

REMINISCENCES

By E. S. CHAMBERLAIN.

Colonel Porter Downs was in a quandary. He had accepted an invitation to Mrs. Fenwick's dinner and he had found himself seated beside Mrs. Clement Gordon. Now, in ordinary circumstances, the presence of this woman would have filled the colonel with the most agreeable anticipations. But just at present he wished her anywhere else than at his side.

The fact was, he and his friend Harvey were operating a little corner in Manhattan Consolidated, and among the unlucky "shorts" who had been caught by the rise was the firm of Pratt & Gordon, of which Mrs. Gordon's husband was the junior member. Harvey, who was managing the pool, had insisted upon showing no leniency; and as a result of the squeeze it was pretty certain that Pratt & Gordon would be forced to the wall. Just how much Mrs. Gordon knew of her husband's affairs Downs, of course, could not tell. But if she happened to be aware that he held her husband's financial life in his hand, it was quite possible that trouble awaited him before the dinner was over. The colonel was justly proud of his reputation with the ladies, but to discuss a matter of business with a woman, however attractive she might be, was something he would never voluntarily consent to do. And when the question was the salvation or ruin of her husband's firm, it was thought of.

But there the lady sat, and it was quite impossible to neglect her. He must do something. And, like all great captains, believing a vigorous attack the best defence, he started in to entertain her to the very best of his ability. For, if anything could divert her attention from impending trouble, it was Downs' conversation when he really threw himself into it.

He commenced by telling her some humorous incidents of his recent Southern trip, and drifted by degrees into a description of Southern life and the beauties of Southern scenery. Obviously he was leading up to some of his war reminiscences, for in extremity the colonel always fell back upon the adventures that had befallen him during his army life in the South.

"And the Shenandoah Valley," he remarked, after a time, "the Shenandoah Valley is certainly one of the most beautiful spots in all the South."

"Yes, it is," Mrs. Gordon agreed. "I passed my girlhood there, and I go back nearly every year. I don't know whether it's altogether the beauty of the scenery—perhaps it's the old associations that give it the charm—but I have never found a place that seems to me to compare with it."

"Indeed!" said Downs. "I had no idea you were a Southerner. Where was your home?"

"A few miles out of Winchester on the Martinsburg road. It was my grandfather's estate. Brantwood, one of the old Virginia places."

"Winchester?" exclaimed Downs. "Why, I was there in the old war days, when you must have been—"

He glanced at her and checked himself abruptly. "Ah! Brantwood, did you say? Indeed, I believe I have seen the very place you speak of, though I didn't know the name in those days. And he added, impressively: "It was near there that I had one of the narrowest escapes of all my army experience. It was really that which gave me such a high opinion of Southern women."

He paused, and, seeing that he wished encouragement, Mrs. Gordon asked him to tell her about it.

"It was when Ewell went through the valley in '63," he commenced, with cheerful alacrity. "He headed Lee's army, you know, which was going north to Gettysburg. I was with Milroy's division when it was caught at Winchester by the rebel advance. You wouldn't care to hear about the fighting, of course, but the outcome of it was that those who escaped were very glad to get away, and the campaign wasn't ended there, as some of us supposed it would be."

"Well, I had a shot in the foot and was limping along the road next day, when I came to this old-fashioned Virginia plantation. I was faint from my wound and the long tramp in the dust and heat, and I can't tell you the pleasure I felt when I came upon a spring house by the side of the road. A little girl was sitting on the step. She was not over eight or nine years old, I should say, with big black eyes and a very pretty face. I always did have an eye for a pretty face," he added, glancing effectively at the one beside him.

"Though the girl was only a little thing, she appreciated my condition and helped me into the spring house, where I could get a seat out of the sun. Then she dipped up a pail of water and helped me while I drank, and afterward helped me bathe and bandage my wound. And when that was over, while I was resting, I heard horses coming up the road. Horses there meant rebel cavalrymen, and if they found me, I knew I should be promptly sent south to a prison hospital and to pretty certain death. But I couldn't get away, and when they drew up before the door I gave myself up for lost. You can imagine my situation. There I was without a chance of escape from the spring house, and with a squad of thirsty cavalrymen drawn up before the door."

"And I certainly should have been captured if it hadn't been for that little girl. I didn't dare say a word to her—but she seemed to know just what to do. Before I realized it she had caught up the water pail and had carried it out to the horsemen with the most natural manner in the world. There was only three or four of them, and they were too tired to dismount. They just passed the pail from one to another. And then she brought out water for their horses. I tell you, I never appreciated the lack of chivalry in a private soldier as I did that day. If one of those fellows had entered the spring house—and they did offer to help her—I should have been taken."

