

seur, "will the letter nevalre come?" "Musser," said the captain, suffering from a throat obstruction, "you'd better get ready to weigh anchor to-morrow."

"Comment?" asked the monsieur. "The missus 'll ask you to get out to-morrow," explained the captain, still suffering with impeded utterance. "I want to give you the word."

"I must leave; is it that I must leave?" "That's what she says," said the captain, "and you come straight down to the schooner Nautilus. I'll give you a berth."

"But, my letter, captain. It will come here, and I must be here to get it." Capt. Raggett shook his head, sadly. He did not believe in the letter, but not for the world would he have had the monsieur suspect his doubts.

Mrs. Raggett arose the next morning, in a first rate humor for an eviction. She had slept poorly, and had discovered that her husband had loaned a dollar to Capt. Bond. She ate breakfast with a cheerful gleam in her eyes, which chilled the blood of the captain, and directly the meal was finished she prepared for action.

"Mister Grande," she said, sharply, entering the room of the old Frenchman, "I've come for the money due me." "Mals the letter, it has not come," exclaimed the old man. "When it comes I will pay you."

"Mister Grande," said Mrs. Raggett, "you will do me the favor of leaving this house and board."

Monsieur Grande made no move to leave. He sat, as if stunned, in his room. Mrs. Raggett was a woman of prompt action. She summoned a ragged, slattern of a man, called Pete, who did odd jobs for enough to buy a drink, and ordered him to carry the monsieur's scanty furniture out on the sidewalk.

The neighbors gathered, as the small pile of effects was taken in undertones. When the last piece of furniture was out of the room, Pete grasped the arm of the old man, as he leaned against the wall, and began to drag him out. Then something happened. Pete lay down suddenly, on the floor, his head striking the boards with a thump, and Capt. Raggett, his face as red as a lobster, escorted the old man carefully down stairs.

Pathetically, the old man perched himself on the pile of his household goods, and concealed his face with his hands. The neighbors looked on, silently. Many of them had undergone the same misfortune in their time, and their sympathy was not the less, because they were silent. They were not wont to be expressive of their emotions.

Suddenly, the old Frenchman's head arose, a hopeful, wistful expression came over his face. He looked at the old man, who was being led away, and then he turned to the neighbors, who were looking on, and said:

"IT MEANS THAT I AM RICH." Into his eyes, for away up the street he saw the gray uniform of the postman. He came briskly down the street, stopping at one house after another, until he reached the Raggett house.

Monsieur gazed at him, eagerly. "Nothing," said the postman, shaking his head. "Rien," groaned the old man, his head drooping on his breast.

Mrs. Raggett laughed scornfully, and Capt. Raggett, who was leaning against the mantel-piece in the lowest possible spirits, was so depressed at the non-delivery of the letter that he knocked a nickel clock off the mantel and with it a mass of papers tucked behind the clock.

"Orkard idjut," exclaimed Mrs. Raggett. The captain solemnly picked up the clock and replaced it. Then he gathered up the papers. There was one bulky envelope from some installment house which had come unsealed and contained advertising matter. As the captain picked this up another letter dropped from out of the advertisement.

"What's this?" exclaimed he, "a letter for M. M. Francois Grande. Where did this come from?" Mrs. Raggett colored. "I suppose it got tucked into that there other letter and nobody noticed it," she said. "Let me see it."

"It belongs to Musser Grande," said the captain, and he bore it to him. With eyes gleaming, with galeic utterances pouring from his lips, the old man opened the letter. There was the draft for 3,000 francs, and, more, a promise of a like sum in two months.

The old Frenchman waved the draft, triumphantly. "I was sure, captain," he exclaimed. "It is that I am rich. It is that we have a dinner at the restaurant, that the friends have presents and the children have bon-bons."

MAIDEN DIED HAPPY.

GAVE LOVER TO GIRL FRIEND ON HER DEATHBED.

Iowa Youth Eloped with Girl of Thirteen—Bride Acted as Husband's Guardian—Humor and Pathos of Love.

The betrothal of Miss Lulu Walkup of Jefferson, Ind., to Charles Smith of Anderson, Ind., was made at the bedside of a dying girl. Lulu Walkup and Elizabeth Lawrence had been schoolgirls together and lifelong friends. Last year Miss Lawrence became the promised bride of Charles Smith, but a few weeks before the date fixed for their wedding she became seriously ill. Mr. Smith and Miss Walkup were in almost constant attendance at the bedside, and a few hours before her death, after her physician had informed her that she could not recover, she motioned for her betrothed and Miss Walkup, who had been her most intimate friend, to come to her bedside. They did so, and with the last remnant of her strength she joined their hands together with the remark that she could die happy if she knew that they would be wedded. The betrothal made in tears over the form of a dying girl will end in a wedding the coming week.

