FULTON COUNTY NEWS.

CARNEGIE'S ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

1. Never enter a barroom, nor let the contents of a barroom enter you.

2. Do not use tobacco.

3. Concentrate. Having entered upon a certain line of work, continue and combine upon that line.

4. Do not shirk; rather go beyond your task. Do not let any young man think he has performed his duty when he has performed the work assigned him. Promotion comes from exceptional work. A man must discover where his employer's interests lie and then push for these.

The young man who does this is the young man whom capital wants for a partner and son-in-law. He is the young man who by and by reaches the head of the firm.

5. Save a little always. Whatever your wages, lay by something from them.

6. Never speculate. Never buy stocks or grain on margin.

7. Never indorse. When you enter on business for yourself never indorse for others. It is dishonest. All your resources and all your credit are the sacred property of the men who have trusted you. If you wish to help another give him all the cash you can spare; never indorse. It is dishonest.

THE EDITOR'S MISTAKE.

Editors have their troubles. One of these men who presides over the destines of a Western newspaper is mourning the loss of two subscribers. No. 1 wrote asking how to raise his twins safely, while the other wanted to know how he might rid his orchard of grasshoppers. The answers went forward by mail, but by accident the editor put them into the wrong envelopes, so that the man with the twins received the answer:

"Cover them carefully with straw and set fire to it, and then the little pests, after jumping in the flames for a few minutes, will be speedily settled."

And the man with the grasshoppers was told to "give castor oil and rub their gums with a bone."

WHO WAS SHOT?

A duel was once fought between two men named Shott and Nott.—Nott was shot and Shott was not. In this case it was better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, but that Shott was shot, notwithstanding. Circumstantial evidence is not always good. On trial it might appear that the not Shot shot, shot Nott, or it might be possible that the shot not shot, shot Shot himself, then the whole affair would be as bad as it is, and Shott would be shot and Nott would not. We think, however, that the shot Shott shot not not Shott but Nott, anyway, it is hard to tell who was shot.

Some people think it's hard to be poor, when, as a matter of fact, it is the easiest thing in the world. When a man no longer worries about his debts, he is beginning to learn the philosophy of living.

A misplaced comma has got a Greeley county (Kansas) paper into a peck of trouble. The journal in question recently published an item in which the following sentence occurred: "Two young men from Leoti went with their girls to Tribune to attend the teachers' institute; as soon as they left, the girls got drunk." The comma belonged after the "girls," and the latter are making it hot for the editor.

David C. Henderson, of Saint Marysville, Bedford county, was driving a wild broncho a few days ago when the animal dashed over a precipice in East St. Clair township. The cliff is between seventy-five and one hundred feet high, almost perpendicular, and at the base is a solid rock bed of a creek. The pony dragged the buggy with him, but about half way down the outfit lodged between two small trees, allowing Mr. Henderson time to jump out of the vehicle and cling to some bushes on the side of the cliff. The pony dropped to the creek bed about forty-five feet below, staggered to the opposite bank of the stream, and fell dead.

THE LOWER SHELF.

When I'm in my chamber I recline
And, musing my study chairs behind,
A chair is placed before me for—
A thoughtful hand has drawn the blind.
Then o'er the shelves I range my eyes,
Where volumes mix with pipes and delf,
The stately pompous fellows—high;
The ragged—on the lower shelf.

They line my study's narrow wall,
Then friends to whom for rest I come,
I cannot say I know them all,
But this I'll swear—I worship some.
And would you know the gods I serve
(With love that's well nigh worthy self),
Glance, stranger, o'er the shabby curve
That bulges on the lower shelf.

You mount a somewhat shaky chair;
You point to precisely names above,
With, "This is fine!" and "This is rare!"
But where's the book a man can love?
Ah, leave the grand ones. I beseech!
They do but conjure thoughts of pelf,
While those untidy brigands reach
To heaven from the lower shelf.

—Paul Mall Gazette.

A CURIOSITY OF ALASKA.

Beaches Formed by Driftwood From All Over the World.

One of the greatest curiosities noted by travelers in Alaska is the wonderful haven of driftwood on the coast between Yakutag and Kyak islands, some 1,200 or 1,300 miles northeast from Seattle. The constant deposit of logs and driftwood in this particular spot, which has been going on for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years, is due to the phenomena of the tides, the Pacific gulf stream, the mysterious ocean currents and the peculiar formation of the shore lines at that point.