"And when they rode away and I was safe she was so exhausted by her work and the excitement of what she had done that she just sat down on the step and cried. And you would know I had left out something if I didn't admit that I kissed her, wouldn't you? I was only a boy then, and she was but a clip of

a girl, and there was really nothing else that would do justice to the occasion."

"It was the least you could do, I should think," Mrs. Gordon declared, with feeling.

"Oh, I promised to do more than that," he added, laughing a little, apparently ashamed of his feeling. "I assured her that some day, when I was a man, I would come back and repay her for what she had done. I promised never to forget her. And I never have forgotten her, for that matter; though, of course, I never went back there and never even knew her name."

"You really ought to have gone back. You ought to have gone back and married her," said Mrs. Gordon, laughing. "That's the way they do in books."

"Oh, I spoke extravagantly," she admitted. "It's little hurt by her tone. 'A man will when he's just escaped with his life. But I meant it all at the time. I am not ashamed of it. She saved my life, and if I could have repaid her I should have done it. And even now, though she is a woman by this time and has probably forgotten all about it, I should like to meet her, if only to acknowledge my indebtedness. Oh, no. A man doesn't forget a thing like that.'"

The retirement of the ladies interrupted their conversation. As Mrs. Gordon left, she paused to remark: "Oh, I am sure I appreciate your feeling. It does you credit. And I am very glad you told me this."

A startling thought had come to Mrs. Gordon as she was leaving the table, and she was enraptured with the possibilities it suggested. When the men straggled in from the dining-room she was sitting in a window seat, quite alone. She looked up at Downs with a smile, and as he approached she rose, and with an impulsive movement held out her hand. He looked puzzled.

"I don't know but it was wrong not to tell you the table," she commenced hurriedly, "to let you tell me that story without knowing. But I could not speak somehow, there before them all. And I am sure you will understand my feeling. I did not realize it at first. And then it all came over me—the rush of old memories—"

Downs dropped her hand and gazed at her a moment in sheer amazement. "Why," he stammered. "Why, I—Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean to say that you—"

"Yes," she said. "I think I was the one. I feel sure I must have been. Though, of course, I was so young that I can't really be certain. I remember such an incident—of a Northern soldier's stopping there and the horsemen riding up. But I never should have guessed it was you."

"And you—you were the little girl I found there at the spring house," Downs exclaimed. "Why, it's simply astonishing!" He looked at her critically. "Black hair and eyes," he muttered. "Do you know, I believe—there's no mistake. You're not as I thought that girl—you, I mean—would look. And yet," he gazed at her again, "there is something about you that seems familiar, too—an expression about the eyes, a look that I seem to have seen before. This is certainly a wonderful coincidence."

"Yes, isn't it?" she mentioned him to a seat beside her own. "I wish I could remember it better," she added, "but I was so young then, and so many things happened in those war days. I used often to watch the soldiers march past the house. And when the stragglers would come along I would sometimes slip off down to the spring house, where they stopped."

"Well, I'm glad I happened to tell it," said Downs. "And, do you know, I felt from the first that there was something strangely attractive about you. I must tell Fenwick and the others."

"No, please don't mention it," she said hurriedly. "It would be most embarrassing for me."

"Of course, whatever you wish. But I feel as though I owed you the public acknowledgment. I don't see why—"

"Call it a woman's vanity," she answered, with a laugh.

"Vanity?"

"Why, yes. Don't you see, if I was eight years old in war times, I must be—oh, ever so old by now."

"Eh? Oh, yes, I see. I understand. But I'm sure you don't look it. Upon my word, you don't. But I'm very glad to have discovered you again, for I have often wondered whatever became of you. But at all events, I can thank you now, after the years that have passed, without fear of being misunderstood. And if there was anything I could do to repay you—I don't mean that. Of course, I never could repay you—but to show my appreciation—if it was anything I could do to prove that, I would do it gladly."

"Would you?" said Mrs. Gordon, lowering her voice and gazing earnestly into his face. "There is something you could do—something that is of great importance to me. But I fear—I'm afraid I ought not to ask you."

Downs gasped. If it had come in any other way he would have met it. "Anything I can do—anything that it is in my power to do," he began.

"It may seem a very little matter to you," Mrs. Gordon observed. "It is only some shares of stock in the Manhattan Consolidated Improvement Company—I think Manhattan Consolidated is the name of it."

He reflected that she probably didn't know where that stock was being quoted, and that it probably wouldn't make a bit of difference if she had known.

"My husband, you know, has not been able to get the stock, or the shares, or whatever it is. He is out of town now, but he said that you had it—in a pool or something—and refused to sell. I couldn't understand it very well. But you know it will ruin us if you don't."

Downs sighed helplessly.

"So, if you could let him have it—he thought at first you were going to it would be the greatest accommodation to us. And personally I should feel that whatever I had done in the past—whatever trifling service I had rendered you as a child—was more than repaid. My husband, of course, would never wish me to speak as I have; and I could not have done it to—any one else. But I'm sure you understand. It doesn't seem a mere business transaction. It seems more—more personal."

