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DYING. Passing out of the shadow Into a purer light. Stopping behind the curtain, Getting a clearer sight, Laying aside the burden, This weary mortal coil, Done with the world's vexations, Done with its tears and toll, Tired of all earth's playthings, Heart-sick and ready to sleep, Ready to bid our friends farewell, Wondering why they weep, Passing out of the shadow, Into eternal day— Why do we call it dying, This sweet going away?

THE BEECH TREE.

There stood in the forest an old beech tree. Her top was shattered by lightning, her sides were hollow, and pieces of fungus grew on her bark. She was the oldest of a numerous family, but she had seen her children, as soon as they had grown up, fall under the woodman's ax, and only one daughter remained to her.

The old tree still thrust out her twigs and leaves in the spring, but she felt that her life was drawing to a close, for it cost her great suffering to hold herself upright. And because she knew that she must die she felt her love increase for her beautiful daughter.

Spring was approaching. The branches were still covered with the glittering frost, but the roots began to uncurl, and the warm wind melted the snow. The rivers and brooks were swelling with melted ice. In the meadows the silvery catkins burst from their wrappings, and the snowdrops peeped timidly up through the white carpet of the forest ground.

The old tree spoke to the young: "Tonight comes the violent thaw wind. It will throw me down upon my bed of leaves that I have scattered in the course of time, and I shall go back into the bosom of the mother from whom I came. Yet before I go home I will bequeath to you a gift that the gentle lord of the forest bestowed upon me when long ago he stopped to rest under my branches. You shall understand men's words and deeds and share alike in their joys and sorrows. That is the greatest happiness that can fall to our lot, but be prepared to behold more sorrow than joy." So spoke the old tree and blessed her daughter.

In the night the thaw wind came from the west. It buried ships in the waves of the sea; it rolled great masses of snow from the mountains that destroyed the homes of men in their progress; it roared through the forest, and everything that was old and weak perished. But the strong trees resisted it. It struck the old beech tree to the earth and shook her strong daughter as she wisely bent her head before the blast, and the great wind swept on.

Three days the daughter wept sparkling dew for her mother; then the sun came out and dried her tears. Then began everywhere such stir and commotion that the beech tree had no time to grieve. Her buds swelled and burst and one morning a hundred thousand trembling, tender green leaves sprang into the sunshine. That was joy! Golden yellow primroses climbed from the ground. They pushed their silken leaves out into the broad sunlight. Red and blue blossoms grew up around the primroses, and the sweet woodcrafter uncured its delicate whirled leaves. That was life.

And in the midst of all this bloom and fragrance the young beech tree stood like a queen. A finch built her nest in her branches and a redheaded woodpecker paid her a visit. Once cuckoo came and once a distinguished squirrel with his bushy tail over his head ran up and down to see if he might not find an acorn. But men she had not yet seen this year, and they would have been the most welcome guests of all, since she possessed the power to understand their words and deeds. After all, one morning came a slender young girl with her long brown braids, who walked through the woods straight to the tree. However, her visit did not seem to be for the beech alone. She glanced at the decaying trees on the ground and said, "Here is the spot." Then she sat down her basket filled with May flowers and leaned back against the beech tree without a glance at its green loveliness. The tree held her breath to hear what the maiden would say, but the pretty one was silent. Presently from the opposite side appeared a strong young man. He wore a little round hat with a curling feather like a huntsman. He crept up cautiously—so cautiously that hardly a leaf rustled under his feet. But softly as he stepped the quick ear of the maiden perceived his coming. She turned her head toward him, and the tree thought, "Now she will fly." But the girl did not fly. Instead she sprang toward the youth and threw both arms around his brown neck. "My Hans!" "My Eva!" they cried together. Then they kissed each other passionately, called each other pet names, embraced again, and the beech tree found it all very tedious.

song of the finch and thrush, but she heard now for the first time something very different from bird songs. "Listen, Hans," said the girl when the hunter paused in his song. "Your song reminds me of something. I know—people say—that in the autumn you go secretly into the woods for game. Let the poaching go. The forester is your enemy. You know why, and if he should meet you poaching in the woods, then—heavens! my Hans! if you should be brought to me with a bullet through your breast."

The young man bent over the girl, who leaned caressingly on his shoulder and kissed her lips.

"People talk too much. Don't believe everything they say, sweetheart." And putting his arm around her they went singing through the forest.

