

DAME DOROTHY.

Pretty Dame Dorothy sits in her chair. Powder and pearls and a tortoise shell comb in the smooth bands of her gold-gleaming hair; Creamy lace ruffles like ripples of foam about her white throat, and she sits there and smiles— One score of years and a dozen of wiles.

HIS TYPEWRITER.

Mr. Bulles Tries to Impress Her with His Importance.

She Has the Air of a Duchess, and His Attempt Results in a Disastrous Failure—A Tale of Ambition.



R. BULLES, the broker, had a new typewriter. He made his head clerk try the different applicants and test their skill, and engage the best one. The one the head clerk engaged was a large, impressive-looking woman of much beauty and with the haughtiness of a duchess.

So the next morning he called her in and, after dictating a few business letters, he said: "Now, on the smaller paper, please. Are you ready? Let me see," he mused as he lit carelessly at the top of his cigar and gazed out of the window.

"DEAR JIM, (he began.) Thanks, very much, but it will be quite impossible. I have positively refused to go into political life in any capacity, and though the position of Minister to so important a city as St. Petersburg to succeed Smith is highly complimentary, I could not leave New York and my work. Tell the President in the proper official language that he is very good, but that he must look for some one else. Give my best love to Mrs. Blaine and accept my condolence at the loss of your house. Yours,

"The Hon. J. G. Blaine, Washington, D. C." The typewriter girl took this down with a calm, unruffled countenance; her severity of demeanor was absolutely unchanged. "Is that all?" she asked. "Yes," said Bulles meekly, "I believe



HE TRIES TO IMPRESS HER WITH HIS OWN IMPORTANCE.

that is all." He was not to be put down by a little thing like that, and called her in again during the afternoon and dictated the following note:

"DELMONICO'S: Will you reserve one of the largest private dining-rooms for me this evening and prepare supper for one hundred. I find my rooms are too small and will have to have one of yours. Serve the same supper as ordered and prepare floor for dancing. You can go to any length in the matter of decoration, but keep the cost of the flowers down to one thousand dollars. Yours truly,"

The other note was: "DEAR OLD MAN: I should be very glad to accept, but Tuxedo never did agree with my digestion. Certainly, you can have all the horses you want. The two leaders are in town, but I will have them sent out to you. I think the price you offer for the coach is reasonable, and I will let you have it for that, as I am going to give up coaching and get a yacht. Yours,

The third note was: "DEAR MR. BURGESS: The designs arrived yesterday and were beauties. I am sure it looks good for any thing, that she should beat any thing afloat. I hope you are right in what you say about her being a better boat than the Mayflower, and I will certainly follow your suggestion and enter her, when completed, for the cup. Yours truly,"

Mr. Bulles said: "That will do. When they are finished let me see them." He thought he detected a slight unbending in the superior manner of the young woman, but he was not too hopeful. "If those don't impress her," he said, "I'll write a letter of regret to the Queen to-morrow and come to Gladstone, telling him I can't come over this summer to spend August with him." When the girl brought in the letters finished and ready for his signature he tossed them carelessly aside and said: "I will sign them later and I'll post them myself." He signed them and slipped them in their envelopes under his other papers, where the clerks might not see them, and planned more for the future. The day following he refused three invitations to dine with distinguished people, ordered an architect to call and see him about building a country house at Newport, and wrote to order a diamond necklace.

The typewriter girl began to take a little more interest, and said "Yes, sir," instead of simply "Yes," which was



"DID YOU POST THOSE LETTERS?" something. He felt that he was getting on.

But on the fourth day she appeared with even a colder and more haughty air and laid three letters down upon his desk. She always opened his mail for him and divided the private notes from the business letters. "Here," she said, "are three notes which I did not know whether to hand to you or to the clerk." Bulles glanced at the bottom of one of them and read the name "Charles Burgess." The note ran:

HENRY BULLES—Dear Sir: I am in receipt of a note signed by you and bearing the number of your office, which refers to a yacht and to an imaginary correspondence which has passed between us on the subject of such a yacht. As I do not know you or anything of any such yacht, I can only imagine that some one is imposing upon you, and return you your letter. Yours truly, CHARLES BURGESS.

Mr. Bulles grew exceedingly red and dared not look up; he wondered how far the girl had read. The second note said: "The private dining-room and supper ordered for you for Tuesday evening were prepared and in readiness for you as directed; but no one appeared. Are we to understand that there has been a mistake, or is your letter, which we have retained, to be considered in the nature of a hoax, or has some one forged your name? Awaiting your reply, etc. DELMONICO'S."

Mr. Bulles sank still further into his chair. He opened the last letter with a trembling hand. The girl still towered above him like an avenging spirit.

The letter was from a friend and contained a clipping from a newspaper.

"DEAR HEN, (the note ran), Have you seen this Associated Press clipping, and what in Heaven's name does it mean? Some one has evidently been playing a practical joke on you, and one that must strike you as most unpleasant one."

The clipping read as follows: IS HENRY BULLES INSANE? THE WELL-KNOWN NEW YORK BROKER GIVES HIS FRIENDS GREAT CONCERN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 5.—The Secretary of State is in receipt of a most remarkable communication from Henry Bulles, the New York broker, in which that gentleman refuses to act as Minister to St. Petersburg with much haughtiness. He is quite unknown to either the President or Mr. Blaine, and it is supposed here that his mind is unsettled or that he is the victim of a practical joke.

