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MOTHER'S BOYS.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet, The traces of small muddy boots, And I see your fair tapestry glowing, All spotless with blossoms and fruits.

And I know that my walls are disfigured With prints of small fingers and hands, And that your own household most truly And I know that my parlor's littered

With many old treasures and toys, While your own is in daintiest order, Unharmed by the presence of boys.

And I know that my room is invaded Quite boldly all hours of the day, While you sit in yours unmolested And dream the soft quiet away. Yes, I know there are four little bedsides

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman. I like my house orderly, too,
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings,
Yet would not change places with you

No; keep your fair home with its order, Its freedom from bother and noise, And keep your own fanciful leisure, But leave me my four noble boys!

ANDY COPLEY'S LIE.

Of the old folk of the bleak little sea port, Andrew Copley dwells most vividly in my memory. As prosperity is gauged at Port St. Bede, Andrew, the owner of some half dozen fully equipped fishing smacks, was accounted a pros-perous man. I recall him now—his kindly face, tanned and netted in wrinkles; his long hair, grizzled this many day; his stubby gray beard; his light blue eyes, bespectacled for reading—yes, there he sits. Many are the "cracks" I have had with him. Yet there was one story he chose to leave buried in silence -and that his own. I never dared proach the topic, albeit I inwardly burned with impatient curiosity. One day, however, the history became mine unsolicited. Some remark I chanced to let slip anent his lifelong bachelorhood caused an infrequent faraway look to settle upon his eyes. We were walking up the steep, cobble paved "street" at the time, past the lime washed front of the Trawlers' inn to the higher ground from which the old Norman church tower kept ward over the slumberous

village.
"Why ha'e I never married, say ye?" the old man exclaimed after a long spell of silence. "Like enow, ye'll hear afore long, an I don't see what should stop me fro' tellin ye mysen, if so be." Hurriedly stepping into the roadway, Andrew whipped off his broad brimmed hat and stood motionless. Turning into the sanded lane that zigzagged past the church, we had well nigh jostled two new churned foam in the bay. She moved haltingly, even with the aid of an oaken staff and the helping arm of

her companion. Withdrawing her arm, she paused in the pathway and pointed her stick toward the bareheaded old fisherman. In thin, quavering tones, as if the words were said by rote, there being no vehemence in her utterance, she cried: "Ah. I knaw ve-I knaw ve. Ban ve. for no speakin me fair." With no more passion than if she were repeating some soulless formula, she added: Andrew Copley! It was a lie! Curse ye

Unresisting, the old lady allowed herdrew did not stir a limb, but stood there deep rutted lane, the narrow stone style that gave upon the fields. We had traversed half the length of the meadows themselves before he spoke.

if I adhered to his exact words, with his numerous digressions and irrelevancies, uttered with quaint bur of tongue of later in other quarters. I venture to

set it forth after my own fashion. We hark back a full half century. Port St. Bede-no vast size at this pres ent-was then a mere nest of sandsto shale roofed cottages, planted at the foot of the hill and straggling disjointedly up to it from the "street." Later improvements have displaced or rebuilt most of these one storied dwellings and filled in the gaps, but the old Trawlers' inn looks just as it looked 50 years ago. It lies back some ten paces from the roadway, the shingled space thus obtained being highly favored of loungers and gossips. The spot served an identical purpose so far back as the oldes

A little knot of fisher men and wom en foregathered there one Wednesday morning to await the arrival of the Moperland letter carrier. Twice a week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, he trudged the ten miles to deliver his meager package of letters. He always made his become customary for the populacethose who did not expect letters alike with those who did-to assemble and waylay him. In that manner the canny souls got news from the outside world without being put to the expense of postal fee, while the official on his part was quit of his letters all the sooner. On this particular morning, however, the gayety of the group was under eclipse. They talked together in hushed tones, full of concern, every now and then preferring a question to the bronzed, middle aged seaman in their

"An ve're sure ye've got the reights o' 't, Jake?" queried a big faced woman, whose skimpy petticoat showed her ample brogues and shapeless ankles.