Harry Seward, aged 19, and Stella Little, only 13, were very much in love with each other, and so they eloped. They were captured in a boat, trying to escape into Nebraska. Harry is a huge, muscular youth, man grown, and was employed by Stella's father as a farm hand near Des Moines. Stella is a blonde and tall, so well developed that she easily passes for 18. Their course of true love ran smoothly enough until Stella's parents sought to marry her to another man. Then she eloped with Harry. They went to Sioux City, where Harry's parents live. They were so big that they had no difficulty in getting a license and in finding a justice who married them. Then Harry took his bride home. Five days

afterward Harry's little brother came running into the house. "Look out, the policemen are after ye," he panted, breathlessly. Harry and his bride dashed out of the house, hand in hand, and made for the Missouri river, with the officers in close pursuit. They sprang into a rowboat, but before Harry could pick up the oars the policeman seized the boat's painter and the young bride and groom were escorted to jail, where Harry is held on a charge of abduction.

"Her mother wanted her to marry Everett Solomon, who worked for the Iowa Dairy company," young Seward said, "and I wouldn't stand for it. I'll soon find work and will support my Stella. I may have done wrong in stealing her away, but I love her and will protect her if I have a chance."

Albert Grayland, of Sharon, Minn., was only 20 years old, and Myrtle Thyme, his sweetheart, was 18 when they sought a marriage license to wed.

"You're not of age," said the clerk. "You have to have the consent of your parents or a guardian."

"But I have no parents and no guardian," replied Albert Grayland. "Get a guardian, then," suggested the clerk.

A queer light shone in the eyes of the girl. "I'm 18 years old," she said, "and of legal age. Why can't I be your guardian?"

They went to the probate judge. Blushing the girl told the judge the story and asked to be appointed the guardian of Alfred Grayland, infant. The judge had been young himself, once, and probably in love a good many times. So he signed the papers, and Myrtle Thyme took possession of her ward, Albert Grayland, and all his property—he is well off. She married him right away, but under the laws of Minnesota, she has to report to the probate judge every cent spent by her husband. All his cigar money goes into the report. When he spends 50 cents to see a ball game the amount has to be inserted in a bill of particulars and filed with the court.

The young wife even was compelled to pay the two-dollar fee for the license and the three-dollar fee for the justice of the peace. These expenditures she had to report to the court as "marriage expenses" of her ward. Furthermore, she must keep good eye on his conduct, for in this state guardians are responsible for the moral as well as the financial welfare of their wards.

Feminine Charity. Him—Don't you think Miss Platsun has an awfully sad face? Her—Yes, poor dear; a face like hers is enough to make any girl sad.—Chicago Daily News.

A Practical Lover. She—Would you be willing to die for me? He—Ye-es—after you got too old to marry again.—N. Y. Weekly.

Scientific Definition. "Pa, what is a bigot?" "A bigot, my son, is a person who doesn't think as I do and sticks to it."—Tit-Bits.

AT THE SHORE.

"You have broken my heart," he said, bitterly, as they walked back to the hotel. "Why didn't you tell me that you were married?"

"Why," she pouted, "how was I to know that you were single?"—Smart Set.

A Matter of Interest. Cholly—Oh, no! The widow is not handsome. Ferdy—But is she interesting? Cholly—Decidedly so—to a chap as heavily in debt as I am.—Puck.

June 19, 1904. C & O ROUTE. CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RAILWAY.

2 Hours and 25 Minutes to Norfolk. LEAVE RICHMOND—EASTBOUND.

7:35 a. m.—Daily—Local to Newport News. 8:00 a. m.—Daily—Limited—Arrives Williamsburg 9:30 a. m. Newport News 10:30 a. m. Old Point Comfort 11:30 a. m.

4:30 p. m.—Daily—Special—Arrives Williamsburg 4:56 p. m. Newport News 5:30 p. m. Old Point Comfort 6:25 p. m. 5:00 p. m.—Daily—Local to Old Point and Norfolk.

8:50 a. m.—Daily to Charlottesville and Except Sunday to Clifton Forge. 2:50 p. m.—Daily—Special—Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis and Chicago.

