burgh; and then he added: "Of course, you know that Vin has always been a Quixotic kind of chap-doing impossible things if he thought them right-and all that sort of thing. But it's very awkward just at this moment. There must be some powerful at-traction, of one kind or another, to have made him give himself over so completely to these new friends; for he has not been near me of late; and yet here in my pocket ! near me of late; and yet here in my pocket 1 have a letter that concerns him very closely, if only he would pay attention to it. I don't mind telling you, Mrz. Ellison, for you are discretion itself—" "I think you may trust me, Lord Mussel-burgh," she said, with a smile. "Very well, then," said he, lowering his voice. "I hear that there will be a vacancy it Mandaver-certainly at the next concern

at Mendover-certainly at the next general election, but more probably much sconer; old Gosford has become such a confirmed hypochondriae that he will hardly leave his hypochondrine that he will hardly leave his room; and his constituents are grumbling as much as they dare—lor he has got money, you know, and the public park he gave them wants further laying out, and statues, and things. Very well; now I have in my pocket a darkly discreet letter from the committee of the Mendover Liberal Association asking me to go down and deliver an address at their next meeting, and hint-ing that if I could bring with me an acceptable candidate-

He paused, and for a second a cynical but perfectly good-humored laugh appeared in

"My dear Mrs. Ellison," said he, "I am deeply grateful. I thought you might ex-press some astonishment at my being con-sulted in so important an affair. But the fact, is, I, also, am expected to do something for that park; and perhaps this invitation was only a little hint to remind me of my local responsibilities. However, that is how the case stands; and I had thought of taking

Tory Democrat, for that is a fine, bewilder-ing sort of thing, that provokes curiosity: you call yourself a Tory and can be as revo-lutionary as you like, so that you capture votes all round. Why, I've got Vin's pro-gramme all ready for him in my pocket; a graduated income tax, free education, lease-hold enfranchisement, compulsory insur-ance, anything and everything you like ex-cept disestablishment — disestablishment won't work at Mendover. Now, you see, Mrs. Ellison, if I could get Vin properly coached, he has all the natural fervor that coached, he has all the natural ferror that unhappily I lack; and after I had made my few little jokes which they kindly take for a speech, I could produce him and say 'Here, now, is the young politician of the new generation; here's your coming man; this is the kind of member the next quarter of a century must return to the House of Commons. But if there is any Delilah in

the way-" Mrs. Ellison crimsoned.

"No, Lord Musselburgh," she sald. "No. You need have no fear."

However, she seemed perturbed-perhaps in her anxiety that her nephew should not miss this great opportunity. Presently she

"Tell me, what do you know of this old man?-I can't make him out at all."

"1? I know nothing, or next to nothing," he said, lightly, as he gazed abroad on the busy river. "I remember Vin asking me the same question-I suppose out of curiosity about the girl. My recollection of her is that she was extremely pretty-refined looking-ladylike, in fact-"

"She is, indeed," said Mrs. Ellison, with decision, "and that is what makes the situcourse, that there is what makes the situ-ation all the more dangerous—assuming, of course, that there is any ground for one's natural suspicions. No, Vin is the last man in the world to be captured by any vulgar adventuress; he is at once too fastidious and too proud. But then, you see, he is well known to be the son of a very wealthy man; and there might be a design." She hesitated for a moment; then she said, half impatiently: "Lord Musselburgh, tell me how you came to know this old man; he could not have sprung out of the earth all of a sudden. Oh, that I can tell you easily enough,

he said, with much equanimity." To begin with, he brought a letter of introduction to mine in America-that is to sav, if I may make so bold as to claim Scotland as my "No, thank you, aunt," he said, civilly make so bold as to claim Scotland as my country, for I hadn't the proud honor and

was prejudiced, and that I had no right to form any opinion about those friends of his because I would not go along and dine his because I would not go along and dine with him and them last evening. Very well, I will go to him, and make up the quarrel, and ask him to repest the invita-tion for this evening." repeated Lord Musselburgh, in tones of deep disappoint-ment. "You don't mean you are going to leave all your friends here and go and dine somethere also?"

mewhere else?"

known-He was on the point of saying he would

been too bold an avowal. He suddenly hit upon another happy suggestion. "You said that Vin had only those two on board with him? Well, if he asks you to dine with him, won't he ask me too?" Mrs. Ellison langhed and shock her head. "No, no. Another stranger would put them on their guard. I must manage my private investigation all by myself. But you need not look so disconsolate. There are some really nice people, as you'll find out by-and-by; and the Drexel girls are driving over from Great Marlow-they are Americans, so you will be properly appre-

off those adventurers and come to his right mind."

Ellison had secured a boatman to pull her along to the White Bose; and as she drew near, she perceived that Maisrie Bethune was alone in the stern of the house-boat, standing upright on the steering-thwart, and with both hands holding a pair of fieldglasses to her eyes-an unconscious attitude that showed the graceful figure of the girl to the best advantage. The observant visitor could also remark that her costume was simplicity itself; a blouse of white soft stuff, with wide sleeves and tight cuffs; a belt of

blue serge. She wore no head-covering; and her neatly-braided hair caught several wonder and glory of hair, perhaps (as Vin Harris would have deemed it) but very at-

of the word adventuress, and bade her wait and see. "Good morning!" Maisrie Bethune an-

preceding alternoon.

"Oh, no; they are inside," was the re-sponse. "Would you like to see Mr. Har-ris? Shall I call him?"

"If you would be so kind!"-and therewith Maisrie disappeared into the saloon, and did not return. "Don't look at me like that, Vincent Har-

ris!" Mrs. Ellison exclaimed, half-laughing and half-annoyed. "What have I done? It is you who are so hasty and inconsiderate. But I've come to make it all up with you; me from an enthusiastic countryman of and to ask you to ask me to dine with you

two friends of his might produce on this the first of his relatives to meet them.

