

IRMA'S BETROTHAL.

In one of the turret rooms of Reitzenberg castle a young girl arrayed in a simple dress and white apron sat sewing industriously. At the sound of footsteps she paused in her work; at the sight of a hussar officer in uniform she reddened with vexation. Yet there was nothing in Albrecht von Reitzenberg's appearance to annoy her; on the contrary, he was young, very good-looking, tall and of dignified bearing.

"Will you allow me to come in?" he asked, standing on the threshold. "The girl took up her work again, saying, 'You can come in if you wish,' she said, indifferently.

"I have been invited to this house under false pretences. I came here because I thought that the visit would give pleasure to Frau von Wolde, who is, or is supposed to fill, the place of my mother. I am sorry to speak disrespectfully of your cousin, but—"

"Not at all, you are perfectly right, and my relative, Frau von Wolde, is in the plot and has been from the beginning. I know all about it now. My old uncle has just enlightened me. I am the heir of Reitzenberg castle, you will excuse my mentioning my name first—because my debts in marriage to Baroness Irma von Bachow, who, on obtaining her majority, will become possessed of so large a fortune that she could free the Reitzenberg estate with a stroke of her pen. Now, hear me out; this lady was to have been kept in ignorance of the plan, but that her friend and chaplain could not resist the temptation of giving her the news, and she has since then stood by his side, and the sunlight just touched the coils of her snub hair. I have been deceived; cruelly deceived."

"Under the circumstances, nothing remains for me but to give you the opportunity of expressing your opinion as to this tyrannous family compact, even more decidedly than you have done already. Baroness Irma of Bachow will will you consent to give me your hand in marriage?"

"Count Albrecht of Reitzenberg, I thank you for the honor which you have shown me. I will not."

"I cannot see, my dear young man, that so young a maiden should have given away her preference without the consent or knowledge of her guardian." Answer me candidly: Are you at all affectionately engaged?"

"The color started into Irma's cheeks and she left them pale again. She glanced at Frau von Wolde. There was no help for her there. This was a question which you have no right to ask, Count Reitzenberg, and which I refuse to answer. I must beg you to excuse me."

"Baroness Bachow is right!" burst in Albrecht. "She has suffered enough at our hands already. She shall not be thwarted in her will. If she honors me with her friendship, I accept it gratefully. Listen to me, my uncle. I refuse to be a party to your scheme."

The forest spread its wide wings even as far as the castle garden. Irma led the green path and quiet shades, and here she came to look back the morning after her interview with the count, and pretended to read. But, though she kept her eyes on the pages, she read there only Count Albrecht's parting words—she accepted her offer of friendship gratefully! Driven to bay, as it were, in order to save her, that was what he had said. During the last three months she had come to understand something of his brightness, his high opinion of her honor. He would never marry a woman—though she were a princess—to whom he could not give his love.

"It was my fortune," sighed Irma, "that made him nearly hate me at first. Did he hate her now?"

She shut her book and wandered still further into the woods, down a hillside covered with fern and moss, toward the stream that ran between high rocks, chattering and foaming on its way. On the further side of the stream was a tract of open country, dotted with clumps of trees and underwood and bright with heather. The stepping-stones were half covered with water to-day; the current was running fiercer than its wont. She beheld herself in a rustic bridge a few yards further down.

The bridge hung high in the air, supported by rough pine trunks; it was a picturesque but a fragile affair. Half way across Irma put her hand on the rail—how noisy the stream was! It snapped off at her touch, one wooden plank tottered under her feet, another fell with a splash into the water below. She had plenty of courage; she was light and active. She knew, moreover, that she could easily leap that formidable-looking gap and gain the bank. She was about to make the attempt, when she was stopped by a tremendous shout: "Step there!"

She looked up, on the edge of the heather-covered rock stood Albrecht Reitzenberg. She paused uncertain, half inclined to retrace her steps. Perceiving her hesitation, he raised his voice and shouted still louder above the clamor of the rushing water: "Can you hear me, Baroness Irma?" She nodded assent to the left. Do not look back!

