Miller & Rhoads. | **Miller & Rhoads.**

WEATHER FORECAST—Wednesday, fair and warmer.

400 Short Pieces of White Cotton Dress Goods on First Floor.

We have an unusually large number of short pieces of Persian Lawns, India Lawns, Nainsook, Check and Plain Muslins, Organdies, etc., that we'd rather not take account of at inventory taking.

Our white goods man has marked every one of these odds and ends at a lower figure than usual in order to clear them out this week. Can't enumerate the prices—there's about 400 different pieces.

Subtract $1.48 from $3.98 or $5.00. It Represents the Saving on Children's Wash Dresses.

Sewing is wearisome work in hot weather and, of course, Children need more changes of clothing now than at any other time.

We have about 35 Wash Suits that we've reduced to $1.48 each. They were made to sell from $3.98 to $5.00. Piques, Colored Chambrays, Solid Linens, etc., and a glance at them will show you that in many cases you couldn't buy the material for the price we are selling the finished Suit.

Many of These New Parasols Less Than Half Price.

Our Fancy Chiffon and Lace-Trimmed Parasols ranged in price all season from $3.50 to $25.00.

We've divided the entire assortment into five lots and notice how the original prices have been buried out of sight—

$3.50 and $3.98 Fancy Chiffons, principally in white, now $1.98.

$3.98 and $5.98 Fancy Chiffons, now $2.98.

$6.50, $7.98 and $10.00 Whites and Blacks, chiffon ruffles and lace applique, now $5.98.

$12.98 and $15.00 Parasols, in first-class condition and very exclusive patterns, only six in this lot, now $7.98.

$16.50, $20.00 and $25.00 Parasols, now $10.00. Just seven in this lot and some of the daintiest creations in this line that were ever made.

Natural wood sticks, bone-tipped frames, covered with an excellent quality of taffeta.

Others covered with heavy figured silk and all-silk lace.

Miller & Rhoads

Social and Personal

Gay, a fashionable London poet of a century or so agone, in his very cleverly drawn picture of city life, which he called "Trivia," wrote:

"Now if on Swithin's feast the welkin' lovers,
And every penthouse streams with hasty showers;
Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain,
And wash the pavement with incessant rain."

For the benefit of the too credulous the poet adds:

"Let not such vulgar tales debase thy mind:
Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind."

As to-day, July 15th, is the anniversary of the Saxon saint, the old rainy superstition, which obtained not only in Great Britain, but in France and Germany, comes back to mind. The St. Swithin, of Scotland, is St. Martin, of Bouillons. The rainy saint in Flanders is Saint Godelieve, in Germany the Seven Sleepers.

The legend is that Saint Swithin, Bishop of Winchester Cathedral, England, who died in 862, desired to be buried in the churchyard of the minster, that "the sweet rain of heaven might fall upon his grave." At canonization the monks thought to honor the saint by removing his body into the choir, and fixed the 15th of July for the ceremony, but it rained day after day for forty days, so the monks saw the saints were averse to their project and wisely abandoned it.

The old English proverb goes to this effect:

"Saint Swithin's day, gif ye do rain, for forty days it will remain;
Saint Swithin's day, and ye be fair, for forty days 'twill rain nae mair."

The weather prophet of the saints was the teacher of Alfred the Great, and is said to have accompanied the good King when he went as a boy to Rome.

* * *

Professor Charles Massey Long, M. A., Ph. D., the son of the late Dr. John C. Long, of Charlottesville, a prominent Virginia educator, has been elected to fill the chair of history and political science at Furman University, Greenville, S. C.

Professor Long is a B. A. graduate of Richmond College. He took his other degrees at the University of Virginia, and has been recently professor of English and philosophy in Bethel College, Kentucky.

* * *

The cast for the farce, "Murder Will Out," which was so successfully given by the Keswick Hunt Club last week, included Mrs. F. L. Thurmond, Miss Dashiell, Miss Tupper, Misses Gill and Miss Charlotte Randolph.

Mrs. Thurmond sang several beautiful solos and Miss McNeil, of Charlottesville, took the audience by storm with her fine selections on the violin.

A feature of the evening were the recitations given by Miss Nannie Thornton Pegram, of this city, who is attending the School of Methods in Charlottesville, and was a guest of the occasion.

* * *

Personal Mention.

