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THE LARGEST SOAP MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD. ESTABLISHED 1839.

THE MOTHER AND HER BOYS.

There are Fairfax and Fred and Arthur and Ned,
Good boys, and remarkably clever.
In studies and sports and games of all sorts,
To excel in their noble endeavor.
And when poring o'er books with studious looks,
Despairing of help from a brother,
The eldest of all will not scruple to call
For aid from his bright little mother.

In out of door games every one of them claims
Her presence to strengthen and cheer them,
For the better their luck and the greater their pluck,
They say, if their mother is near them,
With hearty good will and wonderful skill
She champions one or the other,
And the boys oft declare, with a satisfied air,
There's no better playmate than mother.

She joins in their walks, and delightful the talks,
Most sacred and sweet the communion
The mother enjoys as she strolls with her boys,
So loving and loyal their union.
Their future careers, their hopes and their fears,
They would not reveal to another,
Are confided to her, and the lads all aver
The best of companions is mother.

She shares in their games and in all of their aims,
Their faults and their follies correcting,
That they may grow wise and secure the best prize,
True culture and courage reflecting.
And if quarrels take place, as at times is the case,
Alas, betwixt brother and brother,
She soon sets them right, preventing a fight,
For there's no better umpire than mother.
—Josephine Pollard in New York Ledger.

A TROPICAL IDYL.

It is an hour after midday, and the tropical sun is beaming out relentlessly, although the air is tempered by a refreshing breeze. The flowers in the churchyard begin to look a little fatigued, and the roses, heliotropes and geraniums, planted by loving hands, now far away, round the graves of those who have died in exile in this distant land, hang their heads and seem to be longing for a shower or at least for a passing cloud, but the grass is still green on the slope in front of the church, for the dry season has not yet fully set in. The sugar canes in the field across the road wave their long leaves in the breeze, and the woods bordering the ravine, which stretches away to the sea in the far distance, present a refreshing vista of dark green to the tired eye.

The little congregation of English people comes rustling out of the church, and there is a flutter of light draperies, a mingling of pretty colors and a ripple of soft voices and gentle laughter. Over all come floating the strains of an organ from the church behind. Some one is playing Mendelssohn's "Wedding March."

Then the carriages drive up and the congregation disperses. The first to leave are of course the governor and his family. They occupy two carriages. In the first goes his excellency, her ladyship and their eldest daughter, a gray-eyed, brown haired English maiden in her first season. The aid-de-camp prepares to follow, as usual, but the cheery voice of his excellency rings out: "Debenham, will you come with us, as you are the greatest stranger? Colville, my dear fellow, would you mind taking care of Miss Spencer and the girls?"

And so the newly arrived private secretary drives off seated beside the eldest daughter, while the aid-de-camp, who has been with her father as long as she can remember, takes his place in the second carriage beside the two younger children and their governess.

"Why does Mrs. Noble play the 'Wedding March?'" says some one.

"Oh, today is the anniversary of her own marriage, I believe, and neither Major Noble nor she has yet arrived at the stage of wishing to forget their wedding day," is the reply.

And so the joyful strains peal forth while the little congregation melts away. The musician and her husband follow, and the church is shut up and left to the care of the native gardien until another Sunday comes round.

Only the aid-de-camp is unusually grave during the rest of the day, for a strange foreboding has come over him, and it seems just a little hard that he, who has remained poor and has begun to grow gray in the service of his excellency, and for love of him and his, should be ousted for a stranger and a newcomer just because forsooth he is heir to a baronetcy and to a fortune.

It is evening in the cold weather, and the short tropical twilight is nearly over, the sun having set on one side of the ravine half an hour ago, while the full moon has risen on the other, throwing black shadows everywhere, turning the waterfall to silver and lighting up the mist of spray until it resembles a huge web of gossamer with the dew upon it.

A party of young people have been

exploring the ravine. They have clambered up beside the cascade, have followed the river's bank to the limit of the government house grounds and are now returning by the high road.

As they round the corner past the church two of the party linger behind. They are the governor's eldest daughter and the private secretary. The others go on, but presently discover that some are missing, and the aid-de-camp returns to look for them. He approaches gently, walking on the grass by the roadside. He calls, but no one answers. From the church comes the sound of music. The amateur organist has been holding a choir practice and is now playing on in the dark by herself. She plays a low, sweet voluntaire, but presently breaks into the "Wedding March."