"Yes, yes, of course."

"And you must understand that I never could have mentioned it, even now, if you had not spoken so kindly of—of what I may call our former meeting. And, of course, I wouldn't interfere with your business affairs, even by a suggestion. But I know, from the way you spoke, what you would wish to do."

She paused and looked at him appealingly. Downs' eyes were fixed gloomily upon the carpet.

"I would never have dared suggest it—but you spoke so kindly—of course, if it would cause you loss—"

"No," Downs admitted helplessly. "I suppose it wouldn't be much loss."

"Then you can?" she said, eagerly.

"I'm—I'm afraid," he stammered weakly, "that it's hardly possible. Harvey is being managed by Harvey, you know. I myself haven't anything to do with it—well, he is really the one who is managing it, you see."

"Yes?"

For a moment he wavered, while his standing with this woman and with George Harvey hung in the balance.

"Yes," he gasped at length, dabbing his hot forehead with a handkerchief. "I suppose that I might—that I—I could help you. Yes, I will. I will send word to Mr. Pratt in the morning. Yes, you may rely upon me."

"I shall never forget your kindness," she said, with emotion.

"Oh, don't mention it! I'm—of course, you know, I'm only too glad of an opportunity to repay you."

Glancing up, Downs saw his wife approaching. He rose and held out his hand. Mrs. Gordon pressed it.

"You have more than repaid me," she murmured, as he turned away.

"Why did I write you that I had done something awful and not tell you what it was?" said Mrs. Gordon, when she saw her husband a few days later. "Why, because I had done something awful, something perfectly dreadful. Oh, I believe I am the most wretched woman in the world. But I did save you, Clem. For you know he let Mr. Pratt have that stock, or whatever it was you wanted, the very next day. And I believe it was all that odious Harvey, as you said at first. For—I mean Mr. Downs, dear—is certainly one of the nicest old gentlemen I ever met. There is more in him than you would think. He has a kind heart—you needn't smile—indeed he has. His remembrance of that little girl who saved his life was perfectly lovely. And when I think how basely I acted—"

"You haven't told me yet how basely you did act," remarked her husband.

"Oh, it was perfectly dreadful. I don't see how I ever could have done it. I shall never get over it. I wish we had confessions and absolution in our church. My conscience will trouble me as long as I live, I'm sure. And if I should ever discover it, I should die. I know I should. I could never look him in the face again. And if he should happen to tell his wife, she would know at once. And even he might have known. Yes, he was very ready to believe me old enough. Why, I should have to be nearly forty-five. And he ought to know I wasn't even born when his battle of Gettysburg was fought."

"Whenever you feel like telling me, my dear," suggested her husband.

"Why, he told me a story, the most touching thing about a little girl who saved his life during the war. Down near grandfather's old place in Virginia; and—and I let him think I was the one who had done it."

"Oh, one of his war stories, eh? And he promised to let up on us, did he? Tell me the story; tell me all about it."

She did so.

"And you never would have thought he had so much real nobility, would you, dear? And when I think of how wickedly I imposed upon him—"

"Why," exclaimed her husband, after a moment's thought, "Downs never saw the Shenandoah Valley in war."

"What?"

"No; he belonged to the heavy artillery and was garrisoned in New Orleans during the time the city was captured till he was mustered out."

"And that story was all made up?"

"It was, though. I looked up his war record when he ran for Congress."

"It can't be. I won't believe it. Then why didn't he refuse me?"

"I suppose, my dear, that it must have been because he was influenced by a charming woman. And, incidentally, because he wanted you to think him as good as he said he was."

"Why, what a perfect wretch!" said Mrs. Gordon.

FADS AND FANCIES.

By MINNA SCHATT CRAWFORD.

Fashion's forecast for September points very emphatically to short sleeves and indicates that they are in higher favor than ever, not alone for waists and bodices, but for outer wraps. Advance importations of Paris styles now on view in the Fifth Avenue shops show the most pronounced fall and winter coats and wraps with half and three-quarter length sleeves, and this in spite of all predictions that the fall would see radical changes in sleeves. There's no denying the youthful effect of the short, puffed sleeves; they somehow take years off one's appearance, which helps to explain why the short sleeve is too well entrenched in my lady's favor to be quickly deposed.

A pleasing innovation is noted in the return of those becoming lace undersleeves that were the craze about six years ago. They are full length and close fitting, falling over the hands in long points, like mitts. Made of transparent lace, in either black or white, they are extremely effective, and the woman with thin arms will rejoice at their return to favor.

Sleeves have somehow grown to be the determining factor in fashions, the vital point, the center about which everything else revolves. This question of sleeve style settled, one can draw a breath of relief and go ahead with plans and preparations for the fall wardrobe.

with its sectional shirring, show its absolute newness at a glance. It is a costume whose counterpart has not yet been seen beyond Fifth Avenue.