"It'll kill t'lass if she hears o' 't." "Oh, I'm noan mista'en-not me," back, an I 'eard it read out i' churchthe second time o' axin it were-last

in for him here as patient an lovin as rest under the gnarled elms in the onybody could wish. Ah, them men, churchyard, Hilda went to live with them men!"

her sister, Abel Moxon, the cooper's While the frowsy old crone was shak- wife. At this juncture, hoping that ing her gray locks over the perfidy of time had salved her wound, Andrew too far. People suffering real bereave mankind she stole a sidelong look to- Copley made bold to offer her all an ward the window bench, against which honest man can offer the woman he Andrew Copley—then a well set up loves—his name, his home, his big voung fellow of four and twenty—was steadfast heart. His insight was at row.—Exchange.

"Aye, but he takes on badly wi' 't," she said, jerking her head in Andrew's direction. "I'm main sorry for him too. He al'ays were sweet on her, ye knaw,

wi' his pert, weel favored face." Further tattle was cut short by the appearance of the letter bag. In all there must have been close on a dozen letters
—a goodly batch for Port St. Bede. It was one of the last which the postman held aslant to catch the light. Kellett!" he called out wheezily.

"Why, that mun be Hilda," exclaimed one of the bystanders. "She isn't here. Ye'il ha'e to take it up to the "I'll save ye the wak," said Andrew, stepping forward. "I'm bound that

way, an I'll see she gets it." that Grimsby chap," cried the fishwife before mentioned. "It'll drive her clean daft. Conscience sake, Andrey, don't

tell her that." During the period we are dealing with education at Port St. Bede was at a woefully low ebb. Not 20 people in the whole thorp could write their names or recognize them when penned. Few could read anything but "print." Fewer still were able to puzzle out written characters. Among this community Andrew Copley was reckoned a "fine scholard," and by virtue of this reputa tion his services were in frequent de mand by those who, having passing need of the "l'arning," chanced to be in the bad books of the rector or the Wes leyan minister

With the "gammer's" injunction echoing in his ears, Andrew stole quickly toward the cottage occupied by Hilda Kellett and her widowed mother. "'Miss Kellett, Port St. Bede, " said he, furtively scanning the superscrip tion. "It's fro' that scamp, as I liv An now, belike, she'll ha'e me to rea ed grimly; "Shall I tell't to her-shall I? It'll kill her, say they, an they'r right-it will.'

He stuffed the letter into his jacket pocket long before he came abreast of the cottage. Rapping a tattoo on this door, he lifted the latch, and—as was the custom-walked straight in. A slim, fair haired girl peeped into the room from a side door. "Oh, it's you, Andrew," she said, coming forward. "Aye, it's me. I cam' just to ask how

"She's a piece better this morn, bu she rested ill last night. Nellie an me sat up wi' her most all night, but she's dropped off asleep now. Tak' a chair, Andrew.'' Andrew perched himself on the edge

of the nearest rush bottomed chair and fumbled hesitatingly with his cap between his knees. "I was doon by the Trawlers' when the letters came," he was one for ye, Hilda, an I made fre to say I'd bring it. Here 'tis." "For me!" and Hilda's eyes bright ened as she stretched out her hand

"Then it's fro' Ben, isn't it, Andrew?" "It's the Grimsby mark." replied Andrew shortly. "Then it must be fro' Ben. He said he'd let me know as soon as the brig got back to Grimsby. An how I trem-bled for him all through that storm o' Monday! But he's safe-this shows he' safe, Andrew." A plaintive look of alarm crept into her blue eyes as Andrew, never answering, kept his gaz clamped to the floor. "This shows he's

safe!" she repeated quaveringly. "P'raps that letter may contradict i all but there was a deal o' nasty talk about the Vampire-as how she's gone doon i' the"-

