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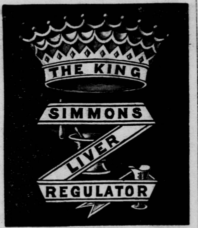

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Her dotted veil doth emphasize
The tender splendor of her eyes.
  Its crisscross meshes are a snare
  The stoutest heart must needs beware,
And safest he who swiftly flies
    Her dotted veil.

A patch of plaster here and there
  Did ladies of the court devise
To make complexions still more fair,
  But now my lady multiples
This fancy and, forsooth, must wear
    Her dotted veil.

And once her veil she pins and ties
  The winds may madly veer and tear.
  She steps a maiden debonair
  Without a thought, without a care,
'Twixt her and fair or cloudy skies
    Her dotted veil.

Yet all's not said, for some declare
  A mine of untold wealth there lies
In this extensive dotted snare,
  For most the oculist doth prize
  The thing that spoils my dear's sweet eyes,
    Her dotted veil.

—May D. Hatch in New York Sun.

MONICA'S CRISIS.

He had been coming to the house now for months, and the smiling nod with which she greeted him as he passed the drawing room window would have been justified if only mere friendly acquaintanceship had existed.

But people said there was something more than that, at least the few people who concerned themselves about these two atoms in the whirling world. Her sister Helen, with whom she lived, fancied there was enough between them to call for womanly confidences, and Monica's brother-in-law guessed enough to make him chaff the girl unmercifully at times.

"He is a good match, Monica," Mrs. Leyton would say; "you might do much worse."

"And you might do much better," he proceeded, seeing the girl's color change; "he is old enough to be your—uncle, and his personality is not imposing. Also he has one or two faults which you, as a wife, might not judge quite so leniently as I do, who am only a man and a friend."

"I do not expect perfection in my husband," Monica Newman said; "the days when I thought all men were like Arthur, 'blameless king and stainless knight,' have long since vanished. At eight and twenty a woman has few illusions."

"And few years left wherein to make nice distinctions. 'Gather your roses while you may.' The moral being that you will accept Mr. William Hartley whenever he chooses to ask you."

"I did not say so," Monica put in somewhat fiercely; "you seem very anxious to get rid of me."

It was a woman's thrust with a weapon of which she often made ungenerous use, and it had the usual effect of silencing her sister's husband. Mr. Leyton was as fond of the girl as she was of him, and, not being a rich man, he had made many sacrifices and submitted to many petty economies in order that Helen might take her in. That was probably the reason why they quarreled so frequently.

"Mr. Hartley is coming this evening, is he not?" Helen asked when her husband had caught his city bound train.

"I believe so."

Mrs. Leyton was in a receptive mood that morning, which was unfortunate, since her sister seemed far from communicative. With a little sigh of resignation Helen lifted her work and stitched away industriously, glancing now and then at the dreaming eyes opposite. There was a look in those eyes often that moved the happy young matron to the verge of tears.

It was nearly an hour later when Monica raised her head.

"Helen!"

"Well, dear?"

"Do you think Mr. Hartley wants to marry me?"

"Why, of course," Helen said, looking rather surprised; "his behavior has pointed to that ending for the last six months. But what a question, Monica. Surely you are the one who ought to know best."

"They say a girl can always tell," Monica said. "I must not be like other girls then, for I never can."

"It is very strange," her sister returned. "I do not see how a woman with any intuition can remain in doubt for a moment. The man tells his story in a thousand ways unconsciously—by looks, by actions, by half spoken phrases, in his manner."

"Unconsciously!" Monica interrupted. "How are you to tell when all this arises from the awkward unconsciousness of an honest love that means marriage and when from the studied consciousness of what a man and the world dub flirtation? Do men never pretend?"

"I dare say," faltered Mrs. Leyton, recalling tenderly the sore spot in Monica's history, "but I do not think Mr. Hartley is a man like that."

