engaged in discussing the latest authorized version of the affair.

Gradually, from the time that Miss Binks had refused to put on her bonnet for his benefit, Jim Hitchens' appetite steadily declined, so that his Sunday clothes, when he had sufficient strength of mind to don them, hung on him in bigger creases than before, his tendency to knockknees increased, and he became more drab colored than ever.

Spring passed, summer came, autumn went and winter was at hand, when one day things went round that Jim Hitchens, who had for a month or two past been troubled with a little hacking cough, had taken to his bed.

" 'Melia, my gal," said her father about a fortnight later, "I've jest been 'earin as 'ow the doctor's got but small 'opes o' Jim 'Itchens, and—Lor, 'Melia!"

Miss Binks had uttered a sharp, involuntary cry. But it was nothing, she assured her parent, only a pin that she had stuck in a little too deep.

The same afternoon, however, she effectually ruined the kettle's constitution for life by putting it on to boil—empty.

The next morning—it was Sunday—she received a message. She had packed her old father off to chapel as usual, and was giving as much of her attention as was available to the dinner when it arrived.

It was to the effect 'as Mr. 'Itchens presented he's compliments to Miss Binks and would be 'appy to see 'er if she would be so good as to step up that arternoon 'bout 3 o'clock or ha' past."

Jim Hitchens lived in a little drab colored corner house, about half way down High street. Since his illness a married sister had come over from one of the neighboring villages to look after him, else he had always lived alone, with a woman to come in now and then "to do for him."

He was so weak and such a ghost of his former self that Miss Binks' feelings became too much for her, and she, so to speak, boiled over at the sight of him, just like the kettle.

"Oh, Jim," she cried, casting etiquette to the winds, "Oh, Jim, my dear, whatever 'ave you been a-doin of to yourself?"

"Nothin, Miss Binks, nothin to speak of," was the feeble reply.

Then, as she sat down by the side of the bed and listened to his labored breathing, her heart smote her more and more for her faithlessness and cruelty in the past, until the tears ran even down her bonnet strings, rusting all the pins they encountered and taking the starch out of her best collar.

Half an hour or so passed without another word being uttered on either side. Then the sick man made an effort.

"You'll be wonderin, Miss Binks, why I've took the liberty to send for you, only—you see—the doctor, he don't seem to think as 'ow I'll last much longer—but—afore I go—I thought as I owed it to you—seein 'ow long we kep' company—to"—

The voice was so weak that Miss Binks had to lean down and put her ear almost to his mouth to catch the meaning of the last words.

"To—ask you—to—name the day!"

Jim Hitchens died the same week, but not before Miss Binks had the satisfaction of knowing that "the day," so long delayed, had been fixed at last.

"Ah," she used to say to her sympathizing friends, "pore Jim! We kep' company a goodish while, me and 'im, and the very day was fixed—it were to a-been June twelvemonth—when he up and died. 'Owsomever, it were a great comfort to me to know as 'is hintentions was honnerable at the last."—All the Year Round.

Use of the Same Wood Blocks.

Instances of the same wood blocks being used over and over again, to represent different events, scenes and persons in the same volume, are so many in early printed books that it might be supposed that every one who felt interest in books knew of such. "Vitas Patrum," by Wynkyn de Worde, 1495, is a striking example, most, if not all, of the cuts being repeated many times, some of them six or eight, and they are about the most absurd and grotesque ever seen, although the book is so beautifully printed that there need be no hesitation in saying it has never been excelled, and rarely equaled, either by the "Kelmscott" or any other press, except perhaps by Whittingham, in his fine folio Victoria Prayer Book, which he printed for the elder Pickering.

An extremely fine copy of the "Vitas Patrum," measuring nearly 10¾ inches by 8 inches, quite sound, and almost as clean as the day it left the printers, is one of the principal ornaments of my modest collection. It has the title, a leaf of table and last leaf of text in facsimile. Coverdale's, Cranmer's and other early Bibles have such repetitions, and Holinshed's "Chronicles" are full of them.

There was another way of handling woodcuts which has not been alluded to—viz, dividing blocks into two parts and mixing up the halves so as to form many varieties. Examples of these mixed blocks may be seen in the Strasburg "Horace" and "Terence" printed about 1490. In the beautiful edition of Tyndale's New Testament, printed by Jugge, 1552, are many of these divided and mixed blocks, which are shuffled about in the most ingenious manner. So many handbooks and "near cuts" to knowledge as we now have, it is a wonder these mixed or composite blocks have escaped notice. — Notes and Queries.

