

## IN ARCADY.

It was easy to say "I love you!"  
Under a summer sky,  
When the hours went slow and the breeze  
hummed low,  
And the winds went whispering by,  
For we were young and happy,  
Nothing of life knew we;  
And what more sweet than with careless  
feet  
To wander in Arcady?

To-day, in a book forgotten,  
I found a rose you had kissed,  
Do you remember the moonlight?  
The path to the lover's trust?  
And do you sometimes, I wonder,  
Think of the past and me?  
And wish some day we could steal away  
And wander in Arcady?

Ah, no, 'tis a foolish fancy,  
The dream is dreamed and over,  
And you have forgotten the dear, dead  
days  
When I was your royal lover;  
For we were two weary worldlings,  
Seldom from care set free,  
And never again can we find the path  
That leads through Arcady!  
—Detroit Free Press.

## THE INSPECTOR'S LOSS

Inspector Hookyer had served his twenty-five years in the detective force, and his colleagues were entertaining him at a little farewell dinner, in anticipation of his forthcoming retirement. The chairman having eulogized the guest of the evening to an extent that brought a blush to the face of that case-hardened officer, the inspector rose to reply, and at the finish he said:

"The chairman has said that I never let a man slip through my fingers after I had once got on his track, but I am sorry to say he is wrong. I am bound to acknowledge that once an offender was too clever for me."

"Tell us about it," arose spontaneously from almost every throat, and Inspector Hookyer, in response to the request, gave the story.

"It was a good many years ago now when I had intrusted to me a case of a young woman named Eliza Thickbroom, who had been found dead (evidently murdered by having her throat cut) in some fields adjoining a canal near a town in Lancashire. She had been a domestic servant, and was of a very retiring, staid disposition, and bore an irreproachable character. Her friends lived in quite another part of the country, and her mistress had no knowledge of her keeping company or anything of that kind. For some time I had considerable difficulty in fixing the crime or any reason for it upon anyone, but at last, after a lot of inquiry, I ascertained that she had been out walking with a man named Lamprey, who lived near Stockport, in Cheshire, some thirty miles from where Eliza Thickbroom resided.

"It seemed that the girl had been in the habit of spending her holidays, when she had a day off, in going to Stockport, where Lamprey met her, and that she had become engaged to him, but that hearing something to his discredit, she had refused to have anything more to do with him, and, so far, nothing further was known to implicate Lamprey in the crime, but I, of course, at once took the train to Stockport and proceeded to hunt up Lamprey, and to make inquiries in the town where he resided.

"I knew nothing about him except his name, but from the local police and cautious questions of one and another, I ascertained that he had been a sailor and was then a 'steepjack,' and one of the best climbers known.

"Jack Lamprey" cried one man to whom I had spoken. "Ah, he can climb, for sure, can Jack? Why, he climbed to the very top of 'yon steeple,' pointing to the church hard by, which had a spire remarkably tall and slender, and very hard to mount. After the storm had damaged the weathercock Jack climbed and fixed it all alone for the parson, and he refused to be paid for it."

"The man seemed to look upon Lamprey's refusing payment as more wonderful than his climbing the steeple, and perhaps he was right. Well, bit by bit, I found little things which, when pieced together, pointed unmistakably to Jack Lamprey as the murderer. He had, until recently, been seen frequently in and about Stockport with the girl, but for the last two or three months she had not been observed in his company. He had been a jolly sort of fellow, but since the girl had ceased her visits it had been noticed that he had become moody and silent, and he had taken to drink a good deal, although he had previously been a most abstemious man.

"He was away from his lodgings on the night of the murder, and on his return early the next day he was traveling, as if he had walked a long way. His landlady remembered that he told her he had fallen down in some chemical works where he had been on a job, and had stained his clothes, and she recollected immediately after his arrival home he had busied himself brushing and sponging his garments.

"There was sufficient to justify me in obtaining a warrant; but he was away on a job—no one knew where exactly, except that it was somewhere near Liverpool—and it was useless for me to leave Stockport, where I had the best chance of catching him, on a wild goose chase to Liverpool without better information. My only course was to wait and keep quiet till he came back, which he was expected to do the following day.

"I took every precaution to prevent anyone knowing that he was 'wanted,' but some 'pal' must have got to suspect it and given him warning. The police in Liverpool had been wired to, and had kept watch of all trains in the direction of Stockport, and toward evening of the second day I received the intimation that a man resembling his description had taken the train and was on his way. Assisted by a local detective who knew the man, I watched every passenger out of the train on its arrival at Stockport, but no Jack Lamprey alight-

ed, and, on inquiring of the guard, it seemed pretty certain that he had got out at Cleadle, a station a few miles outside of Stockport.

