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ton Postoffice.

IMPROVED BY CUTS. Would go well with my story.

I left it with him, feeling I
Had covered myself with glory.

When I for the pictures looked next day;
I nearly fell off the fence ill.

That cruel man had made the cuts
With a horrid big blue pencil.

—New York Herald.

SHE MARRIED BOTH. Mr. Wilberforce Trott, lawyer, of the firm of Lunkenstein & Trott, was the picture of prosperity and contentment, sitting in his office in the most luxuriantly appointed office building in town. His private office, where we find him, was a poem in hard wood and stucco, but its spick and span cleanliness denoted its newness. In fact, Mr. Trott had not always occupied quarters like these. Indeed as he sat in his rotary chair, puffing the smoke from a Colorado maduro with a sultanic air of limitless wealth, Mr. Trott's elegant surround ings bore the gloss of a week's existence and not a day more. Not that he wore the new conditions with any the less grace on that account, however. Any one to have observed him critically would have acknowledged the aristo cratic repose of his regular features and the exquisite taste of his fashionable apparel. But the fact remains that Mr. Trott a week before had been a struggling young attorney with an inchoate practice and an unreliable sequence as

to meals. As there are no such things as fairy wands to change hungry lawyers into well fed barristers, the truth may as well be admitted-Mr. Trott had hit the races. The \$10,000 retainer from a delightfully mysterious corporation in the west, which he assured his friends was the basis of his new magnificence, was in reality a winning of that amount on cluster horses upon whose combined speed he had made a bet after the manner current among the poolrooms. For all this Mr. Trott was by no means a

young man of talent who would be heard from one of these days, and who knew what it meant to "toil terribly." The reason that we do not find him at work with his books directly concerns our interest in this lucky youth, for Mr. Trott's thoughts were floating back over five long years of professional vicissitudes, as dreamily as the smoke that curled aleft over his blond head, until they rested upon a face of dark, healthy beauty, surmounted by curling locks as black as the tender eyes whose depths he had once celebrated in a feeble quatrain, with the opinion that they rivaled the glories of a starlit night. He had truly been desperately in love with Alice Monroe, a fact that had been fully appreciated by that dainty little despot, who not only accepted all his attentions in the way of theater tickets, balls and bouquets, but pouted for more. All of these things had been the despair of poor, young Mr. Trott, who wondered how he was ever to marry a girl whose trivial expenses per week exceeded his income at the bar per month. To render the situation even more poignant she repeatedly declared that the man she married would have to have money. In her heartless opinion love in a cot tage was unqualified bosh. Often he had exclaimed to the four walls of his dingy

"She is vain, flaunting, extravagant and unworthy an honest fellow's toil. On every fine Sunday afternoon, for her sweet sake, he had hired a yellow cart and a large black horse with a stride like the course of empire, whose tan colored harness was the swellest thing that graced the Clifton drives on that day. The swellest? Alas, no! There was one rig that excelled that of Mr. Trott, even as the white glory of the diamond excels the dull gray of the topaz. And in that rig sat the bete noir of Mr. Trott—the one being on earth whom he hated with the cheerful, cordial hate of a lover for a rival.

The name of this party was Messer schmidt, a cool, imperturbable gentleman, the unruffled impudence of whose small, steady eyes had taken Mr. Trott's measure on the night that they had first met in Miss Monroe's parlor and were ever since noting the details of Mr. Trott's suit with a stolid Teutonic amusement that betokened their owner's confidence in his own supremacy. As a rival Mr. Messerschmidt was indeed peculiarly dangerous in the possession of a gigantic soap factory, inherited from a simple minded parent who would have turned in his grave with astonish ment had he seen what his son had done for the old concern since its founder's death, for the plant had undergone the mysterious process known only to the subtle promotor who capitalizes a small enterprise into a colossal one by the hocus pocus of the "street." Never in his life had Mr. Trott

claimed the society of the capricious Miss Monroe on one of those bright aft ernoons but what Mr. Messerschmidt could be seen in his gorgeous turnout, riding insolently alongside or else taking the road in a manner even more insolent just in front. This gentleman's presence was not only obtruded upon them at these times, but he seemed to divine by a diabolical instinct just when and where to find them together. If Mr. Trott took Miss Monroe to the theater, the other party invariably had a seat nearby which he would change for one immediately next to the couple and engage them in conversation with a mild, insinuating assurance that used to irritate the young lawyer to the point of insanity. When he took Miss Monroe to the Art museum—a favorite ruse of his to get her away from possible intruders suave, calm, entertaining, agonizing!

