

ANOTHER MAN.

It was a blustering wet night, with a gray sky above and muddy roads underfoot.

The man was tall and strong and well dressed, with an eager, keen-cut face, and he held out his hands as he looked into the girl's eyes.

"If you only would, Bessie," he cried. "I'm well off, I could take care of you, and I would—you know that. I'd give you my life."

Bessie drew away, but she smiled up at him. "Yes, I know, Tom," she said softly, "and I hadn't promised George—"

Tom took a sudden step forward. "Is it only because you promised?" he cried eagerly. "Is it only because you think it's your duty to go to George that you won't marry me? My goodness, Bessie, you're not going to marry him just because you said you would, are you?"

"No, no, but I must go out to him," she said. "He wants me. If I'd had the money I should have started two months ago. I promised him I'd go directly he sent for me. Oh, it seems such a long time ago, Tom, since he went. It's a year, but it seems much longer, and father hadn't died then, and—"

Tom Standish looked down at her. A year ago she had not been the poor girl she was now. In twelve short months many changes had taken place. She had become poor, he had grown rich. Her father was dead, and George Fleming, to whom she had been engaged, was out in Australia trying to make a living so that she could go out to him.

Eighteen months before Tom Standish and George Fleming had both been in love with Bessie Leigh. In those days her father was supposed to be a rich man, and somehow, while Tom hesitated at the thought of proposing to her while he was poor, George had stepped in and won, much against her father's wish. A few months later he had gone out to Australia, and a short time after that Bessie's father died suddenly, leaving her, not rich, as every one expected, but absolutely and terribly poor.

She would have been utterly adrift if it had not been for Tom Standish, and he managed somehow to get for her a post as nursery governess to some people he knew. If it had not been for that she might have starved. She had been in the situation for two months—it was only three since her father died—and her sole thought now was to get out to Australia to George, who had begged her to go to him as soon as she could.

That letter was the last she had received from him. It was a long letter, full of what he was going to do, and somehow it filled Tom Standish with distrust.

"You haven't heard again, I suppose?" he asked.

Bessie flinched a little. "No," she said; "I haven't heard, but I've written telling him what boat I am going by, and—the date and all about it, so that I shall probably get a letter in a day or two. There's a mail on Wednesday."

"But supposing you don't hear?" Tom cried abruptly.

"I shall go whether I hear or not," she said steadily.

Tom looked down at her hungrily. If only she had given such faith to him. If only he had been the man who was waiting for her out in Australia.

His brow darkened a little as he remembered and doubted. For two months the man whose wife she was going to be had not written. It was outrageous to Tom and full of ugly possibilities. He remembered that when George had called Bessie's father had been alive and—it was supposed—rich, and it could have been only within the last three months that he had heard that he was not. Could that account for his silence, Tom wondered? Could the poor Bessie Leigh who was working so hard for her living be a different person to George Fleming because of it?

Almost unconsciously Tom's fingers clenched.

"But, Bessie," he cried, "you can't go unless—you know—unless he knows and expects you."

Bessie lifted her head. There were sudden tears in her eyes. He could not see them in the dark night, but he could see how white her face was.

"He will expect me," she said quietly, "and even if I don't hear I shall go."

Tom stared at her.

"Bessie, Bessie," he cried suddenly, "I wish it was me you were going to, I wish I could do something to make certain that you were going to be happy."

He stopped. Bessie looked up again. "But I am, Tom," she cried. "I shall be happy."

Tom took her hands.

"I wish I could do something for you," he repeated. "Are you sure about money? You mustn't mind me mentioning it. I'm an old friend, Bessie, and if I could I should like you to go first-class, dear. Shall I—could I—"

She drew her hand away. Her face had whitened again strangely.

"Oh, no, no, Tom," she cried. "You're very good to me, but I am all right—yes, yes, thank you, Tom. I shall be all right and happy."

She spoke bravely, but all the same she shivered a little as she turned away, and to her from out of the blustering night there seemed to come a swift presentation of evil. Why was she going out after all? Why did she still cling to George Fleming?