"It I can procure an invitation. It is

"If I can procure an invitation. It is my duk. I'm not going to let my boy be made a fool of, even if I have to sacrifice a little of my own personal comfort." "Tes, that's all very well," said Lord Musselburgh, gloomily, "but I did not bar-gain for your going away like that on the only evening I shall be here. If I had

not have come down; but that would have been too bold an avowal. He suddenly hit

Americans, so you will be properly appre-ciated; they will try their best to make you

"Is that a promise?" "Is that a promise?" "Yes, it is-10 at latest." "Otherwise I should go back to town in the atternoon," said he, frankly. "What nonsense!" the young widow ex-claimed (but she did not seem resentful). "Well, now, I must go along to the White Rose, and make my peace, and angle for an invitation; and then, if I get it, I must concoct my excuses for Mrs. Lawrence. Anyhow I shall be on board the Villeg-giatura all the afternoon; and then I hope to have the pleasure of introducing you to Louie Drexel-that is the young lady I have designed for, Vin, when he has shaken off those adventurers and come to his right

Almost immediately thereafter Mrs.

white silk round her waist; and a skirt of

Harris would have deemed it) but very at-tractive all the same to the feminine eye, and somehow suggestive of girlhood, and making for sympathy. And then, when a "Good morning!" brought round a startled face and a proud, clear look that was nothing abashed or ashamed, Mrs. Ellison's conscience smote her that she had made use of the word adverture and the had made use

swered; and there came a touch of color to the fine and sensitive features as she knew that the young matron was regarding her with a continuation of the curiosity of the

"Have the gentlemen deserted you? Are you all alone?" Mrs. Ellison said.

two friends of his might produce on this the first of his relatives to meet them. She might form any opinion she chose; he was indifferent. Nay, he would stand by them on every point; and justify them; and defy criticism. If he had dared he would have gone to Maisrie and said: "My sunt is coming to dinner to-night; but I will not allow you to submit yourself to any ordeal of inspection. You shall dress as you like; as carelessly or as neatly as you like; you shall wear your hair hanging down your back or braided up, without any thought of her; you shall be as silent as you wish— and leave her, if she chooses, to call you stupid, or any, or sulky, or anything else?" And he would have gone to the old man and said: "Talk as much and as long as ever you have a mind; you cannot babble o' green fields too discursively for me; I, at all events, am sufficiently interested In your claims of proud lineage, in your enthusiasm about Scotland and Scottish song, in your reminiscences of many lands. Be as self-complacent and pompous as you please; fear nothing; fear criticism least of all." And perhaps, in like manner, he would have ad-dressed Mrs. Ellison herself: "My dear aunt, it is you who have to show whether you have the courage of honest indement.

THE

happy." "How late shall you stay on board Vin's boat?" he asked, heedless of these smaller

"I shall be back here by 10-perhaps by

ranged two and two—Mrs. Ellison, of course, as the greater stranger and the elder woman, on his right, and Maisrie opposite to him. During the general dinner talk, which was mostly about the crowd and the races and the dresses, Mrs. Ellison casually informed her nephew that she had that afternoon won two bets, and also discovered that she and Trad we be discovered that she and Lord Musselburgh were to meet at the same house in Scotland the coming autumn; perhaps this was the explanation of her extreme and obvious good humor. And if any deep and sinister design un-

derlay this excessive amiability on her part it was successfully concealed; meantime all was pleasantness and peace; and the old gentleman, encouraged by her attless confi-dences, spoke more freely and frankly about the circumstances of himself and his grand-

daughter than was his wont. "I see some of the papers are indignant about what they call the vulgar display of wealth at Henley regatta," the young widow was saying, in a very unconcerned and easy fashion; "but I wish those gentle-men would remember that there is such a

thing as imputation of motives, and that thing as imputation of motives, and that imputing motives is a common resource of envy. If I have a houseboat and try to make it as pretty as ever I can, both inside and out, why should that be considered dis-play of wealth-display of any sort? I like nice things and comfortable things around me; I don't mind confessing it, I am a selfab woman-"

selfish woman-

a selfish woman-" "There are some who know better, aunt," her nephew interposed. "Young gentleman," said she, promptly, "your evidence isn't worth anything, for you have expectations. And I am not to be flattered. I admit that I am a selfish and comfort-loving woman; and I like to see pretty things around me and an abundance

pretty things around me, and an abundance of them; and if I can only have these at the cost of being charged with ostentation and display, very well, I will pay the price. If

t comes to that I never saw anything beautiful or desirable in poverty. Poverty is not beautiful; never was, never is, never will be beautiful; it is base and squalid and sordid; it demeans men's minds, and stunts their bodies. I dare say poverty is an ex-cellent discipline—for the rich if they would only unbuilt to six menth, due of it only submit to a six months' dose of it now again; but is not a di

g hues? Can he steal -he has no desire to claim: somewherer-he has no desire to claim recog-nition! She has forgotten the time when, in the humble lodgings she used to sing in the humble lodgings she used to sing "Je ne puis rien donner, qu' mon cœur en mariage"; she has wide domnins now; and wears an ancient historic name. And so she goes along the white highway, and under the swaying boughs of the beeches, until abe is lost in a confusion of green and gold. "And in the meantime," said Mrs. Elli-son (Vincent started; had that bewildering and conception of an even savesied to him son (vincent started; had that bewildering and far-reaching vision been revealed to him all in one brief, breathless second?) "in the meantime, Mr. Bethune, you must derive a great deal of comfort and solace from your literary labors." "My literary labors," said the old man, clock and churcher in "

PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

Can he steal asid

slowly and absently, "I am sorry to say, are mostly perfunctory and mechanical. They occupy attention and pass the time, how-ever; and that is much. Perhaps I have written one or two small things which may ever, and that is much. Fernaps I have written one or two small things which may survive me a year or two; but, if that should be so, it will be owing, not to any merit of their own, but to the patriotism of my coun-trymen. Nay, I have much to be thankful for," he continued, in the same resigned fashion. "I have been spared much. If I had been a famous author in my younger days, I should now be reading the things I had written then with the knowledge that I was their only reader. I should be think-ing of my cotemporaries and saying: 'At aunt, it is not they who are on trial, it is you. It is you who have to show whether you have the courage of honest judgment, or are the mere slave of social customs and forms. For perhaps he, too, had imbibed a little of the "Stand Fast, Craig Royston!" spirit? Bravado may be catching—es-pecially where an innocent and interesting young creature of 18 or so is in danger of being exposed to some deadly approach. Of course this carelessly defiant attitude did not prevent his being secretly pleased when, as 7 o'clock drew near, he perceived that Maisrie Bethune had arrayed herself in an extremely pretty, if clearly inexpen-sive, costume; and also he was in no wise chagrined to find that Mra. Ellison, on her arrival, appeared to be in a very amiable ing of my cotemporaries and saying: 'At one time people spoke of me as now they are speaking of you.' It is a kind of sad thing for a man to outlive his fame; for the pub-lic is a fickle-minded creature, and must have new distractions; but now I cannot complain of being forgotten, for I never did anything deserving of being remembered." "Grandfather," said Maisrie, "surely it is unfair of you to talk like that! Think of the many friends you have made through