-his ubiquitous rival was there also. Just why Miss Monroe tolerated this insidious personage had been more than Mr. Trott could understand. She averred that he bored her, and that she was disgusted with his social stupidity, but Mr. Trott noticed that she displayed far more cordiality toward him than was consistent with these assertions. Having the temerity to tax her with this palpable fact one evening, she petulantly admitted that the only obtsacles that lay between her and the omnipotent Messerschmidt was his name and his business. She did not fancy becoming a queen of society under the title of a soap factory that had to have its works extended in order to make room for the name on the buildings. She would much rather marry the man who had become the most celebrated jurist of his time. Saying this, she had looked wistfully at the modest Mr. Trott, who had been trying to convince her for several weeks that such was his brilliant destiny; that he

was, in fact, already on the highroad to success and revenue. Trott's visage lost some of its tranquil the witty rector, "I think if you will tone, a proud look coming to her face. As his mind dwelt on that scene M contentment on this morning as he sat all put your heads together, as the saydence for having failed to place him on Woman's Journal,

Accidentally his eye rested on the polished oak cover of his typewriter in the corner, and he smiled bitterly at the associations conjured up by that implement of modern correspondence. Well he remembered a certain morning in

sented them to her in order to keep pace with the plutocratic Messerschmidt. As

early June when Miss Monroe took it into her capricious head to visit him at his palatial quarters—as he had repre-

ususal, that worthy was tagging placidly at her side. Mr. Trott shuddered with retrospective horror as he thought of the hideous catastrophe of that visit and pictured the scene before him. There was Alice, as blooming and richly handsome as a Jacqueminot rose, radiating a delicate perfume, like the flower itself, which fairly intoxicated the young lawyer. The complaisant and phlegmatic Messerschmidt near by wore his usual smile of vacant urbanity, but in his small gray eyes shone the light of a demoniaca triumph, and as he watched Alice sweep the office with her keen eyes and gathe in every shabby detail of the office, from the bare floor to the dilapidated desks. he visibly exulted at the disgust in her countenance. Then she spoke. She had just dropped in to pay her respects as she passed the building. She was delighted to find his quarters so very comfortable looking! Then Messerschmid sniffed at the atmosphere like a warhorse that scents the aroma of battle

afar. Unerringly those little gray eyes fastened upon the cover of Mr. Trott's typewriter. "What make of tpyewriter do you prefer, Mr. Trott?" asked Mr. Messerschmidt, innocently raising the cover and disclosing-not a typewriter, but

the meager and unsightly remains of

some corned beef and cabbage, on which Mr. Trott had been dining. That had been five years ago, and Mr Trott had not tasted a dish of corned beef and cabbage since. The odor of that barbarous mixture used thereafter to make him both sick at the stomach and sick at heart-he, who had once been so 'sport." He was unquestionably a fond of it!

Messerschmidt married her that fall but Mr. Trott had never called upon them since the event. Suddenly he threw his cigar from him and exclaimed:

"Hang it! What do I care? I'll hunt her up and call for the sole purpose of showing her that"-His vehemence came to an abrup stop. He started erect and listened like a man transfixed to the sound of a soft, anxious voice in the other office that was

"Is this a lawyer's office?" "Yes, madam," returned Mr. Trott's partner affably. "What can we do for "I wish to get a divorce." said a

on the verge of tears. "My husband is a wretch' Mr. Trott interrupted the speech, radiant, precipitate, his voice vibrating with unmistakable joy. "Alice!" he cried as he opened the

door with a rush. The young lady rose in astonishment at the figure before her. "Is it possible?" she faltered. He took her hand and drew her inside his office with gentle force, leaving his

mystified partner staring speechlessly at the vacated seat. "What has he been doing to you Alice?" cried Mr. Trott, holding her

"He's been deserting me," she said. "What, that harmless looking, moon faced idiot!" "Was a horrid, despicable scoup

hand and looking as vindictive as a Cor-

drel!" retorted Mrs. Messerschmidt, with appropriate tact. And then, while Mr. Trott listene and held her hand, she poured forth a tale of such heartrending cruelty that he wept also.

