

WHY DID WE MARRY?

Why did we marry—you and I? Ah, did you love me? In our youth I loved you, and you loved me. Heart song, yet silent, seemed the truth. Beside our love's now swelling tone How faint was that first throbbing heart!

SENTENCE OF DEATH.

DEAREST SYDNEY—I must see you at once. I had another frightful scene with father this morning. He got into a terrible passion simply because I happened to mention your name in the most innocent way. He actually wanted me to promise never to see you again. When I refused, his rage was simply awful. I am sure he is going mad. I have not been allowed to leave my bedroom all day. Isn't it too absurd? But I cannot endure this tyranny any longer. I have quite made up my mind to leave him. I shall go and live with Aunt Mary, who has often promised me a home. I must see you first, however, and this is my plan. All the fearful strain and worry about you with father has made me so irritable and uncertain tempered lately that he is sure there is something wrong with me, and I am to go tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock to see Dr. Keith-Jefferies, the great nerve doctor. Father says he shall drive me there himself and call for me again in about an hour. I must make sure that I hold no communication with you. Did you ever hear anything so childish? It serves him right to boast him with his own petard, so you must be in the doctor's waiting room at a little before 11, and then we can have three-quarters of an hour's quiet conversation. My maid, who is a very good girl and who I accompany me to my Aunt Mary's, is to post this. Yours, SYLVIA BULPETT.

P. S.—Keith-Jefferies' address is No. 10—Harley street. Don't be late.

This was Sydney's first glimpse of the tragedy of life in the shape of parental barbarism. It overcame him for a moment. "My poor Sylvia," he murmured. Then he pulled out his watch. Nine twenty-seven. He swallowed a cup of scalding coffee, without milk and sugar, and looked at his watch again. Nine twenty-eight. "The old brute!" he muttered, walking up and down the room. "I always said it would come to this. I should like to"— Out came the watch once more. Nine twenty-nine. He seized his hat and rushed from the room.

The hat was a concession to custom, but the morning was warm. It was much too soon to go to her, so he ran three times to and from the park to quiet his nerves. Then he slackened his pace and fell to reviewing the position more calmly.

"After all, it's perhaps the best thing that could happen," was his conclusion. "Aunt Mary is not friendly with the old wretch. Aunt Mary will help me. We will be married for Aunt Mary's. I suppose I shall have to arrange the running away, and it will be good fun, for old Bulpett would show fight if we came across him. He would gratify his bloodthirsty instincts and shoot me like a dog. What should I do? I could not strike her father."

He proceeded to develop the situation in various ways and succeeded in creating for himself a very fine role indeed in which he should be the maiden's savior from a brutal parent's rage and at the same time spare the old man's gray hairs. At 10:30 he hastened to the great doctor's and rang the bell. A man servant, presenting the usual combination of butler and undertaker, opened the door.

"Have you an appointment, sir?" "No, I must take my chance."

"I am afraid you will have to wait some time, sir. There are already a good many here."

"It doesn't matter. I am in no hurry," replied Sydney incoherently. He was shown into the waiting room, where a dozen or so fellow creatures were collected. Most of them were young ladies, for Dr. Keith-Jefferies was a favorite with the sex, and they all had that air of dreary self-absorption peculiar to the self-centered invalid. They turned cold, listless glances upon the newcomer and then resumed their reflections upon their own real or fancied ailments, masked by an unread Punch or a Nineteenth Century held before their faces.

"Oh, it is so annoying," said one vivacious lady, obviously a malade imaginaire, "and it always happens. I forget all the most serious symptoms the moment I get into the doctor's consulting room. This time I have written them all out on a sheet of paper. Dear, dear! Which pocket did I— Oh, how very unfortunate! I have left it on my dressing table. I thought I must see it there. How extremely irritating."

The door opened, and the undertaker crooked a ghostly finger in her direction. She arose and rustled out, giddily murmuring that it was really too provoking. And the others smiled bitterly a smile which plainly said, "There's nothing the matter with that old goose, but she will keep Dr. Jefferies a terrible time."

