A PASSING CLOUD.

A STORY.

"Val, will you take my advice?"

"It depends whether it suits my fancy, dear. Did you ever know any one to take advice otherwise?"

Lady Marchmont laughed. "I am afraid mine will hardly do so in this instance. I would suggest that you take a book and try to read, as the time would pass much quicker if you did not study the clock every five minutes. There is one on that table that could not fail to interest you; it is the story of a fair maid who suffered all the 'pangs, the agonies, the doubts' of a true love that did not, like yours, run smooth."

"I should probably throw it to the other end of the room after five minutes."

"And to think," said Lady Marchmont meditatively, "to think that six months ago you did not know this hero who is now making such havoc in your peace of mind."

Valerie rose impatiently from her seat, and walked across to the window, a frown ruffling the serenity of her white forehead, and a vexed look in her pretty gray eyes.

She was a tall, slender girl, with more claims to beauty than are accorded from the mere possession of regular features and a faultless complexion, which good points many girls will own, and yet be highly uninteresting and unattractive. Val's chief charm lay in her entire unconsciousness of self, and the animated play of her mobile sensitive face, in which, as in her clear gray eyes, was reflected every emotion of her sympathetic nature. She was a girl who, from impulse, might probably act hastily or thoughtlessly, but who would be only too ready to own her error if once convinced of it; a rare virtue, indeed, for surely the hardest of all concessions is that which avows, "I was wrong."

Val's abrupt movement caused Lady Marchmont to look up inquiringly, and she divined the cause of her displeasure. The young lady had certain peculiar notions of her own, and did not like being joked about her love and her lover, especially before a third person. Ere Lady Marchmont, however, could atone for her indiscretion, another lady present looked up from her lace work and said quietly:

"Is it not wonderful how ready we women are to trust our happiness and our future in the hands of men of whom, for the most part, we know little?"

The speaker was a slight, fair woman, whose age it would be difficult to guess. She was one of those persons whom one would at first declare to be quite unattractive, and shortly discover that they possess a strange fascination. Whether it was her peculiarly clear, low-toned voice or a certain air of quiet self-possession which nothing seemed to ruffle, it was undeniable that Mrs. Maitland had had her share of admirers, and in this, her third year of widowhood, was said to have received more than one offer to change her apparently not inconsolable state.

Val glanced at her with a slightly contemptuous look in her eyes.

"Your remark has no significance for me, Mrs. Maitland, for I know Captain Dalrymple thoroughly," she said, with a happy confidence in her tone. A slight smile played for a moment round Mrs. Maitland's thin lips, and she dropped her eyes again over her work.

"Oh, you think you do," she answered in her quiet tones, which, somehow or other, generally had the effect of irritating Val, "which does as well—nay, better, for few of us would benefit by an intimate knowledge of the lives of most men."

"The life of every honorable man is the same," returned Val indignantly. "Your experience of the other sex must have been unfortunate, Mrs. Maitland."

There was a slight accession of color in the widow's usually passive cheek as she replied in a somewhat sarcastic tone: "I admire, if I do not emulate, your charming confidence, Miss Charteris. I hope you may never have cause to regret it, but I think when you are a few years older you will acknowledge that men are all alike, and that self is the guiding star of their existence."

"I refuse to believe it," said Val. "You are welcome to your opinion, Mrs. Maitland; leave me in the enjoyment of mine. There are bad alike in both sexes, but what does it matter if there are worthless men when the one in whom one trusts and believes is all he should be?" and with this Val turned her back on her antagonist, and, dropping into an easy-chair, gave herself up to a mental revision of the virtues of her "*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.*"

What sweet smiles circled her lips, what a happy light shone in her eyes as she lived over again that brief period of wooing, when the old story, that is ever so new in the telling, was whispered into her willing ears. Oh, bright time of youth and love that comes but once to all, that passes all too swiftly, but which years after has still the power to rekindle a flame in our worn-out, weary hearts!

"Val," said Lady Marchmont, breaking in on her reverie, as she bent over her and spoke in a low tone, "where are your thoughts? I hear the dog-cart going round to the front door."