As the aid-de-camp advances he suddenly descries two figures, close beside him, standing under the shadow of a spreading banyan tree near the church gate. They are the private secretary and the eldest daughter, and their backs are toward him. Before he has time to speak he hears a manly voice say, "That is a good omen, is it not, my darling?" and a sweet, girlish treble replies: "Yes, and I shall love Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March' all my life because it seems so bound up with you and with my happiness. Do you remember that first Sunday?—But the aid-de-camp has turned on his heel and is out of hearing by this time. He reports that the stragglers "are all right and coming on. They have only been listening to Mrs. Noble's playing."

The moon continues to shine and the waterfall to sparkle in her rays and to splash musically down into its rocky bed, but to the aid-de-camp a black shadow of great darkness seems to have spread itself over everything, and the roll of the falling water and the noise of the breeze among the filoa trees have a mournful, moaning sound.

It is noon on a brilliant day in Christmas week and consequently in the middle of the hot season. Outside the grass is beginning to look burnt up, and the roses and geraniums are too much exhausted from the heat to put forth any more flowers, but the hardy begonia is still in full bloom, and the clematis have large bunches of pink blossoms on the tops of their tall, willowy stems, which wave back and forward in the breeze and exhale a delicious perfume, like that of bitter almonds. In one corner of the churchyard a large frangipani tree bears waxy clusters of pale yellow flowers at the ends of its caustic-like branches, while shining out among the foliage in the government house grounds opposite is a tall flamboyant tree, which, with its flame colored blossoms covering the whole top of the leafless tree, looks like a veritable "burning bush."

Inside the church has been turned into a bower, everywhere palms and ferns and sweet smelling white flowers. The bare, barnlike walls are completely hidden by a mass of greenery, the window sills are filled with blossoms and the altar rails festooned with maiden-hair and stephanotis, while the lower half of the east window is a perfect bank of ferns and flowers, above which may be seen the clear blue sky, flecked with white clouds, and the tops of the trees.

All is pleasant bustle and confusion within, for a great wedding is about to take place, and all the beauty and fashion of the island colony have been summoned to do honor to the governor's daughter.

The ladies are in the brightest and freshest of toilets, while varied uniforms help to enliven the scene.

Everywhere there is a buzz of subdued, pleasant talk and of delightful expectation.

The bishop is at the altar, the bridegroom and his best man near the rails. The bridesmaids await the bride in the porch, and in and out and everywhere among the congregation—arranging everything, showing guests to their seats, talking to every one and making himself generally useful and agreeable—flits the aid-de-camp. He has been at work since before daylight and yet does not seem at all fatigued, but has a pleasant smile or a kind word for every one.

Now the music strikes up, and presently the bride appears, leaning on the arm of her father. The marriage service proceeds, the bishop joins the young couple's hands, the vows are taken, the ring put on, the hymns sung and the address delivered. Then comes a moment of silence while the newly married pair still kneel at the altar rails, and when one can distinctly hear the champing of the horses in the carriages waiting outside and the sighing of the breeze in the tops of the filoa trees. Then as the young couple rise from their knees they break forth the joyous strains of the "Wedding March."

As they pass down the aisle the bride looks up into the bridegroom's face, and he, stooping over her, murmurs something which only she can hear. The aid-de-camp sees the look and guesses the words, and, with renewed energy, he plunges into the business of marshaling the procession and escorting the guests to their carriages, and throughout that long and busy day no one seeing his bright, pleasant face and hearing his cheery voice could guess that for him the sun was darkened and the light of life and hope gone out, and that to his ears Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" will forever sound like a funeral dirge.—Sketch.

A Practical Joke.

A practical joke that was played on Charles Maurer of Eleventh and Callowhill streets early last spring has resulted in something likely to puzzle the brains of several up town naturalists. Mr. Maurer is a great lover of birds. Last spring one of his canary birds was busy with a nest of eggs, and Mr. Maurer was as much excited as the mother bird. As a joke Curtis Souder removed the eggs and in their place put three of the sparrow variety. Now, in the course of time those eggs were hatched, and both mother bird and master were greatly bewildered at the odd looking birdlets. The joke in some way leaked out, but as the mother bird was treating her foster children tenderly Mr. Maurer decided to let them remain and watch the result. After the sparrows got a little older it was noticed that the canary would put them in a row and chirp to them, after which the sparrows would try to imitate her. Persistence on the canary's part has resulted in three ugly sparrows that are beginning to sing, and it's a toss up as to whom the joke is on.—Philadelphia Record.