"I had better return the way I came, Count Albrecht. Do not trouble on my account."

circumstances, and had just become the proud possessor of a very handsome overcoat. It was late in the winter when he died, and the coat was packed away with his other belongings. In the fall the mother decided to present the coat to the son of a neighbor who had been one of the girl's favorite playmates. Ten days after the first wearing of the coat the boy was dead from diphtheria. Instances of this sort might be related by scores to show the danger of putting away garments that have been worn by the victims of this disease. However much one may dislike to do it, there is no alternative other than to destroy all garments that may carry contagion, and more than likely cause an outbreak of the trouble long after all fears have been allayed.

It has been suggested that upon the first appearance of diphtheria in a community the children be allowed to indulge freely in pineapple. This fruit is said to contain an acid that is fatal to the germs of the disease. It may ward off trouble or cure light attacks without other treatment. Indeed, pineapple has been employed with most beneficial results in cases where all ordinary remedies had proved unavailing.

At any stage of the illness give the patient all of the juice that can be taken with a relish. If fresh fruit cannot be obtained, the best quality of canned pineapple may be used. It is equally thought to be quite as good as the fresh pineapple, but answers the purpose very well, and has cured a number of cases that would yield to regular remedies.—N. Y. Ledger.

AS TO THE FASHIONS.

A Tailor Explains How Clothes Must Be Made to Be in Style. The tailor stood the man up on the block and then stood off across the room to study the coat from a little distance. After two or three minutes of reflective observation he shook his head and took a look at it from another direction. Then he came closer, pulled it down a little here, pushed it up a little there, and shook his head again.

"What ill-made coat that!" he asked, at length. "Don't you like it?" returned the man on the block, very naturally offended at the question. The tailor shrugged his shoulders expressively. "Oh, if the man makes no pretense of doing fashionable work," he said, "it will pass. 'But what's the matter with it?' demanded the man on the block. 'Everything,' replied the tailor. 'There is the collar, for instance. 'Collar!' roared the man on the block, 'why, that has no business on a man's neck, and even as anyone could see it.' 'No doubt,' answered the tailor. 'Then if you will turn to the glass you can see the absurdity of the back.' After a careful inspection the man on the block announced that it looked to him as smooth as a board.

"There isn't a wrinkle in it," he said. "Very likely," responded the tailor. "And then," he added, "there is the crowning absurdity of the body of the coat and the way it hangs when buttoned. 'It's perfectly comfortable, not too loose and doesn't wrinkle,' protested the man on the block. 'That is apparent to anyone,' admitted the tailor. 'Then what's the matter with it?' 'Then what's the matter with it?' 'Why, principally just the points that I have enumerated,' said the tailor. 'To put it more briefly and in a little plainer language, I might say that, from the standpoint of the present fashions, the fault lies in the fact that it fits. What you need if you are going into society is a coat that has been fitted to an open umbrella and that won't touch you anywhere except on the shoulders. If it looks well on you, you may put it down at once as decidedly out of date.'—Chicago Post.

ORACULAR OBSERVATIONS. Some Sharp Shots at Weak Spots of Mankind. Everybody has some signs that never fail. A man never gets too old to enjoy a love story. Some people are proud because they have some rich relations, and some men talk to impart just a little information. A fellow can't help having a little respect for a man who beats him playing cards. A man for whom everybody should feel sorry, is the man who can never see a joke. It flatters a man to tell him he made a shrewd bargain, even if it was a little costly. A widower can't even look at an unmarried woman without the whole town talking about it. The man who runs upstairs two steps at a time is not necessarily the one who has the most to do. We have been able to understand why some people want to wear sweethearts and always look over the top of them. People talk about "combinations of colors" in pictures, when they don't know an oil painting from a blotch of kerosene.—A. R. Miller, in Washington (D. C.) Democrat.

Inquiring Tourist (in Oklahoma)—I suppose that, with the coming of custom people, the manners and customs of this region are gradually growing more like those of older and more conservative communities? Alkali got—Yes; frinstance, it has already got so that it haint no longer considered good form to propose to a widow at her husband's funeral, no matter how pretty she is.—N. Y. Journal.