Val brought herself back from a delightful past to a still more delightful present, and sat up in an expectant attitude with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks.

In a few minutes the door was flung open and Captain Dalrymple was announced. He was a tall, soldierly-looking man, with a grave, serious face and dark earnest eyes, which, when he smiled, softened and lit up in a wonderfully attractive manner.

In the presence of the two ladies Valerie's greeting with him was necessarily restrained, a silent but expressive pressure of the hands, and Captain Dalrymple turned to Lady Marchmont. "I have to thank you for your great kindness in extending to me your invitation to Val."

"I am too delighted to see you," answered Lady Marchmont heartily; "and for the rest, you know Val would not have consented to come if you had not also favored us with your company."

As she spoke she half turned toward Mrs. Maitland with the intention of introducing her, when, to Val's astonishment, that lady came forward, holding out her hand, as she said, with her most fascinating smile:

"There is no need for an introduction, Lady Marchmont; Captain Dalrymple and I are old friends."

Val turned her gaze to her lover's face, and saw there an expression that she could not exactly fathom. Was it surprise, annoyance or embarrassment? He seemed for a moment somewhat at a loss for a reply.

"I did not expect to meet you," he said at length.

"The unexpected always happens, you know," replied Mrs. Maitland.

What did it mean? Val asked herself. That they should be acquainted with each other was not wonderful, but why had Mrs. Maitland been silent on the point toward her; and above all why should her presence apparently disconcert Vernon in some way?

She had not time to ponder further on the subject, for the next moment Captain Dalrymple turned to her with his attractive smile, under the influence of which Val's disquietude melted instantly. How absurd to worry about such a thing, when, of course, at the first opportunity Vernon would explain it all. This thought revived her spirits, and when a few minutes later the party was swelled by some other guests staying at the Hall she was the gayest of the gay, enjoying delightful little asides with Captain Dalrymple, which enabled her totally to forget the existence of Mrs. Maitland.

"Meet me in the drawing-room before any one is down," she whispered to him as they separated to dress for dinner.

"All right, darling," he replied, as he smiled down on her with those eloquent dark eyes that had won her heart's allegiance.

Captain Dalrymple performed his toilet in a very short space of time, and repaired at once to the drawing-room, there to await Val. He wandered into the conservatory and paced about restlessly. One of the glass doors opening close by him caused him to turn quickly with a smile of welcome on his lips, when, to his utter surprise, he found himself confronted by Mrs. Maitland.

She came quickly forward with the quiet, gliding walk which was peculiar to her, but her habitual self-possession seemed strangely ruffled.

"I must apologise for thus intruding on you," she said, "but there was something I wish particularly to ask you."

"Indeed," returned Captain Dalrymple. His voice had taken its coldest intonation, his face wore its gravest aspect.

"Don't look at me like that, Vernon, as though my presence were so utterly distasteful to you," she went on with some agitation, whether real or feigned he could not determine. "I shall not detain you long. What I want to ask of you is that you will not mention to Miss Charteris what took place between us a year ago."

"Do you think it likely, Mrs. Maitland, I should mention the subject?"

"Not intentionally, perhaps, but these things come out sometimes unawares, and I could not bear to be subjected to Miss Charteris' ridicule and scorn."

"You need, I assure you, have no fear. I shall be silent on that score."

"You will give me your sacred promise to that effect, will you not," she said eagerly.

He looked at her in surprise. "I fail to understand you, Mrs. Maitland; but since my simple assurance does not satisfy you, I am quite willing to pledge you my word."

As he spoke the drawing-room door opened softly and Val appeared on the threshold. The room was a very long one, and Dalrymple, standing in the conservatory with his back turned that way, did not see or hear her. Not so Mrs. Maitland. True, she did not glance in the direction, but she knew perfectly well who had entered.

She dropped her voice, but advanced a few steps nearer to him.

"I cannot thank you sufficiently," she said, looking at him most eloquently; "you do not know what a weight you have lifted from my mind."

As she spoke she took both his hands in hers, and giving them a tender pressure, turned and disappeared through the door by which she had entered, leaving Captain Dalrymple gazing after her with a very perplexed countenance.