your writings." "Scotch friends, Maisrie, Scotch friends," arrival, appeared to be in a very amiable mood. There was no need to ask her, "O he said. "I admit that. The Scotch are not among the forgetful ones of the earth. If you want to be made much of," he said, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war?" her manner was most bland; in particular she was adroitly flattering and fascinating toward old George Bethune, who accepted these little attentions from the charming turning to Mrs. Ellison with something of a proud air, "if you want to be regarded with a constant affection and gratitude, and to have your writings remembered and repeated, by the lasses at the kirn, by the plowman in the field, by gentle and simple widow with a grave and consequential dig-nity. The young host refused to sit at the head of the table; he had the places ar-ranged two and two-Mrs. Ellison, of course, alike, then you must contrive to be born in Scotland. TheScottish heart beats warm, and is constant. If there is a bit of heather or a blue-bell placed on my grave, it will be by the hand of a kindly Scot."

Dinner over, they went out and sat in the cool twilight and had coffee, while the steward was clearing away within. Mrs. Ellison, faithful to her promise to Lord Musselburgh, said she had not long to stay; but her nearbox Musselburgh, said she had not long to stay; but her nephew, having a certain scheme in his mind, would not let her go just yet; and by and by, when the saloon had been lit up, he asked her, in a casual kind of way, whether before she went she wou'd not like to hear Miss.Bethune sing some-

thing. "Oh, I should like it of all things!" she replied instantly, with a reckless disregard

of truth. Maisrie glanced at her grandfather. "Yes, certainly-why not?" said he. "Then," said their young host, "I pro-pose we go into the saloon again; it will be quieter." For there was still a plash of oars on the river, and a echoing call of voices in the meadows beyond.

When they had returned into the saloon, Maisrie took up her violin; and Mrs. Elli-son bravely endeavored to assume an air of interested expectancy. The fact was she disliked the whole proceeding; here would be some mere exhibition of a school girl's showy accomplishments; she would have to showy accomplishments; she would have to say nice things; and she hated telling lies-when nothing was to be gained. Maisrie made some little apology; but said that per-haps Mrs. Ellsson had not heard the Claire Fontaine, which is a favorite song of the Canadians. Then she drew her bow across the strings.

Vincent need not have been so anxious. Hardly had Maisrie begun with A la claire fontaine, M'en allant promener than Mrs. Ellison's air of forced attention

instantly vanished; she seemed surprised she listened in a wondering kind of way to the low, clear tones of the girl's voice that were so curiously sincere and penetrating and simple. Not a schoolgirl's showing off, this; but a kind of speech that reached the heart.

> Sur la plus haute branche Le rossignol chantait. hante, rossignol, chante

iron, and he is willing to risk his neck on it if its completion ever gives him a chance. A rather recent thing of interest at Mani-ton is the Grand Caverns, which are not very grand but will repay a visit to those who have never been in any larger caves. The organ of stalactites is certainly unique and tunes played on it are easily recogniz-able. It sounds very much as a xylophone lightly out of tunes calls it has att That Stripe the Sides of the Mountains Out in Colorado.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 17.

THE TRAILS OF IRON

1890.

Later-

A Unique Depot

crossing the range in a stage coach with one of that kind that wears the visor of his cap away behind his pompadour, is said to have filled the Englishman's value with iron pyrites, saying it might pay him and his friends to work such stoff, but an American could call make Size Soc. due to it

could only make \$15 or \$20 a day at it, and

could only make \$10 or \$20 a day at 11, and could not afford to tool with it. "Why, really; you don't say," and so he has his swell time "hin Hamerica." Do you know, since penning the above, the thought has come to me that perhaps it is one of the stock jokes of the country, and that I am caught in spite of my vigilance? The thought has become to

The thought is harrowing. JAMES NEWTON BASKETT.

A DISCOMFITED SPOUSE.

An Unfaithful ,Wife's Evil Intentions Con-

verted Into a Practical Joke.

The citizens of Gilbertsville, Montgomery

county, have been furnished with quite a

sensation by the actions of a married couple

the family circle was broken by a rupture

between man and wife, and the woman in a

fit of anger gave her liege lord to understand

sensation by the actions of a married couple of that place a few days ago. According to the Pottstown Daily News, the harmony of have spent considerable time in Europe this

O

SKETCHES OF SUMMER RESORTS.

English Tourists and Speculators and How They Get Taken In.

PROSPECTS FOR REAL ESTATE MEN

G

CORPERSIONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. HOMASVILLE, COL., August 14. - To the Easterner, the mountain railroad systems of Colorado will not soon cease to be a wonder Difficulty after difficulty, greater and greater will be overcome, and as the necessity demands, the iron trails will go anywhere. We can well remember, a decade go, that it was thought that only narrow gauges could traverse these canyons and climb these slopes (and pay dividends) and the

wait. Space will be valuable here, for there Denver and Rio Grande. is precious little of it, and she has a grin (B) upon the wealthy and fastidious world no the pioneer road, built with her many natural and artificial at-Dur Cockney Friend, all its lines on this tractions) that cannot be easily shaken off. This is not a paid advertisement. The writer does not own a foot of land or know a basis. But the third rail was demanded to bring the Santa Fe's trains from Pueblo and Denver, and now it parallels its narrow real estate agent in the village. TAKING IN THE BBITONS. gauge brothers way out into the mountains I was speaking of an Englishman just back. You see more of them here than any-

Everywhere the roadbed is being broadened out through the Leadville and Eagle River back. You see more of them here than any-where almost—some pompous and snobbish, others affable and agreeable, but many growling and querulous. "The 'orses hout 'ere hare not like the 'orses at 'ome, you know," he'll complain, and show you a piece of rock sait that some one has paimed off on him as petrified snow. They are wild over the Garden of the Gods, with its in-commarphie scenary. line, and soon it is hoped that by the way of Glenwood Springs and the contemplated line down the Grand river through Hogback canyon passengers will be taken com-fortably into Ogden on broad-gauge coaches "The demands of modern speed necessitat the change of goods at many places-a comparable scenery. "Why, there is nothing helse like hit the thing that is being rapidly done. It is wonderful with what foresight the managers of

world hover, you know," he will say to you, and go off and try to buy it. this little road have darted its little hydra and go off and try to bny it. He has a high estimate of real estate and other investments. Anything in the shape of a park takes his eye at once, and his high appreciation of the beautiful and his keen activity to "the main chance" are constantly conspicuous. A party of miners heads into gulch and canyon, bringing the

A View in Manitou miner his daily bread and taking out his weekly output, and yet all the while it is weekly output, and yet all the while it is reaching quietly for the Pacific Coast. When she gets her broad bottomed shoes on, she will prove to the other California routes -with her scenic attractions-"a forman worthy of their steel."