"Read it to me," cried Hilda, thrusting the missive into his hands. "Ye know I can't mysen. Read it, Andrew. Taking firm grip of his lips, Andrew opened the letter and glanced at signature. "It's noan fro' him," he said. "It's wrete by Peter Worsley, the

skipper o' the Vampire."
"Not fro' Ben!" exclaimed Hilda tremulously. "He isn't—dead?" Andrew nodded, "Drowned!" he murmured huskily. Clutching at her throat, Hilda sank

into a chair and hid her face in her palms. Presently she looked up, her lips pallid, her eyelids scarlet. "I can bear it now, Andrew," she said. "Read it all to me.

The caligraphy of the Vampire's mas ter must have been all but illegible, judging from the difficulty Andrew had in deciphering it. He read slowly, humming and hawing through the whole epistle. Here is the gist of it. In the recent heavy gales the Vampire—a crazy, undermanned timber ship—had sprung a leak, her crew being eventually compelled to abandon the foundering vessel and take to the longboat. Their perilous case was little bettered thereby, for twice the boat had been capsized. she was righted the second time, only bling into her. Of the two men missing the mate, Ben Webb, was one. The sur vivors were picked up on the following day and landed at Grimsby. It was in fulfillment of a pledge made at the out-set of their peril and in fateful anticipation of its outcome that Captain Worsley now broke the sad news to the dead man's sweetheart.

Even in the intensity of her grief Hilda had thought of her mother's much needed slumber, and not a cry escaped her lips. Andrew, the big, clumsy, soft hearted gomeral, saw that no sympathy of his could soothe her distress. She must just "fret her dole." And so he left her with her sorrow.

"I had to do't," he muttered, strid-ing beachward. "An it's better that nor t'other-it's better." Fervently he added, "God send she doesn't let anybody else read it!" He might have been at peace on that score. To Hilda the skipper's letter was as the last words of her drowned lover

-a sacred thing, not lightly to be fingered or spoken of. She packed it away with the sundry ribbons, gloves and cheap gewgaws Ben had given her, to be treasured with them throughout this side of time. They who best know the Port St. Bede folk will least accuse them of

want of heart. Out of sheer mercy for the girl they avoided all allusion to Ben Webb, and on her side Hilda kept her woe to herself. The blow was for her shoulders alone, and she bore its smart bravely. Besides she and her answered the seaman positively. "I seed | mother had to live, and net making and him mysen i' Grimsby not three days mending must be attended to, even though the heart may ache, and the eyes blister with unshed tears. So two years went by. Then, her

In all simplicity she told him that her love lay dead with him who slept in the deep seas. She chose to share the lot of no man to whom she could not give herself heartily, wholly. "I knaw ye like me, Andrew," she said frankly. "I've al'ays knawn it, an

same mind still, I'll speak first. Don't ask me any more, Andrew. I'll speak Henceforth, as before, they were

Eight years thus lumbered awayeight weary, joyless years—and neither through their pact of silence. About this time Hilda was sorely stricken with typhoid, then rife in the village, and for an anxious space she dwelt on the very border line of here and hereafter. On Andrew's persuasion—he staking his word that the great man's fees should be forthcoming—Abel called in Dr. Ratcliffe of Morperland, under whose care Hilda slowly began to mend. It was while Andrew was away at the banks-the doctor's comforting assurances for company—that the truth strip-ped itself before Hilda, to torture and As yet she was not able to leave her

afflict her with its mocking ghastliness bed, but lay there with pinched face, her hair tangled on the pillows, her thin blue fingers twitching idly at the garish patchwork quilt, her eyes wandering to the half open lattice through which was borne the distant sough of the waves and whence she could see their sun flecked crests far out beyond the Fork rocks. Then she would turn to answer some question put her by her little niece, Mary-Abel's eldest daughter, "rising 10"-who had crept into the sickroom Presently the little maid fell to babbling, childlike, of the doings and say