"Did you ever hear anything like it Wilber?" she asked appealingly, contracting his name as she used to de when he had pleased her. Mr. Trott replied with an impulsive

embrace and an unexpected kiss. "But I am Mrs. Messerschmidt!" she exclaimed in demure alarm, drawing from him. "That's so!" said Mr. Trott soberly. "The disability will have to be removed before a prior courtship can be reinstat

ed-ahem! By the way, Alice, have you seen my new typewriter?" uncovering the machine with a mischievou "What do you think of it?" "It doesn't look as palatable as the old one, Wilber, "she said, laughing and drving her tears.

"But it isn't nearly as embarrassing. he returned. "Your petition for abso lute divorce shall be prepared upon itwithout alimony-for I wouldn't touch a cent of his oleaginous money, confound him!"

"Just as you say, Wilber," she said resignedly, dropping her eyes, with And Mr. Trott's partner in the outer

office took his eye from the keyhole and observed contentedly: "Pissness is pooming!" — Julius Wedekind in Pittsburg Dispatch.

Some recent scientific researches, which can doubtless be trusted, show that the weight of muscles of animals was increased 40 per cent by a proper periodic application of an electric cur rent, the growth being a true develop ment of the muscle. According to this it will now be possible to increase to order size of any desired muscle without tiresome gymnastic exercises by lying in a soft chair and having the current applied. This, we suggest, might be done at night by an automatic appa ratus, thus saving time. Persons who are improperly developed may now be balanced or trued up. Muscles shrunk en by age may now be made plump again. Calves which nature or exercise have failed to develop sufficiently will now no longer be a drawback to wearing knee breeches or the short bloomers of the female bicyclist. The question naturally suggests itself, What will happen if this process of developing muscles electrically is continued still longer? If some way is then found to develop the bones, the manufacture of easy matter.-Electrical World.

Sidney Smith's Suggestion. When Sidney Smith was rector of a parish in Yorkshire, he found his vestry were discussing the propriety or otherwise of paying a certain approach to the church with wooden blocks. Having! decided to undertake it, the question arose as to how. "Gentlemen." said

REPENTANCE.

"You have my decision, sir." Miriam Gray spoke in a sharp, quick tone, her dark eyes flashing, her queenly head set to one side, her gestures nervous, yet graceful.

A pallor swept across Bruce Ventnor's face, and he lifted his hand to his mouth to hide the twitching of the muscles. There was nothing ambiguous about her reply. It was an unmistakable rejection. It was useless either to plead or argue. He was at a loss to account for her repressed agitation. He watched her through the mellow twilight and became more conscious than ever of her exceeding loveliness and the He had been paying her attention for

hard blow which she had dealt him. some time and was sure that she loved him. That was why his bewilderment was so great and his disappointment so keen. Knowing that his character was beyond reproach, and that he had in nowise offended her, he felt justified in demanding the reason for her strange conduct. He knew her too well to fancy for a moment that she was trifling with him. She was neither variable in her moods nor fickle in her friendships. "Miriam," Bruce Ventnor said, his voice husky, his manner agitated, "I

have the right to ask your reason for this rejection." "No, you have not," she replied, the color coming and going in her face.

"Still I'll tell you. I am prompted by "By revenge?" repeated he in a dazed "Yes," was her measured reply. "I

want you to suffer." "And you enjoy it?" he said bitterly. "Then you know how much I love you it seems. I always knew you did not question that." They had been seated upon a bench

outside a small pavilion, but were now standing. She was suffering more than she would have cared to let him know and was impatient to get away. "Pray, in what way have I wronged you?" he asked. "Not in thought, word

nor act. I consider myself the soul of "Oh, you do?" and she laughed mockingly. "Instead, you are a man without principle."