A DELIGHTFUL CITY. Colorado Springs, with a population of 12,000, is perhaps the loveliest little city in the State. Within a short time more of the village and notified them not to sell her mountain scenery can be seen within a ra-ADT DOIS dius of a few miles, than any place I know.

## gauges his engineering ides according to the tubular boiler iron bridge of his country. mourners. The body of a common woman goes into the coffin three days after she dies, that of royalty five days after, and of one of **READING BAD BOOKS.** Your correspondent used to frame a little in ron, and he is willing to risk his neck on it the imperial family on the seventh day after death. The body of the Queen Dowager will not be interred, I understand, until five months from now, and in the meantime business is suspended and the 12,000,000 peo-ple in Varia supported in the meantime How Certain Belles of the Capital

Manage to Fool Their Pa's.

land's Letters for \$500.

HOW & MRAN MAN MAKES MONEY

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.

fall of the wicked novelist, Tolstoi, has cre-

ated sarprise and diamay among many of

the ladies of Washington society. For the past three years some of them have been

preaching him as the greatest novelist, and

heard a Senator's wife the other day say

that she was going to take all of Tolstoi's works with her into the country and read

them in the French, as the French transla-

tions gave more fully the fine distinctions

It is the same with the other prohibited

books and not a few of our most noted girls

are reading them on the sly. The daughter

of one of the most goody good and Puritani-

cal Puritan Senators has made a neat cover of vellum which just fits over the flaming

title page of these questionable novels, and

she has printed in red ink on the back of this the fictitious titles of other works. I happened to pass her in the Capitol the

happened to pass her in the Capitol the other day and I atterward took a seat be-hind her in the reserved gallery of the Senate. As I passed, she had a book under her arm labeled "Daniel Deronda, by

George Elliot." As I looked over her shoulder in the Senate at her father below

shoulder in the Senate at her father below my eye caught another title on the head of the page, and this title was "The Devil's Daughter," and when I remembered the loud picture which has been put on the out-side of this novel, and the social slush which is packed within it, I did not wonder that he social is novel.

that she preferred to change the cover. I find that there are ten girls here, at least,

who are playing this game on their unsus-

ONE OF MRS. CLEVELAND'S LETTERS.

I have just gotten the following letter through THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH in re-

zard to Mrs. Clevelaud's autograph: PHILADELPHIA, July 30, 1890. My Dear Miss Grundy, Jr.: In your letter of "Washington Gossip" of a week or so ago you mention an offer made by a gentleman of \$500 for the autograph of Mrs. Cleveland. I have a letter from this lady ad-dressed to me August 12, 1886, containing 80 words beside the envelope. I received it in re-ply to a little gift which I sent to her on the re-turn of her birthday of that year, togother with one sent to Miss Mollie Vilas at the same time. This I offer for sale to the highest bidder. If the person to whom you refer in your letter

the person to whom you refer in your letter bas not been gratified by a purchase, I would be pleased to correspond with him. Could you send me his address, or any other you may have a knowledge of. If successful you shall be remembered by yours truly, MRS. M. R. LAWBENCE,

I am sorry to tell Mrs. Lawrence that the \$500 gentleman has left Washington, and that I do not know of anyone who is willing

to give \$6 25 a word for any of Mrs. Cleve-land's autograph letters.

THE STANFORDS' UNIVERSITY.

summer in studying up matters in connec-

summer in studying up matters in connec-tion with their new university. They have found some improvements in the lavaiory system and in the sieeping arrangements of girls in European colleges which is an im-provement on the plans made for them here, and they have just eabled directions to California to have the work stopped on the colleges there notif these new place are in-

A BOSS LIAR'S STORY.

A MONTH'S VACATION.

She expects to make a catch this season and she has a wardrobe which she bought on in-staiments. Think of wearing a dress before it is paid for and of paying so much per month after it is worn out. Well, that is what this young lady is doing, and inna-much as she is beantiful and accomplianed, I will not be surprised if she drops her cleri-cal work after this season and takes the place of a Madam Midas, whose check is good with Worth.

A KOBEAN QUEEN.

gard to Mrs. Cleveland's autograph:

pecting parents.

sold here.

tions gave more fully the fine distinctions and the peculiar beauties of the Russian novelist. They upheld him as the apostle of realism, and are disgusted in seeing their idol shattered as the purveyor of dirt. The keeping of the "Kreutzer Sonata" out of the mails has created a great demand for the book, and at least 10,000 copies have been soldhere.

WASHINGTON, August 16 .- The down-

ple in Korea are supposed to be weeping. If the old rule prevails every man in the

country will put on a hat as big as an um-brells, will hide his face behind a fan and

DINSMORE COMING HOME.

Colonel Dinamore, our former Minister to Korea, is now on his way home, and he is expected at Washington shortly. He will probably be given another mission as soon as

probably be given another mission as soon as the Democrats come into power. He is one of the closest friends of the King of Korea.

Judge Denny, who has for years been ine adviser of the King of Korea, at a salary of \$12,000 a year, is also coming back to Amer-ica, and we have had diplomats by the dozen

ica, and we have had diplomats by the dozen in Washington during the last two weeks. The diplomats are occasionally seen in the street cars, and in riding to the White House the other day I saw one of them do a very mean thing. The car was passing the National Hotel and the rain was pouring down with all its summer strength. The car was full and this diplomat had his seat at the end of the car. Just at this points.

the driver, "Drivair, why do you stop thees car. You know it ees full." By this time

the lady was so frightened that she jumped

off the car and went back to the pavement.