"Aye, but ye'ill be gettin a fine scholard, Mary," said Hilda. "It was a guid thing for the weans when t' parson opened school. I wish it had been done

"It was our 'xamination today," replied Mary, eager with fresh news. "Mr. Harvey heard me read an patted me o' the head. Out of a newspaperhard v ords they was too." "An maybe we can read writing

to belittle her attainments. "When you get any letters, Aunt Hilda, I'll read them all through to you—every word. I'm sure I could." "Well, I'm going to try ye," said

drawer. No, the second one, an bring the little black box to me. Yes, that is which the box was filled, Hilda placed the various articles by her side on the bed. Underneath, untouched since that

her its sad tale through Andrew's "Now what name's that?" said she. pointing to the signature. Mary screwed her eves into beads hung her head sapiently on one side and spelled the words under her breath. "B-e-n, Ben; W-e-b-b, Webb," she

umph. "It's ain bad writin, but"-"No, no!" cried Hilda, rising excitedly upon her elbow. "Not Ben-Ben Webb. Are you sure, Mary?" "B-e-n, Ben; W-e-b-b, Webb," re-

said it came fro' Captain Worsley," she ejaculated gaspingly. "He lied to me. It's fro' Ben. Ben isn't dead!" Her whole frame a-tremble, she turned to Mary with: "Begin at the first. Read it all to me. Can ye, can ye?" Mary at all events was willing to try,

painfully under the task between them "Dear Hilda," it ran, "I didn't mean to say a word, but I can't do it without telling you first. Don't hate me, for I did love you and do, more nor her. Any-

ways you can't say I didn't tell you all about Polly Barclay-how we was to be Well, me and her have made it up again. Her uncle's dead and left her everything-his three houses and £400 in the bank. You see, I didn't have a free hand, so you can't blame me. Be sides there's Andy Copley only too glad to have you, and the banns has been read twice in Grimsby church. I Mary had plodded through the letter

presents back, not'so far when Hilda, with a loud shriek dropped back upon her pillow. Abel and his wife hastened up stairs to find her again sitting up in bed, round eyed and gesticulating with her clinched fists. "I might ha' won him back-I would ha','' she cried shrilly. "A lie, Andrew Copley! It was a lie!'

In this fashion she raved all through the night and long into the next day.

. . . . Poor Hilda! She knows not that for the bread she eats, for the shelter above her head, for the very clothes upon her back, she is beholden to the man whom she for 40 years past has daily exe

"She never sees me but she throws

them awful words i' my face," said Andrew to me. "I thowt I were actin for t' best when I did as I did-I thowt "I suppose you have never met this Ben Webb since?" "Oh. but I ha'e. I went to Grimsh o' purpose to spoil his beauty. If he's

Of late years the rigors of perfunctory mourning have been greatly modified. There is little heard nowadays of how long people should stay away from the theater after the death of a relative or er to dine with "a few friends." ment are not likely to be guilty of un-due levity, while no sort of hypocrisy is

THE BORGIAN AZTECS

DISCOVERY OF A POISON RING IN AN ANCIENT MEXICAN TOMB.

ologists - Remains of the Priest Who Probably Took His Own Life by Means Times in the City of Mexico writes as

Much has been written concerning the poison of the Borgias of Italy and the many subtle ways of administering it to those whom they wished to quietly put out of their path, among these ways being that of rings with springs charged with poison, which, entering like a needle point into the victim's flesh, communicated it to him as effectually as if he had swallowed it. But it seems from a recent discovery made in this city that this clever manner of administering a fatal dose was not peculiar to the Italians, but was practiced by the ancient Mexicans, or Aztecs.

In clearing the ground of an old ruin of a church which had become too dilapidated to render it safe for any one to enter its walls there were found indications that beneath it was a forgotten burial ground, or at least a tomb. Eager American archæologists requested and received from the authorities permission to examine into the matter, and the work of exhuming began.