"I was not thinking of Mr. Hartley," the girl said, "I was thinking of some one else who spoke sweet words and looked out of dark eyes into mine once, whom I loved and who rode away. Do you remember Captain Montague, Helen? He stood 6 feet 2 in his stockings, and was the best built man in the regiment. I do not think his greatest friend would call Mr. Hartley well built, and a bibulous nose, shiny forehead and bald crown do not atone entirely for little defects in physique. Harry is married now; I saw his wife's name in the 'births' in The Morning Post yesterday, and Mr. Hartley is single and wants to marry me, you say. Dear me, what a happy woman I shall be!"

"Don't be cynical, child," Mrs. Leyton said, laying a kindly hand upon her sister's arm. "You have been growing strangely bitter and gloomy of late days, and that is a bad phase of mind for a woman."

"Yes," Monica assented, "when I am happily married to Mr. Hartley."

"You shall not marry Mr. Hartley unless you love him," said Helen quickly.

"I will; I shall marry him when he asks me. It is no question of love between us; the little blind god and I parted company five years ago. Besides it is really time for me to commence earning my own living, and Mr. Hartley needs a housekeeper. It is a fair exchange."

"But, Monica, this is monstrous. You, a young, clever, fine looking woman, to marry a man under such circumstances! It is degrading, it is unwomanly, it is horrible!"

"It is essentially womanly. Why do women marry the wrong men every day, binding themselves fast with open deliberateness? Because the world is peopled by just such women as I am—women craving, starving, dying for the love of husband and little children, to whom the wrong men offer themselves and the right men never come. And youth is short and life is long, and one must take what one can. I would not marry Mr. Hartley if there was another man in all the world who desired me, but there is not one, and I am eight and twenty."

"But surely a marriage without love is the most dreadful lot of all."

"I am not a strong minded woman, Helen," Monica said, holding out her hands impotently, "and I cannot argue. I only know that matrimony is the one profession for which I am fitted, the only channel into which my thoughts have ever by education been turned. Some man must support me, and I should feel the obligation less keenly if that man were my husband."

"But, Monica, it would never do. I know you better than you seem to know yourself. You speak of 'toleration' when you have it in you to love with a depth of passion of which not one woman in ten thousand is capable."

"Do I not know?" the younger woman said, raising her somber eyes swiftly. "I know there is a scarcity for loving in me that is tearing my heart to tatters. I know that I could worship some man well enough to walk barefooted through a world of snow with him, to lie in the dust and let him trample upon my neck, to give him all, all. But men don't want that sort of love nowadays. It is much better to tear the troublesome heart out and be a good housekeeper to Mr. Hartley. He will be away from me a great deal during the days, in the evenings after dinner while he sleeps in his chair I can gaze across at his prosperous purple face and think what a fortunate woman I am."

"It is useless my talking to you," Mrs. Leyton said, with a shrug. "I don't think I quite understand you, Monica."

"A telegram from Dick," Mrs. Leyton said a little later. "Mr. Hartley cannot come to dinner tonight, and Dick is bringing some one else—Mark Grover. I am so glad. I have not seen Mark for months."

"Who is he?" Monica queried listlessly.

"Don't you know, or was it before you came to us? Why, Mark is the nicest fellow I know—a barrister, a member of parliament and Dick's greatest friend. He has been in South Africa since the dissolution, and we have missed him greatly, for he used to be our most constant visitor, and he is such good company. Oh, I'm awfully glad he's coming!"

"Evidently," Monica said, with a half laugh. "I shall expect great things of Mr. Grover after this enthusiasm."

"You are sure to like him," Helen said emphatically. "And, oh, Monie!" she ran on, almost dancing in her excitement. "I have it, now--such a capital idea! You shall marry Mark. I am so glad I thought of it. He is just the kind of man for you—handsome, intellectual, sympathetic. I am sure you will fall head over ears in love with him directly. What possessed me to think of old Hartley for you with such a splendid fellow as Mark to the fore!"

"I am sure I don't know," Miss Newman said, laughing outright. "I wish I had faith enough in my charms to believe your latest scheme feasible."