Logs and timbers are readily identified there as having come from Japan, China, India and other parts of Asia, as well as from California, Washington and other parts of the American continent. There are fine logs of the camphor tree, the mahogany, the redwood and the pine in this driftage. Some of those from the state of Washington remain the names of the men who felled the trees and of the sawmills for which they were destined, but never reached. Logs eight feet in diameter are in this novel woodyard, and some entire trees 150 feet long are there, uplifted by the roots, cast into the sea by some terrible tempest and sent floating round the world. Other persons on the beach descry big trees floating shoreward, with fantastic roots above the waves like some sea monster. One beach after another has been formed by the floating timbers, and a little distance back from the shore the deposits are so old that the wood in some places is petrified, while a little deeper in the earth it has turned into coal. The newer logs are without bark and as hard as stone, due, it is thought, to their long immersion in salt water. They have all taken on a whitish appearance. In places the timbers are piled 20 feet high; at other points they rise to a height of only four or five feet.

Under this wonderful beach are found large quantities of dark, ruby sand, rich in fine particles of gold, for the separation of which no successful process has yet been discovered.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Lost King.

In olden times, when European kings were as plentiful as Kentucky colonels are today, it was not an exceptional occurrence for a king to disappear and never been heard of again. In ancient times, however, the people have been more careful of their kings.

So when King Sebastian of Portugal disappeared in battle July 25, 1578 while fighting the Moors at Alcazar, there was great commotion. The Moors surrendered to the Portuguese a body said to be that of the king, but it was rumored that the Moors had the king alive in custody.

The surrendered body was buried with royal honors at Belem, but the faithful Portuguese persisted in waiting for the return of their king. Long after he would have died in the course of nature his countrymen longingly awaited his coming.

Even up to this day the legend of the return of King Sebastian is believed by many, and on stormy nights credulous Portuguese citizens will wrap their cloaks about them and go outside and watch the storm, thinking that the king may appear in a cloud of fire again to rule.

What Is a Sleeper?

Here is a definition which is as difficult to read rapidly as "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers" and yet is more sensible. In fact, it is an actual statement of facts, as you will find if you read it slowly:

A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which a sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper runs while the sleeper sleeps. Therefore while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper on the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.

No Woman May Reign.

The question has been asked why none of the daughters of the czar may be a successor to the throne on which the great Catherine proved her capacity. The exclusion rests only on an edict of the Emperor Paul, the son of Catherine the Great, issued to discredit his mother's memory.

France has as many as 45,000 families, with 130,000 individuals, claiming a title of nobility; but, as a matter of fact, only about 450 families can prove their claim to descent from a noble family in feudal times.

Near the city of Durban, South Africa, is the Place of Death, a funnelike cleft in the coast rocks, into which in times gone by the Zulu chiefs were accustomed to take the victims of their wrath to die.

Alert to Prevent It.

"The great danger," said the grave citizen, "is that we will drift into a paternal form of government."

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton, with a sigh. "Henriette seems worried about that every time I speak to the children."—Washington Star.

Indications.

"Watch th' grocer's bhoy," said the janitor philosopher. "If he throws up his coat collar whin he inters th' kitchen, he has a grudge ag'in th' house. If he straightens up his necktie, he's gone on th' cook."—Chicago News.

Execution of the Duke d'Enghien.

Colonel Laborde, knowing that the grave was actually dug in which the duke was to be put, after a short time awakened him and told him, if he had a lock of his hair or a letter to send to any of his family, that he (Colonel Laborde) would take care to forward it and would only part with it with his life. The duke replied, "I understand you." He cut off a lock of his hair, wrote a short letter and desired that a confessor might be sent to him. He was soon afterward led out.

Five of the soldiers refused to fire at him. They were immediately shot before his face and their bodies thrown into a ditch. They desired to put a bandage before his eyes. He answered he had looked death in the face before and could face it again. Seventeen soldiers fired at him.

Mme. Bonaparte did everything possible to save the duke. She implored Bonaparte on her knees, holding the skirt of his coat, which was torn off by his violent manner of going from her. She seized the other skirt, which was likewise torn off, and Bonaparte declared he would never go to bed till the duke was dead.