There was found to be a vault constructed with some care of hewn blocks of stone put together and sealed into a

quired some difficulty to break through this, the work demanding care lest some curious relic be destroyed, but at last it was uncovered only to show that the tomb had an inner casing. This, however, was of masonry work and more easily removed. When this was done, a long, prostrate object was revealed wrapped in cloths of coarse texture, which had been dipped in pitch. These, in turn, being broken

these were wrapped about the well preserved body of a man. He had none of the dry and withered appearance of the Egyptian mummies, but looked as though his embalming had been the work of yesterday. He was beyond doubt an Indian, as was shown by the high cheek bones and facial angle though of the more cultivated type of the people who inhabited this country before the coming of Cortez.

He was a man of about 50 or 55, with a strong and even benevolent face marked slightly with smallpox, and was robed in what was evidently a priest's dress. This was of white and of fine texture, bordered with a still well preserved band of humming bird's feathers they still jealously guard the secret. In the right hand of the man was held a small idol of red sandstone, with opal eyes, while in the other a silver wand or stick somewhat resembling a marshal's baton, no doubt the insignia of his office. On the left hand was also a ring of silver in the shape of a coiled

from the Aztecs even under torture by their greedy Spanish conquerors, and the secret of which still defies the ex-In order to examine this ring more closely, one of the party of archæologists attempted to pull it from the finger of the dead man, but was surprised to find that it was held there by a fine wire, the needlelike point of which was still sunken into the brown flesh. After some manipulation this was finally removed, and it was seen that the wire

which hung what looked like an infinitesimal bubble of greenish gas. Suspecting that this might have had comething of the character of the famous Borgian rings, the gentleman handled it carefully, and calling a Chi-huahua dog of the hairless species, which had attached itself to the party, ne pushed the point of the spring into the tip of the animal's ear and awaited results. For a time it seemed that the ring had exhausted its deadly power, but after half an hour the dog was see to foam at the mouth, his eyes grew glassy, and in a few minutes more he fell over on one side, and after a con-

vulsion or two was found to be quite This gave rise to the theory that the dead man had probably killed himself, or for some offense had, by the rules of his order or the government, put himself to death, as it was lawful for one of the priesthood to suffer capita punishment. This also, in all probability, accounts for his being entombed away from the temple where he served, or otherwise consecrated ground, an item of religious ruling with the Azteo as with the Roman Catholics of today. On exposure to the air the body soon showed signs of decay and fell away almost as they watched it, but showing in this that only the outer husk of the

flesh had been preserved, the interior being filled with fine sand. The ring,

idol and other relics were claimed by the authorities and are now on exhibition at the National museum. Early London Directories The earliest known directory of people and places seems to be that of London in 1677, of which only three copies are known-one in the Bodleian library, one in the Manchester Free library at the Rev. Mr. Hunter's sale, which realized £9, although imperfect. The Manchester copy was carefully reprinted in 1878 by Chatto & Windus, with an

interesting introduction, and the next London directory seems to have been one of 300 pages, published in 1732. The editor of the reprint in 1878 gives some details of earlier manuscript directories, or "Office of Addresses," by Henry Robinson, in 1650, who had an "office in Threadneedle street, over against the Castle tavern, close to the Old Exchange in London," and it was described as "keeping particular registers of all manners of addresses," with a 'catalogue of subjects of inquiry' so copious and so curious as to be a fresh proof that there is nothing new under the sun. Sixpence was the fee, and for this small sum answers to all sorts of questions connected with business could be obtained .- Notes and Queries.

IN LOVE'S ATTIC.