Perfumes.

A new process for extracting the perfume of flowers has been devised by M. J. Passy. He steep the flowers in water, which is drawn off when charged with perfume and fresh water substituted. This keeps the flowers fresh for a long time, and their life is further prolonged by the use of a saline solution such as the tissues of the plants call for. The charged water is then evaporated by the use of ether. The process has proved successful with many flowers which previously refused to yield up their perfume, notably the lily of the valley.



"No, I can't give you a job. I've as many hands now as I can find work for."

"Well, that needn't stand in yer way, gov'nor. The little I'd do wouldn't make no difference."—Pick Me Up.

The Crocodile's Strong Jaw.

Sir Samuel Baker, in his "Wild Beasts," says that the power of the jaws of the crocodile is terrific. Once he had the metal of a large hook, the thickness of ordinary telegraph wire, completely bent together, the barbed point being pressed tightly against the shank and rendered useless. This compression was caused by the snap of the jaws when seizing a live duck, which he had used as a bait, the hook being fastened beneath one wing. On one occasion he found a fish weighing 70 pounds bitten clean through as if divided by a knife. This, again, was the work of a snap from the jaws of a crocodile. M. Paul Bert once made experiments on the strength of a crocodile's jaws by means of a dynamometer. He found that a crocodile weighing 120 pounds exerted a force of 308 pounds in closing his jaw. The lion has an enormous jaw power. On one occasion an African traveler pushed the butt end of his gun into a lion's mouth, and the pressure of the jaws cracked it as though it had been struck by a steam hammer.

Daily Duties.

The best part of one's life is the performance of one's daily duties. All higher motives, ideas, conceptions and sentiments in a man's life are of little value if they do not strengthen him for the better discharge of the duties which devolve upon him in the ordinary affairs of life.—New York Ledger.

In the Dime Museum.

Borneo Chief—Say fellows, the bald-headed bearded lady lays over us all; she's a freak.

Circussian Snake Charmer—Freak nothing; jist accidental. Got her face lotion mixed with her hair restorer, and the result was mortal.—Philadelphia Press.

No Theologians From Harvard This Year.

Out of the 400 young men about being graduated from Harvard college not a single one intends to take up the study of theology. Are we to infer from this that there is a glut in the market for ministers? It would seem so.—Haverhill Gazette.

His Trouble.

Polly—What's Freddy crying for?
Dolly—Because he dug a big hole in the garden and mother won't let him bring it into the house.—Pick Me Up.

The Calf's Jest.

"Oh, there are udders!" said the calf as he rejected the jar of butter milk offered him by the farmer's son.

How many happy marriage ties are daily cut asunder by the grim destroyer, death. How many women go radiantly to the altar, only to pass a few short months of agony and pain, and then go down to early graves. There is one cause of this ever-recurring tragedy. No woman should enter the marriage state without some knowledge of the physiology of the female organs of reproduction, and of the vigor and vigor of these points and diggs graves for thousands of happy brides but a few months' journey from the altar. There is a sure and speedy remedy at hand. The most marvelous medicine ever discovered for women is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the discovery of a most eminent and skillful physician, Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. It acts directly on the delicate organs that make wifehood and motherhood possible. It makes them healthy and strong. It cures all weakness and disease. Taken during the expectant period it insures a healthy baby and makes parturition easy and almost painless. Women who wish to know all about the "Favorite Prescription" should write to Dr. Pierce.

Mrs. W. Robinson, Springhill, Cumberland Co., Nova Scotia, writes: "I feel that I cannot say enough about your 'Favorite Prescription.' I was confined on the 8th of April, and I was only sick about thirty minutes in all. I can truthfully say that your medicine worked wonders in my case. Although the physician was in the house I did not seem to require his aid. I am going around doing my own work and before I had to keep a girl three months till I was able to do my work. I recommend the medicine to a lady friend of mine and she is taking it. She expects to become a mother next month."

Constipation if neglected will lead the most robust to the doctor's office. The blood gets loaded down with impurities which it deposits in every organ and tissue in the body. Serious illness is the inevitable result. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. They are prompt and pleasant in their action. They never gripe. They cure permanently, and are not mere temporary palliatives. Druggists sell them. If you accept something said to be "just as good," you will regret it.

