THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE.

BY CONAN DOYLE.

I had called upon my friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, one day in the autumn of last year, and found him in deep conversation with a very stout, florid-faced, elderly gentleman, with fiery red hair.

The portly client puffed out his chest with an appearance of some little pride, and pulled a dirty and wrinkled newspaper from the inside pocket of his great coat.

As he glanced down the advertisement column, with his head thrust forward and the paper flattened out upon his knee, I took a good look at the man, and endeavored, after the fashion of my companion, to read the indications which might be presented by his dress or appearance.

I did not gain very much, however, by my inspection. Our visitor bore every mark of being an average commonplace British tradesman, obese, pompous and slow. He wore rather baggy gray shepherd's check trousers, a not over clean black frock coat, unbuttoned in the front, and a drab waistcoat, with a heavy brassy Albert chain, and a square pierced bit of metal dangling down as an ornament. A frayed top hat and a faded brown overcoat with a wrinkled velvet collar lay upon a chair, beside him. Altogether, look as I would, there was nothing remarkable about the man save his blazing red head and the expression of extreme chagrin and discontent upon his features.

"Can you not find the advertisement, Mr. Wilson?" asked Holmes.

"Yes, I have got it now," he answered, with his thick, red finger planted half-way down the column. "Here it is. This is what began it all. You just read it for yourself, sir."

I took the paper from him, and read as follows:

To the Red-Headed League:

On account of the bequest of the late Ezekiah Hopkins of Lebanon, Penn., U. S. A., there is now another vacancy open which entitles a member of the league to a salary of £4 a week for purely nominal services. All red-headed men who are sound in body and mind and above the age of 21 years are eligible. Apply in person on Monday, at 11 o'clock, to Duncan Ross, at the office of the league, 7 Pope's court, Fleet street.

"What on earth does this mean?" I ejaculated, after I had twice read over the extraordinary announcement.

Holmes chuckled and wriggled in his chair, as was his habit when in high spirits. Then he said:

"Very good. Now, Mr. Wilson?"

"Well, it is just as I have been telling you, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said Jabez Wilson, mopping his forehead. "I have a small pawnbroker's business at Coburg square, near the city. It's not a very large affair, and of late years it has not done more than just give me a living. I used to be able to keep two assistants, but now I only keep one; and I would have a job to pay him, but that he is willing to come for half wages so as to learn the business."

"What is the name of this obliging youth?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"His name is Vincent Spaulding, and he's not such a youth either."

"He is still with you, I presume?"

"Yes, sir. He and a girl of 14, who does a bit of simple cooking and keeps the place clean—that's all I have in the house, for I am a widower, and never had any family. We live very quietly, sir, the three of us; and we keep a roof over our heads, and pay our debts, if we do nothing more.

"The first thing that put us out was that advertisement. Spaulding, he came down into the office just this day eight weeks with this very paper in his hand, and he says:

"'I wish to the Lord, Mr. Wilson, that I was a red-headed man.'

"'Why that?' I asks.

"'Why,' says he, 'here's another vacancy on the League of the Red-Headed Men. It's worth quite a little fortune to any man who gets it. If my hair would only change color, here's a nice little crib already for me to step into.'

"'Why, what is it, then?' I asked.

"'Have you never heard of the League of Red-Headed Men?' he asked, with his eyes open. 'Why, I wonder at that, for you are eligible yourself for one of the vacancies.'

"'And what are they worth?' I asked.

"'Oh, merely a couple of hundred a year, but the work is slight and it need not interfere very much with one's other occupation.'

"Well, you can easily think that that made me prick up my ears. 'Tell me all about it,' said I.

"'Well,' said he, showing me the advertisement, 'you can see for yourself that the league has a vacancy, and there is the address where you should apply for particulars. As far as I can make out the league was founded by an American millionaire, Ezekiah Hopkins, who was very peculiar in his ways. He was himself red-headed, and he had a great sympathy for all red-headed men; so, when he died it was found that he had left his enormous fortune in the hands of trustees, with instructions to apply the interest to the providing of easy berths to men whose hair is of that color. From all I hear it is splendid pay, and very little to do.'

"Spaulding seemed to know so much about it that I thought he might prove useful, so I just ordered him to put up the shutters for the day and to come right away with me. He was very willing to have a holiday, so we shut the business up and started off for the address that was given us in the advertisement.

"There was nothing in the office but a couple of wooden chairs and a deal table, behind which sat a small man, with a head that was even redder than mine.

"'This is Mr. Jabez Wilson,' said my assistant, 'and he is willing to fill a vacancy in the league.'

"'And he is admirably suited for it,' the other answered. 'He has every requirement. I cannot recall when I have seen anything so fine.' He took a step backward, cocked his head on one side and gazed at my hair until I felt quite bashful. Then suddenly he plunged forward, wrung my hand, and congratulated me warmly on my success.

"'It would be injustice to wait,' said he. 'You will, however, I am sure, excuse me for taking an obvious precaution.' With that he seized my hair in both his hands, and tugged until I yelled with pain.

"'My name,' said he, 'is Mr Duncan Ross, and I am myself one of the pensioners upon the fund left by our noble benefactor. When shall you be able to enter upon your new duties?'

"'Well, it is a little awkward, for I have a business already,' said I.

"'Oh, never mind about that, Mr. Wilson!' said Vincent Spaulding. 'I shall be able to look after that for you.'

"'What would be the hours?' I asked.

"'Ten to two.'