She half hesitated. Tom beside her was so strong and true and loyal, so willing to help her, so ready to shield her, and Australia seemed so far away, and in spite of herself George's silence was worrying her. She could not understand him. She was almost afraid, and yet she had promised to go, and she would keep her word whatever came, unless indeed he wrote to tell her he did not want her. He did want her. She assured herself almost fiercely that he did, as she went back across the wet road. And yet before she pulled the bell she stood and looked back across the square with a sudden strange shrinking from the long journey before her.

Tom still stood by the railings. He was watching her, and perhaps it would be the last glimpse they ever had of each other.

She turned again quickly with an odd sob in her breath and leaned helplessly against the door.

The housemaid who opened it a minute later thought she looked strange and shrunken and pitiful as she stepped into the light.

Tom Standish stood on deck with his eyes turned to a little white patch with the sun upon it in the distance and with the salt spray beating in his face.

It was a warm, bright morning, and all the vessel was astir with excitement, for they were nearing the land at last, and the little white far-off patch was Australia.

Tom stared out impatiently through his glasses, blind and deaf to everything around him. He was heartsick with disappointment and long waiting, and somehow he was afraid.

When he had gone on the boat at Southampton his sole thought was to avoid being seen until they were some miles out. He did not want Bessie to know that he was following her lest she should be angry and make him go back, and he had gone quietly down to his cabin until they were almost out of sight of land.

Then he began to search the ship. She had given him the name of the boat and the date of sailing, and so surely there could have been no mistake. Yet search as he might among the crowd of passengers he could catch no glimpse of Bessie's face. She was not there. He searched everywhere—in the steerage among the third-class passengers, in every hole and corner, and yet from the day they sailed until now he had not once seen her.

At the first place they had touched he had both wired and written to the lady whose children she had taught, but the only reply was a telegram at the next stopping place saying that Bessie had left them on the date she said, and that they had supposed she was on her way to Australia.

After that the only thing left for Tom to do was to wait with sickening impatience for their arrival at Melbourne. When they did, and the great boat was drawn up alongside the quay, he scanned the faces of the passengers, as he had scanned them a hundred times before, and still failed to see Bessie's among them.

He hurried off, more worried and anxious than he would have cared to own. Had she started after all? Had she ever meant to start?

Sometimes the thought forced itself upon him that she had not intended to come out after all. Yet it was not like Bessie, and where she was now he dared not think.

He hurried along the Melbourne streets toward George Fleming's lodgings. He noted nothing as he went except the direction given him by a policeman, and when he reached it at last he waited impatiently for some one to come.

The woman who opened the door stared at him curiously. There was no one named Fleming there, she said; he had left more than a month ago. There were some letters for him, and she did not know where to send them.

Tom asked to see them, and when she brought them to him his heart sank, for they were Bessie's letters.

He asked one other question—if Bessie had called—and then turned away.

A minute later an idea occurred to him, and he knocked at the door again.

"If any one should come—especially if it be a young lady—will you give her this and tell her I'm here? There's a hotel at the corner of the street. I'm putting up there. Will you tell her?"

The woman nodded and took his card and he went slowly down the street to the hotel. He walked with bent head and knit brows. Was he a fool after all to come? Had Bessie arranged to come by a different boat or for Fleming to meet her somewhere else; or had something ugly happened—had Fleming deserted her?

It looked like it, and he could not rest. He went again to the lodgings late at night, and this time the woman nodded at him knowingly.

"No, I suppose it's all right by this time, eh, sir?" she asked. "I suppose you saw her?"

Tom was startled.

"Who?" he cried sharply. "Not Miss Leigh?"

"Of course, sir, who else? She came just after you'd gone—and very white and thin she looked, sir, and she was that takes a back when she heard Mr. Fleming wasn't here I thought it best to take her in and give her some tea, sir."

"Yes, yes," cried Tom, impatiently, "and then—what did she do then?"

The woman looked at him curiously. "Do you mean to say as you haven't seen her?" she asked.

"No, I haven't," cried Tom, quickly. "But go on—what then?"

"Then," said the woman, "well, when she was a bit more composed like she began to ask me about him. I told her all I knew—that he went two months ago, and she told me she'd come over as a stewardess on board a ship—the Amazon I think she said, and I 'spect that's it, for it came in this afternoon, so I heard."

