Author of "Called Back," Dark Days," "A Family Affair," Ele.

I j imped in o the br ugnam, and drove to the hotel. No; Mrs. Loraine was not ther . I drove to Miss Rossiter's, Viola ha teen there in the morning, but had left about 11:30 o'clock. I did not see Miss Ressiter, who, I was sorry to bear, was ill in As a last resource, I drove to Grant's house and asked for him. He was out. Had not been home since the morning. Quite uncertain when he would return.

It was now past 3 o'clock. Anxious and annoyed, 1 could do nothing but go back to the hotel and wait my wife's return. Still not a thought of the truth.

I spent the rest of the afternoon and evering passing from the hotel to Miss Rossiter's, from there to Grane's lodgings, and from Grane's lodgings back to the notel. Only at one of these three places could I hope to find tidings of Viola. Repeatedly as I had called, it was not until nearly 11 o'clock that I found Eustace Grant at home.

But by now I was in a different mooi, Shall I be blamed for saying that this long and unexp'ained absence of Viola's in company, it seemed, with Grant, brought a hor rible dread which I scarcely dared to breathe to myselff The news that Grant was at last at home lifted a weight from my heart. He would be able to tell me when and where he parted with Viola. No doubt he had a message for me which would clear up everything.

But although Mr. Grant was at bome, the servant informed me that he would see no one to-night. I made no comment on this denial I simply forced the door open, and, putting the frightened servant aside, strode through the hall and entered the sitting room in which Grant had, on the night when I first met him, interrogate1 me. It was empty. I threw myself into a chair, and waited until some one made my presence known to the man whom I was bent upon seeing.

No doubt he heard the noise of my forcible entrance. In a minute the folding door, which, as is often the case in lodgings, divided the sitting-room from the bed-room, opened, and Eustace Grant appeared. As he did so I caught a glimpse of the bed-room from which he emerged. An open portmanteau, apparently half packed, was lying on the bed, and there were other evi dences of preparation for a journey.

Grant advanced toward me, but he made no pretense of greeting me. He neither offered his han! nor bade me good evening. I rose and faced him.

He was pale, almost ghastly pals. His brows were bent, and a slight twitch of the nostril told me he was suffering from some great, though suppressed, emotion. He looked at me haughtily and angrily; but whatsoever he had wherewith to reproach himself, there was neither fear nor triumph in his gaze. I looked at him and wondered but I felt certain that he knew all about Viola's absence,

Still, as that absence might even now be satisfactorily explained, I resolved that I would not, by evincing premature distrust or suspicion, let this man triumph over me Bo I spoke with forced composure: "Mr. Grant, I have missed my wife

somewhere. Can you give me tidings of

"I cannot," be replied, collly.
"Where did you part with her? You left Mr. Monk's with her in a cab. Where did you leave her!" "I cannot tell you, Mr. Loraine."

"Do you mean that you are ignorant of "You have had my answer."
My blood boilet. "You mean you will

not, dare not tell me, you utter villain!' I cried. "I will know, or I will kill you!" The table was between us, or I should have sprung at his throat.

"I care nothing for your threats, Mr. Lo-Wherever Mrs. Loraine may be, she is there of her own free choice,"

"She is here-in this house with you!" I exclaimed.

"Look for her-search every cupboard and cranny. I will ring; you shall be conducted over the whole building. Make it public property that you are a jealous husband looking for a faithless wife. No; that bid not follow to France, having no install not be done, for her sake. Wherever she is, she is not here."

He spoke as if expecting me to believe him. Strange to say, I did believe him. The thought that his house would be the last place in which he would hide Viola from my search, no doubt conduced to this be-But now I could no longer doubt the horrible truth. This man, by some develish craft, had torn my wife from me-had taken away the woman who, a few hours ago, pressed a Judas' kiss on my lips, even as she was going to meet her lover.