Lucien Bonaparte also exerted himself to the utmost, and, finding he had no success, in a rage took out a watch Bonaparte had given him, dashed it on the ground, breaking it in pieces, and said to his brother, "You will be treated in the same manner!"—"Life of Lady Stanley."

Her Advice.

John Luther Long, the well known author of several successful books and the teller of many charming stories, spent a summer at a resort along the New Jersey coast. On his way to his home there he was obliged to stop over one night at Seabright, and this story is told of his little visit: He was recognized by several people, and when he entered the dining room one of them came forward and asked him to occupy a seat at his table. He was quietly introduced as Mr. Long, and his literary reputation did not enter at all into the presentations. He was placed beside a very beautiful and charming young lady, and after awhile the conversation developed somewhat as follows: "Mr. Long, your name is quite familiar. I have run across it somewhere very recently."

"There are a great many Longs," he said.

"No; but I mean that I have read something somewhere. Oh, yes; I remember. It was a story called 'The Fox Woman.' Do you know who wrote it?"

Mr. Long was blissfully ignorant.

"Yes, I am sure that was it," she said. "It may be by a relative. What did you think of it?"

She gazed at him earnestly and replied, "Don't read it."—Saturday Evening Post.

Not Absolutely Ignorant.

It is commonly understood that one of the newspapers of New York city has a rule to employ none but college graduates on its staff. It may or it may not be true. Nevertheless a young man of good address, bringing with him excellent recommendations and equipped for journalistic work by several years' experience, called one day at the editorial office of that paper.

He made so good an impression that the managing editor was about to assign him a place on the staff when, as if remembering something he had overlooked in examining the applicant, he suddenly asked:

"By the way, of what college or university are you a graduate?"

"I am not a graduate of any," replied the young man, "but I know better than to write 'pants' for 'trousers,' 'plead' for 'pleaded' and 'he was given a chance' for 'a chance was given him.' I never use the phrase 'in our midst.' I understand the correct use of 'who' and 'whom' and of 'shall' and 'will.' I prefer 'officer' to 'official,' 'dwelling' to 'residence.' I avoid 'as to whether,' abhor 'reportorial,' never split an infinitive and never write a sentence long enough to tie in a double bowknot."

He got the position.—Fourth Estate.

Out of the Ordinary.

The two old friends, as has been narrated before, met again after years of separation.

"By the way, Gagster," said Throggins, "do you remember that snub nosed, cross eyed little Tilbury girl, with a face on her that would ditch an express train? She used to live somewhere in your neighborhood, I think."

"Oh, yes, I remember her perfectly," replied Gagster.

"What ever became of her?"

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, Throggins"—here is where the variation comes in—"but I have not the slightest idea. I didn't marry her."—Chicago Tribune.

Wanted to Sit In Her Own Lap.

The little 3-year-old daughter of one of the leading ministers in Little Rock resents too great familiarity. One evening, though she seemed a little unwilling, a young man, who was calling, took her upon his lap, whereupon she said, with great gravity:

"I want to sit in my own lap."

It is needless to add that the young man immediately put her down.

Bathing and Nose Blowing.

A number of people come home from the seaside quite deaf, and very many, if not deaf, are much harder of hearing than when they left home. The cause of this is blowing the nose after bathing.

Of course one blows his nose because there is some salt water in it, which makes him uncomfortable. This water he forces into the little eustachian tube that runs from behind the nose to the ear. Here the water remains for days, and the particles of salt set up inflammation. The next step is that the eustachian tube gets blocked and remains more or less so permanently, causing partial deafness.

You should always wait some time after your bath before blowing your nose, and then you should do it gently.

Too Much Sugar.

Dr. Patchen of New York says, "If every living person were to diminish by 90 per cent the amount of sugar he now consumes and maintain its use at this standard, in less than one generation the number of physicians now practicing would be diminished by one-half, and two-thirds of the present number of drug stores would be closed."

SUNSET.

Turn not to the east when the day is declining
And the glory of sunset is here;
Too sad is the light the far hilltops defining
In outlines too positively clear.
Though fair was the morning its gladness is past,
And the day's brightest lessons are reserved for the last.