Mrs. Lucy C. Faris and daughter, Miss Elizabeth Faris, of Sharpsburg, Ky., after having visited the families of Mr. J. W. Carson and Mr. Robert Hopkins, in Richmond, left yesterday to visit relatives in Baltimore and Washington, accompanied by Mrs. Carson and her son.

* * *

Mr. Ralph Morgan, the son of the Rev. Dr. Cary E. Morgan, reached Richmond from his present home in Kentucky Monday evening. While here he is at No. 215 East Franklin Street.

* * *

The Rev. Mr. Coler, of Ann Arbor, Mich., director of Bible study in the University of Virginia, filled the pulpit at Seventh Street Christian Church Sunday last and was the guest for the week-end of Mrs. R. T. Hunter.

* * *

Mrs. Byrd Hill is the guest of Mrs. Nicholson on Washington Street, Newport News.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. A. Hartung have left for an extended trip to New York and Atlantic City.

* * *

Miss Maude Palmer, who has been visiting her mother at No. 813 South Third Street since July 4th, will return to New York Thursday next. Miss Palmer has received a most cordial welcome during her visit from her many friends in Richmond.

* * *

Miss Marie Leahy is conducting a very successful class in voice culture and expression during the summer months at Harrisonburg, Va.

* * *

Miss Hattie Kotter, who has been visiting friends near Staunton, Va., has returned home.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Sycle, Mrs. Simon Sycle, Miss Mabel and Master Robert Sycle are summering at Buckroe Beach, Va.

* * *

At an exceedingly pleasant meeting Monday evening of the Stay-at-Home Whist Club with Mrs. Harrie Webster, Mrs. S. W. Travers and Mr. Tom Moore were winners. The club will meet next Monday with Mrs. Emily Glasgow Houston, at No. 1 West Main Street.

* * *

Miss Loula Ahern is the guest of her friend, Miss Vera Sclater, in Newport News.

* * *

Miss Michaux and Miss Katherine Michaux are at Virginia Beach for several weeks.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Archer Perkins are visiting Mr. V. B. Jeffries, at Scottsville, Va.

* * *

The wedding of Miss Ida H. Knight to Mr. Abner C. Goode is scheduled to take place at 8 o'clock to-night, in St. John's Church. Miss Knight is the niece of Mrs. Susan V. Pollard.

* * *

Mr. Polk Miller will give a concert in Winchester, Va., during the summer for the benefit of the Memorial Hospital in that town.

* * *

Mr. George R. Todd is spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Todd, of Staunton.

* * *

Miss Pearle Davenport is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. W. L. Jones, of Newport News.

* * *

Mrs. Thomas Christian Gordon, little daughter and nurse are spending the summer at the Bel Air Hotel, Fincastle, Va.

* * *

Mrs. Helen G. Ranson expects to go for August to Mapleshade Inn, Pulaski county.

* * *

Miss Edith Watkins is visiting friends in Danville, Va.

* * *

Miss Josephine Tyler expects to spend ten days or a fortnight at Virginia Beach.

* * *

Master Charles Brock Hughes, of Norfolk, is visiting his grandparents at No. 205 East Franklin Street.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Stanard, who have greatly enjoyed their visit to Boston, are expected to return within a few days. Many of the teachers who went to the meeting of the National Education Association, will visit the summer schools at Martha's Vineyard.

National Guard Called On.

(By Associated Press.)

PORT AU PRINCE, HAYTI, July 13. The conflict between President Nord and the Chambers continues. A state of siege has been proclaimed and the national guard has been summoned to arms.

SLOW STARVATION.

The Dyspeptic's Diet Leaves No Chance for Regaining Strength.

The dyspeptic who starves body and brain because food will not digest has no chance to get strong again, because bodily strength cannot be built up except on food that will digest.

That is the mission of Grape-Nuts, which any dyspeptic can digest and which will begin to build up and nourish at once.

A Wisconsin man says: "For the last seven years I have been a great sufferer with stomach trouble, and for eighteen months I could not eat or drink anything, not even a spoonful of milk, without great suffering.

"It seemed I had tried every remedy in the world, and I had given up all hopes of ever getting better, when a friend advised me to eat Grape-Nuts food. I was just about too much discouraged to do so, for I expected to die, and all my friends expected I would, too; but I finally did send for a sample box, and when it came I was so weak I could not turn over in bed.