Tom started. It was his boat, and she had been on it the whole time.

"Well, well," he cried, "and then?"

"Well, then I told her about you and gave her your card, and she just started up as if she had a shock, and went without so much as taking her letters."

"Went—gone?" cried Tom.

"She went straight out," said the woman. "A queer little mortal as ever I see. She went without a word!"

For a fortnight Tom searched the city and hung about the docks, but his efforts proved fruitless and he advertised in vain. Bessie had been swallowed up in the surging crowd that filled the streets, and was apparently lost to him forever. Every now and then he called at Fleming's old address, but the woman had heard nothing.

He had almost given up hope when a strange thing happened. Life is full of strange events, and the more one looks under the surface of things the more dramatic we find it.

About three weeks after the arrival of the boat Tom was walking in the direction of the docks when he suddenly became aware that a man and woman in front of him were quarreling. They both seemed drunk, and he was about to pass on when something in the appearance of the man arrested his attention.

He stood still. It was Fleming! He was flushed and excited, and he looked coarse, disheveled, and dissolute, and the woman with him was evidently his wife. Tom stared at her and felt a shock of thankful surprise. It was not Bessie.

The two began to quarrel violently and Fleming suddenly doubled his fists.

Then Tom stepped forward. As he did so he was checked by the sight of a girl on the pavement crouching against a wall.

He looked at her, caught his breath, and hurried toward her, placing himself between her and the two who were beginning to scuffle.

"Bessie," he cried; "Bessie, come away. Come along, darling. Come away."

He took her back to his hotel, poor and half-starved as she was, heedless of the feelings of the outraged proprietress, and engaged a private sitting room. He cared for nothing but Bessie, and when she broke down sobbing in his arms an odd thrill went through him.

"Bessie," he cried, "I am going to take care of you whether you like it or not now. You can't take care of yourself it seems, and you'll have to accept me. If you want to go back to England you shall go; if you want to stop here you shall stop, but at least I'm going to see that you don't starve."

Bessie looked up at him with a thin, woe-begone face.

"I'm ashamed of myself," she cried. "I've been wicked and ungrateful to you. Oh, Tom, forgive me. I know you were on the boat, but I was working my way over as stewardess, and I dreaded the thought of your seeing me. Oh, Tom, forgive me."

"I'll forgive you anything if you'll marry me," he said. She hesitated.

"I can't now—like this," she cried. "It would be so easy—a simple way to provide for myself. Oh, Tom, I can't. I must find some other way of repaying you."

He caught her to him passionately. "There is no other way," he cried. "Bessie, my darling, I've got you and I mean to keep you. Only try to care for me a little bit and I shall be content, sweetheart."

She did try, and succeeded so well that they have both forgotten that there ever was another man—Annie O. Tibbits, in Tatler.

Cotton Overcoats.

The telegraphic announcement the present week that well-known New England woolen mills are about to extend the use of mercerized cotton in their manufactures will cause no surprise to those who have followed the trend of affairs in wool and worsted manufacture of late years. The use of combed and carded cotton yarns that have been treated with caustic soda, which is the basic principle in mercerizing, or lustering, to take the place of the silk stripe in fancy goods as well as a substitute for worsted in making the entire fabric, has grown apace the past two years, and is evidently meeting a want that has been unsupplied heretofore. Mention was made in these columns some years ago of a consignment of Clay worsteds that were sent here by the Bradford manufacturers in which there was no particle of wool, warp and filling alike consisting of long-staple cotton, so manipulated in the weaving and finishing as to deceive even the expert buyers.

Large numbers of lightweight overcoats were said to have been made from the material, and found a ready sale in this and other markets. The domestic manufacturers are doing now what the English makers did then, but are extending their field into the lighter weight goods for men's wear.—Boston Transcript.

FROG HUNTER'S PERILS.

Marines Rescue Aged Man From Death in Swamp.

After he had sunk in League Island Lake swamp Larry Hayden, a well-known frog hunter, was rescued by a party of marines after he had called two hours for help.