The morn is for growth, and the noontide is stronger
In all that is bravest and best,
But the hands become weary as shadows grow longer,
And we look to the evening for rest.
And why should we sigh for the morning's delight
When ripe for the quiet and peace of the night?

Turn not to the east when the day is declining,
Nor muse on the past with a tear,
When bright o'er the hilltops the red light is shining,
And the glory of sunset is here.
Enjoy, then, the moment, the brightest and best,
When morning is dawning away in the west.

—Mary H. Wheeler in Boston Transcript.

WASHINGTON AND BURR.

Alleged Cause of the Break Between the Two Great Men.

An old lawyer, speaking of dramatic incidents in court, said: "Jere Clemens, a once famous United States senator from Alabama, told of a trial in which Burr appeared for the defense of a man charged with murder. My recollection is that the trial was in the southwest.

"When Burr addressed the jury, it was night. The guilty man was in the room. He had been the principal witness for the prosecution, but Burr had learned that this witness was the assassin, and in closing his address for his client he picked up two lighted candles from the table, and, holding them in the face of the witness referred to, he exclaimed: 'Gentlemen of the jury, there is nature's verdict. Now write yours.' At that moment the witness fled from the room. After Clemens told this story he wrote a historical novel called 'The Rivals; or, The Times of Hamilton and Burr.' In that book he wove the incident into one of the chapters. The book is out of print and has been for many years. But it had a great sale, particularly in the south, before the civil war, for Clemens was a typical southern orator and a man of wonderful personal magnetism. The object of the novel was to make Burr a hero and to besmirch Hamilton's character.

"In one chapter where Burr was high in the esteem of Washington the latter is represented as reading a letter from Hamilton in which Hamilton detailed some scandalous gossip about Burr. Burr was standing behind Washington during the reading of the letter. Washington, incensed at the contents of the letter, turned quickly and saw Burr, to whom he said, 'How dare you read my letter over my shoulder?' Burr, as Clemens represents, stung to the quick, drew himself up and replied with all the hauteur of his nature, 'When your majesty addresses such an inquiry to me in the manner you have, the only reply decency can prompt is, Aaron Burr dares to do anything.' This, Clemens avers, was the cause of the break between Washington and Burr."—New York Sun.

Ballast For Ships.

To solve the question of ballast many expedients are resorted to, and the results obtained often are singular. The most popular ballast is stone or rock, and every shipmaster who hails from the port of New York knows, or is supposed to know at least, the relative value of certain grades of rocks at various ports besides the metropolis. He can dispose of a cargo of stone to contractors here which will more than reimburse him for the expense of loading and unloading, and if the shipmaster is alert he will arrange for such disposal many months before his return from some out of the way corn of the world.

Every time a sailing vessel returns from a foreign port she usually is visited by contractors or their agents, who make competitive bids for her ballast cargo of stone, if she carries one. This stone is used mostly for macadamizing and paving streets. Frequently material is brought over which is good enough for building purposes.—New York Press.

Music For Fish Bait.

An eccentric hermit named William Schueller, who lives at Franklin, Mich., is said to be one of the most successful fishermen in his part of the country, and he claims to call the fish to him by singing "Old Hundredth." He goes out in his boat and takes a station in fairly deep water. Then he sings, at the same time keeping his eyes on the water in search of fish. Gradually the fish crowd about his boat, he claims, and when enough are gathered together the wily fisherman casts a net and catches dozens at a single haul. The old gentleman has a famous voice, and his neighbors are inclined to believe his strange story.—Chicago Record.

One Woman's Ruling Passion.

"There goes a woman," said the girl, "who hasn't a thought on earth except dress. I know that superior man attributes this particular weakness to all women—but it's a canard, as of course are nine out of ten of male estimates of women."

She conquered a refractory button on her glove before she continued: "But that woman who passed us is, without doubt, the most dress crazy woman I have ever met. She knows no topic save dress—can speak of no other subject. She spends one half of her time at her dressmaker's, and the other half is used in exploiting the handicraft of the modiste. Goodness only knows when she manages to get anything to eat. She's dead to every feeling, I believe, except that which has to do with dress. And what do you think she said Saturday? I met her as we were going out of a house of mourning. A young woman whom we both knew had died, and we had been at the funeral. Coming down the steps I noticed my friend, but the feeling of sorrow was too fresh upon me to permit anything more than a nod of recognition. For half a square we walked side by side. Then I said, 'Poor, dear Clara—alive and well one week ago, and now—and she's gone!'