But in less than five minutes she reappeared, pale and tearful, with one hand pressed against her side, bleating to her astonished friend: "Oh, take me away, dear, take me away! Oh, it is dreadful, though I have always suspected it from the first!" A deeper gloom settled upon the remaining patients, and Sydney could not repress a glow of satisfaction as he reflected upon his own excellent health.

Presently Sylvia glided in, looking the picture of health and spirits. She was very young, almost too young to be a martyr to the sorrows she described to Sydney as they took possession of a remote window embrasure. She told him that she really could not bear it. Her resolution was unshaken. She had written to her Aunt Mary to expect her that night. Sydney must have a carriage at the garden gate at 9 o'clock in the evening, when she and her aunt would be waiting. Her stern parent

would by this time, she surmised, have dined "not wisely, but too well," and would be in no condition to detect their flight. They were then to drive to Paddington and catch the last train for Exeter, where Aunt Mary lived.

So far Sylvia, who was a clear headed, managing young lady, had arranged, and her plan of campaign seemed to Sydney quite excellent. He promised readily to fulfill his share of the business and then took occasion to urge that as he was both able and anxious to prepare a home for her the sojourn at her aunt's need be only a temporary one.

Sylvia listened, reflected and shook her head. "One thing at once," said she wisely. "When I am safe at Aunt Mary's, there will be time to talk about the future. Don't forget, 9 o'clock this evening. I depend upon you. Oh, I must go! The doctor is at liberty." And at the funeral beck of the undertaker she vanished.

Sydney was left in the waiting room, but his excitement and ecstasy were such that he could scarcely behave with sobriety. A golden future lay before him; his pulses throbbed as if to music; he dreamed rose colored dreams.

The undertaker coming to summon the dreamer to the doctor's presence had to touch him on the shoulder before he took any notice, and even then he followed quite mechanically, muttering and smiling to himself in a quasi idiotic way.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" A grave, clean shaven, keen looking man sitting at a desk was eyeing him with the closest observation, and it dawned upon him that he was in for a serious consultation—he who had never had a day's illness in his life! He had intended to give the undertaker half a crown and to depart as he had come, but he had put it off until too late.

Here was a preposterous dilemma. The doctor, who seemed to be in a great hurry, felt his pulse, looked at his tongue and sounded him with a stethoscope before he had in any way recovered his self command.

"What excuse shall I make?" Sydney asked himself meanwhile. "What excuse shall I make when he finds there is nothing the matter with me?"

To his surprise, the doctor, having finished his examination, sat down at his desk to write a prescription, looking very grave indeed and trying not to meet his patient's eye.

"Your heart is all wrong," he said gloomily. "You must be very careful. No excitement, mind; no violent exertion. Light diet—chop, fish, weak brandy and water, no wine, no beer, no smoke. Take this three times a day and come to see me again in a week. I'm afraid it's all over with you. Good morning, good morning."

Sydney was in the sunlit street again, and the tide of London life roared around as before. But to him everything was changed. He stood a stranger in a city he had never seen.

"Heart disease—I've got heart disease," he repeated to himself stupidly. "It's all over with me. He needn't have put it in that brutal way. Oh, bosh! There must be some mistake. The man's an infernal charlatan. I'll take no notice of him." But a moment afterward he was painfully calling to memory every word of the interview, every tone, every look, and weighing them with anxious deliberation. He could see nothing but the greatest concentration and seriousness in the doctor's demeanor—no trifling, no nonsense. He evidently knew what he was talking about, and he had condemned a man to death. Perhaps it was only the mistaken brusqueness of extreme sympathy.

"No excitement, no wine, no beer, no smoke, no nothing," he muttered. "Why the things impossible—it's a nightmare. I shall wake soon. I was all right when I went into his accursed consulting room, or at least I thought I was."

And then he recollected having heard that people who had heart disease were often the last to know of their state, and he remembered, too, that he had been troubled more than once with a curious feeling in the left side. At that very moment a sharp pain went through him like a knife.