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By virtue of a deed of trust executed by W. A. Whitley and Cosby Whitley, his wife, of J. Taylor Ellison and Geo. W. St. Clair, trustees of Old Dominion Building and Loan Association, on the 17th day of September, 1895, of record in the clerk's office of the County Court of Tazewell County, in deed book 35, pages 174-5; default having been made by said Wm. Whitley to comply with the terms of contract with said association and terms of deed of trust, by direction of board of directors to wit, we will sell on Saturday, APRIL 24, 1897, at front door of court house of said county, at 1 o'clock p. m., all that certain house and lot situate in the town of Pocahontas, Tazewell County, Virginia, being the northeast corner of a portion of lot No. 1, East St. Clair Street, fronting 25 feet on Church Street and bounded on south by said street, and fronting on Center Street 50 feet, and bounded on east by said street, and on north by property of Tompkins, and on east by property of B. Prince.

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NOTICE.

To All Whom it May Concern: All persons are hereby notified and warned not to trespass upon nor cut nor cause to be cut or removed, nor dispose of any timber or mineral, nor within the survey or boundary line of a certain tract of land, containing one hundred and fifty thousand (150,000) acres, lying principally in the county of McDowell, state of West Virginia and portions thereof in Tazewell and Buchanan counties, Virginia, and Wyoming county, West Virginia, and known as Robert Pollard Grant and Patent of March 20th, 1795, and otherwise known as "The Inager Tract," and D. H. Harrison survey of 1809 1871-72, and late survey made by A. P. Shinnett, U. S. Surveyor, in 1891-92, by order of the U. S. Court at Charleston, West Virginia, and described in said patent and surveys as follows: Beginning at "a locust and chestnut, on the top of a ridge, between Abbs Valley and Laurel, creek, a branch of the Bluestone, "in sight of Jonathan Smith's, 250' Western corner of the Bluestone, thence north 20 degrees, west 530 poles to "three red oaks," crossing Laurel creek at 230 poles, the Tazewell and Wyoming road at 260 poles, the state line into McDowell county, West Virginia, at 280 poles, to the corner at 530 poles, thence north 15 degrees, and 280 poles to "three white oaks and a maple," along the Henry Millam ridge, crossing the road to said Millam's several times, to the corner at 280 poles. Thence north 34 degrees, west 280 poles to "two maples, Spanish oak and hickory by a path," along the north side of the Jump Spurr, crossing the Jump branch at 300 poles to the corner, "the path," at 380 poles.

Thence north 10 degrees, east 2,900 poles to "three white oaks and poplar," crossing the dividing ridge between the North Fork of Tug at 1,050; Mill Creek, at 1,160, the South Fork of Elkhorn at 2,142 poles, crossing the Ohio river extension of the Norfolk and Western Railroad near the upper end of the Huston oak and coke works, just below the "Elkhorn," station crossing the ridge between the South and North Forks of Elkhorn at 2,820, and the North Fork of Elkhorn at 2,900 poles to the corner, "on the north side the same," (64 poles above the mouth of Buzzard creek on Elkhorn). And several branches to the corner at 880 poles.

Thence north 75 degrees, west 1,840 poles to "a white oak and maple, crossing the ridge between Elkhorn and Guyandotte waters (being the county line between Wyoming and McDowell) and the head of Burke's Creek, at 880, 1,088 poles above the mouth of Burke's creek on the Elkhorn, along the northeast side of said ridge, in the county of Wyoming, to top of same, and county line, crossing into McDowell county, again at 620 poles, crossing a fork of Bottom creek at 1,030, another 1,432 poles, crossing the ridge between Laurel and Brown's creeks at 1,080 poles, thence to the corner, Lead of Brown's creek at 1,840.

Thence south 75 degrees, west, 920 poles to "a walnut, hickory and poplar," crossing a branch at 156, another at 440 poles, crossing Brown's creek at 763 poles, to top of the Indian Ridge, crossing the Tazewell and Wyoming road at 880, Fletcher Branch 1,128 and 1,180 poles, Lower Shannon Branch 1,686 poles, thence 1,920 poles, to the corner, on Tug River, below "Peter Rock" four miles below Welsh, the county seat of McDowell, county.