"It was the beginning of winter and night had set in, so that it was extremely doubtful if we could follow the man, but we took a train which was just going out of the station, and in a few minutes were at Cleadle. I there made certain that my man had got out. He had hooked for Stockport and had given up his ticket, but do all we could we could get no trace of him. He had left the station immediately on leaving the train; no one knew him and we could find no one to tell us anything more. So, hoping perhaps to pick up a clue on the road, we walked back to Stockport and on to the town where he lived, which was a few miles the other side, but our tramp was in vain.

"We had left instructions at Stockport for Lamprey's lodgings to be watched, but by some blunder a man had not been sent there for some time, and, much to my anger and disgust, when I arrived at his house I found that he had been there, just for five minutes, his landlady said, and had left again with a bag of clothes.

"I was mighty savage, you can guess, both with myself and with the police of the place for not keeping a better lookout, but it was no use losing my head over it, and I at once set to work dogging his footsteps after he had left his lodgings. In the public house which he frequented I came across a man to whom I had previously spoken, who seemed to know Lamprey in a very distant sort of way, and I turned the conversation on the man I wanted.

"Ah! I've just seen him," said the fellow. "About an hour ago or maybe a little more. He was going to Macclesfield, he said, to catch the early train in the morning into Staffordshire, where he's got another job. He seemed in a mighty hurry, too."

"I had reason afterward to think that this man was the one who had given Lamprey warning, but whether that was so or not his information that night appeared to be correct, for I met several people who had seen Jack going across the fields toward Marple, which was his best way of getting to Macclesfield from the place he lived in; but when I arrived at Marple station I was at fault again, for no train had been out for quite two hours, and although I waited till the last train to Macclesfield had left Lamprey did not show up.

"Tried and vexed beyond description, I tramped back and got what rest I could, hoping that something might turn up in the morning to assist me in recovering the ground I had lost, but afraid that for once I had let my quarry slip, and that I might never catch him, now that he was aware he was being tracked.

"Sure enough, something did turn up in the morning, and something which confirmed my fears, though I felt that I had got my man dead if I had missed him alive. The postman came around soon after 7, before it was quite light, and I had only just got up when a boy came running in with a letter, which had been delivered at the police station. It bore the Marple postmark, and was addressed to 'The Detective from London.'

"Tearing it open, I read something like this:

"From John Lamprey. I know you are after me, and I know what for. I managed to keep out of your way to-night and I meant to try and get down south, but you are sure to have me, sooner or later, so I've determined to make an end of it. Look at the church steeple when you get this to-morrow morning."

"The church steeple was a tall and prominent feature whichever way you turned, and I had only to go to the end of the street to get a full view of it. When I got there and looked up I saw something that gave me a start. In the uncertain light of the early morning I could discern against the gray sky, hanging by the neck to one of the iron loops which serve for a ladder on the side of the spire, the figure of a man!

"So much for Jack Lamprey! I said to myself, as I hurried to the police station. 'He has saved me any more trouble.'

"By the time I had been to the station and back to the church it was broad daylight, and of course the body hanging aloft had been seen and a crowd had already collected, every one recognizing it as that of Jack Lamprey.

"A strange freak," I remarked to the sergeant who was with me.

"I don't think so," he replied. "Jack had made himself a sort of hero over going up the spire to repair the vane and there was nothing more likely to occur to his mind than to finish his career at the same place."

"There was no one round Stockport who would venture up the spire and a telegram had to be sent to Stalybridge for a man to come and get the body down. It was past midday before the steepjack arrived and by that time half Stockport had heard of the affair. Work was discarded and an immense crowd collected to witness the sight. Every foot was watched by thousands of eyes, and when at last he approached the swaying body of Jack Lamprey the tongues which had been loudly wagging were hushed as by common consent.

"I shall never forget the few minutes that followed, while the steepjack (now looking the size of a little child) made his way very cautiously close up to the body, and, fixing a rope to it, made his preparations for lowering it to his assistant, who was waiting on the top of the square tower to receive it. There was something awfully sad and solemn about it all!

"In due course the assistant received the corpse, which he let down to the ground and everyone around me remarked that he swung it roughly to the earth, without showing the respect which might have been looked for. In fact some actually called out 'Shame!' "But all at once the hush which had

fallen upon the crowd was broken by a storm of jeers and laughter! The thing which had given us all trouble was nothing but a guy! And I never felt such a fool in all my life.

"So that he might get nearly a day's start Lamprey had cleverly misled me the night before. While I had been employed in stuffing the suit of clothes which he had taken from his lodgings with straw, making a very passable representation of himself, and in the middle of the night he had climbed the steeple (which was child's play to him) and left his effigy to deceive me and lull me into inaction.