If she had no faith in her charms, she was at some pains to heighten them that evening before Mr. Grover came. Helen declared she had never seen her sister look better than she did as she swept into the drawing room, with the soft black chiffon of her dress bodice relieving the creamy curves of her neck and arms and the deep gold hair well waved about a slightly flushed face.

"I know Mark will be enchanted," Mrs. Leyton said. "I am so glad you are not yet engaged to Mr. Hartley."

Miss Newman smiled. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and she allowed herself to drift into thoughts of a slightly brighter future than of late she had dared to picture.

Mr. Grover looked upon her with very friendly eyes as they shook hands. At one time or another he had heard a great deal of Mrs. Leyton's sister, and he liked those of the family he already knew well enough to be favorably disposed toward her. Monica was struck by his face. It was not handsome exactly, but it was keen and clever, with hazel eyes that looked out on life with the utmost cheerfulness and friendly feeling. As he stood by the window chatting to her he looked like a perpetual antidote to despair, and the girl felt her spirits rising.

Mrs. Leyton contrived that he and Monica should spend much of the evening together, to the entire satisfaction of both parties, as it subsequently appeared. Mr. Grover was rather fond of hearing himself talk, and Miss Newman proved a more satisfactory listener than generally fell to his lot—in St. Stephen's, for example. He thought he had never met a girl of more excellently discriminating qualities when in the course of conversation it transpired that she regarded him as one to whom the empire would in future look for great things. She had followed his political career with interest; she always made a point of reading every line of his speeches. It was done so delicately that Mr. Grover failed to perceive the art of it, and, liking the valuation the girl set upon him, did everything in his power to confirm it. Monica fancied she could see an actual swelling of his proportions as he poured a recital of his doings into her eager ear.

After dinner he made his way to her with a pleasure evident in his face that set her blood dancing. She played while he gave forth something of Tosti's to the startled night, and then gold head and brown came close together in the singing of a duet. It was an exceedingly pleasant evening—one of the pleasantest Mr. Grover had ever spent, he assured Monica at parting, with a firm pressure of extended fingers—one of the pleasantest Monica had ever spent, she assured herself as she laid a slightly feverish cheek against her pillow.

They met often after this during the June weather. Every evening on which he could possibly tear himself away from the "house" found Mr. Grover at the pretty suburban villa, and he took Monica out a great deal—to the theaters, to Earl's Court, to Richmond and Kew—for long days on the river, where they drifted on with the tide, watching the green land laugh back to the golden sun, the blue sky reflected in the rippling water, looking sometimes into each other's eyes as they smiled and talked.

It was all like a lotus eater's dream to Monica Newman. If there was any cry in her heart in these days, it was that sensuous "let us alone." For it was summer, and, after all, she was young yet, and for her, with her passionate, clinging woman's heart, heaven had soon resolved itself into two hazel eyes that looked out of Mark Grover's face. He had not yet asked her for the love that fired her, but when have ever women like Monica Newman been wise and waited?

Helen Leyton shared her sister's happiness mingled with a degree of feminine elation.

"I told you so. I knew you would fall in love with Mark directly. He is well worth loving, isn't he, dear?"

A great light flooded the girl's face.

"Oh, I love him, Helen. I love him! I have only known him two short months and he has never spoken one word of affection to me; but, dear God, how I worship him! I can laugh now at my early romance with Harry Montague; it seems so poor beside this tense devotion of my womanhood. I wonder will you be shocked, my calm sister, when I tell you there are moments when I cannot stay near him lest the cry in my heart should escape my lips: 'I love you! I love you!' And time creeps over me—suppose he does not care for me in the least?"

"I cannot suppose it," Helen said. "He must care for you. He has told both Dick and me a hundred times you are the nicest girl he ever met and his attentions have been most decidedly pronounced."

"I know," Monica put in, "but still he has never said anything."

"It is early days yet," Mrs. Leyton went on cheerfully, "and I dare say he has given you an inkling of his intentions ere now."

Monica shook her head.

"You see, I am so stupid. I am not like other girls; I can never tell."

"Mr. Hartley is coming tonight," the elder woman said presently. "He has been out of town for some time and seems rather troubled over Mark Grover's constant visits. He told Dick he wished to see you alone this evening, as he had something to say to you. Can you guess what this means?"