The mud and ooze that was dragging him by inches to death was almost touching his chin when the marines were attracted by Hayden's despairing moans.

Hayden, who is 50 years of age, lives in a little frame house on the marshland, a quarter of a mile east of Broad street and makes his living by hunting and fishing.

Lately he has been reaping a harvest by his catch of frogs which he disposed of at a good profit to a clientele of epicures. For ten years he has made the rounds of the swamps and pools. He knew every foot of the territory and was certain he knew every treacherous spot.

He was out at 5 o'clock in the morning on his accustomed hunt, and in the misty light mistook a swampy spot, covered with dry grass, for solid ground.

Leaping over a little pool, he landed with both feet upon the treacherous spot. Before he could recover himself he had sunk beyond his knees. He tried to leap back, but found himself fast as if in a vise. His legs were close together when he landed, thus adding to the difficulty of helping himself.

Inch by inch he found himself sinking into the mire. Every move added to his peril.

He called for help at the top of his voice, but no one responded and he grew desperate.

He saw several Italian women picking dandelions and he raised his voice. The women heard, but could not see, and mistaking it as a warning, they hurried away.

Hayden, recounting his terrible experience, said he then threw himself on his face, sprawling out over the ooze and slime to make himself more buoyant. But so soft was the jelly-like earth that his hands and arms began to sink. He threw himself on his back, keeping up his cries at intervals.

When the marines came he was almost unconscious. Four of them, who were on liberty, were crossing the meadows instead of walking up Broad street, when they heard Hayden's cry.

From a squatter's camp they procured boards and shovels and were obliged to actually dig the man out. He had sunk into unconsciousness, but was soon revived.

Queer Philippine Corners.

It is probable that the Philippine Islands are more quaintly enriched with queer corners than any other of this country's foreign possessions.

Among the interesting spots that have up to now escaped the hunter after curious things might be mentioned the little island of Santa Maria.

Up to a short time ago here lived an old datto, who had numerous pretty wives; so old and ugly was the datto and so pretty the wives that the latter indulged in affairs of the heart when the former was not around.

Two of the wives in particular were often to be seen driving around the streets, followed at a respectable distance by their lovesick Romeo.

One night there was a row in the datto's harem and the two wives mysteriously disappeared. This came to the ears of the officer commanding the American troops and the datto was asked to explain where the wives were.

"They dead," he grunted laconically.

"What caused them to die at the same time?"

"Head choppe off," was the reply.

Another interesting little island is Bengau, which is one of the southern most of the Philippine group, being only a few miles from British North Borneo. Under the Spanish regime it was inhabited by a mixed breed of murderous Moros, treacherous Malaya and others with a dash of the piratical blood of Borneo.

The American soldiers had considerable trouble with these people at the beginning of the war. The pirates stole everything that happened to be lying loose, particularly guns; stabbed men in the back merely as a matter of piratic principle, and when things grew a bit dull they turned to and "smoked up" their own island.

The only time of real peace in the place was when the pirates launched their war canoes and put to sea armed to the teeth. They usually returned a week later with considerable quantities of loot and proceeded forthwith to get gloriously drunk and raise more trouble.—New York Herald.

Radium to Illuminate Gun Sights.

The discovery of the latest use to which radium can be put—the illumination of gun sights and the like, at night time—seems to indicate that it will play an important part in warfare.

In gun sights, leveling instruments, and telescopes there is what is called a "fiducial" mark, which is used to obtain a faithful result.

These marks, of course, are useless in the dark, and though many ways of illuminating them have been tried, nothing has proved satisfactory.

Andrew A. Common of Eaton-rose, Fall, was the first to attempt to solve the difficulty by the use of radium, and his experiments were so successful that he applied for a patent.

Unfortunately, he did not live to have it granted, but the complete specifications submitted by Mrs. Common, his widow and executrix, have just been accepted.—London Mail.

JAPANESE TEA GOWNS.

Favorites with the Fair Daughters of Eve this Winter.

If the street gown is picturesque the morning gown is more. It is positively romantic. A volume might be written upon the romance of the peignoir and yet leave a great deal unsaid. Colors, fabrics, trimmings and ornaments all combine to make the morning gown as lovely a thing as fancy could paint. It is light in weight, beautiful in design and it is carried out with a fidelity to detail which is exquisite.