Thence south 25 degrees, west 1,300 poles to "two poplars, a walnut and sugar tree," crossing Tug river, and Lick creek at 94, a branch of Tug at 410 and 420, another 400 poles, a branch of Spioe creek at 620 poles, Muley Fork of Bartley at 1,210 the road fork at 1,430, Bartley creek, 1,400, dry fork at 1,580, (2 miles below Perryville), Slate creek at 2,120, Yates branch at 2,200, Little Mountain and Padale Fork at 2,280, John Hancock creek 2,808 poles, Badway branch at 1,080 and Middle 1,200 poles, down Middle branch, to the corner on Clear Fork (below the old "Bartley Rose Branch") at 2,800 poles.

Thence south 53 degrees, west 2 poles to "three white oaks," crossing Bear branch at 120, Big branch at 410, the ridge and head spring of Bartley creek at 700 poles, Muley Fork of Bartley at 1,210 the road fork at 1,430, Bartley creek, 1,400, dry fork at 1,580, (2 miles below Perryville), Slate creek at 2,120, Yates branch at 2,200, Little Mountain and Padale Fork at 2,280, John Hancock creek 2,808 poles, Badway branch at 1,080 and Middle 1,200 poles, down Middle branch, to the corner on Clear Fork (below the old "Bartley Rose Branch") at 2,800 poles.

Thence south 37 degrees, east 3,600 poles to station and point (near the head of the Beach Fork) of Laurel Fork of Slate at 450. Mullick at 60 poles and the north side of the ridge between Slate and Dismal creeks, waters of Louisa Fork of Sandy, crossing the county, and State line into Buchanan county, Va., at 480 poles, through Buchanan to the county line at 920 poles, thence along the ridge touching the county line again at 1,340 poles along the edge of Tazewell county, Virginia, to the county line at 2,200 poles, thence along through Tazewell county, Virginia, crossing Forks of Indian, waters of Clinch river at 2,400, and 2,500, a branch of said Forks at 2,740 and 2,840 poles, Beecher's Ridge at 2,800 poles, and crossing Beech Fork at 3,410, the left hand fork of Beech Fork and road at 3,865 poles, to station and pointers at 3,600 poles, near the head of Deech Fork in Tazewell county, Virginia.

Thence north 64 degrees, east 4,000 poles to the beginning, crossing the Dry Fork at 582 (one mile below Captain David G. Savers), Dick's creek at "94, Dalton Branch at 1,540, head of Jones Fork at 1,800, and the 2,200 poles, John Hancock creek at 1,942, Horseshoe creek at 1,922, right hand fork of Horseshoe at 2,576, Old Camp branch at 2,806, head of Horseshoe at 3,324 poles, the county line and ridge between the waters of Tug river and Horseshoe at 3,248, Tazewell Co. H. and Wyoming road at 3,840 poles, thence to the beginning corner at 4,000 poles. The following are the principal streams and branches embraced within the boundary lines of said tract: The Dry Fork, Tug river (and head spring of same) and the Elkhorn, with their tributaries for over 20 miles, The Clear Fork of Tug river for over three miles, Laurel Creek, Indian Creek, Buzzard Bottom, Sand Fork, Mill Splice, Brown's and Little Indian creek, Keowe, Vols Big War, Farenhe, Rockhouse, Horseshoe, Cucumber and Big creeks, with their numerous tributaries; Clark's branch, Boy's, Indian, Sugar, Tazewell Co. H. and Wyoming branches, Fletcher's Creek, Grape, Rocknarrow, Atkin, Turnhole, Harman's Leslie's Dock, Humes, Laurel, Kial's Junction, Old Camp, Cold, Lick, Mile and Dalton branches, Beech Fork and Jacob's Fork, with their tributaries, being all embraced within the lines of said patent and survey. And any person or persons, so trespassing, cutting or removing timber or minerals, from any portion, not specially by the undersigned wholly released, and accepted, and the same will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Speculators in walnut and other valuable trees, and in coal and timber land options on same within my survey and patents will avoid loss trouble and expense by being governed accordingly. WM. G. W. LAZORE.

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