"Yes," she answered absently. It was evident Mr. Hartley's intentions did not greatly concern her now.

"'I shall marry Mr. Hartley when he asks me,'" quoted Helen mischievously. "Eh, Monica, the world has changed since then."

"You know what I have to say to you, Miss Newman," Mr. Hartley said. "You must have known it for some months. To put it briefly—will you be Mrs. H——?"

He drew a deep breath of relief when the words were uttered and smiled rather affably upon his ladylove. She glanced back at him. Heat and excitement had caused his forehead and nose to shine more brightly than ever, and his short body, not innocent of a suggestion [illegible] stomach, was shaking. She eyed him up and down slowly from the bald crown to the stout shoes, wondering even then if his countenance could possibly become any more purple when the tight collar had done its deadly work, noticing the chameleon hued cravat, the closely buttoned frock coat and aggressive trousers with an almost imperceptible shiver. Mark Grover had stood in that very spot in the forenoon. What a difference! What a desecration!

The color rose to Monica's face.

"I am deeply honored by your preference, Mr. Hartley, but I regret"—

"You are going to refuse me, I know you are," he cried excitedly. "I will listen to no refusal. In all my life I have never failed to obtain anything upon which my heart was set. My heart is set on you, and I will take no denial. You are the first woman to whom I have offered marriage, and I decline to take no for an answer. I have been coming here now for many months. I wanted to make sure that you were the woman for me. You are the woman for me, and I insist."

"Insist?"

"Well, I don't mean that exactly, Miss Newman, not exactly that," he went on, a little frightened by the flash in her eyes. "But I am a plain, blunt man, and you know my way of putting things. Perhaps I have made this proposal too suddenly. Perhaps I should give you time to think."

She smiled at the notion, as if time would make any difference! But a chilling thought struck her, and she turned to him again.

"Yes, Mr. Hartley, you have surprised me somewhat. Give me time."

"Certainly, my dear. How long?"

"Give me a week."

It was quite a feat for him, but he managed to bend down and gracefully kiss the hand she extended.

"Until this day week, then, my dear."

How odiously familiar he had grown!

She almost smiled when she pictured his expression on receiving the answer she would give—the answer she hoped to give.

All that night she did not sleep. "If I only knew," she said as she paced the floor, wringing her hands. "If Mark would only speak. I think he loves me, but I am not sure. I can never tell. Oh, Mark, oh, my dear, my dear, surely you care just a little for the woman whose heart is breaking with longing for you! Surely you would love me if you knew how wholly my every thought belongs to you! There will never be any one who will love you better!

"Oh, I wish I could tell!" she went on, throwing out her arms impatiently. "Why cannot a woman put her fate to the test as a man can and know the best or worst? If I refuse Mr. Hartley, I have no surety that Mark will ask me, and I cannot live here all my life dependent upon Dick. I am quite at my wits' end."

The next day Mr. Grover came as usual, and they went out together. She was very pale, with a glitter in her eyes as of one who is determined to stake what is left. Her vigil during the hours of darkness would not go for naught.

"You are strangely silent today, Miss Newman," Grover said presently; "quite unlike your customary bright self."

"I have no great reason to be either bright or talkative," she said deliberately, watching him with those fever lighted eyes. "When one is about to sign one's death warrant, there is scant room for cheerfulness."

"Your own death warrant? I do not altogether follow you."

"No?" she said. "Well, Mr. Grover, I will explain. I am going to be married!"

Her devouring eyes never left his face. She would not miss one motion of a lip, a tremor of an eyelid. Would it be trumps? Mr. Grover did not attempt to conceal his surprise.

"You don't mean it!" he cried incredulously. "Are you really about to be married?"

She nodded briefly.

"Well, I am astonished," he proceeded quickly. "And who is the happy man—Mr. Hartley, of course?"

"Mr. Hartley," she said. The eager light had died out of her eyes and her face was almost gray. She had staked her one card and miscalculated the game.