"Then I began to take the Grape-Nuts, just a little bit at first, moistened with hot milk, and from this time I began to grow stronger, and before I had finished the fourth package I could eat and drink anything I wanted, and it did not hurt me in the least. So the right food helped me to health after everything else had failed.

"Experience, actual use, proves absolutely the great power of the scientific food Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Send for particulars by mail of extension of time on the $7,500 cooks' contest for 185 money prizes.

THE TWO VANREVELS

By BOOTH TARKINGTON.

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CHAPTER X—(Continued).

"Oh, I wish Mr. Cummings hadn't!" she exclaimed. "It would have been better not to speak of me at all, of course; but I can't see that there is anything to resent—it is so funny!"

"Funny!" Mr. Carewe repeated the word in a cracked falsetto, with the evident intention of mocking her, and at the same time hideously contorted his face into a grotesque idiocy of expression, pursing his lips so extremely and setting his brows so awry, that his other features were carried out of all familiar likeness, effecting an alteration as shocking to behold, in a man of his severe cast of countenance, as was his falsetto mimicry to hear. She rose in a kind of terror, perceiving that this contortion was produced in burlesque of her own expression, and, as he pressed nearer her, stepped back, overturning her chair. She had little recollection of her father during her childhood; and as long as she could remember no one had spoken to her angrily, or even roughly.

As she retreated from him, he leaned forward, thrusting the hideous mask closer to her white and horror-stricken face.

"You can't see anything to resent in that!" he gibbered. "It's so funny, is it? Funny! Funny! Funny! I'll show you whether it's funny or not, I'll show you!" His voice rose almost to a shriek. "You hang around fires, do you, on the public streets at night? You're a nice one for me to leave in charge of my house while I'm away, you trollop! What did you mean by going up on that roof? You knew that damned Vanrevel was there! You did. I say, you knew it!"

She ran toward the door with a frightened cry; but he got between it and her, menacing her with his upraised open hands, shaking them over her.

"You're a lovely daughter, aren't you!" he shouted, hoarsely. "You knew perfectly well who was on that roof, and you went! Didn't you go? Answer me that! If I'd had arms about me when I got there, I'd have shot that man dead! He was on my property, giving orders, the black hound! And when I ordered him out, he told me if I interfered with his work before it was finished, he'd have to throw me out—me that owned the whole place; and there wasn't a man that would lend me a pistol! 'Rescue!' You'd better rescue him from me, you palm-laden dove, for I'll shoot him, I will! I'll kill that dog; and he knows it. He can bluster in a crowd, but he'll hide now! He's a coward and—"

"He came home with me; he brought me home last night!" Her voice rang out in the room like that of some other person, and she hardly knew that it was herself who spoke.

"You lie!" he screamed, and fell back from her, his face working as though under the dominance of some physical disorder, the flesh of it plastic beyond conception, so that she cried out and covered her face with her arm. "You lie! I saw you at the hedge with Crailey Gray, though you thought I didn't. What do you want to lie like that for? Vanrevel didn't even speak to you. I asked Madrillon. You lie!"

He choked upon the words; a racking cough shook him from head to foot; he staggered back and dropped upon her overturned chair, his arms beating the table in front of him, his head jerking spasmodically backward and forward as he gasped for breath.

"Ring the bell," he panted thickly, with an incoherent gesture. "Nelson knows. Ring!"

Nelson evidently knew. He brought brandy and water from the sideboard with no stinting hand, and within ten minutes Mr. Carewe was in his accustomed seat, competent to finish his breakfast. In solitude, however, he sat, and no one guessed his thoughts.

For Miss Betty had fled to her own room and had bolted the door. She lay upon the bed, shuddering and shivering with nausea and cold, though the day was warm. Then, like a hot pain in her breast, came a homesickness for St. Mary's, and the flood-tide of tears as she thought of the quiet convent in the sunshine over to the west, the peace of it, and the goodness of everybody there.

"Sister Cecilia!" Her shoulders shook with the great sob that followed this name, dearest to her in the world, convulsively whispered to the pillow. "Dear Sister Cecilia!" She patted the white pillow with her hand, as though it were the cool cheek against which she yearned to lay her own. "Ah, you would know—you would know!" With the thought of the serene face of the good sister and of the kind arms that would have gone round her in her trouble, her sobbing grew loud and uncontrollable. But she would not have her father hear it, and buried her face deep in the pillow. After a time she began to grow quieter, turned and lay with wet eyes, staring unseemingly at the wall, her underlip quivering with the deep intake of each broken sigh.