He groaned aloud in his powerful effort to repress his angry indignation. "I am not avenging myself, but another," she said, speaking with rapidity. "Did you ever know Blanche Carrol? Oh, it is not necessary for me to "Did you ever know Blanche Car-

remind you of your baseness!" She turned abruptly from him and walked rapidly toward the hotel. He watched her until she had disappeared in the gloom of the gathering twilight, one hand pressed against his forehead, a hurt, baffled, mystified expression in his face. He strode up the beach, then along a wild ledge of rocks, as if to find solace in the loneliness of the hour.

When Miriam Gray reached her room at the hotel, reaction set in, and her great grief showed how devotedly she loved the man whom she had insulted. She flung herself upon the bed and cried as if her heart were broken. "Oh. Blanche," she exclaimed aloud

between her hysterical sobs, "you are avenged, but you will never know what it has cost me! Oh, why was I to love him so passionately before I heard about his perfidy?" Early though it was she retired to bed, but it was almost dawn before she

fell asleep, so intense was her suffering.

Three years later again found Miriam

Gray at the seashore. She had not met Bruce Ventnor during that interval, nor had she heard from him. She was as handsome as ever and more royal in her manners, but her face and conversation lacked briliancy. She was more quiet and reserved, more chary in her friendships, ready to sus-

pect and heartily tired of the hollowness of fashionable life. Her love affair with Bruce Ventnor had caused the change. In punishing him for his perfidy to her Cousin Blanche she had sacrificed herself. She could never love another man as she had loved

As she was one day walking on the promenade with her cousin Blanche they suddenly came upon Bruce Ventnor. He was alone and stood still for a minute, the meeting was so unexpected

and reproachfully at Miriam, as if half inclined to speak, and then strode toward the nearest pavilion. Miriam recognized him and was

touched at the look he had bestowed

"Who was that gentleman?" asked her Cousin Blanche. "Did he bow to you or to me?" Receiving no reply, she looked up into her companion's face. "Why, Miriam, how pale you are,

she exclaimed, "and how agitated!" "Blanche, do you mean to say that you do not know that man?" Miriam asked, her voice a mere whisper. "I never saw him until today," was her cousin's reply. "Oh!" cried Miriam, catching her

breath, one hand unconsciously clinched. "is he not the man who trifled with you?" "Bruce Ventnor?" replied, Blanche. "Why, no, child!" The blood receded from Miriam's lips, and a low moan escaped from them. She

grew so weak for a little while that she

was forced to lean heavily upon Blanche, who conducted her to one of the rustic benches. She fanned her, rubbed her hands and spoke to her in soothing tones. When her cousin had sufficiently recovered, she asked: "Miriam, what is this mystery?" "Oh, I am so afraid that I have wronged that-man and-myself. I was

was avenging you. His name is Bruce Ventnor. "Eh?" exclaimed Blanche, who was beginning to comprehend. "He is not the Bruce Ventnor that I knew." And her voice shook with emotion. "Can it be that there are two gentlemen of the same name? I remember hearing him say he had some cousins. Oh, I am so sorry and so-so-glad!"

so cruel to him, for I supposed that I

a sort of stupor "Sorry, dear, because of what you have suffered and glad because everything will yet come out all right." Miriam mournfully shook her head. "He will never forgive me," she said. "He is proud and sensitive. My words cut deep-all the more so because so

undeserved. I gave him no explanation,

no chance to defend himself.

Miriam Gray looked at her friend in

"You can explain now," suggested Blanche. "No!" replied Miriam in a strained She wrung her hands and moaned. in the office, dreaming of what might ing is, the thing can be accomplished and nothing that Blanche could say carhave been, for he rather blamed Provi- without much difficulty." — Boston ried consolation with it. Her love had been but dormant. It reasserted itself.

bruce venthor had been blameless. She had deeply wronged him. She was paying the penalty for her haste.

"I would tell him all," advised "He may spurn me," cried Miriam through her sobs. "He may be as cruel and unreasonable as I was and with more of an excuse. It happened three years ago. He may love some one else

but to remain silent and-endure."