"You don't seem very happy over it," Mark said, fixing his kindly orbs upon her.

Monica Newman burst into sobs loud and deep.

"Happy! Oh, my God, happy! I hate him!"

Mr. Grover was deeply concerned. He took to soothing her as one soothes a tired child.

"Hush, hush, dear Miss Newman—

hush. If you hate him, what on earth induced you to accept him? And surely it is not yet too late to break off the engagement."

She wiped the tears aside and looked up at him once more.

"It is not too late," she said, "but what am I to do? Mr. Hartley offers me a home, and my marriage will relieve Mr. Leyton of a heavy incubus. What am I to do?"

"It is a difficult question to decide," he replied, the kind face growing very grave, "and it is not for me who am, after all, a comparative stranger, to bias your decision in any way. But I cannot help thinking you are too good for Mr. Hartley—much too good for him—and, if you will permit me to say it, I am sure a girl like you suffers from no lack of suitors. Why not wait until a better man comes along?"

Her hands met behind her back in a clasp that drew blood.

"Thank you, Mr. Grover, I will abide by my choice."

"Miss Newman is certainly acting very foolishly in this matter," Mr. Grover said to himself a few hours later, "but of course she knows her own business best. After all, I dare say she does not mind so very much. Girls always rant a bit about marrying men ten years older than themselves, but they have rarely any deep feeling one way or the other as long as there are good settlements. An awfully nice girl, Miss Newman, and a capital chum. I hope she will be happy."

"I can give you your answer sooner than I expected, Mr. Hartley," Monica said two evenings after. "I will marry you."

"My darling!" Mr. William Hartley took her rapturously in his arms and kissed her for the first time.

"I am afraid the draft here is too much for you," he remarked a minute later. "Let us go into the next room. You are as cold as a stone?"—London Sun.

Not Disturbed by Trifles.

I was walking up the village, when I saw, to my dismay, that the entire gable end of one of the cottages had fallen bodily out, of course exposing the rooms, both up stairs and down stairs. My first thought was naturally for the safety of the family, a young agricultural laborer and his wife. But there were my friends just returning from an errand, and this was the conversation which followed:

"O. B., what has happened to your cottage?"

"It's only the end have a-fallen out, sir," cheerfully.

"Only the end, but when did it happen?"

"Last night about 1 o'clock. My misses and I were sleepin in one of those bedrooms, when she suddenly heard a noise. I do sleep very hard, sir, but at last she woke me and said, 'What be that, Bill? Oh,' says I, 'it be this 'ere blessed end of t' house have a-fallen out.' And, sure enough, so 'twere. But then we'd been expectin of it some time. We know he wer'n't very safe."

"But what did you do?"

"Well, I tried to light a candle, but 'twere blowin and rainin very hard, and the wind blew her out every time I lighted 'im. So we just lay quiet till 5 o'clock, and then we got up, for 'twere gettin a bit publiclike."

"Weren't you frightened?"

"Oh, no, sir. You see we'd been expectin of it."

"But what are you going to do?"

"Oh, Mr. —— will send some bricks, and he'll be built up again in a day or two."

"But you're surely not going to stay here tonight?"

"Oh, yes, sir (from the woman). Bill says he don't want to move. I could go down to my father's, but I may just as well sleep along with Bill."

And so they did. A friendly neighbor nailed up a sailcloth to make their rooms a little less "publiclike" and to afford some protection from the weather, and there they staid one more night at least, after which some of us succeeded in inducing them to move until the wall of their home was rebuilt.—London Spectator.

Legend of the Pansy.

A pretty fable about the pansy is current among French and German children. The flower has five petals and five sepals. In most pansies, especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in color and three are gay. The two plain petals have a single sepal, two of the gray petals have a sepal each, and the third, which is the largest of all, has two sepals.

The fable is that the pansy represents a family, consisting of husband and wife and four daughters, two of the latter being stepchildren of the wife. The plain petals are the stepchildren, with only one chair; the two small, gay petals are the daughters, with a chair each, and the large gay petal is the wife, with two chairs.