"'Yes,' answered my friend blandly, 'but wasn't she dressed beautifully? Really, it was a treat to see her!'"—Philadelphia Press.

Artificial flowers were unknown to the ancient civilized nations of Europe. They are first mentioned in Italy in the fourteenth century, but in China they were known at an earlier date.

The Persians did not punish the first offense of murder.

HUMAN SACRIFICES.

MODERN RELIGIOUS FANATICS WHO BELIEVE IN THEM.

Many Peculiar Sects in the Old World, Particularly in Russia, Whose Members Kill and Crucify That Salvation May Be Attained.

That human sacrifices have been made even in the nineteenth century, and by professing Christians, too, is brought out by The American Journal of Sociology in a striking article:

The Convulsionists, a sect existing in Paris about 1760, were wont to crucify members of their order, in emulation of the crucifixion of the Saviour, in the belief that the souls of the surviving members would be saved by the sacrifices of their fellows. In 1817 the "Paschelians," an Austrian sect, murdered a man, his wife and daughter under the delusion that the trio, who refused to go with the fanatics, were possessed of the devil. On the following day they crucified one of their own number, a girl of 19 years, who had suffered herself for the death, in imitation of the death of the Saviour, in order to save the souls of her fellow believers.

In 1823 the leader of a Pietistic circle in Switzerland, after having dispatched her sister, who gave her life as a means of saving the souls of her relatives, was crucified by her followers at her own command in order that she might die, rise again after three days and restore to life the sister she had slain. In 1865 two mothers, adherents of the "Holy Men," slew their sick children, believing them to be victims of demoniacal possession. In 1875 a Hungarian miller, belonging to the "Nazarenes," killed his son as an offering for his own sins after the fashion of Abraham. In 1879, in Irkutsk, Russia, one of the "Schismatics" convinced himself by prayer and fasting and much Scripture reading that to save his soul he must be crucified. Accordingly he attempted self crucifixion and succeeded so far as the circumstances of the case would permit.

In 1830, in the government of Perm, Russia, a peasant killed his child as an offering for sin and buried the body in an ant hill. Likewise, in the government of Vladimir, another peasant killed both his children in due Abrahamic form, and while the babies bled under the father's knife the devout mother celebrated the service by reading aloud selected portions of the twenty-second chapter of Genesis. In 1854, in the government of Tambov, Russia, a peasant, convinced that to save his soul a man must have a sin to repent of, killed a neighbor with an ax in order to satisfy this highly imperative condition.

It is a part of the creed of the "Wanderers," a Russian sect, that anti-Christ rules in high places there and that accordingly good men must have naught to do with governmental affairs of any sort. In conformity with this belief a man murdered in various ingenious ways 25 men, women and children, including his own wife and babies, in order to free them from the danger of losing their souls by suffering the contaminating contact of the government census taker. This occurred in 1897.

The "Dealers," another quite interesting Russian sect, believe that evil taints all earthly good and that the only escape is death. In 1825 69 of these men, strong in the faith, after having murdered their wives and children, permitted themselves to be put to death, one by one, by their leaders. The "Scourgers," who also form a widespread and influential sect in Russia, in obedience to the behests of their "saviors," are in the habit of indulging in human sacrifices, cannibalistic feasts, erotic dances and other lewd procedures as an extremely efficacious method of keeping the hand of evil from off their immortal souls. So the "Muckers" of Konigsberg and the celebrants of the black mass in Paris afford further examples of the use of a ritual of erotism, coupled with a practice of the most abandoned and obscene behavior, to promote the eternal welfare of the soul.

The Skill of a Mouse.

One day a naturalist lay motionless on a fallen log in the forest and silently watched an animal at play in the grass near by. This was a large, brown backed mouse, a meadow mouse, that had come out from his home under the log and when tired of play had sat up to make his toilet. Using his forepaws as hands, the mouse combed the white fur on his breast and licked himself smooth and sleek. Satisfied at length with his appearance he began to search for food.

