MIDDLEBURG POST.

WILLIE'S INHERITANCE.

ah, how the years go flitting by! It seems but yesterday That she rode past upon her wheel A blithesome lass and gay; In fancy I can seem to see The bloomers that she wore. Alas! Alack! And can it be That she's a girl no more?

Her cheeks were red, her laugh wa light, How gracefully she sat;

Were well worth looking at. Ah, that was seven years ago-What changes time has brought To her who sped with cheeks aglow And ne'er a solemn thought.

I saw her yesterday; a boy Stood bare-legged at her side, And busily she sewed away And oft her scissors plied; And as she labored gravely there I saw with startled eyes The bloomers that she used to wear Trimmed down to Willie's size. -S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.



WHEN Marjorie was starting from Baltimore for her first summer at Narragansett her Aunt Jane presented her with the fairy stone. It was an odd-looking blue oval, opaque, set in Tuscan gold and hung on a slender chain of the same metal.

"Nowadays we don't believe in such things, my dear," said Aunt Jane; "but there is a cave in Virginia where these stones used to be found over 100 years ago. My grandmother gave this to me when I made my debut, and I have had it ever since. I believe in it. It is supposed to be a potent charm against evil, and it has the power of giving a girl an insight is to marry. I was always guided there was a man on the scene to sounded the same. by it."

"But, Aunt Jane." said Marjorie, "you never married! And mother always tells me you were a stunning girl! Why didn't the fairy stone help you to choose?"

"The men I met didn't stand the test," said Aunt Jane, sadly. "Let us hope you will have a different story to tell."

Marjorie had only been graduated the year before, and had traveled in Europe with her mother. But this year was to be so different! Boxes of gowns, trunks of hats and boots and finery of all sorts had been brought over for this season's launching: for, to a Baltimore girl, a summer at Narragansett is far more important than a winter at home.

Marjorie had read about summer girls, and she knew that every girl was supposed to get engaged to men that she never intended to marry during a season at the seashore, and while she could not quite understand how it was all to happen, she knew that she was going to have a really good time and would do as she other girls did.

Two days after she reached the pier she met Tom Hartley. He was a with a rich etic-looking father. He had his yacht and his horses and traps and autos, and seemed to be a favorite with the younger matrons. He danced with Marjorie once, and that seemed to settle the matter. There was a hypnotic charm about Marjorie's dancing that the season developed. She acquired any number of slaves among the dancing men. Her reddish Brown-Pottery hair had a way of always seeming in danger of tumbling down as she moved, and it had an oddr of violets that was most intoxicating. Hartley gave yachting parties in Marjorie's honor until her mother deslared that it was becoming altogether pronounced. But Marjorie called her attention to the fact that Miss Cresswell, the pretty, sleepylooking girl who lisped, was entertained just as much almost. This Miss Cresswell was the only due who gave an evidence of disputing Marjorie's reign as a belle. She mooned about the plazza during dances and didn't mind being talked sbout. Hartley proposed to Marjorie the third week. It happened like this, He had taken her out tandem driving. They came to a beautiful bit of road with a meadow perfectly white with daisies. She wanted some of them, and he sent Johnson, the footman, to gather them. They grew tired waiting, and he suggested a walk down the lane. A real pretty lane it was, like a stage setting. It was funny how serious things happened. He helped her from the high seat of the trap, and the heel of her white shoe caught in something and she stumbled. He caught her and held her hands tightly. "Marjorie!" he said. She laughed. It was the first time he had called her by her name, and it amused her to think of his doing so without asking permission. Girls hate to seem to give permission for things without a formal request. Then they walked down the lane and he told has that he loved her and asked her to be his wife. She said that they had known each other for such a short time that the idea was preposterous, but finally as agreement was made between them for an entirely sub-ross engagement until he might ask her mother. Tom said he was the happlest fellow in the world, and they drove home together quite radiant, with Johnson sitting behind a mountain of datales on the back. He was a wise man, and had been with Tom some time