To find the father one must strip away the petals until the stamens and pistils are bare. They have a fanciful resemblance to an old man, with a flannel wrap about his neck, his shoulders upraised and his feet in a bathtub. The story is probably of French origin, because the French call the pansy the stepmother.—Household Magazine.

How to Retract.

The Editor (reading a letter)—"Sir—I wish you to distinctly understand that I will not be traduced in your vile sheet, and I desire that, under pain of personal violence and a civil and criminal libel suit, you withdraw the imputation that is contained in the lines quoted, 'Mr. Horatio Hottebludde is not all that he might have been.' Yours truly, etc., Hottebludde, Esq."

The Editor (composing the full and complete retraction)—"We stated in our last issue that 'Mr. Horatio Hottebludde is not all that he might have been.' We have since been threatened by Hottebludde, and after further and more searching investigation of his record we are pleased now to alter the latter portion of the paragraph, 'he is all that he might have been!'"

This reminds us of the schoolboy who was convicted of saying that his teacher "hadn't the intelligence of a mule." To save a castigation he promised to apologize before his fellow scholars. This was his apology: "I said our usher had not the intelligence of a mule. I was wrong. He has the intelligence of a mule."—Liverpool Mercury.

Copenhagen's Round Tower.

The Rundetoarn of Copenhagen is a round tower, erected toward the end of the eleventh century, during the reign of Canute VI. It is 195 feet high and 65 feet in diameter. By means of a spiral gallery in the interior, on a gentle incline, the ascension may be made either on horseback or in a carriage.

LOVE ON THE OCEAN.

THE STEAMERS ARE CUPID'S PET HUNTING GOUNDS.

Opinions of Those Who Have Traveled Much on the Sea—Says Cupid Never Gets Seasick—The Theory of Selection In the Matter of Love Disproved.

The ocean has no terrors for the little winged god of love, for he plies his mischievous trade as vigorously afloat as ashore.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Langtry at the Hoffman House, on the eve of her departure for Europe recently, "Cupid never gets seasick."

The Lily then laughed and remarked how curious it was to be interviewed on the subject just as she was about to start on a sea voyage.

"Of course, I have made many trips," she continued, "and I have always observed that there is more spooning and sparking aboard a transatlantic liner, all things considered, in a week than one could possibly see in a month on shore.

"The ocean, I have therefore come to conclude, must be the little mischief maker's particular delight."

"What reason do you ascribe it to?"

"Well, to begin with," she replied, "one leaves dull care behind when one steps on board a steamer. Thus one's mind gets into a condition for the lighter things of life, and you feel not only at peace with all mankind, always considering, of course, that you are not in the grasp of that monster, mal de mer, but almost in love with everybody about you who is at all nice."

"Do you recall any instance in prominent life where the love affair that led to marriage began on shipboard?"

"Many, but do not ask me to tell you their names. That would be personal, you know."

Professor Jaime Ramirez, president of the Spanish-American club, who has made many trips between his native Spain and his adopted America as well as between many other countries, said that the question awakened a myriad of recollections of Cupid's activity on the briny deep.

"Oh, yes. I have often wondered why people should be so susceptible to love on the ocean," he said. "It must be because there they see nature in her grandest and most awful aspect, and therefore more readily become subject to her benign influence on the finer feelings. Sentiment is stirred up as perhaps under no other circumstances, and a reveling in high, holy and poetic thoughts follows that lays the individual, if he or she is properly constituted, open to the promptings of the heart, where love has its seat."

The professor then drew a comparison between travel on land and water, continuing as follows:

"On the sea the air is fresh and pure. The effect is both purifying and refreshing, therefore exhilarating. It is only a step from exhilaration to love."

Another great traveler also grew philosophic when the question was propounded to him.

"About five years ago," he said, "I left Sydney for London on the steamship Orient, of the line of the same name.

"The voyage occupied six weeks, but it passed so pleasantly that when it was over it appeared as if it had been only six days.