Methods of Old Cavalry.

A Frenchman, Francois de la Noue, in a book of military discourses, gave his verdict for the pistol. It is remarkable that this book, published in French in 1587, was translated into English in the very same year. But De la Noue, or, as he was called, Bras-de-Fer, from the iron contrivance which he wore in lieu of a lost arm, was no ordinary soldier. He had noted the steady deterioration of the French army during the civil wars and had come to the conclusion that no good work could be done with bad and ill disciplined men unless they were massed together in dense columns. In that formation they might stand. In the single line or haie of the old French chivalry they would only break and gallop away.

The change came, as De la Noue had foreseen that it must come, and it vitiated the action of cavalry for nearly a century. But it was not wrought without a struggle. Mendoza, a Spanish military writer whose book was translated by Sir Edward Hoby in 1597, implores his sovereign "by no manner of means to permit his horse to give up lances." Sir Roger Williams, trained in the school of Spain, waxes positively eloquent on the subject: "The charge of the lancers is terrible and resolute, * * * but seldom or ever will you find pistoliers charge or enter a squadron on the spurs like the lancers, but softly on a trot or soft pace." Italians and French also loathed the new order for cavalry, but they were obliged to submit to the fashion, and so in due time were the English, though of course they were behind the rest.—Macmillan's Magazine.

A Critical Deadhead.

Of the stories Mr. Hollingshead tells it would be hard to beat this one about Charles Mathews:

The waiter at the Manchester hotel, having been sent with an order to the theater by Mathews to see Mathews, was asked by Mathews when he came back how he liked Mathews, and after some hesitation said, "Who's going to pay me for my time?"—London Literary World.

FRIGATE CONSTITUTION.

The Old Defender Enjoying Desuetude In a Deserted Navy Yard.

The venerable old frigate Constitution, of glorious memory, now lies, stark and gaunt, at the dock in the almost deserted navy yard at Kittery, Me. She is housed in, and with her old fashioned lines, her sides "tumbling home," as it is said when they incline inward, her stern gallery, in which her captains were wont to take the air and their pipes and barrack in pleasant weather, she presents a quaint sight. Of the original ship only a small section of the deck and a few iron stanchions remain.

But she was rebuilt much upon her original lines in 1848 and 1876, first by the son and again by the grandson of Hart, her original builder, so that she is practically the same ship which outsailed Admiral Brooke's squadron and outfought everything at which she backed her topsails. The Portsmouth people regard her as their own individual property and raise an awful howl every time it is proposed to take her away. It was, however, a mere accident that she happened to go out of commission at Kittery navy yard about 15 years ago, and the navy then being in the chaotic state which preceded the creation of the new navy she simply was allowed to remain there. Her guns were of no use and of no historic value, as those with which she had walloped the Guerriere, the Java, the Cyane and the Levant had long gone the way of destruction. So her armament was removed and everything else of value. She was housed in and left to her fate. Her planking is decaying, but as long as her stout timbers stay in the water they will keep as hard as iron.

It is thought that some time in the next few years the Constitution will be refitted like the Constellation and made into a training ship for boys also. Like the Constellation, she has never had steam in her, but when she has been rigged with great square sails and given a spread of canvas worthy of her she has been known to leg it at a 14 knot gait during the best part of a cruise. These two frigates are the sole survival of the great frigates of the "poetic age" of the navy, and not all the steel battleships going can altogether deprive them of their usefulness. The Kittery navy yard is as dead as Hector for the present. The people grumble at it and complain because the modern steel ships are not built or even repaired there.—Lewiston Journal.

Glasgow In the Last Century.

Though still only a quiet, but picturesque old place, nestling about the cathedral and the college, and two fine but sleepy streets, in which carriers build their haystacks out before their doors, it was carrying on a trade which was even then cosmopolitan. The ships of Glasgow were in all the waters of the world, and its merchants had won the lead in at least one important branch of commerce, the West India tobacco trade, and were founding industries every year. Before the middle of the century the Clyde had become the chief European emporium for American tobacco, which foreign countries were not then allowed to import directly, and three-fourths of the tobacco was immediately on arrival transhipped by the Glasgow merchants for the seaports of the Mediterranean, the Baltic and the North sea.