"Oh, stars, stars, stars!" she whispered.

"Missy?" There came a soft knock upon the door and the clink of silver upon china. "Missy?"

"What is it?"

So quick was Miss Betty that although she answered almost at once, the tears were washed away, and she was passing a cool, wet towel over her eyes at the moment she spoke.

"Jass me. I brung you' breakfas', honey."

Old Nelson's voice was always low and gentle, with a quaver and hesitancy in the utterance; now it was tender and comforting, with the comprehension of one in suffering, the extraordinary tact, which the old of his race nearly all come to possess. "Lil' chicken wing on piece brown toast, honey."

When she opened the door he came in, bending attentively over his tray, and without a glance toward his young mistress, made some show of fuss and bustle as he placed it upon a table near the window and drew up a chair for her, so that she could sit with her back to the light.

"Dah, now!" he exclaimed, softly, removing the white napkin and displaying other dainties besides the chicken wing. "Dass de way! Dat ole Mamie in de kitchen, she got her fallin's an' her grievin' sins; but de way she do han'le chicken an' biscuit sutney ain't none on 'em! She plead fo' me to ax you how you like dem biscuit."

He kept his head bent low over the table, setting a fork closer to Betty's hand, arranging the plates, then rearranging them, but never turning his eyes in her direction.

"Dat ole Mamie mighty vain, yes, suh!" He suffered a very quiet chuckle to escape him. "She did most sutney 'sist dat I ax you ain't you like dem biscuit. She de ver'y vaines' woman in this State, dat ole Mamie, yessuh!" And now he cast one quick glance out of the corner of his eye at Miss Betty before venturing a louder chuckle. "She reckon dem biscuit goin' git her by Sain' Petuh when she 'proach de hevumly gates! Uhuh! I tell her she got git redemption fo' de aigs she done ruin dese many yeahs; 'case she as useless wid an ommelick as a two-day calf on de slick ice!" Here he laughed loud and long. "You jass go and talk wid dat Mamie, some day, Misby; you'll see how vain dat woman is."

"Has father gone out, Nelson?" asked Betty, in a low voice.

"Yes'm; he up town." The old man's tone sank at once to the level of her own; became confidential, as one speaks to another in a room where somebody is ill. "He mekkin' perpetration to go down de rivuh dis aft'noon. He say he broke de news to you dat he goin' 'way. Dey goin' bull' dem wa'house right up, an' yo' pa he necistate go 'way 'count de contrack. He be gone two week', honey." Nelson finished, without too much the air of importing cheery tidings, but with just enough.

"I am to stay here alone?"

"Law, no, Missy! Dat big Miz Tanberry, dass de bes' frien' we all got, she home ag'in, an' yo' pa goin' invite her visit at de house whiles he gone, an' to stay a month affuh he git back, too, seze she kin go to all de doin's an' junketin's wid you, and talk wid de young mens dat you don' like, whiles you talks wid dem you does like."

"What time will father come home?"

"Home? He will be gon two week', honey!"

"No; I mean to-day."

"Law! He ain' comin' back. Bid me pack de trunk an' ca'y um down to de boatt at noon. Den he bid me say far'ye'well an' a kine good-bye fo' him, honey. 'Say he think you ain't feelin' too well, seze he won't 'sturb yo, hisself, an' dat he unestly do hope you goin' have splen'id time whiles he trabblin'." (Nelson's imagination covered many deficits in his master's courtesy.) "Say he reckon you an' ole Miz Tanberry goin' git 'long mighty nice wid one'nurr. An' dass what he an' Mamie reckon spechually boun' to take place, 'case dat a mighty gay lady, dat big Miz Tanberry, an' ole frien' 'er owah fambly. She 'us a frien' er yo' Mommas honey."

Miss Betty had begun by making a pretence to eat, only to please the old man, but the vain woman's cookery had been not unduly extolled, and Nelson laughed with pleasure to see the fluffy biscuits and the chicken wing not nibbled at but actually eaten. This was a healthy young lady, he thought, one who would do the household credit, and justify the extravagant pride which kitchen and stable already had in her. He was an old house servant, therefore, he had seen many young ladies go through unhappy hours, and he admired Miss Betty the more because she was the first who had indulged in strong weeping and did not snuffle at intervals afterward. He understood perfectly everything that had passed between father and daughter that morning.