"What is the meaning of this?" he pondered. "I never could fathom that woman. How unfortunate she should be here now."

Ere he turned to re-enter the drawing-room, Val, who had stood at the open door motionless during these few minutes, slowly drew it to after her, and crept up stairs again, with a strange chill at her heart.

Mrs. Maitland likewise hastened to regain her room.

"How well I calculated," she murmured to herself, a triumphant light shining in her cold blue eyes; "that was a good move of mine. I knew she would want some explanation with her lover relative to our meeting. She will be still more anxious for it now, and he will refuse to give it for he has promised, and Vernon Dalrymple never goes back from his word. How I hate that girl with her confidence and pride in his love. Let us see if her trust of which she boasts will stand her now in good stead. Who knows but what I may win him yet? At any rate, I shall make her suffer."

Meanwhile Vernon, as yet in happy ignorance of the trouble fate was preparing for him, had given up all hope of his tete-a-tete with Val, as one after another the guests assembled in the drawing-room; she only making her appearance a few minutes before dinner was announced. At the first touch of her fingers on his arm as they went into dinner, he felt that something was wrong. He glanced at her earnestly, but her face was averted.

"What made you forget your appointment with me, dear?" he asked in low tones as they seated themselves at table.

"I did not forget," answered Val, scorning to make an excuse.

"No," in some surprise. "I suppose something detained you then. I will forgive you this time, but I don't know that I shall be so lenient again," and he smiled tenderly down on her. To his dismay it won no response.

Val had not yet recovered from the unpleasant shock her feelings had received, but she was too angry, too puzzled to clearly define her thoughts; she was chiefly conscious of an intense hatred and jealousy of Mrs. Maitland. It was scarcely wonderful that she should be silent and abstracted during dinner, but the party was too large and too animated for this to be noticed save by two of its members.

"Dalrymple," said Sir Harry Marchmont, claiming that gentleman's attention, "I was introduced to-day to a brother of yours. Did you know he was in these parts?"

"My brother Hubert, I suppose? I remember now his telling me he was going to stay with some friends of his, the Sinclairs, but I did not know their place was near here."

"Only half an hour's drive," returned Sir Harry. "He's a confoundedly handsome fellow—I should say a great favorite with the fair sex. I asked him over to breakfast to-morrow and to spend the day. He told me he had not yet made the acquaintance of his future sister-in-law."

"No, to be sure. Hubert is the only one of us you don't know," said Vernon turning to Val. "I think you will like him. He's an awfully good natured fellow, a little spoiled, perhaps, but according to Sir Harry that is hardly to be wondered at."

Val's face, however, plainly expressed entire indifference to Hubert Dalrymple's merits or demerits.

When the gentlemen returned to the drawing-room, Dalrymple made his way at once to Val, who was sitting somewhat apart, and, bending over her, said in a low tone:

"What is amiss with you, dear? You do not seem yourself this evening."

It was likely, Val thought, that she should be herself when she had seen that creature, as she inwardly designated Mrs. Maitland, standing by his side, holding his hands and making eyes at him positively, as though she had the right to do so. She could bear it no longer; she must have an explanation at once, she resolved.

"Come out on the terrace," she said, rising impetuously. "I want to speak to you."

He followed her obediently, and when they were beyond sight or hearing of any one said gently:

"Well, what is troubling you, dear?"

"What is there between you and Mrs. Maitland?" asked Val, fixing her clear, glance on him, as she abruptly plunged "in medias res."

Captain Dalrymple regarded her in unfeigned astonishment. "What is there between Mrs. Maitland and me?" he repeated slowly. "My dear Val, I don't understand you."

"And I don't understand you," hotly responded the young lady. "You cannot deny, Vernon, that when you met Mrs. Maitland you looked very, very taken aback."

"I have no wish to deny anything, Val," he answered; "it is true I was somewhat surprised to see Mrs. Maitland."

"But why should you be more surprised to see her than any other acquaintance?"

Dalrymple heaved a faint sigh; matters were getting serious.

"My dear Val," he said half playfully, "you are surely not going to quarrel with me on account of Mrs. Maitland. I did not think you were given to jealousy."