Stay! perhaps he had killed her. Such things have been done before now by men who fail to win the woman they love. Perhaps he had decoyed her away, and was de-taining her against her will. Even now she might be longing for me to come and

All these thoughts whirled through my brain, and for a moment unmanned me. I san's upon a chair, cold and trembling in every limb. Grant stood like a statue until

I recovered myself.
"You villain!" I gasped. "I will knowI will see her! Tell me where she is!" He leaned forward. He looked at me

"Listen!" he said, in a fierce voice. This room I said to you, "Take her, and make her happy." Have you done so?"
I laughed wildly. "If being willing to shed one's blood for her can make a false

woman happy, she should have been happy. *Does she expect to find bliss in a life of

shame with your His eyes blazed. "You had better go!" e said. "Go at once!" I laughed mockingly. Now that I had

lost all hope; now seek calmly. vengeance I could speak calmly. "until you hera." I said, "until you "i shall stay here," I said, "until you leave to join her. I shall follow and be with you. Surely a bridegroom can claim the right of bidding his bride Godspeed!

Here I stay.' For reply Grant rang the bell. "Leave the front door and this door wide open," he said to the servant; "then go out of the

He came toward me. I started to my feet, and struck fair and full at his white, set face. He parried the flerce blow, and

in a moment his arms were around me. Although physical strength is an accident, or at the most an inheritance, no man likes to confess that another is immeasurably his superior in muscular power. So it is with feelings of keen annoyance that I am oblige I to relate the result of that hand-to-hand struggle. I was strong, and had measured my strength with many, but never with such a man as this. The moment we close! I felt that I should be conquered; that right does not always gain the victory. Grant's arms were like bars of iron, the girth of his chest himset abnormal; moreover, he stool two means taker taan I did. Had I been told that any man could have lifted me from my test, carried me through two open doors, and finally thrown me singgerin into the center of the roadway, I should tace Grant did all this, and shut and bolled the outer door before I could recover my-

Mad with the rage of defeat, I grasped the railings and panted for breath, I cursol Eustace Grant, I cursed my faithless wife. i cursed myself and my impotence. was my state that, could I have obtained a pistol, I would have waited on that doorstep and shot the man who had betrayed me, as soon as he emerged from his place of safety-shot him dea1 without compune Nor was my mind any way soothed by hearing the window thrown up, and seeing my bat tossed out contemptuously. I was fain to stoop and pick it up, in order to save myself from becoming an object of curiosity to passersby

What was I to do! My mind at present could only grasp one fact-that Grant had, by some diabolical means, induced Viola to leave me and give herself to him. For a while my course seemed limited to one issue: I must wait here, outside his house, until at last he came forth. Then I must dog his footsteps until they led me to the faithless woman who had ruined my life and brought me to shame. I grouned at the thought of what little more than twelve bours had done. This morning I was the happiest man in England; to-night I was

So, for hours I walked up and down in front of the house which held the traitor. I saw the light extinguished. Once or twice I saw the blind drawn aside, and ruessed that Grant was looking out to see if I had left my post. No, you traitor! you villain! I am still there, and shall be there until you come out. Then I will dog you to the bitter end.

The hours went by, the dawn began to break. Still—an object of curiosity, if not suspicion, to the policeman—I kept my post, and should have kept it for hours longer, had it not all at once occurred to me that so long as I was there so long would Grant remain where he was, I must meet craft with craft. Nevertheless, I must perforce keep watch until I could find some one to whom the task might be deputed.

At 7 o'clock I was able to gain a Imission to an old-fashioned family and commerc al inn which stood some short distance off. The bay window of the coffee room commanded a view of Grant's house. seated myself, and, having obtained a London directory, wrote and dispatched a letter to a well-known private detective, requesting that a clever, trustworthy man might at once be sent to me. Then, from the window of the hotel, I resumed my watch. At 9 o'clock the man whom I had sum

moned arrived. I told him what to do. was to wait until he saw Grant depart. He was to follow him, and, having ascertained his destination, was to telegraph to me at ones. Then I left the accursed spot, went back to my hotel, and tried to sleep.

As I entered the room which Viola and I had occupied I could almost persuade my-

self that I had dreamed the events of the last twenty-four hours. All her personal effects were as she left them; her gloves, her brushes, her toilet indispensables were all there. Even her watch she had left behind her. She broke the spring at the seaside, and there was no time to get it repaire i before we started for the continent; besides, I bad intended buying her a new one in Paris. To-morrow-yes, to-morrow would be Thursday-to-morrow we had proposed crossing to France. Heavenst what did it all mean?