"I need not dwell upon the chaff I received! It is too painful, even now, for me to recall without annoyance, but you may be sure that I quickly made myself scarce."

"Did the fellow get clear?" asked someone. "Yes. He took the train to the east coast and succeeded in getting to Holland unnoticed," replied Hookyer. "But he lugged himself in earnest some considerable time afterward, leaving a letter behind admitting his guilt and stating that his conscience troubled him so that he could not bear to live."—Tit-Bits.

## KING'S WIFE IN A WORKHOUSE.

Had Story of a Refined Woman and Her Wretched End.

The romances of the London work-houses would form a thrilling and pathetic record, and for sad vicissitudes and ill luck few cases could surpass that of an inmate of one of these poor-houses who has recently passed away. A lady visiting the institution was struck by the evident refinement of an elderly woman in the infirmary, who was a Norwegian by birth, but who spoke English and other languages fluently. She had all the beaux robes of a very lovely woman, which years of poverty and ill health could not destroy. She was very reticent as regards her past, but was so evidently a gentleman that the sympathetic visitor exerted herself to obtain admission for the invalid into a home for the dying, in which she might pass her last days in peace and amid congenial surroundings.

Before her death the stranger told her story, and a strange and romantic one it proved to be. At 17 she was informed by her parents that she was to be married, and although she had no voice in the matter nothing could have been more satisfactory. Her husband was handsome, cultured and devoted. They lived in a charming country house, surrounded by every luxury, and four children were born to the couple. The only drawback to the perfect happiness of the young wife were the long and frequent absences of her husband, which he attributed to business, but would explain no further.

At last there came a day when the man returned no more from his accustomed journey, but sent his lawyer instead, from whom the bewildered and heartbroken woman learned that her supposed husband was the king of — and that, owing to pressing reasons, the liaison should terminate. An adequate sum was settled on her and the children, and, wishing to break entirely with the past, she came to live in London. After some years she married an Englishman and shortly after the king died, leaving a lump sum to her. This money the husband got from her to invest and ran off with the entire amount, leaving his unfortunate wife penniless. She had never been trained to do any sort of work, and things went from bad to worse until, utterly destitute and dying, she became an inmate of the workhouse.

"That's the way things always go!" exclaimed the man who is never pleased about anything. "The manner in which things are laid out in this life is all wrong. You always find what you don't want in unlimited abundance, and what you care for you can't have."

"What are you talking about?" asked his wife.

"What am I talking about? What's everybody talking about? Inauguration, said; that occasion when you can't escape the most trivial remarks of the badge-peddler and porcorn man, and won't be able to hear three words of the President's address."—Washington Star.

## Decline in Pearls.

A curious effect of the plague in India has been a sudden increase in the number of pearls reaching the London market, and a consequent marked fall in prices. This is not due to unusual industry on the part of the divers, but to the fact that the native dealers at Bombay have been in such haste to get the stricken city that they have eagerly disposed of their wares at far below the customary market value. One English firm of importers of Indian pearls has accumulated a stock which, if placed suddenly on the market, it is estimated, would send down quotations fully 25 per cent.

In View of Recent Events, "Jimson wants the Presidency of the Fifth National Bank, doesn't he?" "Yes; but he stands no show against Shumway."

"What's Shumway's recommendation for the place?" "He hasn't any relatives."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## His Regret.

"What are you crying about, Willie?" "I feel bad."

"Did you eat too much at Charlie's party?" "No, sir; that's the trouble; I feel bad because I didn't eat more."—Yonkers Statesman.

It only does a woman good to go visiting when she comes back expressing thankfulness that she is not married to her hostess' husband.



## TO MAKE WAVY LOCKS.

MEMBERS of the fair sex are not always the embodiment of ethereal beauty when they do not happen to have naturally wavy locks. Half of their time they have looked fairly hideous in order that the other half might find them with captivating little ringlets and airy wavelets, and their private families have had to suffer from their unattractive appearance.

That is one reason why the curling iron has been so popular. It saves going about with the hair done up in papers and horrible pins, rubber and kid rolls, etc. Even the neatest wavy locks of the same shade as the hair give them a bald appearance, and, as for whites of eggs, gum arabic and other "stiek" ems" to make wavy waves, so called, the slight of them was enough to make one sick.

The French have come to the rescue. They usually do when there is any esthetic or artistic question at issue. They have invented "le fleur" or undulator, which consists of a sort of fork with two upright tines, to which ribbons can be affixed through eyelets in such a way that the hair can be woven in the usual manner about the two tines, as is done with a large wave pin, and then the pin can be withdrawn, leaving the hair woven on a ribbon, the ends of which can then be tied in a coquettish little bowknot, producing a charming effect.