"Jealousy," repeated Val, giving her disturbed feelings full vent. "I have a right to be jealous, I think, when I see another woman whom I did not even know to be acquainted with you, holding an interview with you of apparently a most intimate nature."

So here was the explanation of Val's conduct. Dalrymple looked what he felt—thoroughly aghast.

"I see," he said after a moment's pause, "that you have more cause for annoyance than I imagined. If I cannot give you a very full explanation of what I am aware must appear strange in your eyes, I am sure your confidence in me will enable you to accept without hesitation what I am going to say. I have known Mrs. Maitland for years, and she wished to speak to me alone on a matter than concerns herself."

"And was it necessary to the communication that she should hold your hands?" asked Val sarcastically.

Dalrymple looked at her with his searching eyes.

"I see what is in your mind, Val," he answered quietly, "but I can hardly believe that you can mistrust me thus, that you can wrong yourself and insult me by such suspicions. Were I free to do so I would willingly explain all, but unfortunately I am not."

"Because you have promised her not to do so, I suppose?" returned Val, her eyes flashing; "and a promise to her is to rank before consideration of my feelings. After what I witnessed this evening I have a right to demand a full explanation, and I will accept that or none." Saying which she reared her head with the dignity of a queen, and left Captain Dalrymple alone to ponder over the unforseen dilemma in which he found himself placed.

The flush of anger still lingered on Val's cheek as she re-entered the room, and Mrs. Maitland, noting it with her watchful eyes, smiled maliciously as she said to herself: "I score the first points in the game."

Val awoke the next morning with a dull aching pain at her heart, the cause of which she only too soon remembered. Of trouble of any kind she had hitherto had no experience, and she felt quite overwhelmed at the dreary prospect before her should she continue her quarrel with Vernon. Why not put an end to it, she asked herself, and trust him, as she had been so ready to declare she could do under any circumstances? Then the thought that he had a secret with Mrs. Maitland, which was unshared by her, obtruded itself, and she grew obdurate again.

She remained in her room till summoned by the breakfast bell, and then slipped into a place at table which hid her from Vernon's sight.

Hubert Dalrymple was of the party. He was certainly very handsome, with dark eyes, which wore a languid, sleepy look in them very well suited to his style. For all that, he was observant, and could see as much with his half-closed eyes as most people with theirs wide open, and he had not been many minutes at table ere he perceived something was seriously wrong between his brother and his betrothed.

Breakfast over he approached Val, and said with a smile wonderfully like Vernon's:

"Come for a stroll with me, will you? As we are soon to be related it is only natural I should wish to be better acquainted with you."

Val was fain to consent. She was only too anxious to escape from Vernon's presence; the misery of being with him and yet estranged from him was more than she could bear.

After wandering about for awhile, Hubert making vain attempts to amuse Val with his light talk, they seated themselves on a shady bench, and the former said without further preface:

"What is there wrong between you and Vernon?"

Val flushed crimson. "I don't understand you," she said.

"Don't you?" answered Hubert in his lazy tones. "I should have thought my meaning pretty clear. I'm not a very clever fellow, Miss Charteris, but it did not require very bright wits to discover there was something amiss."

Val made no rejoinder, in truth she was experiencing some difficulty in keeping from tears.

"I think it such a pity for people to fall out about trifles," proceeded Hubert, "for knowing Vernon as I do, I can't believe he can have given you any real cause for complaint. There's not a better fellow breathing than he; I, as his brother, ought to be able to give an opinion on the subject."

Still Val sat silent; she felt half inclined to be angry with this officious young man for his interference in her private affairs, but somehow, in spite of all, it was so sweet to hear Vernon praised.

"You won't be offended with me, I hope, if I tell you I think you are very lucky to have won his love," continued Mr. Dalrymple, in no way disconposed at having all the talk to himself. "Vernon's not like me, you know. I can't help spooning every pretty girl I come across, but with him, you are just the first woman he has ever loved or spoken to of love."

Val turned to him eagerly. "Are you sure—quite sure?"

Mr. Dalrymple laid his handsome head back against the tree and surveyed her from under his half-closed lids with an expression of amusement. "I think I see light at last," he mused; "the little girl is jealous—I fancy I know of whom."