He did not have far to go, for a few stalks of wheat grew among the thick weeds near at hand. The mouse was so large that he could probably have bent the stalk down and brought the grain within reach. If not, he could certainly have climbed the stalk. He did not try either of these plans, however, for these were not his ways. Sitting up very straight, he bit through the stalk as high up as he could reach. The weeds were so thick that the straw could not fall its full length, and the freshly cut end settled down upon the ground, with the straw still erect and the grain out of reach. The mouse again bit the straw in two, and again the upper portion settled down. In this way he bit off five lengths of straw before he could bring the grain within reach of his paws. These forepaws were very skillful little hands, and he deftly husked a grain and ate it, sitting erect and holding it to his mouth as naturally as a boy would hold an apple.—Our Animal Friends.

His Capacity Had Limits.

An old farmer who was in the habit of eating what was set before him, asking no questions, dropped into a Memphis cafe for dinner. The waiter gave him the menu card and explained to the old gentleman that it was the list of dishes the cafe served for dinner that day. Accordingly he began at the top of the bill of fare and ordered each thing in turn until he had covered about one-third of it. The prospect of what was still before him was too overpowering, yet there were some things at the end that he wanted to try. He called the waiter and, confidently marking off the spaces on the card with his index finger, said:

"Look here, I've et from four to that. Can I skip from that to this and git on to the 1 [illegible]?" Memphis Scimitar.

THE SENSE OF TASTE.

IT SHOULD BE THE BEST GUIDE TO THE FOOD WE NEED.

If Not Perverted, It Will Select Those Substances For Which the Body Is Suffering—We Use Entirely Too Much Salt.

The function of the taste doubtless sustains a much more important relation to digestion than has been generally accorded to it, says Dr. Kellogg. Food to be digested must be appetizing. Food which nauseates does not stimulate the secretion of the fluid necessary to digest it either in the mouth or the stomach. The sense of taste may be regarded as a sort of regulation. Hence it is an important property of food that the sense of taste may be stimulated and that it may have an opportunity to exercise its selective and controlling functions.

When one has eaten a sufficient amount of simple, wholesome food, the sense of taste informs him of the fact by declining to receive more. A perfect rule for mastication would be to chew each morsel of food until there is left only a tasteless remnant. It is useless to swallow such a residue, as it can have no nutritive value. When food is taken in this way, the sense of taste has an opportunity to say "enough" before too much has been swallowed and thus affords a perfect means of adapting the amount of food taken to the needs of the body.

A careful study of this suggestion will also show that the sense of taste, if allowed to act in a normal way, will select those substances of which the body is in great need. For example, if the blood is impoverished and needs an extra supply of nitrogenous food there will be a craving for such foods as nuts, legumes and possibly eggs and milk or some other substance containing nitrogen.

A curious analogy to this function is found in some insectivorous plants, which, as has been shown by recent experiments, refuse to capture insects or pay attention to fragments of meat placed within their grasp except when the soil upon which they grow is lacking in nitrogenous elements. By supplying a fertilizer rich in nitrogen these so called carnivorous plants cease to be carnivorous and behave wholly like other plants. The same principle applies to the use of fat making substances, such as starchy and aleuginous foods, such as nuts and cereals. The writer has frequently observed in this patients a craving for fats, which disappeared entirely after the patient had made a gain of 20 or 30 pounds.

The taste was no doubt intended by the Creator to be a perfect guide to the quantity and quality of food to be taken and not simply a means of gustatory pleasure. Unfortunately it has been terribly debauched and perverted from its normal function. Men and women treat the palate as the pianist treats his instrument, touching it in various ways simply for the purpose of provoking pleasurable sensations, with no regard whatever for the possible needs of the body or the possible damage which may be caused. The sense of taste, thus wrongly educated, becomes perverted, and its indications become confused. Abnormal cravings are developed, which demand satisfaction in the use of tea, coffee, wine and other intoxicants, mustard, pepper and other condiments, large quantities of salt, pickles and rich and savory dishes of various sorts, together with sweets, lees and tidbits of all kinds. The sense of taste has been dethroned from its high position as governor of nutrition and has come to be merely the servant of a capricious and insatiable desire for an illegitimate sensation, a purely selfish animal pleasure. This is gluttony, pure and simple, and is the apt tutor and hail companion of alcoholic intemperance.