When the couple disappeared among the trees, a man in hunter's dress crept from the bushes. He carried his gun on his back and a knife in his belt. His face was white and distorted. He went up to the beech tree and beheld the heart that Hans had carved. He laughed wildly and drew out his knife to destroy the writing, then, changing his mind, he thrust the blade again in its sheath. Shaking his fist threateningly in the direction where the couple had disappeared, he muttered, grinding his teeth, "If I meet you, you poacher, only once on forbidden ground, you will have heard the cuckoo sing for the last time." With these words he went into the woods.

And the tree shook her head sadly. The beech tree got many a sight of the faces of the children of men in the course of the summer—the poor women gathering leaves or dry bark, the berry pickers, foresters and pilgrims. But the most cherished amid the guests who gathered under her leafy roof were the youth and brown haired maid. They made weekly visits to her, spoke of their love, embraced each other, and day by day the beech tree came to love them more.

One morning before sunrise, when the mountains were just casting off their gray mist caps, Hans came alone. He carried a gun on his shoulder and stepped as lightly through the underbrush as if he would take his sweetheart by surprise. This time his coming had nothing to do with lovely Eva—but the stag comes this way to drink!

At the foot of the tree the hunter paused and stood as motionless as the beech herself. The cool morning wind blew, and the mist disappeared in heavy clouds. The gay birds fluttered and sang about the stream. The underbrush rustled. Hans raised his gun. A shot rang out on the clear air. Hans dropped his gun, sprang convulsively into the air and fell to the ground. A man strode hastily from the thicket with a smoking gun in his left hand. The beech tree knew him well. The huntsman bent over the murdered man. "It is all over with him," he said, and taking his gun he vanished into the bushes.

The bright sun rose and shone upon a still form with set white face. Sorrowfully the tree bent over and wept bitter tears, and the little robins flew up and covered the dead face and staring eyes with leaves and twigs. In the afternoon some woodcutters came that way and found the body.

"He has been shot while poaching," they said, and taking him gently up they bore him to the distant valley. An old man lingered by the tree. He drew his knife and carved a cross over the heart that Hans had made. Then he took off his hat and breathed a prayer. The leaves of the green crest rustled, for the tree prayed, too, in her own way.

For many summers on the anniversary of the death of the murdered man, the maiden came to the seat, knelt down and wept and prayed, and every time she was paler, more fragile. One day she did not come, and the tree murmured, "She is dead!" and so it was.

Years passed. The beech had become a mighty tree. Her bark was covered with brown moss. The wild vines clustered about her trunk, and heart and cross were both nearly covered. A man came one day and made a third mark on the bark, and the tree knew her time had come. She bore the sign of her destruction—she must soon fall. Farewell, thou green and sunny forest! She had not long to wait for the woodmen, who came, and with cruel axes cut into her very life.

A gloomy, glowering man in hunter's dress, with long gray hair and beard, directed their movements. The beech knew him right well, and he appeared to recognize the tree. He came close to her and tearing away both moss and vine he saw that heart and cross were safe. "Here it was," he muttered, and horror shook his very frame. "Back, Herr Forrester! Back!" cried the men. "The tree is falling!"

The warned man stepped back, but it was too late. With a deafening crash the beech fell to the ground and buried the forester under her corpse. When they picked him up, he was dead. The beech had crushed his head. And the men stood in a circle roundabout and prayed for his soul.—From the German.

Manna. Manna is the concentrated juice of several plants which grow in great abundance in many parts of south Europe, Asia and Africa. The tree which most generously produces it is a sort of ash. The juice exudes from the stem during the summer months, as a consequence of the punctures of an insect that infests the tree, but the better kinds of manna, known as "flake manna," are obtained from incisions made in the bark. The poorer qualities come from the bark near the roots of the tree. The manna of commerce is obtained chiefly from Sicily and Calabria. A variety is collected by the Arabian Bedouins from a species of tamarix, which is used on bread like honey. The word is believed to be derived from the Syriac manna, a gift, though there is little evidence that the medical substance now known by that name has anything in common with the manna mentioned in the travels of the Israelites.

THE BOY PATTI.

Blatchford Kavanagh, the Youthful Phenomenon, Will Return to the Stage.

Hundreds of thousands of persons in this country remember Blatchford Kavanagh, the "Boy Patti," whose remarkable soprano voice created such a furor about five years ago. This extraordinary boy in several of his selections was wont to take "high C" with as much ease and purity as a Jenn de Reszke. Blatchford's instructor had the good sense to withdraw his charge from the public view as soon as the boy's voice showed signs of the change which is inevitable in human beings of the male sex.