Mr. Bulles laid the clipping down and gazed desperately at the typewriter girl. "Did you post those letters?" she asked.

"Yes," said the Duchess, severely, "I found them on your desk after you had left and supposed you had forgotten them, so I posted them myself. Wasn't that right?"

"I guess," said Mr. Bulles, "that I won't need you any longer. You know too much."

"That," said the typewriter girl calmly, "strikes me as the very reason why I should remain. Don't you think so? You can say you have been made the victim of a practical joke, but if I lost my position I might say you had not. Don't you think you had better raise my salary a little and let me stay?"

Mr. Bulles gazed gloomily at the newspaper clipping on the desk before him. "Yes," he said, grudgingly, "you had better stay."—N. Y. Evening Sun.

HOW FINNISH PEASANTS BATHE. They Beat Each Other With Little Brooms and Then Roll in the Snow.

In the neighborhood of every little settlement stands a low, unpainted log-house, consisting of one room, with a tiny door and window. Within stones are piled, and being heated, water is then poured over them, creating the steam bath, into which whole families immediately gather, each member carrying a little rod or broom, with which they beat one another.

The bath is the most important function, partaking of a religious significance, since it is unlawful to attend the church services on the following day unpurified, and thus every Saturday afternoon in the year is devoted to the bath. Not infrequently in winter the peasants rush out quite naked from the bath and roll themselves vigorously in the snow.

In certain parts of Russia the peasants are content to take their vapor bath in the household oven in which the bread is baked! And in both countries the big whitewashed brick stove, occupying about a third of the room-space, generally comprising the entire house, is the favored spot on which children and their elders love to huddle for sestas or the long sleep of these far Northern nights.—N. Y. Journal.

VINTON. From present indications, the time is not far distant when the Methodist church will have to be enlarged, as it is too small to accommodate the Sunday-school, which is steadily increasing under the skillful management of Superintendent B. R. Smith, and the congregation has grown so that many cannot be seated comfortably.

Tip Smith has returned from a visit to friends in Giles county. C. W. Aldredge, of Floyd county, spent yesterday with relatives in this place.

C. T. Barksdale, of Danville, Va., is visiting Mr. T. P. Barksdale. Madam Rumor says one of Vinton's young men went buggy riding Sunday afternoon and got lost.

Geo. S. Jack spent Sunday with friends in Salem. Thomas Wright, the young man who was injured by falling off a coal chute last week, is progressing nicely.

Prof. Will Gunn, of Bell Heth Academy at Radford, spent Sunday with his father, Mayor Giles Gunn.

R. W. Jack, left this morning to visit friends in Floyd county. Mrs. Ruddle is suffering with inflammatory rheumatism.

Misses Nellie Reed and Emma Corner spent Saturday night and Sunday with Mrs. C. H. Buchanan.

E. B. Garvin, for several months engineer on the Vinton dummy, has accepted a position on the Shenandoah Valley railroad.

Two negro women came down from Roanoke last night and went into Bell & Co.'s barroom. They soon became intoxicated and raised so much disturbance that Officer Ashford was sent for and the women were locked up. They refused to give their names.

MAYOR'S COURT. The following cases were disposed of by Mayor Evans in his court yesterday morning:

Charles Kyle and R. B. Montgomery, disorderly conduct on Fourth avenue; fined \$2.50 each.

Bertha and George Davis were up for fighting. Both were looking for a policeman Saturday night, as George had gone home drunk and tore down the partition. Bertha then chopped him with a hatchet. Yesterday morning they had made up, and said it was only a family disturbance which amounted to nothing.

James Ford, colored, drunk and swearing on the street, arrested by Policeman Mabry; fined \$2.

Sheridan Muse, a bootblack, using profane language on Jefferson street, arrested by Policeman Rigney; fined \$2.50.

John Dorsey and Patrick Kelly, drunk and down on Railroad avenue, arrested by Policeman Gee; fined \$2.50 each.

Will Hairston, colored, driving across the sidewalk; fined \$2.

H. B. Wood, carrying concealed weapons; \$10 forfeited for non-appearance.

Joe Campbell, trespassing on the railroad and building a fire on the abutment at the West End, arrested by Officer Hundley; dismissed.

Peasly Betts, riding across the sidewalk and fast riding; postponed, as he failed to appear.

THE PRESBYTERIANS. Two Deacons Installed—Captain Teaford's Successor.

The services at the Presbyterian Church Sunday were of more than usual interest. The ordination of J. J. Kuykendall to deacon's orders was solemn and impressive. Mr. Kuykendall and P. B. McClelland were installed as deacons of the church. The offertory, "The Lord Is My Shepherd," was beautifully sung by Mrs. Porter.

Nathaniel B. Johnston was elected assistant superintendent of the Sunday-school to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Capt. T. J. Teaford.

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Fancy residence awnings a specialty. WILKINSON & LALLEMAND, Salem, Va. apr14-2m.

Dr. Samuel G. Staples has removed his office to 105 Henry street. my7-1m.

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