As they widened their connections abroad they naturally developed their industries at home. They founded the Smithfield Iron works, and imported iron from Russia and Sweden to make hoes and spades for the negroes of Maryland. They founded the Glasgow tannery in 1742, which Pennant thought an amazing sight, and where they employed 300 men making saddles and shoes for the plantations. They opened the Pollokshaws linen print field in 1742, copper and tin works in 1747, the Delffield pottery in 1748. They began to manufacture carpets and crape in 1759, silk in 1759 and leather gloves in 1763. They opened the first Glasgow bank—the Ship—in 1750, and the second—the Arms—in 1752. They first began to improve the navigation of the Clyde by the act of 1759. They built a dry dock at their harbor of Port Glasgow in 1762, while in 1768 they deepened the Clyde up to the city, and began the canal to the Forth for their trade with the Baltic. It was obvious therefore that this was a period of unique commercial expansion.—"Life of Adam Smith," by John Rae.

Profitable Ventriloquism.

Brewster tells of a master in his art, Louis Brabant, a valet de chambre to Francis I, whose suit was rejected by the parents of a beautiful and well dowered girl with whom he was in love. He called on the mother, after the death of the father, again to urge his suit, and while he was present she heard the voice of her deceased husband expressing remorse for having rejected Louis Brabant, and conjuring her to give immediate consent to the betrothal. Frightened, she consented. Brabant, deeming it desirable to behave liberally in the marriage agreements, but not having much cash at command, resolved to try whether his ventriloquism would be as efficacious with a money lending banker as it had been with the widow.

Calling on the old usurer at Lyons, he managed that the subject should turn upon the subject of demons, specters, and purgatory. Suddenly was heard the voice of the usurer's father, complaining of the horrible sufferings he was enduring in purgatory, and saying that there was no way of obtaining alleviation except by the usurer advancing money to the visitor for the sake of ransoming Christians from the hands of the Turks. The usurer was terrified, but too much in love with his gold to yield at once.

Brabant went next day and resumed the conversation, when shortly were heard the voices of a host of dead relatives, all telling the same terrible story and all pointing out the only way of obtaining relief. The usurer could resist no longer. He placed 10,000 crowns in the hands of the unsuspected ventriloquist, who of course forgot to pay it over for the ransom of Christians either in Turkey or anywhere else.—Lippincott's.

More Succinct Than Ollendorf.

Probably the author of Ollendorf is flattered by imitation. If so, he must be pleased with this extract from Mr. Gilbert Parker's "When Valmond Came to Pontiac:"

"Where do you go, dwarf?" he said.

"I go to the Ancient House," he made answer to himself.

"What do you go to get?"

"I do not go to get. I go to give."

"What do you go to give?"

"I go to leave an empty basket at the door and the lantern that the shopkeeper set in the hands of the peddler."—Andrew Lang in Longman's Magazine.

TWO POKER STORIES.

ONE IN WHICH JAY GOULD FIGURED, ANOTHER TOLD BY DEPEW.

Jay Gould rarely played poker. His horror of all games of chance was proverbial. About 15 years ago he happened to be in a Chicago hotel where a merry party was playing. One of the party was a bright looking young fellow about 28 years old, who was plunging recklessly. Fortune seemed to forsake her usual habits on this occasion and showered her favors on her tempter with a lavish hand. All drank freely.

Pot after pot was raked in by the young man, amid the hilarious shouts of his companions, who were evidently there for a good time, and lost cheerfully.

Mr. Gould looked on, but offered no comments until one of the party said he must go. Then they all turned round and asked the millionaire to take a hand. Not one of them knew who he was. He quietly refused. The game continued, and as fresh supplies of wine flushed the players' faces, they grew more reckless and made the game without limit. Finally the plunger staggered to his feet and said to Mr. Gould:

"See here, mister, just take a hand or two. We'll make it a 10 cent limit if you will."

Gould was stung by the sarcasm.

"Yes, I will play," he said, "but you must not alter your game. It will be the first time I have played poker in years, but I guess I'll soon learn again."

The game started, and the plunger opened the pot for $1,000. He chuckled as he did so, and fingered his winnings, which amounted to some $7,000. The others staid and Mr. Gould raised the pot $1,000.

"A thousand better," shouted the reckless one.

"Twenty thousand better," said Gould, taking out a roll of $1,000 bills and laying 20 on the table.

The young man sank back in his chair quite sobered by the shock. He pulled himself together, and forcing a smile to his now anxious face he said:

"I have not that amount with me, but if you'll accept my word and that of my friends, why, I'll see you."