10:45 p. m.—Week days—Local to Orange, West Point, Lynchburg, Lexington, New Castle, Clifton Forge and principal stations. 10:20 a. m.—JAMES RIVER LINE.

8:15 p. m.—Week days—Local to Esmont. TRAINS ARRIVE RICHMOND FROM Norfolk and Old Point a. m., daily, 11:45 a. m., daily, 7:30 p. m., daily, and 9:30 p. m., daily.

West of Cincinnati and West 7:30 a. m. daily and 8:30 p. m. daily. Main Line Local from Clifton Forge 8:10 p. m. Ex. Sun. Orange Avenue modulation 8:30 a. m. Ex. Sun. James River Line Local from Clifton Forge 6:25 p. m. daily. Esmont accom. 8:40 a. m. Ex. Sun. C. E. DOYLE, W. O. WARTHEN, Gen'l Manager, Dist. Pass. Agt.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY Effective May 29th, 1904. TRAINS LEAVE RICHMOND.

7:00 a. m.—Daily. Local for Charlotte. 12:30 p. m.—Daily. Limited. Etret Pullman to Atlanta and Birmingham, New Orleans, Memphis, Chicago and the South. 6:00 p. m.—Ex. Sun. Keyville. 11:30 p. m.—Daily Limited. Pullman ready 9:30 m. for all to the South.

YORK RIVER LINE The favorite route for Baltimore and eastern points. Leave Richmond 4:20 p. m. Daily except Sunday. 4:45 a. m.—Except Sunday. Local mixed for West Point. 4:20 p. m.—Except Sunday. For West Point, connecting with steamers for Baltimore and river landings.

Steamers call at Clay Bank and Yorktown, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and at Gloucester Point and Allmond, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. TRAINS ARRIVE RICHMOND FROM West Point and From all the South. 4:58 a. m. From Charlotte and Durham. 8:30 p. m. From Keyville. 9:25 a. m.—Baltimore and West Point. 10:45 a. m.—From West Point. 11:30 p. m.—From Old Point.

S. H. HARDWICK, Pass. Traf. Mgr. H. C. ACKERT, G. M. W. H. TAYLOR, G. P. A. C. W. WESTBURY, D. P. A. Richmond, Va.

Norfolk and Western R. R. LEAVE RICHMOND (DAILY), BYRD STREET STATION. 9:00 A. M. NORFOLK LIMITED. Arrives at Norfolk 11:30 A. M. Stops only at Petersburg, Waverly and Suffolk.

9:30 P. M. NEW ORLEANS SHORT LINE. Pullman Sleeper Richmond to Lynchburg, Petersburg and Norfolk. Express Buffet Parlor Car Petersburg to Lynchburg and Roanoke. Pullman Sleeper Roanoke to Columbia and Blue Ridge. Dining Car, Roanoke to Knoxville, and Knoxville to Chattanooga, and Knoxville.

12:30 P. M. Roanoke Express for Farmville, Lynchburg, and Roanoke. 1:30 P. M. Shenandoah Limited. Arrives Norfolk 8:30 P. M. Stops only at Petersburg, Waverly and Suffolk. Connects with Steamers to Boston, Providence, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

6:30 P. M. for Norfolk and all stations east of Petersburg. 9:35 P. M. NEW ORLEANS SHORT LINE. Pullman Sleeper Richmond to Lynchburg, Petersburg and Norfolk. Express Buffet Parlor Car Petersburg to Lynchburg and Roanoke. Pullman Sleeper Roanoke to Columbia and Blue Ridge. Dining Car, Roanoke to Knoxville, and Knoxville to Chattanooga, and Knoxville.

OLD DOMINION STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Leave Richmond daily at 7 p. m., stopping at Newport News in both directions.

Daily except Sunday by C. & O. Railway, 9:00 a. m., 4 p. m., 9 a. m. and 3 p. m. by N. & W. Railway, all lines connect at Norfolk with direct steamers for New York, sailing daily except Sunday, 7 p. m.

Steamers sail from company's wharf (foot of Ash Street) Rockets. K. F. CHALKLER, City Ticket Agt., 1212 E. Main St., Richmond, Va. JOHN F. MAYER, Agt. Wharf Foot of Ash St., Richmond, Va. H. B. WALKER, V. P. & T. M., New York.