to he took quite a while to gather

Marjorie did not think she was really in love. But she had the proud consciousness of a girl with her first scalp at her belt. She smiled sweetly at Miss Cresswell after dinner as she was going up to dress for the dance. There was one other man at the hotel, Bradford, an ex-athlete of his college, and he seemed rather divided in his attentions to Marjorie and Miss Cresswell. Marjorie in the glory of her triumph decided she would give him a few extras to-night, once around the room and then a stroll on the piazza. She felt as in. They seemed excited. though this question of belleship ought to be definitely settled. From

which it will be seen that she was getting on. While the maid did her hair she

wondered if it would pique Tom. She had heard of men who took such

love like a man in a book. As the girl slipped the white mull bodice skipped off on a lark some where, or over her shoulders she caught sight of the little blue amulet on her breast.

"Take it off, Tibbetts," she said, "and get my string of pearls. And ask her to let me have her little diamond butterfly. I wish to wear it in my hair."

the girl remembered having looked mantel as she went out. When she returned a few moments later with the butterfly, Marjorie had vanished. girl. Those girls with almond-Later on the excitement attending shaped eyes are all alike." her disappearance never swerved the maid's story. Scouts were sent out and come along! Her mother is alcliffs, and the rumor spread that she had eloped. The New York papers Hurry, that's a good fellow." had the story next morning, with a picture of Marjorie at the age of 12.

the dressing-table, and smiled at her stand the test of the magic charm.

She fingered it, wondering how she should experiment with the amulet. Suddenly she felt a queer sensation of suffocation, as though she were going to faint. The room grew dim around her, and the next thing

the floor, and the furniture looked said!" huge. She had a strange impression of being light and soft as she made her way creeping to the cheval glass. Looking in it she saw the eyes of truth to her brain. She had been my room." transformed. She heard a step in the hall, and with a low yowl of terror

crawled out on the parapet.

fully along the coping until she the cat. reached the piazza roof. The for- Marjorie felt her cheeks glow. chestra had begun to play in the She lifted her paw to her face and hall below. Then she heard the saw her hand. She knew it by the strains of a banjo, and looking in rings. Then she looked down in through a window from which the alarm. She saw her tulle frock sounds came she saw Tom Hartley She was herself again. tying his neck scarf before a mirror. It was just then Bradford opened

The music came up gayly from the fall and she knew that they were fancing. And Miss Cresswell was queening in her absence, no doubt. In her anger Marjorie spat angrily and stretched her claws to their utmost from their velvet sheath. She was beginning to find out that she really cared for Tom after all. The tears gushed from her eyes, and she washed her face with her paw, sobbing softly.

The door opened and Marjorie made a rush for it, but it was closed too quickly. She jumped under a chair. Bradford and Tom had come

"What are you going to do?" asked Bradford.

"I am going to take some men with torches down the cliff. She may have strolled down there and fainted or fallen over the rocks."

"I tell you that Miss Cresswell saw things seriously. And Tom was in her sneaking along the piazza when everyone went to dress. She has else eloped."

Tom threw himself heavily into a chair. "I don't believe it!" he said; "she isn't that kind of a girl." "It seems to me, if she's such a

just step into mother's room and bore and all, that your'e taking it pretty hard." "Oh, can't you see-can't you un-

derstand? I wanted to keep you It was then half after ten, for away! Don't I know you, Brad?" Bradford whistled, while Marjorie at the little rhinestone clock on the began to purr like a pleased kitten. 'Oh, that was the game was it?'

he said. "You can't fool me in a

"Oh, cut it out! Here, get a coat to search for Marjorie along the most frantic. She's not the girl to do anything like this for a joke. fortable food, and a natural

Bradford went out, and Tom sat looking out across the water with Marjorie had picked up the fairy troubled eyes. Marjorie crept to his stone to drop it in the jewel case on side, purring to atract attention. To her delight she found herself formuas to the character of her admirers. face in the mirror as she thought lating a word. "Tom!" she called, It helps her to select the man she of her Aunt Jane's words. Already softly. "Tom!" Her voice, at least,

Tom rubbed his eyes and stared with a white face around the room. 'Don't you know me, Tom?" she purred. "It's I-Marjorie!"