The free use of common salt must likewise be placed among serious dietetic errors. Professor Bunge of Basel, the leading physiological chemist of the world, with many others, has shown that the so called necessity for the alimentary use of salt rests upon a very uncertain and equivocal, if not erroneous, basis and that at most salt can be used without injury only in very minute quantities. The quantity designated by Professor Bunge as within the limits of possible harmlessness is about 15 grains a day, or probably less than one-fourth of the amount usually consumed. The free use of salt leads to thirst and copious drinking in connection with meals.

Gum chewing, tobacco chewing, the use of tobacco in any form, must be condemned as harmful to the digestion through exhausting the function of the salivary glands, so that when required to maintain constant activity the saliva secreted by the glands has very little value as a digestive agent. The glands, as well as the muscles and other parts of the body, require rest in which to store up the elements necessary for their proper function.—Good Health.

Clerical Sarcasm.

A clergyman on a recent Sunday gave out the following notice, says The Christian Endeavor World:

"The regular meeting of the donkey parade will be held, as usual, at the close of this service. Members will line up just outside the church door, make remarks and stare at the women who pass, as is their custom.

"Any member known to escort a young woman to church like a man and sit with her like a gentleman will be promptly expelled from membership."

Vinegar.

Vinegar is a diluted form of acetic acid and has been known from the earliest period. Wine vinegar is made from wine lees and inferior wines, principally in France, the finest being obtained from white wines. Malt vinegar is procured from an infusion of malt which has previously undergone fermentation or from apple cider. Vinegar in the form of lotions is a valuable external stimulant.

Joke on the Other Fellow.

His Mother (to wife going through the pockets of her husband's clothing)—I wouldn't do that, Irene. Come, now, do you think it is right?

Wife—That depends upon the motive. My object is not mercenary. I only want to play a practical joke upon any pickpocket who may happen to operate upon dear George.—Boston Transcript.

PATTERSON'S STORE,

McConnellsburg, Penna.

Two Floors and a Basement each seventy-five feet in length by twenty-five in width just packed with General Merchandise. A full and complete stock of

Dry Goods.

Cashmeres, Ginghams, Calicoes, Muslins, Shirtings, Linens, Towellings.

Clothing.

Overcoats, Men's and Boys' Suits, Overalls, Underwear, &c. Hats and Caps in great variety

Boots and Shoes.

The most reliable makes at lowest prices.

Carpets.

Rag, Ingrain, Mattings, &c.

Hardware.

You can hardly miss getting anything you want.

Groceries.

A full line of Syrups, Coffees, Teas, Spices &c.

Tobacco and Cigars

—no better.

Harness, Trunks, Notions, Jewelry, and—in fact we try to keep any and everything called for by the people of our county.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY

TIME-TABLE.—Nov. 19, 1899.

Leave	No. 2	No. 4	No. 6	No. 8	No. 10
	*A. M.	*A. M.	*A. M.	*P. M.	*P. M.
Winchester	.....	7 20	.....	2 30	.....
Martinsburg	.....	8 18	11 33	3 17	.....
Hagerstown	9 45	9 40	12 30	4 05	10 20
Greencastle	7 00	9 22	12 43	4 28	10 42
Mercersburg	.....	8 20	11 10	3 30	.....
Chambersburg	7 25	9 45	1 05	4 00	11 05
Waynesboro	7 00	.....	12 25	4 00	.....
Shippensburg	7 40	10 05	1 25	5 20	11 25
Newville	8 05	10 24	1 44	5 40	11 44
Carlisle	8 20	10 36	2 00	6 05	12 00
Mechanicsburg	8 45	11 07	2 27	6 27	12 27
Arr. Dillsburg	7 32	.....	1 30	5 00	.....
Arr. Harrisburg	9 00	11 25	2 45	6 45	12 45
Arr. Phila	11 18	3 00	5 47	10 20	4 25
Arr. New York	2 12	5 53	8 16	3 23	7 19
Arr. Baltimore	11 55	3 11	6 00	9 45	6 25
	A. M.	P. M.			A. M.

Additional trains will leave Carlisle for Harrisburg daily, except Sunday, at 5.50 a. m., 7.05 a. m., 12.40 p. m., 3.40 p. m., 9.10 p. m., and from Mechanicsburg at 6.14 a. m., 7.30 a. m., 9.12 a. m., 1.05 p. m., 4.05 p. m., 5.30 p. m., and 9.51 p. m., stopping at Second Street, Harrisburg, to let off passengers.