"The doctor is right enough," he muttered. "I'm very bad. I feel it now. I'll go and get this stuff made up at once. No excitement! If I get excited, I suppose I shall fall down dead. But how am I to get over tonight without excitement? If I happen to die just as I am handing Sylvia into the carriage, there will be a frightful scandal. However, I must risk that. She must be taken out of the clutches of that old brute father of hers at all hazards. And then I must say goodbye to her forever—if I survive—for it's clear that I can't marry her now with one foot—perhaps both feet—in the grave."

He had his medicine made up and took a dose. But what could medicine do in a serious case like this? He was too far gone. He had no doubt it was only colored water, prescribed for the sake of soothing him, as if he were a child. But he would look the thing in the face and set his house to order. He went to a livery stable and ordered a carriage to call for him at 8 o'clock in the evening. Then he posted off to his solicitor:

"Can you make my will—now—directly—this very moment—right off—on the spot?" "Most decidedly I can," replied the lawyer, becoming professional at once and pulling a sheet of paper, white foolscap from his desk. Then he looked hard at Sydney, whom the hours of mental misery had changed considerably.

"There's nothing wrong," blurted out Sydney, "but I want it out of the way once for all. I should like to have it signed and finished by 2 o'clock if possible."

"That is in two hours," remarked the lawyer, looking at his watch. "Yes, we can manage that, providing it isn't very long, and still go to Lord's afterward." And he began to write. "You're not going to die, old man. Never fear. You'll cheat the devil yet a bit and have many another lark with me."

The will was finished by 1:30 and deposited in the safe. They shook hands, and Sydney said wearily: "You'll excuse me not lunching with you today, won't you? I don't seem to have any appetite. And you'll excuse my silence, too, for the present. You'll know all there is to know pretty soon, I expect." And he sidled out of the door without looking back.

"I wonder what's up?" muttered the lawyer as he went back to his desk. "He certainly looks very ill. Some entanglement? Half his property to Sylvia Bulpett, who will have plenty of her own when the old curmudgeon of a father of hers dies. I shall know pretty soon, shall I? Poor old Cartwright!"

"In the midst of life we are in death," muttered Sydney as he strolled through Lincoln's Inn Fields, with the carefully regulated step of an invalid. He wished the sun would not shine so brightly and the children scream so loud. It affected his nerves. Sydney had nerves now. He wanted only to hide away and die in peace. Was there anything left to do? Stay! He thought it would be the proper thing to say goodbye to his elder brother, whom he theoretically hated, but who was the only near relation he possessed. To his brother's grim offices in East India avenue Sydney now slowly betook himself.

"I'm 'fey,'" he thought, with a wan smile. "He'll think I've come to beg of him." The prosperous merchant was engaged, but would be at liberty in a few minutes. Sydney sat in the outer office watching the half dozen busy clerks. Not seldom he had blessed his stars that he was not a clerk. At this moment he would have changed places gladly with the very junior, who was copying letters and solacing himself meantime with a surreptitious acid drop. He had at least a future.

Suddenly the door opened, and the merchant came forward. "Very sorry, Syd," he remarked. "The fact is I've got three or four men in my room wrangling over some syndicate business, and they may be ever so long."

"It doesn't matter in the least," exclaimed Sydney, much relieved. "I had really nothing to say. I only called as I was going by to ask how you were." The merchant stared. He was not used to these little attentions.

"I may be going for a journey—a longish journey—before long. I don't know yet," remarked Sydney. "Rather sudden, eh?" replied his brother. "Where are you going?"

"That's just what isn't settled yet," observed Sydney, with a faint smile. "Nothing is decided. But you needn't be surprised if you hear—I'm gone. I may have to go all in a minute at last. Remember me at home, will you? There's a sovereign I've been going to give to little Sydney for the last two months. Do you mind taking it? Good-by."

