

a present for a fashionable wedding; at a florist's she orders a funeral piece sent to a society house of mourning; she leaves her carriage for five minutes at a picture-gallery to glance at a canvas which her world is discussing; she shows herself at a business meeting of a charitable organization of which she is a member long enough to say that she will stand at the Russian table in a coming festival; she drives to the furrier's to choose her sables, and to her bootmaker's for consultation over bot-tines a la St. Petersburg, and she hurries finally into the boudoir of her dearest friend:

"Just to hope, dear, that you are going down to Oakcliff with Mrs. L. on the 21st. No? So sorry. And, oh, Nell, will you kindly lend me that little book on figures for the German your brother sent out from Vienna last month? Mr. R. and I want some novelties for the Worthington ball."

"That is the last," she says to herself thankfully when she has kissed her friend good-by, and "Home," is the word the footman takes as he climbs to the coachman's side.

It is 2:30 when Barker is getting her out of her outdoor wraps, and luncheon is served, she is told. That meal over, she must give her maid ten minutes' confab over the evening's dresses and twenty more to criticise an arrangement her dressmaker has sent for inspection. Then a few moments to loll among the cushions of her divan skimming the chapters of the last novel before another toilet is in order. At 5 she is again in the carriage in a sumptuous reception dress, rolling to an "afternoon." Two are down on her tablets for that day,

and by nice calculation she gets the cream of both before, shortly after 6, she stands once more in her own hall and learns from the servant in attendance that a gentleman is waiting to be received in the green parlor.

In all the bravery of brilliant dress, dropping only the fur-lined carriage wrap, she crosses the hall. Fifteen, twenty minutes pass, then the portiere of the green parlor is put aside and a young man comes out. His face is pale and his lips are compressed, but his bearing is erect and soldierly, and there is a gleam of something in his kindling eye which may be a fine scorn when that mist of tenderness has cleared away.

Mademoiselle goes up-stairs a trifle

languidly. Her room is brilliant with warmth and light, and on the bed is spread an evening dress, all lace and silken sheen.

"There is no hurry, Barker," she says, briefly; "we entertain at home to-night, and dinner is not until half-past 8. Help me off with these things; give me a loose gown and fifteen minutes here before the fire."

"Your flowers for to-night," says the maid, answering mademoiselle's ring half an hour later, but the young girl scarcely glances at the huge bouquet the woman is bearing.

"I shall be late, Barker," she says; "make haste to dress me."

There are two hours of dinner and three hours of ball got through with before mademoiselle's day is really done and the petted belle finds her lace-canopied couch. The world has been at her feet, and the expression of triumph and power does not wholly leave the perfect face even after the fringed lids are closed and the soft sweet breath comes regularly through the just parted lips.—*N. Y. Times.*

CENTREVILLE.—Officers of Victoria Lodge, No. 299, G.R.C., installed by W. Bro. Robt. Longmore, D.D., G.M., June 24, 1886:—W Bro Robt Cox, I P M; Bro's W J Mulholland, S W; Alonzo Walker, J W; M I Beeman, M D, Treas; J D Wagar, Sec; Miles Storma, Chap; W A Baker, Org; Jas Lucas, S D; Dorland Wagar, J D; Milo Huffman, S S; J W Lockridge, J S; B S Keller, I G; W A Rom-bough, Tyler, Ira B Amey, D of C.

THORNDALE.—Officers of Mount Olivet Lodge, No. 500, G. R. C., installed by W. Bro. Wm. Harrison, P. M.:—W Bro Neil McKechnie, M D, I P M; W Bro Wm F Kennedy, W M; Bros Richard Guest, S W; Wm Beck, J W; Wm Harrison, Treas; Robert Smith, Sec; Rev J C Bloodsworth, Chap; J Weston, S D; Richard Ardiel, J D; E Nicholson, S S; Wm Dunlop, J S; Wm B Scatsherd, I G; Wm Salmon, Tyler.