"Quite sure" he said aloud; "but that has not prevented many women being in love with him. There's a certain lady, not a dozen miles from here, who tried very hard to win him."

"Do you mean Mrs. Maitland?" asked Val, in a low, hurried tone.

"What makes you guess that?"

"Because—oh, because I have been very unhappy through her," said Val, clasping her hands together with a pathetic little gesture, her gray eyes full of tears.

"Tell me about it," responded Hubert tenderly, and to Val's surprise she found herself detailing her grievance to this young man, who an hour ago had been unknown to her. As she concluded she was somewhat taken aback at Mr. Dalrymple's giving vent to a hearty fit of laughter.

"How deep the little widow is," he said; "but I see her game. She thought to make a quarrel between you and Vernon and perhaps gain his heart in the rebound. Valerie, you really deserve to know the truth, especially after confiding in me. Listen to me. A year ago, Mrs. Maitland, reversing the general order of things, made an offer to Vernon of her hand, heart and very ample fortune."

"Impossible!" ejaculated Val.

"Not impossible—unusual, if you like," answered Hubert dryly. "We have known her for years, and she was always awfully sweet on Vernon. When she became her own mistress again she began running after him in the old fashion, and last year—we were all staying together at some house—she spoke out pretty plainly."

"However do you know?" asked Val.

"Because I, by chance, interrupted the interesting tete-a-tete, and gussed from the lady's agitation what had taken place. When I taxed Vernon with it afterward he could not deny it, but naturally, on her account, he would think himself in honor bound never to mention it, for she must have been very genuinely in love with him to go such lengths. Wasn't it awkward for him?" wound up Hubert. "If it had happened to me, I should have accepted her, for I can never refuse a woman anything."

Val caught his hands impetuously in hers.

"How can I thank you," she said, the happy smiles playing again round her lips. "I was so angry, so miserable, I did not know what to think, and now everything is delightful again. Vernon said I should like you, and I do, tremendously."

"Thanks," returned Hubert, laughing. "I am glad to be able to return the compliment. And now don't you think you had better make your peace with Vernon, or you will have a certain fair lady carrying tales to him about the violent flirtation we are indulging in."

A few minutes later, Vernon, sitting alone in the library, apparently engaged in writing letters, but with a preoccupied air that boded ill for his correspondence, felt two soft arms steal round his neck, and Val's sweet voice said in his ear:

"Can you ever forgive me, dear, for being such a horrid suspicious wretch? I was so wrong, so very wrong, but I punished myself more than any one."

Vernon's face brightened as he drew her tenderly to him.

"You have made up your mind to trust me in spite of appearances, Val?" he asked.

She hid her glowing face on his shoulder.

"I must tell you all," she whispered, "and don't despise me very much, dear." And she proceeded to recount her conversation with Hubert.

"Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner—eh, Val?" he said with a slight smile; "but there, I won't tease you, dear. It was hardly surprising you were vexed and wanted to know all, and I think I need not ask you to keep silent on the score of what you have heard."

"I promise," said Val, feeling in her newly recovered happiness that she could pardon Mrs. Maitland all her misdoings, since it was love for Vernon which had prompted her to them.—*All the Year Round.*

Dorsey's Need of Quiet.

From the New York Herald, Dec. 8.

Judge Wylie deserves great praise for his prompt refusal yesterday to postpone the star route trial on the ground of the alleged condition of ex-Senator Dorsey. Mr. Ingersoll presented an affidavit to the effect that his client requires absolute mental quiet and hence cannot appear in court. But a day or two before this affidavit was made Dorsey had strength enough to prepare a long document in which he detailed his own connection with this star route business, or rather so much of it as it suited his purposes to give, and made a vigorous attack on several officers of the government who had presumed to take steps toward bringing him to trial; and since the affidavit was made Dorsey, in a interview published in yesterday's *World*, has indulged in the most violent and unlicensed abuse of two ex-members and one member of the President's Cabinet, using such vigorous Billingsgate as "A physical, mental and moral dyspeptic," "A most deliberate falsehood," "Beastly drunkenness and coarse profanity," &c. These are not the symptoms of a man afflicted with mental or physical feebleness nor of one who is in need of "absolute mental quiet." On the contrary, they give a good deal of color to the suspicion that the motion made yesterday by Dorsey's lawyer is simply another of the many devices that the star route jobbers have resorted to for the purpose of putting off their trial and defeating the ends of justice. But even assuming that Dorsey is unable to appear in court, that is no good reason for postponing the case. Should his alleged inability to attend the trial continue his defense can and will be conducted as well in his absence as in his presence. The trial is altogether too important to be delayed for any unnecessary reason, and Judge Wylie has wisely decided that it must go on.