## Dinner Tables Set for Eight.

As soon as the inauguration bells have hardly stopped ringing at the national capital, the ladies of the Cabinet get ready to set the social ball rolling. Dinners come first in Cabinet entertainments. It is learned that the favorite Washington dinner table will be set for eight. In shape it will be nearly square, with the hostess facing the entrance. The floral piece in the



## DINING-ROOM OF A CABINET MEMBER.

center will be partly of fruit and ready for serving with the dessert. It will not be very tall. Mirrors bordered with smilax will form the middle mat. The cloth will be of fine linen, not silk or satin, and the dinner of only seven courses—oysters, soup, fish, game, entrees, salad and dessert. One of the ladies of the new Cabinet has copied Martha Washington's dinner table as far as possible. The table is free from dollies or spreads. It is low and underneath lie cushions. The chairs tip back slightly and the seats are silk. An old-time lamp above gives soft light.

## Men and Women Friends.

A man is neither spiteful nor treacherous, declare some women who are popular with the lords of creation, and they add that one male friend is worth a dozen females. Then, again, other women, with equal force, remind one of the proverbial fickleness of men, and how a new face and a brighter manner often drive completely away an old and time-honored friendship. But this, others will answer, relates only to a love affair, and naturally when the little god arrives on the scene, all such cold affairs as friendship must find lodgings elsewhere. Probably, like all assertions either way, the truth lies between the two extremes. Some men are particularly calculated for friends. In fact, in that capacity are loyalty and honor themselves. They never talk or discuss their friends; they are only too willing and too ready to serve a woman they really care for, and are always on hand in trouble and sorrow with ready sympathy and help. But friendship of this kind naturally demands much, and no one will waste such platonic devotion without expecting an equal amount of friendship and loyalty in return.

## Saw Only Mrs. Cleveland.

Although Mrs. Cleveland has taken herself to Princeton, where she will at last have a chance to live her own life in the way she may choose, there will be stories of her tact and kindness and social gifts dating around Washington

for at least four years, and probably as long as some of us shall live. Mr. Cleveland is by no means a small man, physically, mentally or officially, but when it came to receptions and the like he was somewhat overshadowed by his wife. A pretty little woman went to the last reception given by the lady of the White House and she told afterward that as the crowd came through the doors into the blue parlor she was so busy looking at Mrs. Cleveland that she went straight by the President without seeing him. Then, seeing her mistake, she quickly turned and, shaking hands with him, exclaimed: "I beg your pardon, Mr. Cleveland, I didn't see you." Everybody around smiled, the little lady herself smiled. Mrs. Cleveland smiled and the President himself smiled and seemed not in the least displeased.

## Where Daughters Dress Alike.

In Yucatan, Central America, sisters dress precisely alike, even to the tying of a bow, the turn of a button or the flower in the hair. In the tropics large families are the rule, and any day you may see in that country girls in groups of from three to a baker's dozen who belong to the same family, as their clothes will show. It is thus easy to distinguish the members of a family anywhere, and not infrequently sisters are called by their favorite flower or color. In Annam men and women wear their hair in the same way and dress almost alike. Earrings and finger rings are worn by women only. Lapp men and women dress alike. The men and women of the Cree tribe of Indians dress alike, but can be distinguished by the ornamentation of their leggings, that of the men being vertical and that of the women horizontal.

## A Benefactor of Women.

Numerous young women who have perfected the study of photography will be interested to learn that the benefactor of women, the gentleman who invented the system, Sir Isaac Pitman, was in 1862 presented by those who appreciated what he had done with a purse of \$1,700 and a very handsome marble clock. In 1887, when the jubilee of photography was celebrated, he received a marble bust of himself and a gold medal from the photographers of the United States and one from Great Britain and the colonies. In 1880 shorthand was included in the subjects to be taught in the board of schools in England. Statistics just compiled show that 95 per cent. of the reporters in the English speaking world use the Pitman system.

## Gray Locks Fashionable.

New York has many girls who, though under 17 years of age, have taken up the fad for gray hair, the idea being to appear very intellectual and thoughtful. It is managed by leaving a lock of one's natural hair at a wig-maker's, with instructions to somewhat match it by shades of gray hair, not at first too far removed from the original color. A toupee affair is purchased to be worn a la false bangs. The gray hairs are carefully intertwined with the dark locks, and one is perfectly "up-to-date."