When her breakfast was finished, she turned slowly to the window, and, while her eyes did not refill, a slight twitching of the upper lids made him believe that she was going over the whole scene again in her mind; whereupon he began to move briskly about the room with a busy air, picking up her napkin, dusting a chair with his hand, exchanging the position of the andirons in the fireplace; and, apparently discovering that the portrait of Georges Meilhac was out of line, he set it awry, then straight again, the while he hummed an old "spiritual" of which only the words "Chain de Loin Down," were allowed to be quite audible. They were repeated often, and at each repetition of them he seemed profoundly decourously, amused, in a way which might have led to a conjecture that the refrain bore some distant reference to his master's eccentricity of temper. At first he chuckled softly, but at the final iteration of "Chain de Lion Down" burst into outright laughter.

"Honey, my Law!" he exclaimed, "But yo' pa de 'celvin'dest man! He mighty proud of you!"

"Proud of me!" She turned to him in astonishment.

Nelson's laughter increased. "Hain't he jass de 'celvin'dest man! Yessuh, he de sot-uppest man in dis town 'count what you done last night. What he say dis mawn', dat jass his way!"

"Ah, no!" said Miss Betty, sadly.

"Yes'm. He proud er you, but he teahbul mad at dat man. He hain't mad at you, but he gotter cuss somebody! Jass reach out fo' de nighes' he kin lay han's on, an' dis mawn' it happen soze it were you, honey. Uhuh! You oughter hearn him las' night when he come home. Den it were me. Bless God, I ain't kerin'. He wern't mad at me, no mo'n he were at you. He jass mad!"

Miss Betty looked at the old fellow keenly. He remained, however, apparently unconscious of her scrutiny, and occupied himself with preparations for removing the tray.

"Nelson, what is the quarrel between my father and Mr. Vanrevel?"

He had lifted the tray, but set it down precipitately, bending upon her a surprised and sobered countenance.

"Missy," he said, gravely, "dey big trouble 'twix' dem two."

"I know," she returned quietly. "What is it?"

"Wha' fo' you ax me, Missy?"

"Because you're the only one I can ask. I don't know anyone here well enough, except you."

Nelson's lips puckered solemnly. "Mist' Vanrevel vote Whig; but he ag'in Texas."

"Well, what if he is?"

"Yo' pa mighty strong fo' Texas."

"Is that all?"

"No'm, dat ain't hardly de beginnin', Mist' Vanrevel he a Ab'litionist."

"Well? Won't you tell me?"

"Honey, folks roun' hear mos' on 'em like Mist' Vanrevel so well dey ain't hole it up ag'in' him—but, Missy, ef dey one thing topper God's worl' yo' pa do desp'ltly and cotestably despise, hate, cuss, an' outrageously 'bominate wuss'n a yaller August spiduh, it are a Ab'litionits! He want stomple 'em eve'y las' one under he boot-heel, 'cep'n dat one Mist' Crailey Gray. Dey's a considabul sprinklin' er dem Ab'litionists 'bout de kentry, honey; dey's mo' dat don' know w'ich dey is; an' dey's mo' still dat don' keer. Soze dat why dey go git up a quo'l twix' yo' pa an' dat man; an' 'range to have 'er on a platfawm, de yeah 'fo' de las' campaign; an', suh' dey call de quo'l a de-bate; an' all de folks come in f'um de kentry, an' all de folks in town come, too. De whole possetucky on 'em sit an' listen.

"Fus' yo' pa talk; den Mist' Vanrevel, bofe on 'em mighty cole an' civilized. Den yo' pa git wo'm up, Missy, like he do, 'case he so uster have his own way; 'taln't his fault, he jass cain't help hollerin' an' cussin' if anybody 'pose him; but Mist' Vanrevel he jass as suvvige, but he stay cole, w'ich make yo' pa all de hotter. He holler mighty strong, Missy, an' some de back ranks 'gun snickerin' an' some de back ranks 'gun snickerin' at him. Uhuh! He fa'r jump, he did; an' den bime-by Mist' Vanrevel he say dat no man oughter be given de prilverige to sell another, ner to wallop him wid a black-snake, whether he 'buse dat pilverige er not. 'My honabul 'ponent,' s's he, 'Mist' Carewe, rep-sentt in hisself de 'risttocratic slave-ownin' class er de Souf, do he live in de Nawf an' 'ploy free labor; yt it sca'sely to be trust him wid de powah er life an' death ovah yo' own chillun, w'ich is virchously what de slave-ownah p'sess.'