He rushed away, feeling he had made an ass of himself. But soon they would know the reason of his altered demeanor and make allowances for him. He returned to his chambers. "His" chambers! He had just taken them for another year. A month would probably have been quite long enough.

He heaved a sigh and looked mechanically in the box for letters. There was the brown envelope of a telegram, and his heart beat wildly, dangerously, ominously. He must really cultivate calmness.

"Everything changed. Cancel all arrangements. Come at once to Sylvia." The room swam round him, and the windows waltzed madly for a few seconds. Then, instead of dying, as he expected, he found himself pretty well.

What had happened to change everything? Was Sylvia's father dead? Had she met with an accident? The thought of this last possibility had made his heart beat dangerously again. In half a minute, quite forgetful of heart disease, he was driving as fast as a hansom could take him toward Mr. Bulpett's house in Hampstead.

There all was commotion; the very footman who opened the door was in tears. "Old Bulpett's not dead, then," was Sydney's immediate deduction. "Who is dead?" asked Sydney of a blubbinging maid-servant.

"Neither of them yet, sir," replied she, and so hardened was Sydney to mortuary reflections that her remark seemed quite natural. "Here comes poor master."

Sydney's heart jumped, as it always did at sight of his tyrant. "Forgive me, my boy; I've done you injustice," sobbed the old gentleman. "It was all pride—all infernal pride. I'm a dying man, and I beg you to forgive me."

"Where is Sylvia? Is she well?" exclaimed Sydney. Bulpett burst into tears. "She's very ill, very ill—dying, too, we are afraid," he exclaimed, "and that's why I want you to forgive me. I never really disliked you. I'd rather have seen her marry you than anybody else. But you were too independent, and I meant to have you on your knees before I—but there, what does it all matter now?"

"Ill?" gasped Sydney. "Since when? What has happened?" Mr. Bulpett drew him into the reception room, and then, mastering his grief somewhat, poured out his tale. "She went to see a great doctor this morning for what she thought a mere nervous ailment, and I allowed myself to be examined, too, as I was there. My boy, I have not a year to live!"

"And Sylvia?" cried Sydney impatiently. "Sylvia! Oh, Sylvia is in the last stages of consumption and cannot last six months—half a lung. You have come to a house of mourning indeed."

It was as well that old Bulpett should mourn for himself—nobody else would but Sylvia, the bright, the beautiful— Sydney sank back upon a sofa and buried his face in his hands. He was incapable of thought, and he felt nothing but a burning desire to see her again—to be with her, if only for a moment.

"May I—can I—will she?" he began confusedly, but he was interrupted by an imperious peal of the bell. "Here he is at last," cried the agonized father. "I sent for our little doctor—Dr. Eliot—directly we got home, but he was out. I have been expecting him these two hours."

"Your message was urgent," he said to Mr. Bulpett. "I am sorry I have been delayed so long, but I was called away to a most extraordinary case. My distinguished confrere, Dr. Keith-Jefferies, was brought home from Harley street a couple of hours ago, having attempted to commit suicide in a sudden access of mania. He has been very odd for some time. It appears that he has been sentencing his patients to death for days."

"Keith-Jefferies?" exclaimed Mr. Bulpett to the doctor's boundless astonishment. "Why, that's the very man! Mad? Why, that explains everything! Doctor, that fellow has nearly frightened us all out of our wits. Look at me, doctor. Do I look like a man in the last stages of disease? I shall live to—"

"Plague every one yet," rejoined the little doctor, who knew him of old, as he was led to see Sylvia up stairs, where she was sitting crying, her pretty head buried in her knees, rocking herself to and fro.

Sydney had taken a piece of paper from his pocket and was tearing it into minute pieces. It was the prescription which has cost him a couple of guineas a few hours before.

There was a brief interval, and then the door slowly opened, and Sylvia stole into the room, half laughing, half crying. "I have come to tell you, darling, that Dr. Eliot says there is nothing whatever the matter with either me—or papa," she cried, and then, starting back: "Why, Sydney, you look 10 years older than when I saw you this morning, and, I declare, your hair has turned gray. And all on my account! My poor darling!"—H. E. Clark in Black and White.