Saturday Smiles.

"Yes," said Dr. Pillington innocently, "I shall retire from the profession now. I have got enough, and am willing to give somebody else a chance. My motto is, 'Live and let live.'" "And you couldn't well live up to it without quitting your profession," suggested Fogg.—*Boston Transcript.*

It is wrong to address a soldier as he is turning a corner. Don't speak to the man at the wheel.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Everybody goes to Saratoga to drink the water, but that doesn't explain why bartenders there are paid $200 a month, and it is hard to get them at that.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

We are willing to take a certain amount of stock in newspaper accounts of western cyclones, but when an Arkansas paper tells about a zephyr carrying a bed-quilt sixty-one miles, and then going back for the sheet, we ain't there.

Among the novelties announced for 1883 is an almanac with a new joke in it. Send in your orders early to avoid disappointment.—*Philadelphia News.*

"Why did you speak to that policeman? Are you acquainted with him?" asked Milligan's wife, as she and her husband were walking home from the theater the other night. "Oh, no! I don't know the man," replied Milligan; "it was simply my duty as a citizen to see if he was awake."—*Lowell Citizen.*

There will be one for Lorne man at Ottawa, for Louise will winter in British Columbia.—*Boston Herald.*

Vennor's almanac for 1883 lies before us. Don't misunderstand us. We don't mean to say—well, what we do mean, is that we have received a copy, and that it contains 60 pages of statements regarding the extent, quality and durability of next year's weather.—*Texas Siftings.*

FORTUNE'S FAVORITES.

WHO THEY ARE, WHERE THEY LIVE, AND TO WHAT EXTENT SHE BLESSES THEM. THE WONDERFUL RECORD OF THE PAST YEAR.

A partial list of the prizes above One Thousand Dollars paid by the Louisiana State Lottery Company during the year ending November, 1882, together with the names and addresses given to the Company by the holders, omitting those who have requested it.

Receipts for the amounts are on file at the offices of the Company.

DRAWING OF DECEMBER 13, 1881.

A. Z. Ackerman, Milford, Del.	$20,000
Miss Mary J. Barrett, Prospect and Frederick sts., Washington, D. C.	10,000
W. Powell, Washington, D. C.	10,000
——, collected through J. Dronett, Firemen's Ins. Co., New Orleans, La.	10,000
W. G. McConnell, Toledano st., near St. Charles st., New Orleans, La.	10,000
Wm. Fage, 2022 Carson st., Pittsburgh, Pa.	5,000
J. M. Walker, Danville, Va.	5,000
W. H. Portlock, collected through W. P. Campbell & Co., Bankers, Florence, Ala.	2,500
——, collected through George H. Theard, 261 Royal st., New Orleans.	2,000
L. De Porter, Edgar P. O., St. John the Baptist Parish, La.	2,000

DRAWING OF JANUARY 10, 1882.

J. M. Davis, Morning Sun, Shelby County, Tenn.	30,000
Sebastian Lehmann, 793 Larimer st., Denver, Col.	10,000
True G. Heath, 146 North Main st., Concord, N. H.	5,000
Paid State National Bank of New Orleans, for account of Bank of Commerce, Memphis, Tenn.	2,500
L. Samers, 321 Broadway, New York	2,500

DRAWING OF FEBRUARY 14, 1882.