Her grief was so great that Blanche ceased her efforts to pacify her. * * * * The orchestra was playing a quadrille. Miriam Gray sat on the veranda by an open window, looking in at the dancers, her face and form plainly visible. A

shadows on the porch. He stopped be-"Miriam!" he simply said, though his voice trembled. Ah, she knew who had spoken! No one else could have pronounced her name with such sweet tenderness. The blood

filled her face, then left it deathly pale.

She lifted her eyes swiftly to his, a fond, glad, appealing look in them. "Your cousin has told me all," he said, his handsome eyes aglow. "She felt it to be her duty. You did it for her sake. Your pride stood in your way. The mistake arose from a confusion in names. A cousin of mine was the perfidious fellow, while I am the honest, true hearted man I claimed to be."

Oh, it was so precious to her to know that he had forgiven her and was willing to receive her in favor again! She grew so excited that her fan shook in

"The moon is rising," he said as he offered her his arm. She did not want to attract attention to herself. She appreciated his purpose. She gave him a grateful glance.

arose, took his arm, and they strolled down the beach. "Miriam," he said, looking down upon her, his eyes shining into hers, three years ago you rejected me. What would you answer now?"

He felt that she was trembling. "Oh, how I wronged you!" she oried. "Have you forgiven me?" "Yes, darling." "Oh, Mr. Ventnor!" she exclaimed. "I do not deserve it. I loved you very

much then-I love you more now.

cannot make a wreck of my happiness.

man, I accept you gladly, proudly, just "Emphatically as you rejected me," completed he, his face shining. "I am thoroughly satisfied." He stooped and kissed her, and no reconciliation could have been more

TWO AMBITIONS.

complete. - London Million.

The chief and first tendency of the army, individually and collectively, is to love all new arrivals. The second and lasting one is to pick them to pieces and to backbite them.

We loved Miss Rohan with true Christian spirit when she first came to the fort. It being the headquarters of the regiment and we having a band at our disposal, we gave her a serenade upon the night of her entrance upon military soil. The style of the serenade was largely in what our colonel called "Q minor," being his way of express-"ultra classic." The programme had been arranged before we had had the pleasure of seeing Miss Rohan, and when we realized how entirely it was unsuited to her style there was no time

We called on her in a body the night of the day that she came, which is the delightfully barbarous custom at military posts, like a lot of savages crowdabout a newly arrived runner who brings news of the outside world. It is meant well. Most of the inane and annoving things that we do in the social body are meant well, which is their only excuse. Nobody stops to think that the travel stained wanderer would like time to rid herself of the rubbed in coal soot and the alkali powder of the plains;

that she would like the first impression to be a favorable one. We sat within the tawdry little parlor while the band played symphonies and andantes under the window, and we watched the drop of new blood in our stagnant veins. It was not blue blood in the least. It was hearty and red and strong, but it was the better ap-

preciated on that account. We were four, the bachelor officers I mean in the room—and one of us was undoubtedly doomed to become the prey of this young person. Which of us heaven had set its mark upon was not then to be guessed. Miss Rohan smiled on all alike. It was a generous smile, which showed two rows of teeth rather heavily upholstered in gold. They suggested that she had eaten a good deal of taffy and pickled limes in her very youthful days. As I see it now, in the light of cool reason, she would have made an ideal milkmaid, for she was plump and fair, her nose was crimson from exposure to the Arizona sun, her hair was an undecided blond, and her eyes were blue-real Irish blue; also, seen in the cool light of reason, her gown was more intricate than graceful. She had on a skirt ruffled quite to the waist, a fashion, it seems, among stout women, a very large flounce, if that is the name for it, falling from the shoulder and sleeves, which were simply huge. She was very much laced, too, which may have had something to do with her florid skin. One is pretty apt to notice a woman's feet. Hers were short and broad and cased in red slippers. As for her hands, they were dumpy, and the tips of her fingers were square. I learned afterward that her hands were her pride. She would sit on the front porch every morning at guard mounting and manicure them. There was no hesitation in her manner nor in her voice—in fact, she spoke loudly and

not always quite grammatically. Then I looked at my three companions. There was Blake, who was tall, fair and handsome-the kind of man that women fall head over ears in love with, who stood and looked deep into their eyes as if he read therein the story of his life. He was the son of a New England farmer of the kind called "good, plain people," and he was about as manly and whole souled a fellow as