The attic of young Cupid's house I visited one day

To see the tattered bits of love That there were stored away, For castoff odds and ends of hearts

About the place were strown,
Like baubles of some other days
That long ago had flown.
But yet the withered roses there—
Frail wreaths from love's own tomb

"Ever sleep under an electric fan?" "No? Well, I tried it one summer night, and the next morning I had it taken out of my house. I heard it was a great thing on hot nights, and as I could not sleep very well I had one put A correspondent of the Philadelphia very well at the start. The cool breeze was delicious. I had left the window open, and the arms of the fan seemed to catch a barrel of fresh air at each revolution. I felt splendidly, for I had been very hot before, and I tickled myself at the prospect of a good, sound sleep. But the whir, whir, humming noise of the fan seemed to attract my attention persistently. I tried to count the arms of the fan and then turned out the light. Then the noise seemed to increase. It was zoo-zoo-zoo all the time, and I could not sleep. I actually got hot thinking about that fan. It was zoo-zoo for hours, changing irregularly to whir, whir, whir, until at last was almost crazy. I don't know how happened, but I must have dropped off to sleep, for I had a dream. I thought that I had climbed about a big windmill and had become fastened to the end of one of the arms. It was blowing a gale, and the arms of the windmill were

ville Courier-Journal.

The fact, though an infrequent one that hollow pistons, on being heated for removal from the rod, have unexpectedly exploded has been the subject of special investigation in France, the fact appearing that during the last 20 years five explosions have occurred in French workshops in the reheating of these hollow cast iron pistons. It appears from the statement made in this connecof that exquisite handiwork for which ition that, on examining into the interior 11 years, there was exhibited a brown substance which contained fatty matter -oxide of iron, peroxide of iron and carbon-and this being the case it was supposed that a certain quantity of water had been forced into the cavity in service, either through the iron or through some imperfection in the plugs with which the original core support cavities were filled. The water, in forming oxide of iron, set free its hydrogen, which filled the piston cavity, and as the recombination of this hydro gen with the oxygen at a low, red heat would have the effect of producing ar explosion of the character in question the suggestion is put forth by the experts having this examination in charge that such a cenalt may be prevented by tapping before reheated.—New York

One on Jones. The Merchants' club was enjoying its weekly smoke talk.

Mr. Jones, the well known clothier, was recounting one of his experiences. 'Brown and I were great rivals in the spring of 1856," he was saying. "His store was directly across the street from mine. He was a hustler and pushed me pretty hard. One day a young fellow who was on his uppers applied to me for s job. I sent him out that night with a hammer, a lot of spikes and 100 pieces of tin, each a foot square, with the in

"Buy your pants of Jones. "I gave him \$5 for the job, with in the sidewalk in front of Brown's store. "I was a little late in getting down to the store the next morning. did I see but the same man kneeling on the sidewalk, with a nail puller in his hands, engaged in pulling up the spikes

and on his back was a placard reading "'I bought my pants of Jones.' "Brown had given him another \$5 to undo the job that he had done for me. never felt so cheap in all my life."-

Senator Brice got his start in life in a road builder and promoter. Lord Denman and His Hatter.

This odd story is told of the late Lord Denman, who, on being reminded by a west end hatter that a small account was "overdue," visited the shop and gave the manager a legal reply to the request for payment. "You state," he said solemnly as he stood over him, shaking his finger at him as though warning him to be careful, "that this account is overdue. Remember that a bill of exchange or bill of acceptance account never. A gentleman pays when ary he thinks he will or when he has the money; but, to show that no ill feeling

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Second Presbyterian church corner Freder

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

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

Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Pastor. Rev. Baptist church, corner Main and Washing ton streets. Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. W. J. E. Cox.

benediction of Most Blessed Sacrament at Young Men's Christian Association, corner Main and Water streets. Services at 4 p. m.

MASONIC LODGE. Staunton Lodge No. 13, A. F. and A. M., meets every second and last Friday night in each nonth, in Masonic Temple, Main street. Jas

UNION ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER. No 2 meets third Friday in every month, in Masonic Temple, on Main street. W. W. Mc

ODD FELLOWS' LODGE. ery Thursday night in Odd Fellows' Hall, over Wayt's drug store, on Main street. John C

eets every first and third Tuesday in each month, in Pythian Hall, Main street. W. L. MOUNTAIN CITY LODGE.