"Great Scott!" said Tom, "I must be dreaming."

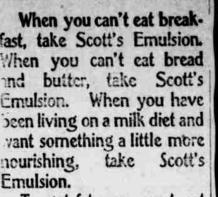
"No, it's all real," she sobbed. she knew she had a feeling as though "Aunt Jane's fairy stone has turned she were on her hands and knees on me into a cat, and I've heard all you

"It can't be possible!" said Tom, staring with big eyes.

"But it is, and the next thing is to to get back to my old shape. You a big Maltese cat gazing back into must help me. Open the window, her own. Something flashed the and I'll jump out and get back to

Tom lifted the cat in his arms and old friends sometimes have a very sushe leaped for the open window and looked searchingly into it's eyes. Something that he seemed to see Feeling oddly accustomed to her there must have convinced him that new shape, she made her way care- he was awake. Suddenly he kissed

Bradford was sitting on a low chair the door, whistled, and closed it picking a banjo and occasionally puf- again. Tom opened it and called ting at a cigarette. "That little red-haired girl isn't so and they told him the story. He lisbad," he said; "a smashing dancer!" tened gravely. He was the only one Marjorie pricked up her cars. Red- who knew the truth of the matter haired girl, indeed! She moved until now, for he advised them to keep quiet about it. No one would "But slow," said Tom, with his chin believe it, he said. Then he managed high in the air; "she'll bore you to to get Marjorie back to her mother in one of Tom's big driving coats and an Alpine hat pulled down over her face. The wedding occurred that summer at Narragansett and was quite a society event. Bradford was best man. He wears the fairy stone for this the adoring, delightful Tom of a watch charm now, but he says it the morning. She leaped lightly into seems to be out of order .- N. Y. Times.



oss of Flesh

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A Trouble with Old Friends. "It is too bad," said the visitor from home; "but people who acquire wealth are not the same to their old friends." "Perhaps there is a reason for that,"

replied Mrs. Cumrox, reminiscently. People who acquire wealth have feel-It seemed an odd thing to do, but ings the same as any one else, and their perior way of saying. 'Humph! I knew them when they were as poor as Job's turkey!""-Washington Star.

Left in the Dark.

A little girl about three years old was out playing when suddenly it became very cloudy. She ran into the house and startled her mamma by saving:

"I'm not going to stay outdoors iny more."

"Why?" asked her mother. "Because God blowed the sun out." -Little Chronicle,

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further up the sill.

death." "She doesn't seem to bore you,"

said Bradford.

"Oh. I don't know! I hate broilers. Girls that have never been kissed are stupid."

Marjorie's fur stood on end. Was the room.

"Look at that cat!" said Bradford. Tom laughed.

"You'll like Miss Creswell when you know her better, Brad. She's full of fun. One of the boys."

"I rather fancy the other girl myself." said Bradford. "I'm going to walk her on the plazza to-night and find out what she's made of.'

"The devil you are!" said Tom. His collar button had slipped from ts moorings. "Scat!" he said to Marjorie. She ran under the bed just as Bradford aimed a boot at her. "I'll trot along, old man," said he;

see you later." Marjorie could hear Tom humming and whistling nervously as he continued his dressing. Then the door opened and slammed shut, and she heard him step down the hall. She crawled out carefully and looked about the room. On the dressing table there were a few photographs in a row, actromes' faces that Mar-

jorie recognized, and there were the implements of a man's toilet, which she prowled smong with much interest. She almost forget her odd situation and Tom's unpleasantly rude comments. At all events sho had found him out, thanks to Aunt Jane's fairy stone.