"Our route first lay through the Indian ocean, and more and more romantic seemed each mile we traversed through those laughing, leaping, phosphorescent, tropical waters. Concerts on deck, card parties and games of all sorts helped us to while away the time. There was enough spooning behind the skylights and spars every night, and all day for that matter, of those six weeks to drive Cupid crazy with joy. Before the voyage was over six engagements of people who had never met before had been announced and celebrated. It was the most fateful voyage in this respect that I have ever had.

"On board a steamer people are thrown constantly together. They see each other under a multiplicity of circumstances, and therefore come to learn each other's various peculiarities and points. But their view points or focus is naturally contracted. If this or that young lady is beautiful, she seems to be still more beautiful than she really is. If at all nice, she will appear still nicer, and the longer the voyage the more enraptured you become. When you land, and your opportunities for wider observation unfold themselves, you are very apt to be disenchanted, for then you realize that your vision before was of necessity distorted. It is a glorious delusion while it lasts, however."

"Would not the same be true," the reporter asked, "if people happen to be thrown together in a small place on land?"

"Yes—that is, if their surroundings have anything romantic about them, and, above all else, are unusual. In other words, they must be away from familiar haunts, sights and customs."

"That would disprove the theory of selection in the matter of love," the reporter ventured.

"Of course," was the reply, "it is nice to think there is somebody waiting somewhere for you to love and by whom to be loved; but, as a fact, no one ever goes in search of that mythical person. Let young people be thrown constantly together and before they know it—that is, without exercising their fabled prerogative of selection—they will be in love with each other. Why, young men and maidens, old men and women, for that matter, are constantly marrying people as far from the ideals they have been known to describe as day is from night or peace from war and being happy forever after. It can be explained on no other theory than the one I advance."—New York Journal.

Mme. Bonaparte.

Mme. Bonaparte's last days were spent in a quiet boarding house in Baltimore. When questioned about her religious belief, Mme. Bonaparte replied that if she ever joined any religion it would be the Catholic, that being the faith of kings and queens; however, she never professed any allegiance to any sect. When any one inquired about her health, Mme. Bonaparte would answer, "I have a disease which medicine cannot cure—old age."

On April 4, 1879, Mme. Bonaparte quietly passed away at the advanced age of 94. Her remains were interred in Greenmount cemetery, Baltimore, where she had a few years before purchased a triangular lot, large enough for only one grave. Her tombstone, besides the date of her death, etc., contains this inscription; "After life's fitful fever, she sleeps well."—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Pacific coast woman's congress passed a woman suffrage resolution without a dissenting vote.

Staunton Spectator.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements are inserted at the rates of 12½ cents per line, for the first, and 6¼ cents for each subsequent insertion.

Local Notices are inserted at the rate of 20 cents per line for the first, and 10 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Business Notices are inserted at the rate of 15 cents for the first and 8 cents for each subsequent insertion.

A liberal discount will be made on all orders for 3, 6, or 12 months.

Obituaries, Announcements of Candidates for office, and all communications al or private character, will be charged for an advertisements.

Balfour and the Caddies.

Many stories have been told about Mr. Balfour and the caddies. On one occasion, when about to engage in a game, Mr. Balfour, recognizing in an opponent's caddie a former club bearer of his own, gave him a nod of recognition. Thereupon the caddie, with a satisfied smirk, turned to his neighbor and remarked, "Ye see hoo we Conservatives ken ane anither."

Mr. Balfour does not object to comments from a shrewd caddie, and he tells with great relish a story of one at Pau: An English player who knew no French, having made a fine shot, turned round to his French attendant for applause. The latter described the shot in the only English words which he had heard habitually associated with any remarkably successful stroke in the game. Looking full in his employer's face, and with his most winning and sympathetic smile, he uttered the words, "Beastly fluke!"—Woman at Home.

BICKLE & HAMRICK

UNDERTAKING PARLOR

NOS. 11 AND 13 W. FREDERICK STREET,
NEXT TO JESSER'S

We keep constantly on hand the finest stock of goods in our line ever seen in the city of Staunton. All the latest styles and novelties.
Calls attended day and night.