Sleep, with my mind in this whirl, was unattainable. Later in the day, more for something to do than in pursuance of any hope, I went to Viola's old home and asked if she had been there to-day. No, not since yesterday morning. This the servant rather wondered at, as Miss Rossiter was very ill; two doctors were with her now, In my present frame of mini I cared

nothing for the old lady's illness; but I knew that the motive which kept Viola from her side when suffering must be a strong one. Yet, little a woman could leave her bushand, as she had left me, would reck for the ailments of a friend! Curses on her false, fair face!

The hours passed somehow. At 3 o'cleck a telegraphic message was brought me. I tore it open. It was sent from Folkestone, and ran so:

"Followed him here. He left by B ulegne boat. Was joined on pier by lady. Tall, closely veiled, fair hair. Wore costly ring of diamonds. Seemed ill and upsa-

The last, the very last hope was gon! Viola and Eustace Granthad first together! I ground my teeth. I bit my lips until the blood came. I cursed the detective's stupidity at not having followed them, if needs be, half over the world. Surely I had given the fool ample instructional. For the inture. I would trust no one but myself. I threw a few things into a portmanteau; I rang for a time table. Was there a train I could catch—was there a steamer which crossed to-night/ Perhaps, at Boulogne, I might get once more on the track of the

But before I had solved the doubt about trains and steamers, I had changed my mind. Why should I follow? Let them go, and my curse go with them. I will not take, at present, one step in pursuit. I will have vengeance, but vengeance by waiting will be the more complete. See! she must love this man madly, even as I loved her, or she would not have done this thing. He, too, must love her. Let my silence, my quietness, luli them into false security. them dream their dream of happiness, even as I dreamed mine. Then I will find them and strike! For I swore that sooner or later, by fair means or foul, Eustace Grant should die by my han it

CHAPTER VI.

A CLEW

I hate the task of describing what manner of life I led during the next two years. hate the memory of everything connected with that time. I wish it could be blotted out from my mind. Two years which hold no action, no thought of my own to which I can look back with any pleasure. I must write of that wretched time, but I will make its record as short as possible.

Nevertheless, I will be candid, and show myself in as bad a light as truth compels. I do not seek to excuse myself by saving that many another in my place would have acted as I acted. I hope there are few in the world who have passed through such grief and shame as mine.

At first, without for a moment losing sight of the vengeance which I meant to take on the traitor, Eustace Grant, I set myself the tack of forgettin; the false woman who had field from my side. I wowel I would destroy the love I here her. and learn to look upon her with scorn ani contempt, as the basest of her sex. If the thought of suing for a divorce entered my head I banished it at once. I cared not to resums my freedom. So long as I was bound to one woman there was no chance of my being cajoled and deceived by another, if ever I could be fool enough to love and trust another woman as I had loved and trusted Viola,

Besides, I shrank from the exposure; I shrank from the thought of being made a public laughing stock, as a man whose wife left him a fortnight after her marriage. No; I would teach myself to scorn, louthe, torest her-that was all.

But how to forgot? If I cursed her by day I oreamed of her by night. Then she came to me, sweet and pure as I thought her on the day when I made her my wife, I saw her soft eyes, her graceful form; I heard her fresh young loving voice, and in my dreams was happy, for I could never dream evil of her. But again and again, when I awoke, and remembered what she now was, I sobb d as few strong men permit themselves to sob, and then only in the dead of night, when none can hear or see them.

I would forget! I swore I would forge: So, in search of forgetfulness, I plunged into a whirl of flerce dissipation. I became to all appearance the most reckless of reckless set. I gambled for large sums. lost or won thousands at a sitting; yet only proved to myself that I was as indifferent to money as I was to everything else save the loss of Viola. Curiously enough, I did not ruin myself at the gaming table. On the whole, I won largely, and so constantly that my luck became a byword. My suck I smiled bitterly as men spoke of me as "lucky Loraine."
I tried in every way to force the memor

of Viola from my mind. For a whileblush to say so-I drank to excess; perhap I hoped to kill myself. In these and one unworthy ways I passed half the year.

Then came the reaction—the loathing of self—the disgust of the life I was leading. I sickened at the sight of my boon com panions. Everything was weariness; nothing brought the flush of excitement to my cheek or carried my for a moment away from my grief. Suddenly I turned my back upon all my pursuits. I went down to Herstal Abbev, which was now at my disposal, and, with as supreme a contempt for mankind as ever my predec ssor felt, I buried myself even as he had done.