Only Human Nature. An incident occurred a day or two ago in a dressmaking establishment not far from Fourth and Market which afforded no end of amusement among a bevy of seamstresses, while, on the other hand, a bride to be, her mother and sister were completely crushed and left the place in disgust. And the bride elect caused it all. The mission of the mother and two daughters was to inspect the wedding gown and have the garment fitted. The one to wear it put it on and for 30 minutes posed in front of the mirrors, admiring herself and being complimented in extravagant terms by the mother and sister. The gown was pronounced just too sweet for anything. "Oh, my, isn't it lovely?" enthusiastically exclaimed the wearer, following with the remark, "Madam—, if you had someone of my type of beauty and form like my own, I would be delighted to see how I will look when I become a bride tomorrow night."

The modiste gave a wink, and her assistant hurried up stairs and returned with one of the sewing girls, a blond with a pretty face and faultless form. It did not require long for her to attire herself in the bridal costume. When she reappeared, she looked like a queen. Hardly a word was spoken. The modiste and her assistant, including others in the room, went into raptures over her beauty and how exquisite she looked, but the mother and two daughters said not a word. The sewing girl's charms had overshadowed the bride's. The modiste's bill was paid, the marriage is now over, and the papers, in compliance with the time honored custom, told how beautiful the bride looked.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sugar, the modern commodity, which we class among the indispensable necessities, was wholly unknown to the ancient nations. The word "saccharum" occurs but once in the Latin translation of the Bible, and the equivalent for our word "sugar" is first used by Pliny, whose writings are almost contemporaneous with the ministry of Christ. He calls it "honey collected in (from) reeds" and says that the Romans first became acquainted with its use in Arabia Felix.

Statius, in his account of the old Saturnalia ceremonies, mentions "vegetable honey" as being used and winds up his account by saying that "this same honey is boiled from Elysian reeds."

Dioscorides, the Greek physician who flourished in the first or second century of the Christian era and whose great work, "De Materia Medica," treats of all the then known medicinal substances and their properties, says that "the name of sugar has been given to the honey which is produced by reeds without bees," and Strabo, writing concerning it, says, "The (people of Arabia Felix) make honey without bees from reeds, and it sometimes resembles salt."—St. Louis Republic.

Ancient Salads. The lettuce was deemed by the ancients the food of the dead, because when Adonis, the beloved of Venus, was mortally wounded by a wild boar the weeping goddess laid him upon a bed of soft and tender lettuces, whose milky juice possesses soothing and narcotic qualities. Lettuces were eaten by the ancients at the close of their repasts, as from their cooling qualities they were considered antidotes to the heating effects of wine.

The bitter herbs which the Jews ate at the passover were wild lettuce, sorcery, tansy, camomile and dandelion, and this same race are the inventors of the salad compounded of oil, vinegar, sugar, salt and mustard to render the bitter herbs palatable. The Irish two centuries ago made their salads of sorrel, wood-sorrel and beet chopped with vinegar, beer and a little sugar, but no oil, salt or mustard. Readers of classic history will remember how a lettuce caused the cruel death of Cambyse, king of Persia and Media, and of his consort, who was also his sister.—Vegetarian.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

New York Stock Market. New York, July 18.—The stock market to-day was a tame affair, the Industrials monopolizing the little speculative interest that was manifested in this group. American Sugar was the sole feature, the stock, after an early decline to 99 1/2, rising to and closing at 102 1/2, 46,100 shares changing hands. The total for the whole list was only 100,934 shares, a falling off, as compared with yesterday, of over 63,000 shares. The buying of Sugar was of a character usually classed as good in stock exchange parlance, and some of the purchases were traced to houses with Washington connections. Predictions received from that point to-day were to the effect that the house will eventually accede to the Senate demands and the trust will get its protection, or there will be no legislation.