This change, the natural result of the growth and enlargement of the vocal chords, comes in three ways—by a break in the middle, gradually extending both ways; by a complete breaking up of the singing voice and by "settling." In the latter case the growth of the vocal bands is so equal that the range is merely lowered. The voice loses the higher tones, one by one, and takes on lower ones, dropping successively to mezzo soprano, contralto and stopping at tenor, baritone or bass. The change came to Kavanagh by settling, which is far preferable, insuring a better and smoother voice in manhood. Slowly his upper tones disappeared, at the rate of a half tone every two, three or four weeks. Finally the soprano had become a baritone, which has continued to develop in roundness and resonance until now it is believed that when he makes his reappearance on the stage within a year or so he will create as great a sensation as he ever did while a boy.

The most remarkable fact in connection with Kavanagh is that he has always maintained his naturalness of manner, which usually disappears quickly from child phenomena. This is due greatly, no doubt, to the care with which his mentors watched over him, realizing that in spite of his vocal attainments, which have yielded him as much as \$1,000 a night, he was still only a boy, and the moment his charm of manner disappeared his drawing power would be seriously impaired.

The child has developed into a tall and far from handsome young man, but despite his loss of beauty he has left what is much better, a rugged constitution and the consequent ability to apply himself severely to his musical studies.

BICYCLING BRIEFS.

Taxis, the Philadelphia rider, has decided to enter the professional ranks.

Now that Johnson is a professional Bald or Dirnberger will probably enter a match race with Sanger.

The first bicycle record in England was made in 1871 by the riding of four miles in 16 minutes 30 seconds.

D. Horton, a one armed bicyclist, was a close second to W. M. Puckham, winner of the recent Martin road race, Buffalo.

Oscar Osen, who has been expelled from the L. A. W., is considering a visit to France to race in the professional events.

A. H. Hansen, the long distance rider, intends to make the attempt to lower all the track records from 25 to 100 miles this year.

Eddie Bald and Mike Dirnberger, both prominent on rival teams, will decide which is the better man by riding a match race on July 4.

Johnson strikes us as being no more of a professional in reality than are two-thirds of his former Class B associates, says The American Cyclist.

Fritz Lacey, the California rider, has lowered the 25 mile track record of 1 hour 4 minutes and 6 3-5 seconds, held by L. McIntjes, to 1 hour 3 minutes and 6 3-5 seconds.

C. M. Murphy is evidently in great racing form as the result of his southern training. His new world's competition record of 2 minutes 1 1-5 seconds for a mile is a wonder.

DARK HORSE FRED RICHT.

The Plucky Brooklyn Midget Who Won the Irvington-Millburn.

Frederick W. Richt, winner of this year's Irvington-Millburn road race, the great road event of the year in the east, isn't much more than a mite of a man. He has just reached the age of suffrage, and hardly stands 5 feet 6 inches; he weighs not more than 125 pounds. But, small though he is, he fought a magnificent fight from the start to the tape and won on his merits by a scant wheel's



FREDERICK W. RICHT.

length. The Wheel declares that Richt's victory was a case of "lucky seven." It was the seventh annual race won by No. 67 from the seven minute mark. Richt took the lead soon after ten miles had been covered, and thereafter was never headed except as he and S. Standeven divided the pacemaking. The two sprinted at the finish, and the Brooklynite crossed the tape three lengths in the lead. Richt had once before competed in a 25 mile road race—an insignificant affair on Long Island. He finished second in 1 hour 18 minutes 30 seconds. He had also ridden in several track races, but to no purpose. He is a clerk by occupation and a member of the Y. M. C. A. The Brooklyn Bicycle club, to which he belongs, is divided into two factions, and strange to relate, those of his clubmates present at the race took no interest in him and rendered no assistance or attention. Richt is not of his set. He will probably be rewarded for his riding with a \$100 bicycle and a gold watch of equal value.

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CASTORIA

for Infants and Children. MOTHERS, Do You Know that Paregoric, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called Soothing Syrups, and most remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine? Do You Know that opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons? Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics without labeling them poisons? Do You Know that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child unless you or your physician know of what it is composed? Do You Know that Castoria is a purely vegetable preparation, and that a list of its ingredients is published with every bottle? Do You Know that Castoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel PITCHER. That it has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now sold than of all other remedies for children combined? Do You Know that the Patent Office Department of the United States, and of other countries, have issued exclusive right to Dr. PITCHER and his assigns to use the word, "Castoria" and its formula, and that to imitate them is a state prison offense? Do You Know that one of the reasons for granting this government protection was because Castoria had been proven to be absolutely harmless? Do You Know that 35 average doses of Castoria are furnished for 33 cents, or one cent a dose? Do You Know that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your children may be kept well, and that you may have unbroken rest? Well, these things are worth knowing. They are facts. The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. PITCHER is on every wrapper. Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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