M. Doyle, 369 Kent ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	15,000
Hermann D. Baertjen, 109 Raymond st., Brooklyn, N. Y.	15,000
A. Thomson & Co., New Orleans, for account of Y. C. Bush & Co., Mobile, Ala.	5,000
R. M. S. Phillips, Canaan P. O., Lee Co., Ark., through German National Bank, Memphis, Tenn.	5,000
M. Michaelis, 345 Blue Island ave., Chicago, Ill.	2,500
Henry Hamilton, Chicago, Ill.	2,500
James A. Odell, New York city	1,250
Edgar Ackerly, 308 Second st., Newark, N. J.	1,250

DRAWING OF MARCH 14, 1882.

Eugene B. Philbut, Savannah, Ga.	15,000
B. L. Hon, Gallatin, Daviess county, Mo.	15,000
Wm. Vance, Abington, Mass.	5,000
John Creegan and Albert Nagel, Six Lakes, Mich.	5,000
Samuel L. Palmer, 355 Sixth avenue, New York	2,500
John Barrell, Rockland, Mass.	2,500
Edward G. Gruet, 17 Mulberry Place, Newark, N. J.	1,250
Levi Alden, through state Bank of Madison, Wis.	1,250
Miss Campbell, 727 Eighth street, Louisville, Ky.	1,250
George H. Count, New York city	1,250

DRAWING OF APRIL 11, 1882.

Louis Sauser, South Calhoun st., Fort Wayne, Ind.	15,000
Washington Irving Whitney, 418 Broadway, Fort Wayne, Ind.	15,000
S. L. Hatfield, 126 Princeton st., East Boston, Mass.	5,000
State Senator J. B. Judkins, Little Rock, Ark.	5,000
Philomene Laurent, 315 Chartres st., New Orleans, La.	2,500
J. Pelletier, 21 Carondelet st., New Orleans, La.	2,500
J. W. Cohen, 630 Pennsylvania ave., Washington, D. C.	1,250
A. M. McDaniels, 1900 14th st., Washington, D. C.	1,250
Paid Manhattan Bank, Memphis, Tenn.	1,250

DRAWING OF MAY 9, 1882.

John Weger, Kasota, Minn., through First National Bank, St. Peter, Minn.	30,000
Charles Nelson, cor. Pittenia st. and Avenue M, Galveston, Texas	10,000
W. H. Ackers, 77 River st., Cambridgeport, Mass.	2,500
Gillett & Co.'s Newburyport Express and Fast Freight Line, 32 Court Square, 4½ Franklin st., and 75 Kilby st., Boston, Mass.	2,500
Irving Pierce, through Bank of Commerce, St. Louis, Mo.	2,500
C. Mr. Stinson, Fairfield, Iowa	1,250

DRAWING OF JUNE 13, 1882.

Beall & Ricketts, through Kentucky National Bank, Louisville, Ky.	5,000
Mrs. J. Fronty, 392 Bourbon st., New Orleans	4,000
Chas. W. Morrison, Ellsworth, Me.	4,000
Joe C. Chambolint, Galveston, Tex.	4,000
H. D. Rayne, Baronne and Canal sts., New Orleans	2,000
Mrs. L. Horn, 157 St. Ann st., New Orleans	2,000

DRAWING OF JULY 11, 1882.

Wm. W. Irwin, L. & N. R. R., 2d and Main streets, Louisville, Ky.	15,000
Ed. E. Richardson, Reidsville, N. C.	15,000
Phil. Witzleben, with R. G. Dun & Co., Detroit, Mich.	15,000
W. M. Martin, Flushing, Mich.	15,000
C. Pittman, Mount Vernon, Ky., through Farmers' National Bank, Stanford, Ky.	4,000
P. S. Dicharry, Ascension Parish, La., through Bernard Lemann, Donaldsonville, La.	2,400
H. B. Maynard, 220 3d street, New Orleans, La.	2,000
F. A. Magi, 162 Touliines street, New Orleans, La.	2,000
L. Dupeire, 354 Dauphine street, New Orleans	1,200
J. G. Spear, 16 and 18 Boylston Market, Boston, Mass.	1,200
Jno. H. Scott, W. & G. R. R. Co., Washington, D. C.	1,200

DRAWING OF AUGUST 8, 1882.

