'TIS NAUGHT.

of 10 call "naught" an "aught,"
"naught-y" thing I do,
will see the figure "0"
"naught" by looking through.

a strange "hole" number," true,
still there's "nothing" then.
one stands beside it, you
see a roguish lot.

—Boston Transcript.

WO HIGHWAYMEN.

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

ly, he was a gallant boy. I can —for an old woman may surely her grandchildren she once was ful—that we made a pretty couple danced together. I know that treated me with quite unusual eration, and once I caught her ing us with an altogether delight of satisfaction. Frank, too, did ful best to offer me such atten are proper in a lover, and though resolved to thwart his mother and him from courting rejection I not but enjoy the little play in I was acting. I pictured the sur of all the good folks who were watching me when the news of the should reach them. And though for the end of the ball, and the serious adventure which was des to follow, I found the situation amusing.

haps it was this fact which chiefly me to keep Frank at a distance. "You are always laughing at a man," reproachfully during an interval two dances, and upon my soul hard put to find an answer. I scarcely say that for him I had pity, and yet this would have been truth, even though I was well aware his disappointment would be only week or two.

any rate, when the hour of our de had come, his devotion was still clared, and madam looked upon me less kindly, I thought, when I to take farewell of her. But, in I was by this time too completely by excitement to notice little in the comportment of these peo They were all conspirators against happiness and Dick's. I knew they be checkmated within the hour. already I could have laughed in faces.

My uncle was a great gamester and known to lose his coolness. On night he had gained a large sum at But, for all that, I fancy he had a goodly quantity of liquor during evening. I noticed that his voice a little thick. No sooner were we in his coach than he lay back in ner and slept peacefully; soon he snoring.

was thus left alone. Indeed I could have talked with him had it been erwise, yet I now wished I were pelled to try, for the excitement I came near to being unendurable. could see nothing through the windows the coach—nothing but the dim re of my own pale face against a ground of utter darkness. Had I able to take note of the landmarks we passed them I might have been As it was, we had hardly been from the house five minutes when began and continued to feel passion assured that the very next moment would be productive of the event to which I looked forward so eagerly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

All this time my uncle had been curs him for a thief and swearing he would see him hanged within a month the highest point of the moorland. for me, I had enjoyed the proceed to begin with, but now I began to 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.

LOVED BY THE SOUTH

H. B. PLANT HAS DONE MUCH FOR THAT SECTION'S DEVELOPMENT.

Identified With Southern Enterprises For Forty-one Years and Honored by a Special Day at Atlanta—His Transportation Interests—His Remarkable Career.

There is little doubt that the new south owes as much of its present industrial development to H. B. Plant as to any other one man. Indeed there is no other one probably who has done so much in that direction. Certain it is that the residents of the southeast quarter of Uncle Sam's farm consider themselves under great obligations to Mr. Plant, and this was exemplified only recently, when the managers of the Atlanta exhibition designated one day to his special honor (Oct. 17, his seventy-sixth birthday, by the way), a distinction which is rare enough to make it specially notable.

Mr. Plant has won the respect and esteem of the southern people as a business man, and justly so, since in that capacity he has wrought veritable wonders and has displayed the nerve and farsightedness of a great general, knowledge of human nature such as must be shown by a shrewd politician, executive ability like that required by the head of a great state and a greater imagination than is often possessed by the most eminent writers and artists.

He was born in Branford, Conn. Like many another eminent man of the present time he received little school train-

H. B. PLANT.

ing, although he was privileged to finish his formal education at the Lancasterian school in New Haven. When he was 20, he was employed as an express messenger by the New Haven Steamboat company, and a little later he was put in charge of the express business both on the steamboats which ply between New Haven and New York and on the New York and New Haven railroad. When the Adams Express company was formed in 1854, he was chosen as the proper man to put in charge of the southern branch of the company's business. That was 41 years ago, and his interests have been identical with those of the south ever since. He remained in charge of this branch until 1861, the year of the breaking out of the civil war, when the southern business of the Adams company was turned over to the then newly organized Southern Express company, of which he was made the first president, a responsible post which he still fills.