the cavalry held. Then there was Thomas, who was small and trim. He had enough conceit for a much bigger man, but then conceit is usually in inverse ratio to a man's proportions. He was of the cavalry, too, and he rode the largest horse in the garrison. As to his ancestors, they were Philadelphians, and, he led one to be-

lieve, of good old Quaker stock. Also there was Bayard. Now, he was | added, with a choking laugh. what any man with his name should be | Poor Bayard! And this was the end. -we all know the old motto. And he But I knew he was right, and I went

fords. His mother—stern, renned, night souled old lady—was dead and had left to him her diamonds for his future wife. It did not even occur to her that he could marry beneath him, so she gave him no deathbed warnings. His father, a tall and stately old general, with huge white mustache and a fondness for good wines, still lived in Washington, where he sat in the war department all day and at the Army and Navy

now-nay, he may be married to another. There is nothing for me to do Now Bayard had not much beauty of feature, but he was well built and refined to the last degree. His ambition was something unbounded. He was regimental adjutant now and could have had almost any detail or appointment he chose to ask for. There was for him one aim-to rise as high as an officer may. He would have graced any rank. gentleman stepped from among the too, better than a good many others. For myself I need no description, fo I was out of the race from the first.

We had a Welsh rarebit and some beer before we left. Miss Rohan liked beer, but I think she was disappointed in the rarebit. She came upon the porch the next morning to see guard mounting, and she brought her manicure set with her.

If you can get used to it, a woman real-

ly explained. Blake and Bayard took uncheon with her. We sat by and bet on the outcome.

In honor of the young lady's arrival we had a hop that night. It was quite an affair-20 couples in all, some of the best people from the neighboring railroad town having driven over. We promptly discovered that Miss Rohan could not dance—at least her way was not our way. She went around in a circle, which was enough to make even a soldier's head swim; but, then, she took it so cheerfully and sweetly when she stepped on our patent leather pumps and informed us so honestly that she lihen 'guessed she never had been much at dancin" that we were only too anxious to assure her that she was a perfect 11 a. m and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. J. D Don-You dear, kind, forgiving, great hearted fairy. In course of time she came to be- ovan. She had one habit which was delight-

ful. It was so old fashioned and quaint. She said "Yes'm" and "No'm," "Yessir" and "Nosir," always. Captain Grant said it was like a servant girl. But, then, he had just been on leave H. F. Shealy. and was engaged to an eastern girl. We thought she was very good com- ton streets. Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. pany, and so did the garrison children. Pastor, Rev. W. J E. Cox.

They took a violent fancy to her. She

played tag and prisoner's base with

em, she climbed fences and wood

piles, she sat on the top of the barns, and she rode barebacked horses around the post. And, then, she was such a Main and Water streets. Services at 4 p. m. thoroughly good hearted girl, generous to the last degree, and such a cook! For a long time Bayard and Blake divided the honors. Miss Rohan and fate smiled on both equally. But Miss Rohan was a girl with considerable natural tendency to aim high. Moreover, her married sister had an eye to the main chance. If there was one thing

more than another that she hoped for, it was to see the girl Kate Bayard. Here is the case stated plainly: Given a lieutenant of 26, who is born with a Guffin, High Priest; A. A. Eskridge, Sec'y. fondness for feminine society, who has not had any of it for at least a yearthat is, not any young feminine society; given also two women, one of them married and determined, the other unmarried and not unattractive. It needs no great wisdom to see the natural outcome. Had Bayard just then had one redeeming, womanly influence, had he broken away for a month and gone back among his equals, or had one of his equals come to him, he would have been saved. As it was, he was left alone

with his ambition and this girl. He fell in love. Therefore he lost his reasoning powers; otherwise he would have been bound to see that this woman and ambition could not both be in his life. He fell in love, and he married her then and there. She wore the diamonds of the stately old mother as she sat on the porch at guard mounting with her manicure set.