"Miss, you jass oughter seeyo' pa den! He blue in de face an' dance de quadrille on de boa'ds. He leave his cha'h, git up, an' run 'cross to de odder side de platfawm, an' shake he ns' ovah dat man's head, an' screech out how it all lies dat de slaves ovah 'celve sich a treatments. 'Dat all lies, you pu'juh!' he holler. 'All lies, you misabul thief,' he holler. 'All lies, an' you know it, you low-bawn slandah' an' scoun'le!'

"An' wid dat Mist' Vanrevel, he laff in yo pa face, an' tuhn to de crowd, he did, an say: 'You reckon dat if dish yuh man a slave-ownah, an' a slave had anguhed him as I have anguhed him tonguhed him as I have anguhed him tonight, does any er you b'live dat dat slave wouldn't be tied up an' whipped tell de blood run, an' den sole down de rivuh tomorroer?'

"Well, suh, 'co'se mos' on 'em b'live same as yo' pa; but dat sutney fotch 'em an, an' win de de-bate, 'case dey jass natchully lay back an' roah, dey did, Missy; dey laff an' stomp an' holler, tell you coulda hearn 'em a mild away. An' honey, yo' pa'd a milyum times druther Mist' Vanrevel'd a kill him dan tuhn de laff on him. He'd shoot a man, honey, ef he jass s'picion him to grin out de cornder his eye at him; an' to stan' up dah wid de whole county fa'r roahin' at him—it's de God's mossy he did'n have no ahmns wid him, dat night! Ole Mist Chen'eth done brung him home, an yo' pa reach out an' kick me squah' ou'n de liberry winder soon's he ketch sight er me!" The old man's gravity gave way to his enjoyment of the recollection, and he threw back his head to laugh. "He sho' did, honey! Uhuh, Ho, ho, ho! He sho' did, honey, he sho' did!"

Nevertheless, as he lifted the tray again and crossed the room to go, his solemnity returned. Missy," he said earnestly, "ef dat young gelmun fall in love wid yo' w'ich I knows he will ef he ketch sight er you, lemme say dis, an' please fo' to ba'h in mine; better have nuttin' to do wid him 'tall, fo' he own sake; an' 'bove all, keep him fur 'way f'um dese p'emises. Don't let him come in a mild er dis house."

"Nelson, was that all the quarrel between them?"

"Blessed Mussey ain't dat 'nough? Ef dey's any mo' I ain't hearn what dat part were," he answered quickly, but with a dogged tightening of the lips which convinced Miss Betty that he knew very well.

To be Continued To-morrow.)

Brights' Disease AND Diabetes,

Bloating, Gravel, Dull Back Ache, Kidney Diseases, Urinary Affections cured by taking Stuart's Gin and Buchu. The worst forms of Kidney and Bladder Trouble, after every intelligent remedy has failed, are always curable by taking Stuart's Gin and Buchu. It is a bland, delightfully pleasant tasting medicine, that acts directing on the kidneys and bladder, quickly draining out every impurity, healing and strengthening the kidneys, giving them life and vigor. Stuart's Gin and Buchu invariably cures Bright's Disease and Diabetes even when the patient had given up hope, or where they had been tapped to drain off the accumulated waters.

DISEASED KIDNEY SYMPTOMS. Agonizing pains in the back, swollen legs or abdomen, discharges from the urethra, neuralgia of the bladder, burning sensation or difficulty in passing water, also a frequent desire or even involuntary discharge of the urine, catarrh of the bladder, stone in the bladder, disagreeable odor of the urine, scanty and high-colored; rheumatism, with aches and pains in bones and back. Death may frequently follow these symptoms.

For any of these symptoms take Stuart's Gin and Buchu, and you will be restored to health, and your kidneys and bladder perfectly cured. Stuart's Gin and Buchu sweetens the urine, cleanses the bladder, removes all obstructions from the kidneys and urethra, makes the blood pure. The highest grade kidney remedy made. Thoroughly tested for past 20 years in hospitals and private practice. Druggists or by express, $1. SAMPLE BOTTLE, also circular, giving some of the many cures made, FREE, by writing Stuart Drug Co., Atlanta, Ga. Special medical advice given if you describe your trouble. Sold in Richmond, Va., by TRAGLE DRUG CO., 817 East Broad Street. Call or write. Stuart's Gin and Buchu sent by express.