## Premature Marriages.

It is said that some extraordinary revelations of wife abandonment are being made in New York. Fifteen thousand men are under bonds to support their wives. The magistrates ascribe this state of things partly to the hard times, still more to lax morals, but most of all to premature marriages. Fifty per cent. of the deserted wives were married while in their teens.

## A Letter Box.

A letter holder is a useful adjunct to one's desk. It is made of pasteboard, may be covered with silk, linen, leatherette or any desired material. A box with a high fancy back is divided into two parts, one for answered, the other



## A LETTER BOX.

for unanswered letters. At the front is fastened a third box designed for letters ready to be mailed, a word showing the use of each compartment being painted or embroidered diagonally across the face of each. A tiny calendar is attached to the top of the back and above it an opening by which it may be hung.

The complaint known as grip is as depressing as unrequited love.

## Stained with Pokeberries.

Fifty years ago a Presidential campaign was associated with mass meetings and barbecues, and every one was expected to go out and "holier for his man." Even women and girls became partisans to help along their side. A contributor to the Chicago Times-Herald tells how in the "campaign of '44" the Democratic women of a county in southern Ohio displayed their patriotism.

The "big meeting" was advertised to be held at the county seat. It was usual to offer a prize for the largest delegation, or the most unique parade, in order to engender a rivalry in the townships.

The citizens who crowded the mud sidewalks were started by a great snapping of whips, stentorian "Gees" and "Haws" and "Ya-a-backs!" The great wagon came lumbering along, and the singing of female voices fixed the attention of the spectators upon what was an illustrated volume of woman's interest in politics.

Upon a long wagon, seated on either side, with their backs together, were seemingly a multitude of girls or young women, rugged, red-cheeked lassies. All wore dresses reaching to the knees, but not a shoe nor stocking in the entire load. Instead the sturdy limbs and feet were painted a dazzling carmine red, and these, swinging in the sunlight, produced an effect so weird as to be startling.

As the oxen waddled farther along, some enthusiastic Polk man discovered that the shapely limbs were stained with pokeberry juice, and cheers for "Polk and Dallas" rent the air. It is a picture that would startle the most daring agitator of to-day. But it was the spirit of the times.

The English island of Thanet (forming a part of the county of Kent) is almost wholly composed of chalk. The island is ten miles in length and about five in breadth, and has more chalk exposed on its surface than any other spot of equal area on the globe. British geologists say that there are not less than 42,000,000,000 tons of chalk "in sight" on Thanet, and that it would take 10,000 men and 5,000 horses and carts 20,000 years to move it, providing it were dug up ready to be carried away.—St. Louis Republic.

## A Young Woman Gains 20 Pounds

Her Physician in Iowa Said She Was Going Into a Decline, and That Her Lungs Were Affected—They Sent Her to Nevada.

But to Fight Lung Troubles or Any Wasting Disease, Build up Your Flesh.

From the Express, Los Angeles, Cal. Two years ago, back in Eastern Iowa, Miss Maude Lease began to go into a decline. She lost flesh rapidly. Her appetite failed. Fearful headaches newly drove her frantic. She consulted local physicians—good, honest, practical ones. They told her that her lungs were affected; that medicine might alleviate, but a change of climate was the only remedy that offered a prospect of cure.

Ill and despondent she delayed as long as possible her departure, but at last it became imperative, and she came to an aunt at Verdi, Nevada, in the hope of finding health and strength in the pure air and among the pines of the Sierra Nevada. But she continued to fail, and to add to her miseries, learned to know the anguished sufferings which attend that complication of ills, that for want of better nomenclature, has been denominated "female weakness."

And now comes the miraculous part of the story, just as she told it to the interviewer last night:

"I ran down to 118 pounds," she said, "suffered tortures from those terrible headaches and from sleeplessness. My aunt persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I had used nearly every kind of 'prescription,' could get no relief from them, and hoped for none from these pills.

But to please auntie I began to take them. From the first day I noticed a beneficial effect. The headaches grew less severe; my appetite gradually returned. I could sleep nights and began to get good and strong.

"I used to take one of them three times a day. In two months I weighed 188 pounds, and was entirely well, and have been well ever since. The winters at Verdi were very cold and, besides, I had heard so much about Southern California that I came to Los Angeles.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have helped me more than anything I have ever taken. I thank them for my health and ability to enjoy life. I am living at No. 800 Hope street, Los Angeles, and shall be only too glad to repeat what I have just said to anybody, either in person or by letter."

So spoke young and attractive Maude Lease, and no one who saw her big eyes snap as she said it could doubt the earnestness and sincerity of her statements.

And that is why we say the story of a miracle is floating through the air, although now the miracle has become an established fact.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.