The first intimation we had of the way the wind blew in that family was when the young Mrs. Bayard sat one day on the front steps and read a copy of "Don't," which she told us that "my husband" had bought for her. She was very much pleased with the gift and took much pleasure in reading it. We noticed after that that she was most careful about breaking, biting and cutting her bread at dinner, breakfast and luncheon, but "Don't" evidently did not include any reference to manicure sets. I think Bayard told her about them, though, after a time, for she ceased making her appearance in public with it, but she bit her nails nervously. I went away on leave about this time When I came back, there was a little Bayard, which promised to look very like its mamma. There had been a great quarrel as to the naming of the child. There were a good many quarrels now anyway. Mrs. Bayard had liked the name of Kathleen-she said it was her mother's name, and, for my part, it pretty-but the father was determined upon Beatrice, with the accent on the second syllable. The child was baptized When I had gone east on my leave

Bayard had begged me to give my attention and what personal influence I had to his promotion as captain and commissary at Washington. He wanted it even worse than he did a foreign at-I saw the turn affairs had taken-tha

madam was growing stouter, ugly and untidy; that she neglected even the manicure set for the very noisy and unprepossessing baby; that poor Bayard's spick and span clothing and appearance were a thing of the past; that he looked worn and did not seem to feel at ease among his brother officers. So I carried to him some encouraging news with regard to his erstwhile desired appointment. I told him that I knew it to be a sure thing; that the enviable post in Washington would soon be his: that ere long he would be again in his native

instant his glance rested on them. "Thank you, old fellow," he said. "I think I shall be content to pass the rest of my life on the frontier, 'far from y. Acting President; Preston A. Ross, Secrethe madding crowd, you know," he ary

A BAD TEMPER generally accompanies a torpid liver and indigestion. An in-door life often brings on this condition; there follows anaemia, or lack of blood, frequently another worse effect—that of Dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the restorative tonic and liver invigorator which will positively cure just such cases.



OR MONEY RETURNED.

CAN YOU WRITE?

If you can get used to it, a woman really looks fascinating when she sits before the world in broad daylight and "does" her nails, more especially if you happen to be one of several lone bachelors who have not looked on the face of a young woman for six months.

After guard mounting she went for a ride with Blake and Bayard. She sat her horse splendidly, although she did hold the reins in both hands, but that was a habit she had picked up from riding hard mouthed cart horses, she sweeting hard mouthed hard hard mouthed hard hard mouthed hard hard hard mouthed hard hard hard hard mouthed hard hard hard hard hard hard hard rubber perfectly formed and finished; The Feed is of the most approved pattern, (the same used in a ben costings. Only with the pocket. Always ready for use.

The Holder is of hard rubber perfectly formed and finished; The Feed is of the most approved pattern, (the same used in a ben cost ings. On its writing an even flow and no leakage. The Point will write and last nearly as long as gold. Each pen is filled with the best ink and tried before before sent out. NOW FOR THE PLAN. Send us 25 cents in Ic and 2c stamps or silver, for a half year's subscription to Virgingazine, with excellent information for the office, parlor, before on the fill write and last nearly as long as gold. Each pen is filled with the best ink and tried before sent out. NOW FOR THE PLAN. Send us 25 cents in Ic and 2c stamps or silver, for a half yea

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

between New and Market streets, services II a. m. and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. A. M. Fraser Second Presbyterian church corner Freder ick and Lewis streets. Services at 11 a. m Emmanuel Episcopal Church, worship at Y.

Trinity Episcopal church, Main street, beween Lewis and Church streets. Services at 11 a. m., and 8 p. m. Rector, Rev. W. Q. Hul-United Brethren church, Lewis street, be tween Main and Johnson streets. Services at

Rector, Rev. R. C. Jett.

Methodist church, Lewis street, between Main and Frederick streets. Services at 11 m. and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. J. H. Boyd, D. D Christ Evangelical Lutheran church, Lewis street, between Main and Frederick streets Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Pastor. Rev.

street, Mass at 7 and 10.30 a. m. Vespers and benediction of Most Blessed Sacrament at

Baptist church, corner Main and Washing

MASONIC LODGE. Staunton Lodge No. 13, A. F. and A. M., meets every second and last Friday night in each

DIRETORY OF LODG ES.