Take if you please, the Japanese teagown or the Japanese tea coat or the kimono. The last, with its long lines and its lovely embroidery around the hem and its long silk facings, is too comfortable ever to be forgotten by the woman who has once owned a kimono. As a tea coat the Japanese garment is even more convenient. The coat, which is made of Oriental silk, either figured or embroidered, is cut in the three-quarter length, is fastened with cords and ornaments and is worn with a silk undershirt. The undershirt can be made of Japanese goods or it can be simply an old silk skirt, some remnant of bygone grandeur, which does admirably, cut over and made into a house skirt.

If a woman is making her own Japanese gown, be it tearown or kimono, she can afford to embroider it thoroughly and showily. She must use silk of many colors and she would be sensible were she to take for pattern some really elegant Japanese kimono, so that she can copy its colors and its designs. These kimonos come at all prices, and while one is copying a kimono, one might as well copy a nice one as a common one.

The Oriental silks are so numerous since the Japanese invasion of the world of art and they are so cheap and so easily draped, so adjustable, so highly desirable, in every way, that a woman would do well to invest in them. One can often find remnants very cheap at sales. And these come in good for the making of the peignoir. Perhaps, if the remnant be a short one, it can be combined with something else and a handsome teagown made out of next to nothing.

No better pattern can be found for the amateur than the kimono-shaped gown, and she who would undertake to make a peignoir can make it up in kimono shape, just escaping the ground, faced with a contrasting material, with a deep hem of the same and trimmed up each side of the front with bands of stuff. The matter of embroidery is a question of taste, but she who is ambitious can work big straggling flowers down the front and around the hem and on one side she can embroider or applique a big, many-colored bird. This makes an extremely pretty finish.

Teagowns are made of many materials and are in many shapes, one of the prettiest being the ribbon and lace teagown. Those who have plenty of time and material can take satin ribbon three inches wide and stitch it in strips to lace of the same width. There should be stripe after stripe of alternating ribbon and lace. And the stitching should be done on the sewing machine and should be visible.

Visible stitching, by the way, is very fashionable. Seams are strapped with visible stitching and strips of ribbon and lace are overlapped and sewed together so that every stitch shows. It is the fashionable way of sewing and there is very little blind stitching or seaming done.

The teagown should be cut out after the ribbon and lace are sewed together and a pretty shape is the wrapper shape, with slightly fitted waist and with a deep sailor collar.

Those who go in for trailing effects can make the teagown very long. It is, perhaps, more graceful with its trailing lengths though it is not nearly as sensible. The French teagown trails inches and inches upon the ground and the French woman holds it up in front when she walks. Holding a gown up in front is called the Eugene lift.

One of the most elegant peignoirs is made of china silk and is cut long, very long, opening all the way down the front.

Health and Beauty.

Rose water, eight ounces, and tincture of benzoin two drams, make one of the best of skin tonics and whiteners.

A beauty specialist discounts the practice many women follow so persistently of dashing the face with the coldest water they can lay hands on. She says that the shock which the face receives tends to check rather than quicken circulation and that the result will be a thickening and yellow of the skin whenever it is kept up for any length of time.

To preserve the teeth in health and beauty is a most important matter for this one not only saves one's self pain and expense, but also actually prolongs one's life—the decay and loss of teeth being but the initial stages of the general break-up of the health. Artificial teeth are at their best vastly inferior to one's own teeth in good working order. To prevent decay of the latter, absolute cleanliness of the mouth is essential.

Fashion's Frills.

The Louise Selze style of bodice is growing in favor for evening gowns. The characteristic feature is the very deep and sharply pointed front to the bodice. The narrow peak comes far down over the skirt in front, and thence it is sharply cut up to the hips.

Spangled black tulle is utilized for some smart evening gowns, relieved with a spray of red roses or crysanthemums and mauve mousseline de soie with wistaria blooms.

Pale blue velvet has been utilized for ball and opera wraps for debutants, one trimmed with white fox being exceedingly attractive.

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