Whether this be so or not, the fact remains that certain interests are buying the stock as confidently as if the President's signature was already affixed to the Senate bill. Chicago Gas was firmer, at one time selling up to 75 1/2 on Chicago advice that the Universal Gas ordinance will be vetoed unless the mayor is satisfied with the financial backing of the enterprise. The selling of Distillers was abated, and only 11,300 shares were traded in at 20 1/2 to 19 1/2.

The railway list, while inactive, presented a firm front. Statements by President Depew that the business outlook was improving and the continued buying of railway and miscellaneous mortgages had a good effect. The engagement of \$800,000 gold for shipment to Europe to-morrow was a surprise, but it had no influence on the share speculation.

The transactions netted the shippers a very small profit. The inability of the tariff conference committee to agree was considered unfortunate, but no attempt was made to use it against the market. A settlement of the question either one way or the other would meet with pretty general approval, and with the matter shelved, Wall street would give more attention to the crops, the railway earnings, and the reorganization of bankrupt corporations. The securities of the new Southern Railway Company continue active on the street at a higher range. Speculation left off 1/2 to 2 1/2 per cent. higher on the day. Distillers lost 1/2, Union Pacific 1/2 and Manhattan 1 per cent. Hocking Valley preferred rose 2 to 6 and L. N. A. & C. preferred 1 1/2 to 2 1/2. Railway and miscellaneous bonds were stronger.

Produce and Merchandise. New York, July 18.—Flour dull, weak; winter wheat, low grades, 1.85@2.50; patents, 2.90@3.20; Minnesota clear, 2.25@2.65; patents 3.40@4.00; low extras, 1.85@2.50; Southern flour, dull, weak; common to fair extra, 2.10@2.00; good to choice do., 3.00@3.50. Wheat fairly active, 1 cent lower and closing firm; No. 2 red, strong and elevator 57 1/2@57 3/4; float 57 1/2@57 3/4; options were fairly active and @1 1/2 lower; September sold 1/2 below previous record and December 5/16 below; No. 2 red closed July, 57 1/2; August, 57 1/2; September 59 1/2.

Corn dull, easier with options; No. 2, 47 1/2@48 elevator, 48 1/2@48 1/2 float; options dull, steady, 1/2@1/2 decline; July, 47 1/2; August, 48 1/2; December, 44 1/2. Oats dull, lower; options weaker; July, 38; August, 33; September, 32; No. 2 white, July, 39; September No. 2, 42@45; No. 2 white, 45 asked; mixed Western, 43; white do., 45@55. Hay fair demand, firm; shipping, 50@53; good to choice, 75@85. Wool fairly active, steady; domestic fleeces, 17@22; pulled, 15@34. Beef quiet, firm; family, 12@14; extra mess, 8.00@8.50; beef hams inactive, firm 21; tierced beef cut; city extra India mess, 17@18. Cut meats quiet, easier; pickled bellies, 7 1/2@shoulders, 6 1/2; hams, 11 1/2@11 3/4; middles nominal.

Lard, quiet; Western steam closed 4 1/2; 7.25; city, 6 1/2; July closed 7.25; September, 7.20; nominal; refined quiet; continent, 7.55; South America, 7.85; compound, 6@6 1/2. Pork quiet, steady; old mess, 14@14.25; extra prime, 13.00@13.25. Butter quiet; fancy steady; State dairy, 12@17; creamery, 14 1/2@17 1/2; Western dairy, 10@14; do creamery, 13@17 1/2; Elgins, 17@17 1/2. Cotton-seed oil quiet, firm; crude, 29; yellow, 33. Petroleum dull, steady. Rosin dull, strained, common to good, 1.30@1.35. Turpentine quiet, easy 29 1/2@30; Rice fairly active, firm; domestic, fair to extra, 3 1/2@3 3/4; Japan, 4 1/2@4 3/4.