No. 22, I. O. G. T., meets every three months F. C. Shipplett, D. C. T.; S. H. Bauserman District Secretary. ROYAL ARCANUM Augusta Council, No. 490, Royal Arcanum

SONS OF TEMPERANCE Charity Division, M. A., Sons of Temperance eets every Monday night at Odd Fellows

all. W. A. Rapp, Worthy Patriarch; John UNIFORMED RANK, KNIGHTS OF E. B. Stuart Division, No. 10, meets second

Valley Lodge, No. 18, K. of P., meets

street, over Dr. Wayt's drug store. C. T. Hammond. Chancellor Commander: Albest Keeper of Records and Seal. KNIGHT TEMPLARS.

ONEIDA TRIBE, NO. 88, I. O. R. M., Meets in their wigwam, in Valz Building every Wednesday at 7th run 30th breath setting of the sun. S. S. Peterson, sachem James W. Blackburn, chief of records. A risiting brothers welcome.

A. S. Woodhouse; secretary, Dr. J. M. Hanger collector, Isaac C. Morton, Jr.

CATHOLIC HIBERNIAN BENIFICAL

dent: J. J. Kilgalen, first vice-president: J. J. Murphy, second vice-president; D.J. O'Connell

J. A. Armentrout, president, and C. Harry Haines, secretary. CENTRAL PROHIBITION CLUB. Mee on Thursday night of each week, in it

orchestra, every Wednesday, at 8 p. m., in City

Mr. J. M. Brereton, director,

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

onth at 7:30 o'clock. Room in City Hall build ing Isaac Witz, president; J. C. Shields, isecr

BY B. AND O.
7.04 a. m. from Lexington and intermediate

6,30 a. m. tor Lexington, Harper's Ferry and points north. 11.25 a.m. for Harrisonburg, Woodstock and

STAR ROUTES-DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

slow paced women, the younger of them about 50 years of age, the elder 20 years or so older. It was the latter that atracted my marked regard, for it was toward her that Andrew held his down bent head. A wan, frail looking creature she was, dressed in black, with a close fitting, old fashioned bonnet tied under her chin in a bow of broad black ribbon. Her hair, smoothed evenly upon her forehead, shimmered silverly as the

in coaxingly. "Come thee awa' home, self to be led away. Through it all Anwith doffed hat, his head bowed and his mane of gray hair ruffling in the breeze. We had left the church behind, the

"Ye asked me how 'twas I never married," said he slowly. "That is the So he began upon his life story. But as his narrative would be hard to follow and, moreover, as his modesty saw fit to gloss over certain facts which I heard

way first to the Trawlers', where it had

"Poor maid, poor maid! An her wait- mother having been laid to her last long

man fro' Grimsby hadn' come this way

I thank you. If ever I come to think i' that other way, an if I see ye're i' the

friends-close, firm friends-but no further. Season after season Andrew sailed off in his yawl for the whitefishing on the Dogger, returning each time with brain aflame for the sight of her. And she met him with mere smile and handshake, in her eyes no token of change, no glimmer of awakening affection. Hilda nor Andrew had sought to break

ings of her school friends. long sin'."

"Oh, yes," said she, nowise dispose

day, lay the very letter which had told serpent, with the eyes of the green Mexican diamond obtained from mines the locality of which was never learned

peated her niece. Hilda sent up a choking cry.

and although she blundered often and

think things are best left alone, and no fuss made, especial as I don't ask the

Dr. Ratcliffe said it was brain fever. and although he eventually brought her back to bodily health her mind never recovered its sanity.

livin now, he's livin wi' the nose o' him all askew. That prank cost me a week o' jail, but I'd stand a hundred years o' lockup for the comfort that job

at exactly what period it is again propa widow need no longer count the threads of white in her collar and handkerchief in mortal terror lest there should be one too many. On the whole,

UNDER AN ELECTRIC FAN.

flying around at a terrific rate.