SCALPING STREET CAR TICKETS.

One of the meanest men in Washington

is worth all the way from \$200,000 to \$500,-000, and I see him adding to his pile every day in one of these red 5-cent Washington herdics, which goes past his \$50,000 resi-dence and on to the Capitol. This man in-variable takes a such for for the for

dence and on to the Capitol. This man have a variably takes a seat near the fare box, buys a package of tickets of six of a quarter and when anyone passes him up  $\delta$  cents to put into the box he puts the nickel in his

pocket and puts one of these tickets which

have cost him 41-6 cents into the box. On

rainy days he must make at least as much

as 6 and 7 cents a ride, and as his income is probably not over \$20,000 or \$30,000 a year, the poor man ought to have it. The houses of the capital are constantly

improving. You can't get a decent house in a fashionable quarter inside the boundary now for less than \$12,000, and is

used to be that you could get the same thing for \$8,000. I know of a dozen houses which are offered for sale at from \$75,000 to \$100,000

each, and there are at least 100 \$50,000 houses within a mile of the White House.

BENTS OF HOUSES.

Rents have gone away up out of sight, and there are, I venture, 1,000 houses now empty and ready for the occupants of the next season. While people are away they have to pay to have their houses taken care

of, and there are men here who see that the

dogs and cats are fed regularly, have them aired daily, and see that they are well guarded at night. This is a necessity in

Washington on account of junk thieves. Furnished houses rent for just twice what a house will rent for unfurnished, and the

most ordinary house will bring \$150 a month if there are a lot of dingy old chairs and tables and a bed or two within it. For

\$1,800 a year you get very fair quarters at

the Shoreham, to which, by the way, the Vice President is now putting an addition. This does not include, however, what you

eat and drink. From this you will see that

living grows higher and higher here year after year. Miss GRUNDY, JR.

TO BE SEEN AT WASHINGTON.

Story of an Irish Corporal in Attendance

When General Sheridan was in command

of the Military Department of the North-

west at Chicago-so the story goes-he had, as a sort of door-tender and factotum at his

office in the city, an Irish corporal whose

faithfulness was not to be questioned, but

on General Sheridan.

By this time

will dress in yellow sackeloth.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE STANFORDS. able. It sounds very much as a xylophone slightly out of tune, only it has rather more brilliancy of tone. Other features of the cave are quite tame. This little village of Manitou is getting to have a strong belief in itself. For years if stood still, trembling at its power, con-scious of its possibilities, but not knowing what the world thought. To-day, if I wanted to invest small sums, I would plant it down on any dirt or stone in Manitou and A Lady Offers to Sell One of Mrs. Cleve-

privilege of being born there; and this friend of mine, who is the editor of the Western Scotsman, recommended the old gentle-man to me, and said he had several literary projects in mind, that a brother Scotmeaning me, I presume-might be inter-ested in. Besides that, I had heard of the Bethune case-it was a famous law suit in the North a couple of generations or more ago; and I was prepared to do what little I could for the old man, who, I understood, wasn't very well off. I confess I was rather surprised when he called; his appearance, his self-importance, and the way he talked was certainly unusual. I have always had a sort of impression that a man who could recite poetry to another man, without shamefacedness, must be either a maniac or a mountebank; but this old gentleman could pour out screeds of Scotch verse apparently with perfect sincerity and pride. Well, that was all!

"That was all?" she repeated, eyeing him shrewdly. "Yes."

"You are sure?"

"What do you mean? That is really all I know of the old gentleman; 1sn't that what you asked?" "But was that the whole of the interview

if I may be so impertinent as to inquire?"

she demanded again. "Oh, yes, it was," Lord Musselburgh said; and then he added, indifferently: "Of course I subscribed something toward the publication of a book he mentioned-he had written to me before about the project."

"Oh, there was money?" she said quickty. A slight tinge on Lord Musselburgh's forehead showed that he had not intended to make this admission.

"Oh, nothing-a trifle-it is usual when a book is coming out by subscription." Mrs. Ellison sat silent for a little while;

there was plenty going on on the river to interest her companion. Then by-and-by she said slowly: "Well, I had intended to keep clear of

these new friends of Vin's. I thought it would be more prudent for me to know nothing. It is true, I was introduced to them yesterday afternoon; but I wished that to be all; I thought I would rather withdraw, and let things take their course. But I don't know that that would be honest and right. Vin is a young man with many fine and noble qualities-perhaps a little too fine and noble for the ordinary work-a-day world; and I think he ought to have the benefit of my sadly-earned experience and silous nature.

Lord Musselburgh langhod; he did not

Lord Musselburgh langnod; he did not take her too seriously. "He is my own boy," she continued, "I would do suything for him. And I'm not going to let him be entrapped—if that is what all this means. I know he is very angry with me just now; probably he would not speak to me if he were to meat me this minute; but that won't prevent my speak-ing to him. I'm going to put my pride in my pocket, Lord Musselburgh. I'm going to find out something more about this picturesque old gentleman, who talks so grandly about the Bestons, and the de Bethunes, and their coats of arms, and who Betrunes, and their coats of srms, and who accepts a £10 note—or perhaps only a £5 note?—on account of a book that is not yet published. He has imposed on Vin com-pletely; Vin treats him with the greatest respect—fetches him a tumbler of claret listens to every word as if it came from an oracle; and winds up by quarreling with me because I won't be instant friends with the venerable Bede. The truth is that Vin, with all his impertinence-but it is only with all his impertment-forgetting my to me he is impertment-forgetting my

age and relationship toward him-he has a very simple and honest belief in human nature; and when he becomes a champion he champions hotly; perhaps the pretty and plaintive eyes of the girl have had something to do with it. But if there is any sort of scheme on foot for getting hold of the son of so notoriously wealthy a man as Har-land Harris, then I want to make a little inquiry. Yesterday Vin complained that I enough. "You are very kind; but the fact for the poor; it is a curse; it is the most cruel is you would come with a prejudice; and so you'd better not come at all." "Well, she had to be circumspect; for not

only was her own boatman behind her, but there was a possibility of some stray sen-tences penetrating into the saloon. "Come," she said, in a sort of undertone, to him; and she had a pretty, coaxing, goodnatured way with her when she chose am not going to allow you to quarrel with me, Vin; and I bring a flag of truce; and honorable proposals. I saw you were of-fended with me last evening; and perhaps I was a little selfsh in refusing your invita-tion; but you see I confess the error of my ways, for here I am begging you to ask me

'Oh, if you put it that way, aunt-" "Oh, no, I don't put it that way." she said. "Not if you speak like that. Come, be amiable! I've just been talking to Lord said. Musselburgh-

"And, of course, you crammed all your wild ideas into his head!" he exclaimed. "Whoever heard of poor me having

ideas!" with a winning good humor to which he could not but yield. "It isn't for me to have ideas, but I may have preju-dices; and I'm going to leave them all on board the Villeggiatura this evening, if you say yes."