Chestnut Hill and Highland Park

Miss Mary Garnett, of Richmond, has returned to her home after a pleasant visit to her friend, Miss Mattie Fourqurean, of Chestnut Hill.

Miss Otey Minor, of Lamb Avenue, Barton Heights, left several days ago to visit friends in Emporia, Va.

Miss Hazel Jude, of Third Avenue, who has been quite sick, is slowly improving.

Mrs. Frank Rennie and daughter, of Fourth Avenue, have, after a delightful visit to relatives in Amelia, returned to their home.

Miss Gordon, of New Rochelle, N. Y., has been visiting friends on the Hill.

Miss Jessie Hutchenson, of East Richmond, has been the guest of her friend, Miss Rebecca Clark, of Third Avenue and Chestnut Street.

Messrs. Willie and Granville Layne, of Second Avenue, are visiting relatives in Newport News and Portsmouth.

The Barton Heights Episcopal Church and the Ascension Chapel of Highland Park will hold their annual picnic at West Point on next Friday, 17th. Trains will leave the Southern Depot at 8 A. M.

Miss Carrie Rennie has returned to her home, corner Fourth Avenue and Juniper Street, after a delightful visit to her uncle, Rev. Joseph Rennie, of Norfolk.

Miss Bell Powell is quite sick at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Christian Godall, of Third Avenue, Chestnut Hill.

Miss Ruth Sparks, of Fourth Avenue, accompanied by her niece, Miss Lois Clay Yarbrough, will leave this week for Old Point to visit the family of Lieutenant Reeder.

Dr. Tudor, presiding elder, will conduct the Wednesday night services at Highland Park Church, after which the quarterly conference will be held.

Mrs. Walter Tiller and little son have returned to their home on Fifth Avenue after spending a month with her parents in Prince George county.

Mrs. Lillie Vermileria, of Fourth Avenue, who has been quite sick, is slowly improving.

Miss Katherine Watkins, of Third Avenue, is the guest of Miss Emma Justice, of Powhatan county.

The condition of Mr. Clarke, father of Mrs. Bessie Harry, of Fifth Avenue, who was so badly hurt last week, is still considered very critical.

Mrs. Filppin, of Cumberland county, has been visiting her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Charles Boggs, of Highland Park.

Mrs. Tiller has as her guest Mrs. Johnson and daughter, of Prince George county.

Mrs. Kelk, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Kelk, of New York, who have been visiting Mr. Kelk, of Third Avenue, Chestnut Hill, have returned home.

Mrs. Sallie Jones, of Norfolk, Va., was the guest last week of Mrs. Vaughan, of Highland Park.

The Misses Todd gave a delightful hayride Friday evening. Among those in the party may be mentioned Mrs. Clarence Livesay, Misses Lillie Todd, Annie Bray, Mabel Beard, Carrie Todd and Lizzie Scott; Messrs. Tom Todd, Alonza Philips, Frank Rowe, Julian Todd and Luther Tiller.

Miss Maud Tiller, of Henrico county, has been visiting her cousin, Miss Edith Yarbrough, of Fifth Avenue.

Miss Lucy Scott has been the guest for several days of Miss Bessie Marshall, of Fourth Avenue, Chestnut Hill.

The residents of Chestnut Hill and Highland Park have been greatly annoyed of late by the boisterous behavior of the negroes at the bathing pool formerly run by Mr. Hicks. Complaints have been made to Officer Haller, who has investigated, and it is hoped that no further complaint will have to be made.

The little son of Mr. Harry August, of Third Avenue, who was so badly burnt a few days ago, is slowly improving.

Katie May Davis, of Fourth Avenue, is visiting her grandparents in Buckingham county.

Mrs. Charles Lambert has been visiting her sister, Mrs. J. P. Justice, of Powhatan county.

Little Gladys Vaughan, who has been quite sick, is improving.

Miss Aleaze Garnett is now the guest of her cousin, Miss Emily Cross, of Highland Park.

Mrs. Holden, of Fourth Avenue, who has for the past month been quite sick, is now able to be out.

Mrs. Austin and niece, Miss Bessie Carter, who have been the guests of relatives in Washington, have returned to their home near Highland Park.

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HIGHLAND SPRINGS.