R. F. & P. Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railroad. Trains Leave Richmond—Northward.

4:15 a. m. daily, Byrd St. Through. 6:45 a. m., daily, Main St. Through. 7:15 p. m., week days, Elba, Ashland accommodation. 8:20 a. m., daily, Byrd St. Through. Local stops. 12:30 noon, week days, Byrd St. Through. 4:30 p. m., week days, Byrd St. Fredericksburg accommodation. 5:50 p. m., daily, Main St. Through. 6:25 p. m., week days, Elba, Ashland accommodation.

8:40 p. m., daily, Byrd St. Through. 8:40 p. m., week days, Elba Ashland accommodation. 8:20 a. m., week days, Byrd St. Fredericksburg accommodation. 11:50 a. m., week days, Byrd St. Through. Local stops. 6:00 p. m., daily, Main St. Through. 6:30 p. m., week days, Elba Ashland accommodations. 7:15 p. m., daily, Byrd St. Through. 8:20 p. m., daily, Byrd St. Through. Local stops. 10:20 p. m., daily, Main St. Through. NOTE—Pullman Sleeping or Parlor Cars on all above trains except train arriving Richmond 11:30 a. m. week days and local accommodations not guaranteed.

W. B. DUKE, G. W. CULP, W. P. TAYLOR, Gen'l Mantr., Ass't Gen'l Man. TRAF. MAN.

ALPHEUS SCOTT, CHURCH HILL FUNERAL DIRECTOR. Open Day and Night. Office and Ware rooms 3006 P St., Church Hill. Orders by Telegraph and Telephone promptly attended to. All business confidential. Old Phone No. 3183.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY. Curly Hair Made Straight By. TAKEN FROM LIFE: BEFORE AND AFTER TREATMENT. ORIGINAL OZONIZED OX MARROW (Copyrighted).

This wonderful hair preparation is the only safe preparation in the world that makes curly or wavy hair straight as shown above. It is not a hair cream, does not clog the pores, and makes the hair grow long and silky. Sold everywhere for 25 cents a bottle. Beware of imitations. It was the first preparation ever made for straightening curly hair. It is not a hair cream, does not clog the pores, and makes the hair grow long and silky. Sold everywhere for 25 cents a bottle. Beware of imitations.

Keep the hair straight, soft and beautiful, give it a healthy, life-like appearance so much desired. A little necessity for ladies. Owing to its superior and lasting qualities it is the only hair preparation that can be used on the hair of the scalp. It is not a hair cream, does not clog the pores, and makes the hair grow long and silky. Sold everywhere for 25 cents a bottle. Beware of imitations.

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WE have made arrangements with one of the largest music houses of Boston to furnish you readers with ten pieces, full size, complete and unabridged Sheet Music for this offer. The quality of this sheet music is the very best. The composers' names are household words. Over the continent. Some of the high priced copyright pieces or the most popular rep. music. It is printed on regular sheet-music paper, from new plates made from large, clear type, in fast-colored titles—and is in every way first-class and worthy of your home. 3,000,000 copies are being printed.

LIST OF THE PIECES OFFERED AT THIS TIME. No. 1. Aids Through the Valley. Full. 2. All for Thee, Waltzes. Waltz. 3. Ave Maria. Ave Maria. 4. Ave Maria. Ave Maria. 5. Ave Maria. Ave Maria. 6. Ave Maria. Ave Maria. 7. Ave Maria. Ave Maria. 8. Ave Maria. Ave Maria. 9. Ave Maria. Ave Maria. 10. Ave Maria. Ave Maria.

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THE EVICTION OF MONSIEUR.

By J. C. PLUMMER. SATURDAY JULY 30, 1904.

ECHOES. Gentle, meemie, miney mo. Crack a teatny, finey to. Ommanuga poppattuga. Bick, wick, dan docks.

No sense for savants wisdom laden. Lies within that childish strain; But there's bliss that comes from Aiden Down in the golden shore again. When the lay that used to throb us Comes from out the long ago. Time, old ragged, cannot rob us Of our "meemie, miney mo."

Entry, mentry, cutesy corn. Ah! we recall each joyous fellow. Wiry, brier, timber lock. Six geese in a flock. An old graybeard, you can never Still the song that used to thrill, Hide away the forms that ever Troop along the meadow hill. Song of cheer and merry laughter! Lad and lassie, they will flock Through the years of the hereafter With their sunny "timber lock."

"One saw, two zig zag saw zam, Bottal, vinegar, ticklum tam, Harum, scarum, virgum marum. Bringham, stranglum, buck and John." And again their faces meet us. As no other faces can: And their voices come to greet us With the dear old "zig zag zam."