Trains No. 2 and 10 run daily between Harrisburg and Hagerstown, and on Sunday will stop at intermediate stations.

* Daily.
† Daily except Sunday.

Leave	No. 1	No. 3	No. 5	No. 7	No. 9
	*P. M.	*A. M.	*A. M.	*P. M.	*P. M.
Baltimore	11 50	4 55	8 50	12 00	4 35
New York	7 40	12 05	.....	8 50	1 50
Phila	11 20	4 30	8 50	12 25	4 35
Harrisburg	5 00	7 55	11 45	3 50	7 55
Dillsburg	.....	.....	12 40	4 20	.....
Mechanicsburg	5 19	8 13	12 05	4 10	8 15
Carlisle	5 40	8 33	12 27	4 33	8 36
Newville	6 00	8 56	12 50	4 56	9 00
Shippensburg	6 22	9 16	1 10	5 16	9 17
Waynesboro	.....	10 37	2 18	6 10	.....
Chambersburg	6 36	9 35	1 35	5 28	9 36
Mercersburg	8 10	10 47	.....	6 30	.....
Greencastle	7 00	10 02	1 55	6 02	10 00
Hagerstown	7 30	10 35	2 17	6 34	10 30
Martinsburg	8 24	11 15	.....	7 40	.....
Ar. Winchester	9 10	12 35	.....	7 55	.....
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

Additional local trains will leave Harrisburg daily, except Sunday for Carlisle and intermediate stations at 9.25 a. m., 2.00 p. m., 5.15 p. m., 6.35 p. m. and 10.50 p. m., also for Mechanicsburg, Dillsburg and intermediate stations at 7.30 a. m. All of the above trains will stop at 2nd street, Harrisburg, to take on passengers.

Nos. 1 and 9 run daily between Harrisburg and Hagerstown.

* Daily.
† Daily except Sunday.
§ On Sundays will leave Philadelphia at 4.30 p. m.

Pullman palace sleeping cars between New York and Knoxville, Tenn., on trains 1 west and 10 east.

Through coaches to and from Philadelphia on trains 2 and 4 east and 7 and 9 west.

SOUTHERN PENN'A R. R. TRAINS.

Pas. No. 67	Pas. No. 63	Mix. No. 61			Pas. No. 64	Mix. No. 66	Pas. No. 68
P. M.	*A. M.	*A. M.	Lve.	Arr.	*A. M.	*P. M.	P. M.
5 25	10 00	6 55	Chambersburg		9 18	12 50	4 25
5 38	10 12	7 10		Marion	9 04	12 40	4 10
5 50	10 27	8 10		Mercersburg	8 30	11 10	3 30
6 50	11 00	9 05		Loudon	8 00	10 10	3 00
6 57	11 15	9 35	Arr.	Richmond	8 00	9 55	3 00
P. M.	A. M.	A. M.			A. M.	A. M.	P. M.

Connection for all stations on Cumberland Valley Railroad and Pennsylvania Railroad system.

H. A. RIDDLE, Gen'l Pass. Agent. J. F. BOYD, Supt.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

President Judge—Hon. S. McC. Swope.
Associate Judges—Samuel Kirk, Peter Morton.
Prothonotary, &c.—Frank P. Lynch.
District Attorney—George B. Daniels.
Treasurer—Thos Sipes.
Sheriff—Daniel Sheets.
Deputy Sheriff—James Hunter.
Jury Commissioners—David Botz, Samuel H. Hockensmith.
Auditors—John S. Harris, D. H. Myers, A. J. Lamberton.
Commissioners—L. W. Cunningham, Albert Thompson, John Stoukand.
Clerk—S. W. Kirk.
Coroner—Thomas Kirk.
County Surveyor—Jesse Lake.
County Superintendent—Clem Chesnut.
Attorney—W. Scott Alexander, J. Nelson Sipes, Thomas F. Sloan, J. McN. Johnston, M. R. Sheffner, Geo. B. Daniels, John P. Sipes.

Letter Heads, Note Heads, and Envelopes printed neatly and promptly at this office.