On Saturday afternoon, during a severe electrical storm, Mrs. Frank P. Read, who resides on Elm Avenue, narrowly averted being struck by a bolt. Mrs. Read had just left her kitchen to go for something in the dairy house, when a thunderbolt struck the fence, surrounding the hennery, very near Mrs. Read, who received a severe nervous shock, but was not rendered unconscious.

The States of Massachusetts, New York, Virginia, Indiana, Wisconsin and California were all represented at a luncheon given at Lynnhurst on Saturday last, in honor of Miss Jessie Poland, of Indianapolis, Ind.

Mr. James Lynn, a member of the New York Stock Exchange, being among the number present, entertained the party with a spicy after-dinner speech on life in the metropolis.

Mr. Thadeus B. Sargent, assistant manager of the Provident Life Insurance Company of New York, with headquarters in Richmond, visited here the past week.

Rev. J. F. Cuthriell has returned from a very pleasant trip to Smithfield and Suffolk, combining business with pleasure. While away he paid a delightful visit to his parents at Portsmouth.

James B. Lynn, of New York, spent last Saturday night with his old friends, Chris and Thomas Gebhardt.

Mrs. B. A. Bowers entertained friends at progressive hearts on Saturday evening, when a most enjoyable evening was spent in a truly hospitable manner.

Miss Isabel Hendry, who has spent several months at Somerset, with her aunt, Mrs. A. N. Somers, making many delightful friends during her stay, has departed for her home in Boston. She will be much missed here.

Mrs. Pierce's sister, Miss Schneider, of Richmond, is visiting her on Elm Avenue.

Miss Bessie Hudgins, of Richmond, after a pleasant sojourn with her aunt, Miss Jennie Hudgins, at Refuge, on Elm Avenue, has returned to her home, much benefited by the change.

Mrs. G. T. Collins, who has been seriously ill at her home here, is improving somewhat.

Barton Heights.

Mr. J. Walter Kidwell, who has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kidwell, of Barton Avenue, has left for his place of business in Oriana.

Miss Grace Duval has returned to her home in Chesterfield, after a visit to Miss Mollie Duval.

Miss Mary Tiller, who has been visiting Mrs. Harris, of Meadow Bridge Road, has returned to her home, in Louisa.

Miss Otey Minor has left for Emporia to visit relatives.

Miss Bessie Clark, who is visiting Miss Mattie Rose, will leave in a few days for her home in Shirley, Charles City county.

Miss Mattie Bernard will leave in a few days to visit friends in Orange.

Mr. J. B. Woodward has left for Lynchburg.

Misses Mollie and Grace Duval, of Miller Avenue, will leave Friday for Baltimore, Md., to visit Miss Elsie Jones, and from there will leave for Coaldale, Pa., to visit relatives.

Mr. Willis Moores, of Charles City county, is visiting Mr. O. M. Moores.

Mr. Robert Scott will leave Friday for Coaldale, Pa., to visit friends and relatives.

Miss Hettie, Bessie and Otha Kittingers have left for Prince Edward, where they will in future reside.

Mr. John Kittinger has left for Roanoke, Va., to accept a position.

Mr. W. L. Summers will leave this week for Baltimore, Md., to visit his relatives.

Miss Nina Gans is quite sick at her home on Barton Avenue.

Mrs. A. W. Martinstein and family have returned to their home, after a very pleasant visit to relatives in Lawrenceville, Ind.

Miss Mamie Kass, of Meadow Bridge Road, has left for Newport News to visit her uncle.

Miss Temple, who has been visiting Mrs. Carter, of Petersburg, has returned to her home.

Miss Emma Hopkins, of Poe Street, has left for Alexandria to visit relatives.

Rev. J. W. Mitchell will move this week into his new residence on West Grace Street.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Helen Farley and Mr. Robert E. Patrick. Miss Farley is the beautiful and attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Farley, Sr., chief operator of the Postal Telegraph Company, of Richmond, and Mr. Patrick is connected with Mr. W. L. Amory, the well known florist of Barton Heights. The marriage will take place on Tuesday afternoon, July the 21st, at 3 o'clock, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Farley, No. 209 Miller Avenue, Barton Heights.

Mr. J. Bryant O'Bannon has left on a Southern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Boyce Brady and Miss Kathleen O'Bannon, of Barton Avenue, have left for Charlestown, W. Va., to visit friends and relatives.

Mrs. Colon L. Gregory, who has been quite sick at the home of Mrs. S. E. Folzey, of North Avenue, is improving.

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