"Or course I say yes-when you are like yourself, sunt," he responded at once, "and I shall be very glad indeed. And what is more," said he, in a still lower tone, "when you have really met-certain people-and when you have to confess that you have

been unjust, I don't mean to triumph over you. Not a bit. If you have done any injustice, you know yourself how to make it up-to them. Now that's all right and settied; and I'm really glad you're comin Seven o'clock; and the dress you've got on.

"Oh, but, mind yon," said she, "you don't seem to appreciate my goodness in humbling mysel, so as to pacify your honor-able worship. Do you know what I shall have to do besides? How am I to explain to the Lawrences my running away from their party? And here is Lord Musselburgh come down; and he expected-at least, I suppose he may have expected-that

"But bring him along with you!" Her nephew cried instantly. "Ob, no, thanks," she said. "I must leave him to amuse the Drexel girls; they will be surprised when they find I have to leave at seven. So you see what I am do-ing for you, Vin—"" "You're always good to me, aunt—when you choose to he you could available nephew cried instantly

You re always good to me, aunt-when you choose to be reasonable and exercise your common sense-" "Common sense!" she retorted, with a malicious laugh in her eyes. Then she said, quite seriously: "Very well, Vin; 7 o'clock; that is an excellent hour, leaving us all a pice long availant for

us all a nice long evening; for I must ge back to the Villeggiatura early; Lord Mus selburgh returns to town to-night, I suppos by the last train." "You won't come on board for a little

while now?" "Not just now, thank you. Goodby for the present!" "Goodby!"

And so that was all well and amicably settled. But Master Vin, though young in years, had not tumbled about the world for nothing; and a little reflection convinced him that his pretty aunt's charge of purpose him that his pretty aunt's change of purpose —her abandonment of her resolve to remain discreetly aloof.—had not been prompted solely, if at all, by her wish to have that little misunderstanding between him and her removed. That could have been done at any time; a few words of apology and ap-peal, and there an end. This humble seeking for an invitation, which she had definitely refused the day before meant more than that; it meant that she had resolved to find out something further about these strangers. Very well.

and baleful thing in the world, destroying self-respect, destroying hope, ambition everything. Oh, I know the heresy I'm

talking. There's Master Vin's papa; he is never done preaching the divine attributes of poverty; and I have no doubt there are a good many others who would be content to fall down and worship la bonne deesse de la pauvrete-on £30,000 s year. Master Vin sniggered; he was aware that this was not the only direction in which the principles and practice of the philosopher of

Grosvenor Place were somewhat inconsist-ent. However, it was old George Bethune who now spoke-as one having experience "I quite agree," said he to Mrs. Ellison. 'I can conceive of nothing more demoraliz-

ing to the nature of man or woman than harsh and hopeless poverty, a slavery from which there is no prospect of escape. My granddaughter and I have known what it is to be poor; we know it now; but in our case

to be poor; we know it now; but in our case every day brings possibilities—we breathe a wider air, knowing that at any moment news may come. Then tancy plays her part; and imagination can brighten the next day for us, if the present be dark enough. Hope-less poverty—that is the terrible thing; the weary toil leading to nothing; perhaps the unfortunate wretch sinking deeper and deeper and Mairris deeper into the Slough of Despond. Maisrie and I have met with trials; but we have

and 1 have met with thats; but we have borne them with a stout heart; and perhaps we have been cheered-at least I know I have been-by some distant prospect of the bonnie mill-dams o' Balloray, and a happier future for us both."

"Balloray?" she repeated, inquiringly. Balloray, in Fife. Perhaps you have never heard of the Balloray law suit, and I will not inflict any history of it upon you at present," he continued, with lofty com-plaisance. "I was merely saying that poverty is not so hard to bear when there re brighter possibilities always before you If, in our case, we are barred in law by the statute of limitations, there is no statute of limitations in the chapter of accidents.

And some remarkable instances have oc-curred. I remmember one in which a father, two sons and a daughter were all

lather, two sons and a daughter were all drowned at once by the sinking of a ship, and the property went bodily over to the younger branch of the family, who had been penniless for years. It is the unexpected that happens, secording to the saying; and so we move from day to day toward fresh possibilities; and who can tell what morning possibilities, and who can bell what morning may not bring us a summons to make straight for the kingdom of Fife? Not for my granddaughter here; and I should pass happily away and contented if I could leave her in sole and undisputed possession

of the ancient lands of the Bethunes of Balloray.

What pang was this that shot through Vincent's heart? He suddenly saw Maisrie removed from him-a great heiress—unap-proachable—guarded by this old man with his unconquerable pride of lineage and birth. She might not forget old friends; but he? The Harris family had plenty of monor: but these had nothing to dd to the

money; but they had nothing to add to the fesse between three mascles, or, and the otter's head, nor had any of their ancestors, so far as was known, accompanied Marga-ret of Scotland on her marriage with the Dauphin of France, or taken arms along with the great Maximilien de Bethune, duo de Sully. In imagination the young saw himself a lonely pedestrain in man Fifeshire, regarding from a distance a vast baro-nial building set amid black Scotch firs and lighter larches, and not daring even to draw near the great gate with the otter's head in stone over the archway. He saw the Toi qui as le cœur gal.

Lui ya longtemps que je t'aime, Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

Did she notice the soft dwelling on the r' Vincent asked himself; and had she even heard anything so strangely fascinating Then the simple pathos of the story-if ther

was any story-'Chante, rossignol, chante, Toi qui as le cœur a rire, Moi je l'ai-t-a pleurer, To as le cœur a rire,

Moi je l'ai-t-a pleurer; " J'ai perdu ma maitresse Sans l'avoir merite

Lui ya longtemps que je t'aime, Jamais je ne t'oublierai.'