"All right," replied Gould, with a grim chuckle, "I'll take your bill."

The note was drawn out, and the young man laid down four kings.

"No good," said Gould, raking in the pot. "Four aces." He then left the room.

The young man was utterly ruined. He said that after he met the note he would not have $500 in the world and dare not face his wife and child. As he was about to leave the hotel a waiter stepped up to him and said a gentleman wished to see him. Quite bewildered by the night's events, he was shown to Mr. Gould's room.

"Young man," said Gould, "I learn that you occupy a prominent position in the city. You have a young wife at home who is devoted to you, and who is probably holding in her arms your baby boy and waiting for you this moment. You have ruined yourself, your wife and your little one for half an hour's pleasure, and it is quite evident that you are not a fit person to own anything more than a $20 bill. What is your wife's name?"

The plunger, now sobered, told him. Mr. Gould sat down, and writing across the note said: "Now here is your note, made payable to your wife's order."

As the poor fellow slowly read it over and saw who was his benefactor Gould continued:

"Now go home. Don't stop here gaping, but tell your wife I hope she will take better care of the money than you can."

He rose and pushed the young man gently from the room.

When Dr. Chauncey M. Depew was asked for a poker story some time ago, he said he had no personal experiences, but raked out of his box of stories a tale that he sometimes tells over the dinner table.

The genial railroad magnate said he was in a small town in Massachusetts where a celebrated poker ring was operating. The central figure was an eccentric farmer nearly 90 years old, who had played poker since he could hold a card. He was extremely wealthy, but always refused to settle until the game was finished, when he would give checks for the amount of his losses. The game had been in progress some hours, and the old man had raked in a tremendous amount of cash.

An excitable young man about 20 years old was the victim of the evening. He had lost every cent he had in the world—some $300, which had all found its way into the old man's pocket.

Then the luck turned. He held four aces. The old man had four kings. The betting ran so high that the other players dropped out of the game. In less than ten minutes $1,500 was on the table. When the hands were shown, the young fellow was jubilant, but the fates were against him.

The old man drew out his checkbook, called for a pen and some ink, and then dropped dead. The young man's money paid for his funeral.—New York Press.

Bad Is Good, and Good Is Bad.

The Saunterer is the victim of many woes. Imagine his conflicting emotions when reading the manuscript of a contribution like the following:

"I'm in a fix, old man."

"How so?"

"I asked old Popham last night if I might propose to his daughter."

"Well?"

"He seemed rather inclined to assent."

"That's good."

"No, it's bad."

"Why?"

"Because I have thought better of the matter by sleeping over it and now don't want to get married."

"That's bad."

"No, good—good in principle."

"But did he consent to your suggestion?"

"No."

"That's good."

"No, it's bad, because he asked me what my prospects were."

"What are they?"

"Good."

"That's bad."

"I referred him to my uncle, who intends to make me his heir, and who, in any case, will make me a handsome allowance if I marry. Popham, when he has this confirmed to him, is sure to tell me to go in and win, and I cannot then withdraw."

"That's bad. But there is a very simple way out of the difficulty."

"Bless you, old man! Explain! Explain!"

"All you have to do is to put your uncle up to the wrinkle and let him say he has cut you off with a shilling."

"That's good."

"Not bad."—Boston Budget.

Of Course He Would.

The auction room was crowded, and the collection of furniture, art and bric a brac being unusually choice the bidding had been very spirited. During an interval of the sale a man with a pale and agitated countenance pushed his way to the auctioneer's side and engaged him in a whispered conversation. Presently he stood aside, and the auctioneer rapped attention with his hammer.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said in a loud voice, "I have to inform you that a gentleman present has lost his pocket book containing £500. He offers £50 for its return."

Instantly a small man in the background sprang upon a chair and cried excitedly:

"I'll give £100!"—London Tit-Bits.

With a population of 3,725,000 Scotland has 6,500 university students, while with a population about six times as great England has only 6,000 university students.

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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 .

DIRECTORY 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, meet 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 Hall. 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. 86, I. O. R. M.,

Meets in their wigwam, in Valz Building every Wednesday at 8th run 30th breath setting of the sun. J. D. Anthony, 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 their 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.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

Monthly meetings, Fourth Tuesday in the month at 7:30 o'clock. Room in City Hal building Isaac Wits, president; J. C. Shields, secretary.