"As I went through the air the wind seemed to cut me like a knife. It buzzed in my ears and ran through my hair like a tornado through a forest. Finally, as I dreamed, I became unfastened from the arm of the windmill, and the mo hollow square with no opening. It rementum I had received threw me far out into space. I dropped and dropped and dropped. I tell you I was scared. guess I gripped the pillow so tightly that it woke me up, for I did awaken just about the time I was about to drop around the earth again. I had the pillow hugged and pinched, and was perspiring like a colored laborer in a harvest field. I raised on my side and cursed it to stop. Then I arose and shut off the electricity. The thing died out with a M. C. A. Hall. Services at 11 a. m., and 8 p. m. through, finer cloths were found, and moan, and I dropped off to sleep in a Rector, Rev. R. C. Jett. minute. This was about 2 a. m. No, sir. Don't give me any more electric fans to sleep under. It is as much as I can do to sleep without them."—Louis-

structions to spike the pieces of tin to

and tins that he had put down the night before. He had on a new pair of trousers, with a tremendous rip in them

rather interesting way. After he left college he studied law, but he didn't get on very well, and he went to Charlie Foster, then governor of Ohio, and asked him if something in the way of an office couldn't be found for him. 'Impossible," said the governor. "You are a Democrat, and I am a Republican It would cause no end of talk if I were to give you a place, with so many Re publicans wanting offices." But Brice was in straits, and he begged so earnest ly for some help by which he might ex tricate himself that Foster finally placed a sum of money in his hands and tole him to go to New York and look after certain financial transaction. His last injunction to the young man was to follow instructions. When he got there Brice made inquiries first and then acted directly contrary to what he had been told, telegraphing forthwith what he had done. Foster wired indignantly for the reason. The reply was, "Because ! could make \$40,000 for you." There was no questioning beyond that, and thenceforth Foster and Brice worked in harmony in various railroad operations the latter giving up his idea of a lega career for the more lucrative one of rail

exists, I will pay the account and take another hat."—London Star.

About a young man's neck to be a sufferer from nervous exhaustion, nervous debility, impaired mem or y, low spirits, irritable temper, and the thousand and one derangements of mind and body that result from unnatural, pernicious habits, contracted through ignorance. Such habits result in loss of manly power, wreck the constitution and sometimes produce softening of the brain, epilepsy, paralysis, and even dread insanity.

To reach, re-claim and restore such unfortunates to health and happiness, is the aim of the publishers of a book written in plain but chaste language, on the nature, symptoms and curability, by home treatment, of such diseases. This book will be sent sealed, in plain envelope, on receipt of ten cents in stamps, for postage. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Associatios, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

FOUNTAIN PEN FREE

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Il a. m. and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. A. M. Fraser vest field. I raised on my side and cursed ick and Lewis streets. Services at 11 a. m that fan like an insane man, calling on and 8. Pastor, Rev. Wm. Cumming. Emmanuel Episcopal Church, worship at Y.

> United Brethren church, Lewis street, be tween Main and Johnson streets. Services at 11 a. m and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. J. D Don-

DIRETORY OF LODG ES.

Fretwell Noble Grand: C. A. Crafton, Sec' KNIGHTS OF HONOR ODGE. Staunton Lodge, No. 756, Kr.ghts of Honor

No. 116, I. O. G. T., meets every Friday night in their lodge room over Wayt's drug store on F. B. Kennedy, Sec'y. DISTRICT LODGE.

month, at Pythian Hall, Main street. W. W. Robertson, Regent; Jos. B. Woodward, Sec-

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

lar, meets first Friday night in every month in Masonic Temple, on Main street. W. B. McChesney, Eminent Commander; A. A. Esk

Valley Council No. 736 meets on the first and

"STONEWALL" BRIGADE BAND. Band meets every Monday and Thursday

ub room, 119 East Main street. Jas. W. Bod-

Monthly meetings, Fourth Tuesday in the