"That is enough," said Maisrie, with smile, and she laid the violin in her lap "It is too long. You never hear it sung al-together in Canada-only a verse here and "But is there more?"-oh, please sing the rest of it-it is delightful-so quaint, and

simple, and charming!" Mrs. Ellison ex-claimed; and Master Vin was a proud and glad young man; he knew that Maisrie had all unaided struck home. The girl took up her violin again, and re-

Jai perdu ma maitresse Sans l'avoir merite, Pour un bouquet de roses Que je lui refusai.

Pour un bouquet de roses Que je lui refusai. Je voudrais que la rose Fut encore au rosier. Je voudrais que la rose

Fut encore au rosler, Et moi et ma maitresse Dans les mem's amities

Lui ya longtemps que je t'aime, Jamais je ne t'oublierai!

Weil, when the singing. if it could be called singing, was over, Mrs. Ellison made the usual little compliments, which nobody minded one way or the other. But presently she had to leave; and while she was being rowed up the river by her nephew she was silent. When they reached the villeggia-tura (the people were all outside, amid the confused light of lanterns in the dusk) she said to him, in a low voice. as she bade him goodby-"Vin, let me whisper something to you

a confession. Claire Fontaine has done for me. That girl is a good girl. She is all right, anyway."

[To be Continued Next Sunday.] EXTRAVAGANCE IN CARDS.

### Mrs. Leinad Stanford Recently Paid \$85 for Fifty of Them.

Five hundred thousand visiting cards have been engraved in Washington this season, says the Paper World. One sta-

stionery firm has turned out 300,000 in the last two months, and the money spent on pasteboard during a season amounts to tens of thousands of dollars. The most ordinary card costs 1 cent apiece after the plate is made, and some of the dinner invitations sent out cost \$10 a dozen. A prominent item of the expense account of a Washing ton belle is her engraving and printing, and society ladies who give dinners spend at times hundreds of dollars upon the station-

ery for a feast. Mrs. Leland Stanford lately paid \$85 for So cards to be used as menues for one of her big dinners. The map of the United States was stamped in silver on the cards and the drawings and engravings were exquisite. At the dinner which General Breckinridge any time; a few words of apology and appeal, and there an end. This humble seeking for an invitation, which she had definitely refused the day before meant more than that; it meant that she had resolved to find out something further, she was welcome; at the same time he was resolved to receive this second visit not as he had received the first. He was no longer anxieus about the impression these

In connection with Maniton it is perma-nently the fashionable resort of the State, but to the denizen of Colorado, Wagon Wheel Gap has greater attractionssumably on account of the fishing. At this season these two little sister towns here at the foot of Pike's Peak are thronged with every variety of health and pleasure seeker. and they are both alive to their advantages in the way of improvement and "making hay while the sun shines." Real estate and rents are as high in Colorado Springs as in Denver. It has just ribboned its yast territory with the Sprague system of electric railroads, which like Mark Twain's New England weather, "sticks out over the edges" as far as Cheyenne canyon and Maniton. Electric roads labor under the disadvantages out here of electric storms. Only a few days previous to my stay there the lightning had come to town over their cable and burnt the insulation of the system quite seriously; and this scribbler was left out at the mouth of Cheyenne canyon two hours in a beating rainstorm, because the power house folks had feared another similar catastrophy, and had eut off our connection. I came near having to pay for a carriage I had ordered, but could not use because I could not get to

damages?

it. Would I have had a justifiable case for THE HONEYMOON AT SEA. ENERGETIC MANITOU.

London Hospital.]

ENERGETIC MANITOU. Manitou, of course, is the place of places out here to see the world in its best clothes. The little burg is about to get "too big for its knickerbockers," so to speak. Where it is going to grow to if it keeps on growing I cannot see. Colorado City is fast occupying the ground farther down stream, and the lit-tle gorge above is about full now. Houses are perched upon the hillsides like bird cases, and in some of them you might as an are percened upon the fillsides like bird cages, and in some of them you might go up steps to get into the first story and down steps to get into the second. Manitou is swelling full of sight seers now-bran new batches that have never been here before-going around wide mouthed and wild eyed among its many attractions. People "hire a hack" and "do it" in a day, and their stonishment is often so great that they ex-

astonianment is often so great that they ex-pect most anything. Your correspondent being anxious to get some photos of the D. & R. G. passenger depot-the most unique thing in its line he ever saw-and also wishing views of other eranny little nooks that abound here, took an early train out while the "light was right." As the train slowed up at a cross-ing he concluded to step off down town and

ing he concluded to step off down town and snap his shutter up as he went, but he had underestimated the speed of the train, and failing to keep his legs under him, went roll-ing down thealope, and after repeated somer-saults "ended up" just at a carriage full of sightseers. He waved his hand as an acrobat, and laughed up into their faces at his own mishap, but he got not a single re-sponsive smile—only the most wide-mouthed wonder on every face. Again he made some humorous remark about his made some humorous remark about his tumble, but the funereal expression was still prevailing as they drove away. As I returned I was laughing with the brake-man, and remarked that I could not account for the soberness of the people. "O," he mao, and remarked that I could not account for the soberness of the people. "O," he said, "they were not looking for anything humorous; they thought it a feature of the climate or the scenery. They expect any-thing to turn up here." I guess when I "turned up" their woulder was that my neck

was not broken. A COGWHEEL BAILBOAD.

The cogwheel railroad upon Pike's Peak

Sure enough—so the slory runs—she was on hand in a short time, and asked for a box of "rough on rats," and the merchant, to accommodate her, mixed up a potion, o which flour was the main ingredient, which she paid for, and left the store. The store-keeper in the meantime notified the husband of her actions, and when he went home for his meal he was prepared for the next act. The meal was eaten in silence, and upon from his weak ankle. When he sits still its completion, he began to complain of for any length of time his foot goes to sleep, pains, and went into the next room and laid and when he rises this makes him stagger pains, and went into the next room and laid down on the lounge and pretended to be helplessly sick. The vindictive woman quickly went upstairs and getting a rope dropped it down through a pipehole, fasten-ing one end to a bedpost, then coming down disease. stairs again, made a loop, placed it around the neck of the apparently sick man, she then hurried upstairs and drew the rope taut The story of his brain being unbalanced and pulling on the same until she had, as she thought, her husband suspended. She then burried out and informed the neighbors reminds me of a remarkable sensation which reminds me of a remarkable sensation which was sprung several years ago in regard to his mental condition. It was then stated by one of the champion liars of the United States that Stanford's body worked just in that he had hung himself. They rushed in, and behold, he was sitting on the lounge States that Stanford's body worked just in the opposite direction from his mind and will. If he wanted to go to sleep he was sure to stay awake, and if he wanted very much to keep awake his eyes would spring together like a rat trap when the cheese within it was bitten. If he wanted to go to he North his limbs would wall him off to coolly smoking his pipe, while suspended from the rope was a small stove. The discomfited woman ran upstairs to escape the laughter of her neighbors, while he ex-plained that when she had gone, after hav-ing placed the rope around his neck, he had the North his limbs would pull him off to the South, and the result was that to do anyquickly fastened it to the top of the store.