FUNERAL OUTFITTED

in every detail and under careful personal attention

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N os. and W. Frederick St.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

First Presbyterian Church, on Frederick St between New and Market streets, services 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. A. M. Fraser

Second Presbyterian church corner Frederick and Lewis streets. Services at 11 a. m and 8. Pastor, Rev. Wm. Cumming,

Emmanuel Episcopal Church, worship at Y. M. C. A. Hall. Services at 11 a. m., and 8 p. m. Rector, Rev. R. C. Jett.

Trinity Episcopal church, Main street, between Lewis and Church streets. Services at 11 a. m., and 8 p. m. Rector, Rev. W. Q. Hullihen

United Brethren church, Lewis street, between Main and Johnson streets. Services at 11 a. m and 8 p. m. Pastor, Rev. J. D Donovan.

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. H. F. Shealy.

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

St. Francis Roman Catholic, North Augusta street, Mass at 7 and 10.30 a. m. Vespers and benediction of Most Blessed Sacrament at p. m. Pastor, Rev. Father McVerry.

Young Men's Christian Association, corner Main and Water streets. Services at 4 p. m. Sunday.

DIRETORY OF LODGES.

MASONIC LODGE.

Staunton Lodge No. 13, A. F. and A. M., meets every second and last Friday night in each month, in Masonic Temple, Main street. Jas M. Lickliter, W. M; B. A. Eskridge, Sec'y.

UNION ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER.

No. 2, meets third Friday in every month, in Masonic Temple, on Main street. W. W. McGuffin, High Priest; A. A. Eskridge, Sec'y.

ODD FELLOWS' LODGE.

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

KNIGHTS OF HONOR LODGE.

Staunton Lodge, No. 756, Knights of Honor meets every first and third Tuesday in each month, in Pythian Hall, Main street. W. L. Olivier, Dictator; W. A. Burnett, Recorder.

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 F. B. Kennedy, Sec'y.

DISTRICT LODGE.

No. 22, I. O. G. T., meets every three months G. C. Shipplett, D. C. T.; S. H. Bauserman District Secretary.

ROYAL ARCANUM.

Augusta Council, No. 490, Royal Arcanum meets every second and fourth Tuesday in the month, at Pythian Hall, Main street. W. W. Robertson, Regent; Jos. B. Woodward, Secretary.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE

Charity Division, M. A., Sons of Temperance meets every Monday night at Odd Fellows all. W. A. Rapp, Worthy Patriarch; John B. Coffelt, Sec'y.

UNIFORMED RANK, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

E. B. Stuart Division, No. 10, meets second and fourth Mondays each month at Pythian Hall. Sir Knight Captain, F. B. Berkley; S Knight Recorder, S. H. Rosenbaum.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Valley Lodge, No. 18, K. of P., meets Monday night at Castle Hall, on West street, over Dr. Wayt's drug store. C. T. Hammond, Chancellor Commander; Albes Keeper of Records and Seal.

KNIGHT TEMPLARS.

Staunton Commandery, No. 8, Knights Templar, meets first Friday night in every month in Masonic Temple, on Main street. W. B. McChesney, Eminent Commander; A. A. Eskridge, Recorder.

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, sacher James W. Blackburn, chief of records. A visiting brothers welcome.

AMERICAN LEGION OF HONOR.

Valley Council No. 736 meets on the first and third Mondays in each month. Commande A. S. Woodhouse; secretary, Dr. J. M. Hange collector, Isaac C. Morton, Jr.

CATHOLIC HIBERNIAN BENIFICAL SOCIETY.

Meets first Sunday in every month in their hall on the church lot. M. T. B president; J. J. Kilgalen, first vice-president; J. J 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 Hall. Mr. J. M. Brereton, director, J. A. Armentrout, president, and C. Harry Haines, secretary.

CENTRAL PROHIBITION CLUB.

Meet on Thursday night of each week, in the club room, 119 East Main street. Jas. W. Bod[illegible]y, Acting President; Preston A. Ross, Secretary

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

Monthly meetings, Fourth Tuesday in the month at 7:30 o'clock. Room in City Hall building Isaac Witz, president; J. C. Shields, secretary.