"Zee, meemie, monie my, Bassaloney, boney, stry. Here, ware, corner, back. Alike bulko, we wo wacky. No classic stanzas laid before us. As by master hands can thrill. Cannot thrill us and implore us Like that of yore. There is throb of joy and frolic. Sweetness of the days gone by. Trembling in each ringing roll of Our "meemie, miney mo."—Horace Seymour Keller, in N. Y. Sun.

OUT on the street he goes, bag and baggage," said Mrs. Raggett, "unless he pays me what he owes me. And to-morrow morning, too."

"I think Musser Grande means all right," remonstrated Capt. Raggett somewhat feebly. "You are a nice judge of people, you are," retorted his wife, scornfully. "There's not a rum-sucking old sailor about the wharves who hasn't borrowed money from you, and they all mean well. You'd think the Old Boy meant well, I suppose, if he stuck you on his fork."

Capt. Raggett, guiltily conscious of having loaned Capt. Simon Bond a dollar that very morning, held his peace. "For a whole month that old Frenchman has been promising me my money," continued Mrs. Raggett, "says he's a letter coming from France with a lot of money in it. Where's the letter, if I like to know? I won't be made a fool of no more."

"Wait until to-morrow night," pleaded Capt. Raggett, "the letter may come to-morrow."

"Letter from the moon," sniffed his wife, "there's no letter, you ninny; he's only playing off on me for time."

"If you please," said a gentle voice from the staircase, "is it that the post has come not yet?" "Yes, he's come, gone and forgot it," replied Mrs. Raggett, roughly.

"And no letter," cried Monsieur Grande, with a gesture of despair. "I am desolated, Madame Raggett. Again I cannot fulfill my promise. But patience, Madame, it must come."

"There may have been gales at sea," put in Capt. Raggett. "Yes, yes," exclaimed the Monsieur. "And heid the ships ahead, no aback; patience, Madame, patience."

The old man ascended the stairs to his room, suspiciously, for Mrs. Raggett had made no hospitable sign. Monsieur Grande was the sole boarder at the Raggett. The tall, thin, old Frenchman, with the oval of his face accentuated by the grey imperial at his chin, with his gentle manners and perpetual struggle with the idioms of the English language, had made many friends in the neighborhood, but he had never made a favorable impression on Mrs. Raggett. That strenuous lady denounced his gentleness as weakness, and his mistakes in language, stupidity. At first the Monsieur made a meagre living, writing for some French newspaper, but, latterly, his contributions seemed unwelcome, and he became back in his board. Then a letter came from France, and the Monsieur came to Mrs. Raggett, his face as radiant as a sunny day in June. In his excited manner he read that a legal matter had been settled in France, and that a remittance of 3,000 francs would be made the monsieur by the next mail. Monsieur trod on the air. He invited both the captain and his wife to a dinner at a French restaurant, and to the theatre afterwards. He promised treats, galore, to the neighbors, and presents to the dirty children, who loved to play tricks on the old Frenchman.

But day succeeded day, and the letter came not. Day by day the irony of Mrs. Raggett changed to insulting prockery, and the gentle old man was overwhelmed with shame. Wistfully he watched for the postman each day, and sadly he bowed his head, as he passed the house, without leaving the expected missive.

Capt. Raggett, entering his room, stealthily, found the old man sitting with his face on his hands. "Aho, musser," said the captain, softly, "here's a bit of bread and am I hooked from the safe. Eat it." "I am desolated," groaned the mon-

Scientific Definition. "Pa, what is a bigot?" "A bigot, my son, is a person who doesn't think as I do and sticks to it."—Tit-Bits.



ELOPED WITH GIRL OF 13.



ELOPED WITH GIRL OF 13.



TAKEN FROM LIFE: BEFORE AND AFTER TREATMENT.

ORIGINAL OZONIZED OX MARROW (Copyrighted).

This wonderful hair preparation is the only safe preparation in the world that makes curly or wavy hair straight as shown above. It is not a hair cream, does not clog the pores, and makes the hair grow long and silky. Sold everywhere for 25 cents a bottle. Beware of imitations.

Keep the hair straight, soft and beautiful, give it a healthy, life-like appearance so much desired. A little necessity for ladies. Owing to its superior and lasting qualities it is the only hair preparation that can be used on the hair of the scalp. It is not a hair cream, does not clog the pores, and makes the hair grow long and silky. Sold everywhere for 25 cents a bottle. Beware of imitations.

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