And people around said that eccentricity ran in families, and that young Mr. Loraine was following in his father's

But why during these months had I not sought the excitement of revenging myself upon the man who had wronged me! Why had I not kept my vow of killing him when his dream of joy was at its height? Simply because I knew not where to look for him He and his no less guilty companion had left no trace behind them-no clew that might be followed until it brought me face to face with them. I had made inquiries, and inquiries were still being made on my tehalf; but as yet I had not discovered Grant's hiding place. He seemed to be a man with, so far as I could ascertain, no friends or connections. Miss Rossiter, with whom it is possible he or Viola might have corresponded, died two days after the elopement. Her brother I found, but he could give me no intelligence. Mr. Monk, the so-licitor, acting, he said, on instructions, refused to give me any. So I could do nothing but grind my testh and long for the hour when my path might once more cross Eustace Grant's, I was fatalist enough to believe that, sooner or later, this must lap-

I lived on in the dreary solitude of Herstal Abbey. Each day found me more cynical and misanthropical; but each day I renewed my vow of vengeance. Its accomplishment was the only thing in life to which I could look forward. When Grant lay dead at my feet, life for me would be at an end. So the months passed. If the original Julian Loraine could have seen me as sat hour after hour brooding in his chair, he would have thought the son of his adoption weil worthy of his choice.

So the long months passed. Spring, sum mer, autumn, winter came and went, making little difference to me. Once or twice I forced myself to quit my seclusion and pay a visit to London or Paris in the nope finding distraction and forgetfulness. My efforts availed nothing, and I returned to my home more moody and miserable than when I left it.

I had, for the sake of occupation, per-formel a task until now postponed. I went through my reputed father's letters and private papers. I found nothing that in any way bore upon myself, except a written account of the shipwreck and my birth on the barren rock. It was signed by the parrator. Although the existence of this paper made no difference to me, I put it away under lock and key. Yet, for all I



I put it away under lock and key. cared, the whole world might know that Julian Lorains was not my father. trivial things as accidents of birth wer, now matters of indifference to me.

The other papers I burned. I did not read one-half of them. They clearly stowed what manner of man was Julian Loraino before he bought Herstal Abbey and settled down to the life of a recluse. My life, told myself, was spoiled—spoiled by a woman's treachery! And yet I could not bring myself to hate her. No-let the truth be known-I loved her even now-loved her, although she was living in shame with my enemy. I hungered, I craved for a sight of her face. The touch of her hand would have thrilled me as of old. Although I told myself that were she at my feet praying for pardon, I would spurn her and cast her from me, I knew that I lied. I knew that if Viola came to me-if my eyes once more met bers-I should throw all manhood's pride to the win is, and-such was the strength of my passion-take this faithless woman to my heart and hold her there until, as I told myself bitterly, some fresh lover robbed me again.

Such being my true feeling, picture my emotion when, one morning, I found a letter lying on my table—a letter addressed to me in Viola's hand writing! I tore it open with a cry of delight; I pressed it to my lips. Had not her fingers touched it! Then I read. It was but one line:

"If you knew all, you might forgies."
"If I knew all!" What more was there
to know! I knew that she had left me without a word or a sign of warning; that she had fled, accompanied by a man had loved her passionately long before I somewhere or other, hidden from pursuit Heaven! what more could I wish to know, "Forgive!" Yes-shame on my weakness

for saying so-I could forgive. I could do more; I could persuade myself that this strong willed man had forced her to fly with him, perhaps balf against her wish, I could believe that she was undappy, that she was penitent, that she loved me still. I could do more than forgive, I could take her—I should be forced to take her—again to my heart; even to trust her, and be proud of her giorious beauty. Yes, I could do this—after I had seen Eustace Grant lying life-less at my feet. Weak as I was, it could not be until then!

[To be continued.]