J. A. Barks, Leolia, Natchitoches Parish (Robeline Station), La.	15,000
D. W. Sweeny, Dodd City, Texas, collected through Fannin County Bank, Bonham, Tex.	15,000
John Read, 114 West Washington st., Bloomington, Ills.	2,000
G. G. Reeve, Lyons, Wis.	2,000
W. W. Holloway, 7 South 3d st., Lafayette, Ind.	1,200
Daniel Breyl, 181 South Clark st., Chicago, Ills.	1,200

DRAWING OF SEPTEMBER 12, 1882.

R. R. Deacon, collected through Bates County National Bank, Butler, Mo.	15,000
D. P. Blair, President East Miss. Matrimonial Association, Columbus, Miss.	15,000
P. N. Johnson, Houston, Tex	15,000
Peter O. Johnson, 111 Seneca st., Leavenworth, Kan	5,000
Michael A. Finnegan, 1 Elder place, Boston, Mass	5,000

DRAWING OF OCTOBER 10, 1882.

John C. Reuss, Ascension Parish, La.	15,000
Gwynn Harris, 609 F st. southwest, Washington, D. C.	15,000
W. L. Lewis, Co-operative Ice Co., Washington, D. C.	15,000
Sam. Hobson, Memphis, Tenn.	5,000
G. C. Huntington, New York	1,200
F. Sancan, Publisher Sentinel, Thibodaux, La.	1,200

DRAWING OF NOVEMBER 14, 1882.

J. M. Dixon, Ennis, Texas	15,000
Josephine Miller, 319 E. 52 street, New York City	15,000
Chas. Mowatt, Schooner "Lucy May," Newburyport, Mass.	10,000
Hermann Tossberg, New York City	5,000
Chas. Noe, 60 New Church street, New York City	5,000
W. T. Clark, Philadelphia, Pa.	4,000
Emil Weichig, 1142 Magazine street, New Orleans, La.	2,000
For account of Agent Southern Express Co., Lynchburg, Va.	2,000

For full particulars of the Grand Semi-Annual Drawing of the 19th inst. see scheme in another column of this paper to-day.

"THE CONCORD HARNESS." GET THE BEST. LUTZ & BRO., Agents for the sale of "THE CONCORD HARNESS" and Collars of all kinds and descriptions. COUPE and CARRIAGE HARNESS a specialty. Every genuine "Concord Harness" is stamped with maker's name and trade mark. HORSE BLANKETS and LAP ROBES in great variety, at Bottom Prices. LUTZ & BRO., 497 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, n2-2m Adjoining National Hotel.

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PINKING TWO CENTS PER YARD! 902 9th street northwest, corner of I. Variety of styles. Special rates to Dressmakers. PLAITING (Parisian mode) 3c. per yard. Rose Trimming Agency Mme. Demorest's Patterns. Dressmaking. Miss BELLE LUCAS, 902 9th st. n. w. n11

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W. S. JENKS & CO., 717 7th street northwest. a22

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OTHO III. AND QUEEN EMMA, THE GIPSEY FORTUNE TELLERS, are encamped in Parlors at No. 508 13th st. n.w. They have testimonials from the elite of England, France, India and the United States. n23-3w*

DR. ROBERTSON, THE MOST RELIABLE AND longest established Specialist in this city, with 20 years experience, will guarantee a cure in all diseases of the Urinary Organs, Nervous and Seminal Weakness, Impotency, etc. Consultation strictly confidential. Can be consulted Wednesdays and Saturdays, from 2 to 9 p.m., at his office, 456 G street northwest. Refers to the leading physicians of Baltimore. Main office, 30 North Liberty street, Baltimore, Md. Special and positive treatment for ladies. o20-3m

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LADIES, OH WHAT A MISTAKE to suffer with Bunions, when by calling on Mrs. Dr. Semmes, Surgeon Chiropodist, you can have them permanently cured. Mrs. Semmes is here by request of some of the elite of Washington, New York and Boston, who have been treated at her office in said cities. Mrs. Semmes has had fifteen years of successful practise. Reliable testimonials of extraordinary cures can be had at office, 501, cor. E and 13th streets northwest. Office hours 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., or later by appointment. n29-6m

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