The Waist Pattern No. 2112 is cut in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Price 15 cents.

The Skirt Pattern No. 2113 is cut in sizes 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. Price 15 cents.

Ladies' six-gored walking skirt, the front and back gores laid in plaits with inverted plait at hip. Cut in sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Price 15 cents.

Ladies' street dress of silk warp cashmere, trimmed with shaped emplacements of light weight broadcloth in the same or deeper shade, with vest of silk or lawn. The most striking feature of the coming fashions are shown in this advance model. The shaped armhole trimming, the flat, epauletted collar, and the battlemented effect of the skirt trimming.

Child's separate coat in brown and green plaid. The collar, cuffs and arm's-eye trimming of plain brown cloth; cut in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 3 1/2 yards of 42 inch material. Price 15 cents.

Ladies' shirt waist with adjustable chemisette and two styles of sleeves. Suitable for separate waist of either silk, cotton or wool in any of the new fall goods. Combined with Skirt Pattern No. 2112 it would make a stylish dress for street wear. The Waist Pattern No. 2110 is cut in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Price 15 cents.

Ladies' shirt waist without lining. A charming style for Shantung silk, linen, or wash flannel. Pattern No. 2120 is cut in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price 15 cents.

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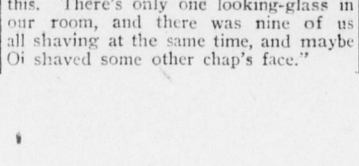
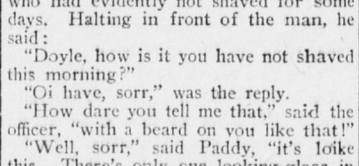
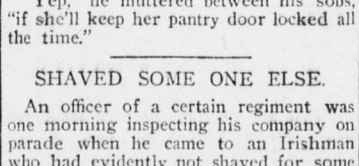
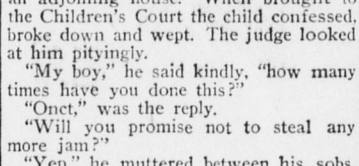
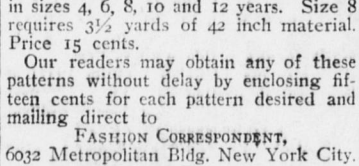
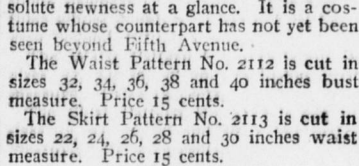
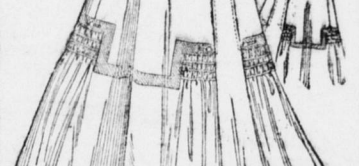
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New York and London

Items of Greatness in the Two Cities Where We Excel.

It is said of London, in praise of its greatness, that:

In London a child is born every three minutes and a death is recorded every five minutes. The city contains 700 railway stations, 5,000 omnibuses, 7,000 hansoms, 14,000 cabs and 7,000 trams. Daily 1,600,000 persons travel on underground railways.

Eleven railway bridges span the Thames. Four thousand postmen deliver 10,000,000 letters weekly, walking a distance equal to twice the circumference of the globe. There are 10,000 miles of overhead telegraph wires, and the number of telegraph messages received in London in a year is 6,000,000.

Ninety million gallons of water are consumed daily. The railways, omnibuses, cabs and steamboats convey 1,273,000,000 passengers daily, and the underground railways 263,000,000 passengers.

The 118 square miles of London are lighted by 4,074 electric arc lights, 1,185 electric incandescent lights, 56,000 incandescent gas lamps and 18,248 flat flame gas burners.

Well, New York can do something in the same lines of municipal greatness.

With a smaller number of inhabitants than London it exceeds it in the volume of travel, in the amount paid for work, in the volume of work done, and in the increase in the number of buildings, occupants of a building and of population.

Where London consumes 90,000,000 gallons of water a day, New York consumes 500,000,000. Where London has an area of 118 square miles, New York has 326.

In New York every minute two immigrants arrive—more than 1,000,000 a year. Every six minutes a child is born. Every seven minutes there is a funeral. Every hour a new building is erected.

New York has more children at its public schools than London; fewer paupers; a lower death rate; fewer unbridged houses; more parks, more bridges, fewer jails, a better distributed street traffic and a higher standard of health.

New York's subway carries more passengers in a day than London's underground. The number of crimes of violence is twice as large in London as in New York, and the number of arrests for drunkenness in London is four times as great as the number of arrests for the same cause in New York.

New York has more fires in a year than London, and they entail greater loss. It has less shipping as a port than London, fewer clerks to the whole population employed, but more bosses or employers.

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