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

The Latest Styles in Visiting and Recep-

Combination dresses of faille fran caise, Bengaline, or other repped silk with velvet are among the most tasteful importations for visiting and reception toilettes. These may be in monotone when the velvet is figured or striped. but if two plain materials are used, they are oftenest in contrasting colors. In these dresses there is greater fullness in the skirts and very long draperies, and the effect is given of one skirt opening over another. As an example of monotone dresses is a rich gown with the ample skirt of sapphire brocaded velvet, with large raised velvet flowers on a ground of repped (uncut) velvet of the same shade; this is arranged with three straight black breadths of velvet gathered to a very small space on the belt, while two front breadths nearly plain at the belt drop down to form a long apron shaped only by pleats catching up the sides, and cut out in deep scallops across the foot to show a border of otter fur set on the foundation skirt. Down each side hangs a sask-like breadth of Bengaline silk fringed at the lower end and pleated into a space of two inches at the belt; on one side this sash has a deep loop falling from the belt, but the other is plain and straight. The basque of Bengaline has a square plastron of the figured velvet, and is cut up in scallops below this plastron; there are also scallops at the end of the middle forms of the back. For a dress in contrasts of color seal brown Sicilienne or faille française is made up to open over a tur quoise blue velvet skirt which shows in a wide band inlaid down the front between three plaits of the brown silk, or which are placed cross rows of blue bead fringe. These plaits are wide and not set stiffly, yet are held well in place by the fringe; the silk drapery back of the plaits is caught up high on each side, and descends again in the back to show the blue velvet from belt to foot. The basque is of the silk, with a velvet vest and inside cuffs. Plush skirts are used in the same way under soft repped silk draperies, and in some instances there are wide bands like borders of metallic galloon straight around them; as this ralloon would sink into the deep pile of the plush; modistes make tucks in the plush, and attach the galloon to the ower edge.

The red gilt and copper galloons are very effective on black or brown plush skirts. By way of change from the Mr. Campbell hit on the very ingen-brown and blue costumes that prevail in jous notion of employing a glass sphere rich fabrics, many green gowns are imported this winter, among them one of changeable green and red satin over a plush skirt of the same coloring, with reddish gilt galloon for trimming, while others are of green velvet with repped silk, and many are of green cloth with velvet. In many dresses a third color is introduced, and this color is oftenest bright poppy red, which gives an effective surprise by appearing, perhaps, only on one side of the skirt, or else inlaid down the front between folds of the color which is least prominent in the costume.

A novelty in cloth costumes shows panels and borders woven along one selvedge to represent ribbed Hercules braid. These borders are three-eighths of a yard wide, and are put lengthwise in panels on the skirt, meeting at the belt, but opening as they descend over pleatings of the plain cloth; they also border jackets and form a vest, cuffand collar.

Lacing of braid or of cord is much used on cloth and lighter wool dresses, both on the basque and skirt; for instance, a green cloth dress has two rows of lacing down one side, made of silver braid passed over small buttons of the cloth on wooden molds. The postilion basque of cloth then opens over a vest of green velvet, and is laced from the bust down to the point. Silk cords are used also for lacing basques, as in a pretty house dress of mauve cashmere with cord lacing over a pansy-colored velvet vest. This vest should be six or eight inches wide from the throat down to the top of the darts, with the cashmere lapping on its sides, and stitched there; along the darts the velvet shows only two inches wide, as the cashmere laps over it, is finished with whalebones, beyond which eyelet-holes are worked, and a lacing of silk cord passes through these and crosses on the narrow velvet vest.—Harper's Bazar.

A GREEN GRANGER.

His Verdancy Was Perceptible, But Still He Managed to Take Care of Himself. "I admit I'm pretty green," said a passenger, "but I guess I can take care of myself. I have just been spending a few days and a few nights in Chicago seeing the sights, and I've seen 'em. Here I am, on my way home, safe and sound, and with my purse in my pocket, though I've had some narrow escapes. Night before last I wandered down on Third avenue. Don't know how I happened to be down there, but there I was. Just wandering around looking at the sights. Pretty soon I noticed three men follow-ing me. That scared me, but I kept my wies about me all the same. I looked for a policeman, but, of course, I couldn't see any. I was about to cut and run for it, but as I looked back I saw the fellows coming for me. An idea struck me, and I turned quickly and walked toward them. Before they could do a thing or say a word I exclaimed:

"Will you please give me ten cents to get a night's lodging with?"

"You ought to have seen the look of disgust that came on those fellows' faces as they swore at me and walked off. Yet at that very minute I had down here in my pants' pocket the money I had got for six car-loads of hogs. I know I'm mighty green, but I guess I can take care of myself."—Chicago Herald.