Molasses foreign nominal; New Orleans open kettle, good to choice, 94@37, dull, steady. Peanuts steady. Coffee options 14.75@14.80; October, 13.65@13.70; December, 13.10@13.20; March, 12.80; spot Rio quiet, steady; No. 7, 16 1/2. Sugar, raw, strong, fair demand; fair refining, 2 1/2; refined quiet, firm; off A, 3 15-16@4 1/2; standard A, 4 15-16@4 1/2; out loaf, 5 1/2@5 15-16; crushed, 5 1/2@5 15-16; granulated, 4 15-16@4 1/2. Freights to Liverpool fairly active, firm; cotton, 5 1/2@6; grain, 1 1/2@1 1/4.

Electric Bitters. This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist, and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers. For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50 cents and \$1 per bottle at Christian & Barbee's drug store.

Marvelous Results. From a letter written by Rev. J. Gunderman, of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist Church at Rives Junction she was brought down with pneumonia succumbing to a grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottles free at Christian & Barbee's drug store. Regular size, 50 cents and \$1.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

SALE OF VALUABLE IRON MINES IN Franklin County, Virginia.—Pursuant to a decree entered on the 14th day of October, 1894, by the circuit court of Franklin County, Virginia, three suits pending therein and heard together under the short style of Hale vs. Saunders and al., Harman vs. Saunders, administrators, and Hale vs. E. H. Saunders, administrators, and Hale vs. E. H. Saunders, administrators, by the said decree for the purpose, will offer for sale to the highest bidder, at public auction, in the city of Roanoke, Virginia, in front of the courthouse on the 19th day of July, 1895, the ore privileges conveyed by Sam. P. Prillaman and wife to Peter Saunders, Sr. by deed dated 28th of January, 1848, and of record in the clerk's office of the county court of said county.

Safe lands on the waters of Tower Creek, in Franklin County, immediately on the W. S. division of the Norfolk and Western railroad, near Prillaman's Box station. The said deed conveyed all the iron ore upon the lands of the grantor lying on the headwaters of Tower Creek, in Franklin County, with the usual rights of ingress and egress, etc. The tract contains about 401 acres, and the ore is of the best heretofore and proved to contain iron ore of good quality in large quantities; have recently been analyzed and prospecting and a large sum of money offered for the same, but the same is not summed up on account of defective title, which these proceedings cure.

I certify that E. H. Saunders and John P. Lee have executed in my office bond, with approved surety, required by decree mentioned in above notice. N. C. CARPER, D. C., Franklin Circuit Court.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF THE ROANOKE ROLLING MILL. By virtue of a certain decree entered on the 6th day of March, 1895, in the Circuit Court for the city of Roanoke, Va., in the case of the Roanoke Rolling Mill Company against the Roanoke Rolling Mill Company, et al., which said decree has been affirmed by a decree of the supreme court of appeals of Virginia entered on the 10th day of June, 1895, and confirmed by a decree of the same court on the 29th day of June, 1895, the undersigned as special commissioner appointed by said decree, will offer for sale the property of the Roanoke Rolling Mill Company, to-wit: the Roanoke Rolling Mill, situate on the 13 O'CLOCK NOON ON TUESDAY, THE 17TH DAY OF AUGUST, 1895, in front of the courthouse for the city of Roanoke, Va., containing the following:

First. The franchise of the Roanoke Mill Company, No. 750 tons of old "R" rails, 200 tons of muck bars, 300 tons of pig iron, 50 tons of No. 10 scrap iron, 60 tons of merchant iron, 10,000 Mt. steel rods, and 100 tons of iron.

The above number of weights are estimated and are not given as by actual count and weight. Third. And the following described real estate in the city of Roanoke, Va.: Beginning at a point in the northern right of way line of the Norfolk and Western Railroad Company and 635 feet west of the centre of the main street, thence south 89 degrees west 191 feet to a point thence in a curve with a radius of 405 feet for a distance of 715 feet to a point, thence in a straight line north 6 degrees 15 minutes east 100 feet to a property line of the Roanoke Stock Yards Company, thence north 88 degrees 45 minutes east 273 feet to a point in the western right of way line of the Shenandoah Valley Railroad, thence to the Crozer Furnace, thence with the same in a curve line with a radius of 611 feet for a distance of 310 feet to a point, thence south 15 degrees east 425 feet to the beginning, and being the same more or less. And being the same land that was conveyed to the Roanoke Rolling Mill Company by the Roanoke Land and Improvement Company by deed dated the 10th day of August, 1889, recorded in the clerk's office of the Circuit Court for the city of Roanoke, Va., in deed book 3 page 112.