It was Mr. Plant who first discerned the place Florida was destined to fill as a winter resort for the physically feeble. In 1854, the first year of his residence south, he took his wife, who was ailing, to that state. Her life was prolonged for years thereafter by the mild Florida air. At the very beginning Mr. Plant saw the necessity of railroads in Florida, and he was among the earliest purchasers of stocks and bonds issued by railroad companies in Georgia and Florida, though he cut no figure as a railroad manager until 1879.

Perhaps the most picturesque and interesting portion of his career came with the breaking out of the civil war. Mr. Plant was not a partisan of either side. The Southern Express company had just been established, and it became at once apparent that the business, and perhaps the very existence of the new corporation, was in serious danger. So he went to Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy. To him the express manager explained the situation, declaring frankly that he was not a partisan, but laying stress on the advantage it would be to the south if the business of the express company could go on uninterruptedly. This would hardly be possible, he added, unless he were personally allowed to go wherever he pleased with out any hindrance whatever.

So convincingly did Mr. Plant present his case that Mr. Davis gave him the desired permission, issuing a pass allowing the freest movement through the lines, entrance to headquarters at will, and in brief extending the greatest imaginable freedom at all times and in all circumstances to the bearer. It was by reason of this unusual pass that the Southern Express company was enabled to continue its business during all the years of strife between the north and the south. In 1867 the Texas Express company was formed, and Mr. Plant was made president thereof, which office he yet holds. In 1879 he purchased the Atlantic and Gulf railroad of Georgia, and then began his career as creator, restorer and manager of steamer and railroad lines.

Today he is at the head of the Plant Investment company, which embraces 12 railroad corporations, with a mileage of 1,941; the Southern and Texas Express companies, with a mileage of 24,412, and reaching into 15 states, and of the Plant steamboat and steamship lines, doing business between the gulf ports and the West Indies, and the Atlantic ports of the United States and the Dominion of Canada. The Investment company owns four of the great hotels of Florida, and its stockholders and directors include such men as H. M. Flagler, M. K. Jesup, W. T. Walters, B. F. Newcomer, B. B. Haskell and others.

SOCIETY KLEPTOMANIACS.

Perfectly Honest People Who Have a Fad For Stealing.

"I don't suppose you have any kleptomaniacs in society in Washington," said a New York dowager the other night at dinner, "but we have them in New York. The last great ball I went to with my daughter last winter we wore very handsome sealskin wraps. Arriving at the dressing room, the checks for them were handed out, and my daughter put them between her teeth for a moment, while she was adjusting a portion of her dress. She had occasion to speak to me, and so dropped the check on the floor, and we were about to hurry off to the ballroom. I was determined, however, not to lose our wraps, and so sent for a friend who was one of the reception committee, and we went into the cloakroom, where I identified the sealskin wraps and got fresh checks for them. At the close of the ball when we went for them the maid in charge told me that Mrs. Blank, one of the ultra fashionable women of the Four Hundred, had presented the lost check and insisted upon my sealskin wraps being delivered to her. When she was informed of what had occurred in the matter of the issuing of new checks, and the visit of the member of the reception committee to the cloakroom, she worked herself up into a fine frenzy and walked off indignantly.

"Upon another occasion at one of the great weddings quite a dramatic scene occurred. The bridal presents were all ostentatiously displayed to excite the envy and gratify the curiosity of the guests. A detective in plain clothes was in the room. He saw a well known, beautifully dressed woman go up to the table and begin admiring and commenting on the beauty of everything with great enthusiasm. She picked up a diamond bracelet and adroitly concealed it. The detective kept his eye on her, and as she was leaving the house to get into her carriage he stepped up to her and said, 'Excuse me, madam, but haven't you forgotten to leave your wedding present?' She was equal to the emergency and pulled herself together with that consummate alacrity which amounts to genius in her sex, and said: 'Oh, yes, so I have. Thank you very much. Very good of you indeed.' Then she calmly swept back to the table where the presents were displayed and deposited the bracelet with the box which contained it, the detective's eye taking it all in with an amused and quizzical expression."—Washington Post.