-A bad case of it: Several gentle men were talking about love, and Gilhooly said he had an uncle who went crazy on account of the tedder passion. "That's nothing!" replied Gus De Smith, "my cousin Tom is more in love than any man I ever heard of." "Is he really in love?" "Is he? He is so much in love that he has become a letter-carrier so he can get to read her letters sooner. Beside, as letter-carrier he knows if she is getting letters from any other feller.—Texas Siftings. MEASURING SUNSHINE.

How the English Scientists Have Solved a Great Problem

When the British Association first met at Birmingham, in 1839, the famous French astronomer, Arago, was present. The weather was cloudy, and when at the end of the meeting it cleared he formally took off his hat to the sun, as he declared he had begun to fear that he had come to a land where that luminary would never show his face again. This was, of course, only a joke of Arago's, but in the course of this last spring two Russian officers were visiting Kew Observatory, and on being shown the apparatus for sunshine registration and for solar photography, these gentlemen ex-pressed their honest surprise that such researches should be attempted, as it was a well known fact that the sun never shone in England.

It is, however, in that country that the subject of sunshine registration has received the most attention and been the most successfully studied. It is now nearly half a century ago that a plan for recording sunlight photographically and continuously throughout the day was submitted to the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society by Mr. T. Jordan, while the proposal of the late Mr. J. F. Campbell, of Islay, for registering the sun heat dates from the year 1853, and was described in the report of the British Meteorological Society for 1857. It is this latter process which has met with general acceptance, as it entails so little trouble. The record consists in the amount of charring an organic substance such as wood or paper undergoes from the solar action, and which is of course perceptible to the eye. The photographic process, on the other hand, always entails a certain amount of development of chemical treatment, even though of a simple nature, to render the solar trace visible.

The least reflection will show the reader that in order to obtain a continuous record of sunshine throughout a cloudless day, some contrivance is necessary to follow, so to speak, the sun in his course. This was formerly done by means of an instrument termed a heliostat, by which the sun's rays, whatever be his altitude, were always reflected along the same direction throughout the day. This entailed the employment of clockwork to drive the reflecting mirror, and a similar power was also required to move the paper past the slit through which the sun's ravs were admitted.

as a lens, so that as the sun traveled round the ball its image should travel round on the opposite side. The first instrument consisted of a ball placed inside a mahogany bowl, turned to the exact focal length of the ball. Such a bowl was capable of receiving a record for six months from one solstice to the next. It was, however, impossible to distinguish the record of consecutive days from each other, and accordingly a plan had to be devised by which the record could be obtained on a slip of card board or other material which could be replaced daily.

A very ingenious frame was finally devised by Prof. Stokes, of Cambridge, provided with grooves into which the eards are slipped. The grooves are in three pairs-for the summer, the winter and the equinoxes respectively, and the cards have hour lines printed on them. The instrument can thus be used as a sun dial, for the spot where the solar image appears-where the burning is taking place-of course correspons to the spot where the shadow of the gnomon would cut the scale of the dial. These instruments were first brought out at the end of 1879, and by this time there are nearly fifty of them in various parts of the United Kingdom. The Microcosm.

THE SISTER-IN-LAW. A Disagreeable and Expensive Addition to

a Happy Family. The mother-in-law has had her day.

She has had many days. She will have many more. All joking and senseless puns aside, the mother-in-law is a very handy creature to have around when the baby is taken suddenly sick, when your wife has a chill or when you want to borrow funds to settle for last winter's coal before filling the bill this season. I used to make wretched jokes about the mother-in-law. I thought a funny scribe could not get along with-out having his occasional fling at her. I don't say hard things about the mother-in-law now. I have got one now. I have got something else. The mother-in-law is an angel compared to what I've got. When I married I didn't agree to marry my wife's sister. That's the case in a nutshell. I've got a sisterin-law. Did you ever have one? Be very careful. Don't! My mother-inlaw never cost me a single cent. My sister-in-law, if she continues, will bankrupt me. One year ago I bought a parlor set. My sister-in-law and her friends have created disaster among my parlor furniture. She sparks by my coal fire. She reads gush to her beau under my gas. She wears out my gate hinges. She has the best room in the house. She must have a sealskin like my wife's. She says Chawly don't like to hear the baby cry. She goes to the seaside with my wife. She bosses my servant. She-she-well; if any mother-in-law could be more expensive and disagreeable than my sister-in-law I'd like to meet her. I'd trade my sister-in-law off for a yellow dog; then I'd shoot the dog .- H. S. Keller, in St. Louis Whip.