There is located on the land just described the furnace, machinery and plant of the Roanoke Rolling Mill Company, which has been successfully operated for several years.

In selling the above described property the commissioner will offer for sale first the franchise and personal property above described, and immediately thereafter the real estate, with all the buildings, machinery, fixtures and appurtenances. And then will offer for sale the real estate, with all the buildings, fixtures and appurtenances, and the same shall be sold in one or more parcels, as the commissioner may see fit, and the same shall be sold in one or more parcels, as the commissioner may see fit, and the same shall be sold in one or more parcels, as the commissioner may see fit.

TERMS OF SALE. The terms of sale will be one-third cash, and the residue in three annual installments to become due in two, three and four years from the day of sale, with interest from that date with power to the purchaser to anticipate said payments by the payment of the purchase money. The purchaser will be required to execute his bonds with good personal security, and the same shall be payable to the commissioner on or before the 15th day of the month next to the date of the sale, and the title to the real estate will be retained until all of the purchase money has been fully paid.

LUCIAN H. COCKE, Special Commissioner. E. W. ROBERTSON, W. W. BERKLEY, Special Commissioners.

I, S. S. Brooke, clerk of the Circuit Court for the city of Roanoke, Va., do hereby certify that Lucian H. Cocke, W. A. Glasgow, E. W. Robertson, W. W. Berkley and W. W. Berkley commissioners appointed in the above mentioned cause have executed bond as therein provided in the penal sum of \$50,000. S. S. BROOKE, Clerk.

ROANOKE TRUST LOAN AND SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY. By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for the city of Roanoke, Va., in the above styled cause entered on the 10th day of May, 1894, the undersigned as special commissioner appointed by said decree, will offer for sale at public auction in front of the courthouse in the city of Roanoke, Va., at 12 o'clock noon on TUESDAY, THE 17TH DAY OF JULY, 1895, the following described property with its improvements:

Beginning on the northeast corner of Elm street and Franklin street, fronting 54 feet on said street and running along Elm street between parallel lines 95 feet.

PROCEEDS OF SALE. Cash as to so much of the proceeds of sale as may be necessary to pay the cost of said suit and also the taxes due on said property, as well as the sum of \$179.11, with interest on \$179.11 from September 1st, 1894, and on the balance from the 1st day of each successive month thereafter, and also the sum of \$483.97 with interest from November 1st, 1892, and the balance upon a credit of six, twelve and eighteen months, which credit payments are to be secured by the deposit of notes of the purchaser and secured by a deed of trust on the property sold.

LUCIAN H. COCKE, E. W. ROBERTSON, W. W. BERKLEY, Special Commissioners. In the clerk's office of the Circuit Court for the city of Roanoke, Va., I, S. S. Brooke, clerk of the said court, do hereby certify that Lucian H. Cocke and E. W. Robertson, commissioners, have the bond as prescribed in the above styled cause. S. S. BROOKE, Clerk.

Catogni Bros' RESTAURANT, BLUFFFIELD, W. VA. All Roanokers and others visiting Blufffield invited to call! Popular prices 6 20 cts!

"LAST June Dick Crawford brought his twelve-months old child, suffering from infantile diarrhoea, to me. It had been weaned at four months old, and being sickly everything ran through it like water through a sieve. I gave it the usual treatment in such cases, but without benefit. The child kept growing thinner until it weighed but little more than when born, or perhaps ten pounds. I then started the father to giving Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Before one bottle of the 25-cent size had been used a marked improvement was seen and its continued use cured the child. Its weakness and puny constitution disappeared and