No. 2, meets third Friday in every month, in

Staunton Lodge, No. 45, I. O. O. F. meets ev ery Thursday night in Odd Fellows' Hall, over Wayt's drug store, on Main street. John C Fretwell Noble Grand: C. A. Crafton, Sec' .

Staunton Lodge, No. 756, Kr. ghts of Honor meets every first and third Tuesday in each month, in Pythian Hall, Main street. W. L.

F. B. Kennedy, Sec'y. DISTRICT LODGE.

ROYAL ARCANUM.

Robertson, Regent; Jos. B. Woodward, Sec-

retary.

UNIFORMED RANK, KNIGHTS OF

Valley Lodge, No. 18, K. of P., meets Monday night at Castle Hall, on West street, over Dr. Wayt's drug store. C. T. Ham-

Staunton Commandery, No. 8, Knights Temseemed that it was very musical and plar, meets first Friday night in every month in Masonic Temple, on Main street. W. B. McChesney, Eminent Commander; A. A. Esk-

> setting of the sun. S.S. Peterson, sachem James W. Blackburn, chief of records. A

> > AMERICAN LEGION OF HONOR.

third Mondays in each month. Commander A. S. Woodhouse: secretary, Dr. J. M. Hanger CATHOLIC HIBERNIAN BENIFICAL

SOCIETY.

Murphy, second vice-president; D.J. O'Connel recording secretary. "STONEWALL" BRIGADE BAND. Band meets every Monday and Thursday orchestra, every Wednesday, at 8 p. m., in City

was so blue blooded! His people were the very best that the United States af with his wife.—Gwendolen Overton in ng Isaac Wisz, Mark 1996, Joseph Lussian House and with his wife.—Gwendolen Overton in ng Isaac Wisz, Mark 1996, Joseph Lussian House and with his wife.—Gwendolen Overton in ng Isaac Wisz, Mark 1996, Joseph Lussian House and with his wife.—Gwendolen Overton in ng Isaac Wisz, Mark 1996, Joseph Lussian House and with his wife.—Gwendolen Overton in ng Isaac Wisz, Mark 1996, Joseph Lussian House and with his wife.—Gwendolen Overton in ng Isaac Wisz, Mark 1996, Joseph Lussian House and with his wife.—Gwendolen Overton in ng Isaac Wisz, Mark 1996, Joseph Lussian House and with his wife.—Gwendolen Overton in ng Isaac Wisz, Mark 1996, Joseph Lussian House and with his wife.—Gwendolen Overton in ng Isaac Wisz, Mark 1996, Joseph Lussian House and with his wife.—Gwendolen Overton in ng Isaac Wisz, Mark 1996, Joseph Lussian House and his wife.

p. m. Pastor, Rev. Father McVerry. Young Men's Christian Association, corner

nth, in Masonic Temple, Main street. Jas M. Lickliter, W. M; B. A. Eskridge, Sec'y. UNION ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER.

Masonic Temple, on Main street. W. W. Mc ODD FELLOWS' LODGE.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR ODGE.

MOUNTAIN CITY LODGE. No. 116, I. O. G. T., meets every Friday night in their lodge room over Wayt's drug store on Main street. A. S. Woodhouse, Chief Templar

No. 22, I. O. G. T., meets every three months G. C. Shipplett, D. C. T.; S. H. Bauserman District Secretary. Augusta Council, No. 490, Royal Arcanum neets every second and fourth Tuesday in the month, at Pythian Hall, Main street. W. W.

Charity Division, M. A., Sons of Temperance neets every Monday night at Odd Fellows all. W. A. Rapp, Worthy Patriarch; John

nd fourth Mondays each month at Pythian Hall. Sir Knight Captain, F. B. Berkley; S Knight Recorder, S. H. Rosenbaum.

mond, Chancellor Commander; Albest

ONEIDA TRIBE, NO. 88, I. O. R. M., Meets in their wigwam, in Valz Building

Valley Council No. 736 meets on the first and

hall on the church lot. M. T. Bergin, presi dent; J. J. Kilgalen, first vice-president; J. J

An uneasy look came into his brown Hall. Mr. J. M. Brereton, director, eyes. He shrank back as his wife and the baby came into the room. For an Haines, secretary. CENTRAL PROHIBITION CLUB.

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