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PLEASE CALL AND INSPECT MACHINE AND INVESTIGATE THE LOW PRICES BEFORE YOU BUY.

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10-room dwelling, 118 Eighth avenue s. w., bath room, hot and cold water attachment, lot 50x100 feet. Originally worth \$7,500; present price \$4,000.
Comfortable dwelling No. 712 Campbell avenue s. w.; lot 91x275 feet to an alley, 10 rooms, bath room and stable. Originally sold for \$10,000; present price \$4,000.
Very desirable dwelling No. 316 John street s. w., 10 rooms, good stable, necessary outside buildings, lot 50x150; \$3,000.
Nice 6-room cottage No. 3 Trout avenue s. w., lot 50x150, \$1,500.
Dwelling No. 366 Eighth avenue s. w., lot 50x150, \$1,500.
Three story brick building on Shenandoah avenue, near freight depot, now used, first floor as a bottling works, and second and third as shop and dwelling, \$5,000.
6-room dwelling, No. 517 Fourth street n. e., very cheap and convenient to Roanoke Machine Works, \$700.
8-room dwelling, n. s. Belmont avenue s. e., lot 93x130 feet; beautiful location, \$2,000.
8-room dwelling, 14 1/2 Lee street n. e., lot 50x200 feet, \$1,500.
8-room dwelling, 509 Luck avenue, lot 34x90 feet, very cheap, \$2,000.
6-room dwelling, 927 Shenandoah avenue n. w., lot 25x130, \$800.
6-room dwelling, 427 Elmwood street s. e., lot 40x130, a bargain, \$650.
8-room dwellings, 924, 930 and 932 Center street, lots 25x130, all three desirable located and very cheap, \$1,100.
6-room dwelling, 711 Gilmer street n. w., lot 40x130, nice location; a bargain, \$1,100.
Vacant lot on Jefferson street, 25x170 feet, near marble yard, formerly worth \$6,000; price \$2,500.
Peck Hotel, on Salem avenue, near Academy of Music, 24 rooms, a bargain, price \$3,500.
Two story frame building, 8 rooms, 450 feet east of F street, fronting on Campbell avenue s. w., lot 50x233 feet. This is a very cheap and desirable property, price \$3,000.

A very desirable 8-room dwelling, 801 Roanoke street s. w., good outside building, hot and cold water, bath, etc., lot 50x150, a bargain, \$2,500.
House and lot, 8 rooms, north side Melrose avenue n. w., lot 75x210 feet, a most desirable home, price \$1,800.
Two-story frame building, 612 Sixth avenue n. w., very nicely located, 6-room house, price \$1,200.
2 two-story 6-room houses, Nos. 525 and 527 Eighth avenue s. w. This property would be cheap at \$1,400; price, each, \$1,250.
10-room dwelling, 315 Randolph street, near Roanoke and Southern depot, formerly sold for \$2,000, price \$1,150.
6-room cottage, No. 420 Ninth avenue s. w., \$1,300.
10-room two-story dwelling, No. 375 Eleventh avenue s. w., an elegant property, none better, lot 50x130, \$3,500.
12-room two story dwelling, 379 Eleventh avenue s. w., new house worth \$4,500, lot 50x130, price \$3,500.
10-room two story dwelling, 377 Eleventh avenue s. w., one of the cheapest houses in the city, lot 50x130, \$3,000.
Two-story frame building on Washington street, east of G, a beauty, all modern improvements, 7 rooms, very cheap, \$2,700.
Two-story frame dwelling, 1116 South Jefferson street, worth \$3,500, price \$2,800.

Two nice and commodious dwellings, 511 and 513 Luck street, \$1,800 and \$2,000.
Two cottages on Shenandoah avenue, Nos. 1021 and 1023, 6 rooms, each \$800.
18-room dwelling, 31 Seventh avenue s. w., worth \$7,000, price \$5,500.
15-room dwelling, No. 364 Campbell avenue s. w. The cheapest property now on the market; just elegant, \$5,500.

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30 acres, a comfortable dwelling, good barn, well fenced, good water and fruit. Price \$850.
69 acres of good land, well located, very large young orchard. Price \$3,500.
This is only a partial list of the farms we have for sale, any of which we will be glad to show at any time. Full description sent by mail at request. Correspondence solicited.

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