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THE KING SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR. Are you taking SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR? That is what our readers want, and nothing but that.

Are you taking SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR? That is what our readers want, and nothing but that. It is the same old friend to which the old folks...

Hours for Arrival and Closing of Mails at Staunton Post-Office. BY C. AND O. RAILROAD.

TO INVENTORS. If you have made an invention you want a patent. Here is an expert who will help you.

TO MY FRIENDS And the Public Generally. I have rented the stable on Water Street...

What is CASTORIA? Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children.

CASTORIA. Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

Once all things on earth were for pleasure and mirth. Even when I was a new boy, I loved all God gave.

For in those sweet days I knew naught of the care That money has made in my brain. I loved the things that were, And cared not for losses or gain.

A DIVORCE SUIT.

Little Dick stopped short, executed a sort of pigeon wing, snorted, humped his back a little as though about to buck, then he stood still, puffing nervously.

Boston was a bit "rattled," for he had never before encountered a bear alone, but his nerves did not desert him.

Presently, as his slayer leaned over him and congratulated himself on his marksmanship, there came a fresh surprise that caused Boston to gasp.

"What on earth are you doing up there?" "Are you sure he's quite dead?" the fair tenderfoot responded irrelevantly.

"No," he had just looked at me, I should have known I hadn't done go out again in that way, all alone.

It was a long time before the storm had broken over them, and they had to seek what shelter was afforded by the lee of a rock that partially overhung the trail.

THE SHERIFF'S IMPULSE.

It was prompted by Chivalry, but there was no reciprocity. It was a dull day, even for Alexandria. A chill wind, rustling the dead leaves...

"I understand," the young girl interrupted quietly. "Come in." And she closed the door.

"Nothing is exempt," she continued as she pushed aside the faded silk curtains to admit the waning daylight.

"You see," he said, "I am not a man of much education, but I have a good deal of common sense."

"What a situation!" mused the girl as the hall door closed abruptly. "Fancy the little sheriff, out of sheer good heartiness, was late when he started home."

"How shocked Cousin Mattie and Horace will be when they find we're gone! And Ben-dickson—poor fellow, he'll be awfully cut up!"

"In England the iron monger thinks so highly of his business that an applicant who desires to master its secrets must pay a premium for the privilege."

Does anybody know of children who today use a language apart in the community? It is a language, a language that puzzles linguists, and yet is understood thoroughly by the youngsters.

A VENETIAN PALACE.

ROBERT BARRETT BROWNING'S BEAUTIFUL HOUSE. A Building Filled With Memories and Relics of Two Poets Dear to Thousands.

On the Grand Canal at Venice there is a singularly interesting group of buildings. First, at the corner of the small canal which every tourist traverses on his way to and from the station is the great red pile known as the Palazzo Foscarini.

"The first trip you make on the watery highway of Venice your curiosity will be satisfied in regard to this palace on no other point, for every gondolier knows the Browning palace."

"That is good," interposed the girl, gathering courage from his tone. "May you not get me a book, then, on 'The Venetian Palace'?"

"What books ought you to read? There are some books that are indispensable—some for the young, some for the old."

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