How the Romance is Soon Taken Out of the Poetic Season.

#### is perhaps a little neavy and ne might re-duce his abdomen with comfort, but he has had nothing to do with the doctors and pre-fers to doctor himself. He does not believe in paying \$50 or \$5 for a guess as to his con-A little conversation overheard one evening seems to indicate that a sea voyage is not always the happiest way of spending one's honeymoon: "Darling, are you betdition, and he believes in travel as a health ter?" says first turtle dove. "No, dearest, preserver. worse! What is the use of having a doctor on board who can not cure seasickness, dar-The Department clerks are many of them ling?" A significant pause. "It is absurd," away on leave. Every clerk who works for the Government has the right to one month's says the first turtle dove again. "But how foolish of you not to spend our honeymoon vacation during the year and her salary goes on all the same. Many of the Departon shore, dearest! I am sure we shall never enjoy it here." Those people who may be nent girls save up during the whole year in ment girls save up curing the whole year an order to cut a swell during this month. They go to the seashore with a good ward robe, register themselves from Washingtor and have a time that is giddy and gay. unfortunate enough to have taken to artificial teeth should use exceeding circumspection when they go down to the sea in ships. "What a splendid dentist seasick-ness is. I had the whole of my teeth pulled and have a time that is giddy and gay. I know of one very pretty maiden who will spend her vacation at Long Branch and Cape May. She is the daughter of one of the most prominent Governors of the coun-try a couple of decades ago, but her father unfortunately died poor and left her with very fat tastes and a very lean pocketbook. She expects to make a catch this season and he has a wardpack which are most as in out at one vomit," said a patient to the doetor one morning. Several dentists have stated that it is by no means an uncommon occurrence of persons to finish a voyage in a practically toothless condition. Dr. Dutton is inclined to think that sea-

sickness is in many cases nothing more than a righteous retribution following hard upon physiological sins. "A young man," he says, "is about to go abroad. He, of course, must see everyons and everything before leaving. So for a few weeks before his de-parture he lives a life of thoughtlessness, eats and drinks far more than is necessary eats and drinks far more than is necessary and lands on board suffering from catarrh of the stomach and congestion of the liver and just in the proper condition to receive a terrible recompense. The consequence is that instead of having an enjoyable and healthful passage he has a most miserable one, and it takes him the whole time to get himself right again."

# A SIMPLE BAROMETER.

The Japanese Bamboo Screen Acts as Weather Prophet With Accuracy. New York Tribune.]

The cogwheel railroad upon Pike's Peak is complete only to the Halfway House which by the railroad route is not half way at all, but only about two miles. They hops now to finish it by September, and as I wanted to ascend by that route I shall wait, but I have a suspicion that it will be some other September. They do say the boilers of the engines on the ground are not large enough, and they do deny it. I met an Englishman in St. Louis in June who thought the whole thing frail, and tem-porary, "not 'all so strong as that upon the Bhigi, you know." I suppose he still

college there until these new plans arrive. who had a way, sometimes troublesome o t present 26 mai ns and stonecutters are thrown out of work by the stopping of the building, and they can do nothing until they taking everything exactly as it was said. One day a gentleman called at the head have the new plans.

quarters, and asked: There are in all about 1,000 men working "Is the General to be seen to-day?" on this Palo Alto University, and the stone "Faix, I think he is that, sorr," said cutters number 200. The clear condition of Senator Stanford's mind is evidenced by his Corporal Michael. work upon it. His head is as clear as a bell, and the statements that he has paresis comes

Youth's Companion.]

"Then I will step in, if you please." The corporal bowed the visitor into the General's anteroom. There was no sign of Sheridan, but the visitor, thinking that he had stepped out for a moment, and would presently return, sat down to wait. He waited half an hour or more, and then

little before he can get himself firm on his pins. He has, however, perfect control of his limbs, which, I understand, is not the began to grow impatient. Finally he re-turned to the corporal at the door. "See here, corporal," said he, "I thought case with persons afflicted with the above

you told me General Sheridan was to be "And so he is, sorr-at Washington!" said

the corporal, in a matter-of-fact way.

ARTEMUS WARD'S LAST JEST.

### A Little Anecdote From the Pen of Joseph Jefferson.

Joseph Jefferson, in his autobiography in the forthcoming Century, relates what was probably the last jest of Artemus Ward:

When the famous wit lay dying in Southampton he was tended by his devoted friend, "Tom" Robertson, the English play-wright, who was also a friend of Jefferson. "Just be ore Ward's desth," writes Mr.

thing that was necessary to be done he had to desire to do the opposite thing to be able to do the necessary one. The truth is Senator Stanford is as healthy Jefferson, "Robertson poured out some med-icine in a glass and offered it to his friend, a millionaire as there is in the country. He is perhaps a little heavy and he might re-"Ward said: 'My dear Tom, I can't take that dreadful stuff.'

"'Come, said Robertson,' urging him to swallow the nauseous drug; 'there's a dear fellow. Do, now, for my sake; you know I

would do anything for you.' "'Would you?' said Ward, feebly stretching out his hand to grasp his friend's, perhaps for the last time.

'I would indeed,' said Robertson. " 'Then you take it,' said Ward. The humorist passed away but a few hours after-

ward.' He Needed an Elevator.

New York World.]

Elevator boy (to old Mr. Kentuck, who has just arrived at the hotel)-Will you

take an elevator, air? Old Kentuck (smiling broadly)-Waal, I don't keer ef I do. I'm feelin's little low sperited jes' at present.

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