The Central Park Monkeys.

"There are 12 varieties of monkeys in Central park—32 monkeys altogether," said Keeper Cook.

"My favorite is a Nubian baboon. He always tries to help me sweep his cage in the mornings, and fights to get the broom away from me. I give him a rap over the head and then he pretends that he's angry. But it's only a bluff. He wouldn't hurt anybody. He knows I keep apples in my pocket and he knows which pocket they are in, too, and gets them when he can. There is a Java monkey who used to ring doorbells and had to be sent here because his owner's neighbors complained of him so much. Nobody could stop him. He lived somewhere down town, and no matter how they tied him up he would break away and ring bells. He can't ring any bells now, but he is never quiet.

"Monkeys don't live long in captivity. They all die of lung trouble sooner or later. We have one that has been here nine years, but that is an extraordinarily long time. We have only had one monkey born here that lived. That was about four years ago, and he lived two years."—New York Sun.

Thirty Mile Crack In the Ice.

A curious phenomenon is reported on Lake Winnebago. In the middle of the winter the ice cracks open, the fissure extending lengthwise of the lake and almost exactly midway between the east and the west shores. This opening averages from three to six feet in width and is nearly 30 miles long. It occurs every winter regularly, and those who are in the habit of crossing the lake on the ice make arrangements to construct a temporary bridge across the chasm. Teams of the Cook and Brown Lime company, hauling brick from the Calumet shore, find that the crack is equally distant from both sides, and when a team starts from both shores at the same time the teams are sure to meet at the crack in the middle of the lake. The only explanation of the matter is that the extreme cold causes the ice to contract, and the contraction being equal in the whole mass it causes the opening in the middle. —Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Beef Marrow.

Beef marrow taken from soup bones and round steaks is excellent for cooking purposes. It should be taken from the bones as soon as possible, cut in small pieces, put into a covered stone jar, set in a pan of water and placed over the fire to simmer gently. When the marrow is all melted, it should be taken up and strained through a thin cloth into a clean pan, let settle for a few minutes, then pressed into small jars and securely tied up.

Treated thus, marrow will keep for months in a cool place, and will be found very delicate for shortening. Beef suet may be cut up and rendered in the same way. When used, if preferred, it may be mixed with pork drippings or other soft grease and will be found excellent for plain pastry and cakes, as well as for use in frying croquettes, potatoes and doughnuts. —New York Dispatch.

The Difference In Days.

A "solar day" is measured by the rotation of the earth upon its axis and is of different lengths, owing to the ellipticity of the earth's orbit and other causes.

An "astronomical day" commences at noon and is counted from the first to the 24 hours.

A "civil day" commences at midnight and is counted from the first to the twelfth hour, and then again from the first hour of the day till the twelfth at night.

The "nautical day" used by ship captains, explorers and some few others, is counted as a "civil day," only that the reckoning is begun at noon, as with the "astronomical day."—St. Louis Republic.

Remembered One Thing.

Mrs. McSwat—It's so, Billinger. The bride is always more self possessed at a wedding than the groom is. You didn't know whether you were standing on your head or your feet when we were married. You can't recall a single distinct impression of it."

Mr McSwat—Yes, I can, Lobelia. I remember your nose was awfully cold.—Chicago Tribune.

When Triplets Are Welcome.

Tom—There's one time in a man's life when he is glad to see triplets, all girls.

Dick—When is that, pray?

Tom—When he's playing poker and is dealt three queens.—Town Topics.

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 Foods 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."

Turn About.

"What are you so much worried about the future of the country for?" asked Mr. Smiggles. "Haven't you got enough to bother you right here at home?"

"Yes, John," she answered, "but I thought that after 25 years of married life it was about time for me to take my turn at saving the country, while you did some of the speculating on where the kindling and grocery money was coming from."—Washington Star.