And now to get back to her room Ehe fult that the charm would pass away if she could but touch magic amulet once more, and abe would find hernelf back in her talls

rown, ready to go down stairs for the dance. But the window was closed, and when abe raised both her paws to open it she realized the limitations that went with her new form. She ran frantically about, but there was no way to escape. Even the transom over the door was closed. What would her mother think of her absence? What would everybody think? What a dreadful predicament to be in! fibe almost wished her aunt had kept her old fairy stone.

The Prince's Resson.

A few years hence the little prince who figures in the following story from the London Express will hear of the Kile and Trafalgar and the great victories won by the British merchant seamen, and will know that to be a sailor requires skill and heroism; but just now his view of this noble profession-and of his royal father as well-is refreshingly natural and boyish.

Not long age the Prince of Wales went unexpectedly into the royal nursery, and found his little son busily

engaged in drawing on a bit of scrap paper the picture of a ship. "Well, laddie," said the prince, quite proud of his son's creditable performance, "I'm very pleased to see that you are fond of ships and sailors. I am a sailor, you know." "Yes, daddy," cried Prince Edward, excitedly, "and I want to be a sailor

too, when I'm grown up!" "Ah." mid the Prince of Wales, smiling, "and you want to be a sailor, do you? Because daddy's a sailor.

I suppose?" "Not because of that, I think," said the young prince, thoughtfully; "because I don't like doing my lesda't be

sons always, and you nee elever to be a sailor, need yes, doddy ?"

Unglanoant for Both.

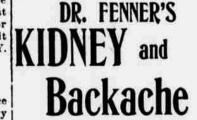
Iridhman whose face was so plain that his friends used to tell him is was an offense to the landheape, happened also to be as poor as he

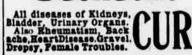
One day a neighbor met him and saked:

"How are yon, Pat?" "Mighty bad! Sure 'tis shtarvation that's starin' me in the face." "Begorra," exclaimed his neighbor sympathetically, "it can't be pleasant for either of yez!"-London Out-

Looking for Excitement. "You can't tell me," said young Mrs. Torkins, "that poker is as good a game

as progressive eucher." "Why not?" asked her husband. "There isn't enough excitement. I've known men who have played poker for years without getting angry and not speaking to each other. Such a thing doesn't often happen in progressive eucher."-Washington Star.





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Know from Experience Proser-You know Scribbly, don't

Tout Barder-Yes, the fellow who edits the Cozy Corner Companion, you

mean? What about him? Proser-Oh, he's going to marry one of his lady contributors, that's all! Awfully struck on her he seems,

too-told me to-day she was a perfect poem.

Barder-Don't you believe it; be doesn't know good poetry when he be a sees it. Why, he declined things of ries. mine that would have made the fortune of his wretched little rag .- Ally Sloper.

A Common Sentiment. I grieve to see these millionaires Who glitter on the highway Spend money on these fads of their I wish they'd spend it my way.

Turned Girls' Heads. "Do you see that tall chap, Pedro! Well, he has turned many a girl's head."

"But he is neither handsome nor nich "

"I know that."

"Then how did he turn girls' heads?" "With his preparation. He manufactures hair bleach."-Philadelphia

Oraithology.

Roderick-Your wife used to say you were a bird before the wedding. Any change now?

Van Albert-Well, I guess she thought I was a jay then, but from the quality of cooking she gives me now, she must think I'm an ostrich. -Chicago Daily News.

"Of course not. If take the blame, why else go out hunting for

"He claims that he

man, and nobody di

Intended as a Comp

They were dining out.

"But, Henry," she pros

night. It keeps you swik

bows to the hostnes, won't."-Chicago Post.

be good for anything

Mrs. Gumpps-I supp

Mr. Gumpps-No. Hei

house,-N. Y. Weekly.

Mrs. Clubb-I tell yout of the servant girl proble

Mrs. Housekeep-It k

san't tell what minute the

will overhear you.-Cal

State open

York dty? Me-Oh, no. The .

office is still running Judge.

Quite Mats

thing.

and Times.

There's the

"Oh, well," he replied,

Marriage Would Co

Mr. Gumppe-That boy