-"Well," said Mr. Snaggs, looking up from his paper, "a seat in the New York stock exchange has just been sold for \$34,000." "Mercy!" commented Mrs. Snaggs, "who is going to sing?" "Sing!" howled Snaggs. "What would they sing for at a stock exchange? Have you got an idea it is a kind of a concert?" "Well, don't get cross, dear. I thought some foreign singer would be there, or seats wouldn't be so dear."-Pittsburgh Chronicle.

-Uncle Sam has just run his hand into his long wallet and counted down ten thousand clinking dollars, and all for a hole in the ground—a one thou-sand five hundred-foot artesian well at Mare Island, Golden Gate. - San FranGOING UP

Hats Will Be Taller Than Ever Day Mid-Winter.

Hats unfortunately are taller u ever this winter When will they con to grow in height? Surely the time is come when such exaggeration shee be checked. Crowns now are too his and massive; height was not so b when the shape was conical. add to the bad effect brims are to narrow and are curled up at the side In a word, there is a strong resemblate between them and a gentleman's si hat, a by no means beautiful object, as by no means so comfortable as migh be desired. This shape is the new i vorite for the new Jersey hats, whise consist of a buckram shape neathy on ered with fine silk stockingette. The are also made in felt and in silk like gentleman's hat. Another novelty the felt or silk hat covered with a fe silk network. The plain felt is press on the whole, but at the same time is a useful method of hiding the shap ness of a last year's felt hat, the shu of which the owner likes. Both Jersey and netted hats are so neg finished that a band, where crown a brim join, is not necessary and is ran employed. The only trimming perally is a plume of feathers a ribbon bow in front.

must be remembered that Je hats can not be made by cutting out shape in stockingette as one would a velvet; no, the covering is special manufactured to fit the shape, and a only seam is up the center of the he Feathers are fushionable, but they principally placed at the back to do over the front. Rich oriental fabrics employed for scarfs, and a large variety of embroidered braids and ribbonsla bows and draperies. Chaplet be (the wooden beads) are preferred to for edging brims or embroidery marrials for bonnets and hats, being light, and having the sanctity of nove They are employed to embroider manner of jackets, mantles, and dres as well. They have put jet and h beads considerably in the shade for time. Ribbons, especially those g ployed for millinery, are usua beautiful and fanciful. There is a pre gauze ribbon just out which has usual satin edge on one side only, a other side being finished with a ser-of scallops, embroidered with color silk. A charming hat for a youngh is of beige felt; the crown is tall a pointed, the brim straight and wide, lined with green velvet. A beige out feather is laid across the brim in fro on the left is a beige algrette, and large bow of green ribbon. This lat worn rather at the back of the head that the short, curled hair in front well exposed. The same hat is a pretty in black, with lemon-colored beige feathers and aigrette. - Gode Lady's Book.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONA

-The colored people of Georgian taxes on six million dollars' worth school property, the sum thus derit being nearly sufficient to maintion! colored schools of the State. - Chie Current.

—In speaking of the Bible, Jo Milton said: There are no songs be compared with the songs of Zio no orations equal to those A prophets, and no politics like those Scriptures teach.'

-Ex-Senator Charles Maclay, of Francisco, Cal., has added \$50.00 his previous gift of \$150,000 to establish a theological college at San Fernan in connection with the Methodist !

versity at Los Angeles. -On a recent Sunday Mr. Watk a missionary in South Africa, baptififty-four adults, all converted fr heathenism during the year, and thirty-one children. At the same he married seven couples.

-At Cornell University the salary tached to the professorships of civil gineering and of physic have been vanced to \$3,200. Those of ele other professorships were increasefrom \$2,750 to \$3,000. One was rai from \$1,800 to \$2,500, and four # raised from \$2,000 to \$2,200.-Ill

(N. Y.) Journal. -An effort is making in Boston take the schools entirely out of mu pal politics, and to this end separ elections are urged. The complain made that local politicians use positi in the school-board simply as steppi stones to places in the Council, the sult too often being that the memb of the school-board are men who h no intelligent sympathy with the ca

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