"Now a pawnbroker's business is mostly done of an evening, Mr. Holmes, especially Thursday and Friday evening, which is just before pay day; so it would suit me very well to earn a little in the mornings. Besides I knew that my assistant was a good man and that he would see to anything that turned up.

"'That would suit me very well,' said I. 'And the pay?'

"'Is £4 a week.'

"'And the work?'

"'Well, you have to be in the office, or at least in the building, the whole time. If you leave you forfeit your whole position forever. The will is very clear upon that point. You don't comply with the conditions if you budge from the office during that time.'

"'It's only four hours a day, and I should not think of leaving,' said I.

"'No excuse will avail,' said Mr. Duncan Ross, 'neither sickness nor business, nor anything else. There you must stay or you lose your billet.'

"'And the work?'

"'Is to copy out the "Encyclopedia Britannica." There is the first volume of it in that press. You must find your own ink, pens and blotting paper, but we provide this table and chair. Will you be ready to-morrow?'

"'Certainly,' I answered.

"'Then, goodby, Mr. Jabez Wilson.'

"Well, I thought over the matter all day, and by evening I was in low spirits again, for I had quite persuaded myself that the whole affair must be some great hoax or fraud, though what its object might be I could not imagine.

"Vincent Spaulding did what he could to cheer me up, but by bedtime I had reasoned myself out of the whole thing. However, in the morning I determined to have a look at it anyhow, so I bought a penny bottle of ink, and with a quill pen and seven sheets of foolscap paper, I started off for Pope's court.

"Well, to my surprise and delight everything was as right as possible. The table was set out ready for me, and Mr. Duncan Ross was there to see that I got fairly to work.

"He started me off upon the letter A, and then he left me; but he would drop in from time to time to see that all was right with me. At 2 o'clock he bade me good day, complimented me upon the amount that I had written, and locked the door of the office after me.

"This went on day after day, Mr. Holmes, and on Saturday the manager came in and planked down four golden sovereigns for my week's work. It was the same next week, and the same the week after.

Every morning I was there at 10, and

THIS IS WHAT BEGAN IT ALL.

every afternoon I left by 2. By degrees Mr. Duncan Ross took to coming in only once of a morning, and then, after a time, he did not come in at all.

"Still, of course, I never dared to leave the room for an instant, for I was not sure when he might come, and the billet was such a good one, and suited me so well, that I would not risk the loss of it.

"Eight weeks passed away like this, and I had written about Abbots, and Archery, and Armour, and Architecture, and Attica, and hoped with diligence that I might get on to the Bs before long. It cost me something in foolscap, and I had pretty nearly filled a shelf with my writings. And then suddenly the whole business came to an end."

"To an end?"

"Yes, sir. And no later than this morning. I went to my work as usual at 10 o'clock, but the door was shut and locked, with a little square of cardboard hammered on to the middle of the panel with a tack. Here it is, and you can read for yourself."

He held up a piece of cardboard, about the size of a sheet of notepaper. It read in this fashion:

THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE

IS

DISSOLVED. OCT. 9, 1890.

Sherlock Holmes and I surveyed this curt announcement and the rueful face behind it, until the comical side of the affair so completely overtopped every other consideration that we both burst out into a roar of laughter.

"Pray what steps did you take when you found the card upon the door?" at last inquired Holmes.

"I was staggered, sir. I did not know what to do. Then I called at the offices around, but none of them seemed to know anything about it. Finally I went to the landlord, who is an accountant living on the ground floor, and asked him if he could tell me what had become of the Red-Headed League. He said that he had never heard of any such body. Then I asked him who Mr. Duncan Ross was. He answered that the name was new to him."

"'Well,' said I, 'the gentleman at No. 4.'

"'Oh,' said he, 'the red-headed man? His name is William Morris. He was a solicitor, and was using my room as a temporary convenience until his new premises were ready. He moved out yesterday to his new offices, No. 17 King Edward street, near St. Paul's.'

"I started off, Mr. Holmes, but when I got to that address it was a manufactory of artificial knee-caps, and no one in it had ever heard of either Mr. William Morris or Mr. Duncan Ross, so I went home to Saxe-Coburg square, and I took the advice of my assistant. But he could not help me in any way."

"Well, Watson," said Holmes, when our visitor had left us, "what do you make of it all?"

"I make nothing of it," I answered, frankly. "It is a most mysterious business."

"This business at Coburg square is serious," said Holmes; "I shall want your help to-night."

"At what time?"

"Ten will be early enough."

"I shall be at Baker street at 10."

"Very well. And, I say, doctor! there may be some little danger, so kindly put your army revolver in your pocket."

It was 9:15 when I started from home and made my way across the park, and so through Oxford street to Baker street.

Two hansoms were standing at the door, and, as I entered the passage, I heard the sound of voices from above.

On entering his room I found Holmes in animated conversation with two men, one of whom I recognized as Peter Jones, the official police agent, while the other was a long, thin, sad-faced man, with a very shiny hat and oppressively respectable frock coat.

"Ha! our party is complete," said Holmes, buttoning up his peajacket and taking his heavy hunting crop from the rack. "Watson, I think you know Mr.

WITH THAT HE SEIZED MY HAIR.

Jones, of Scotland Yard? Let me introduce you to Mr. Merryweather, who is to be our companion in to-night's adventure."

"I hope a wild goose may not prove to be the end of our chase," observed Mr. Merryweather gloomily.

"I think you will find," said Sherlock Holmes, "that you will play for a higher stake to-night than you have ever done yet, and that the play will be more exciting. For you, Mr. Merryweather, the stake will be some £30,000; and for you, Jones, it will be the man upon whom you wish to lay your hands."

"John Clay, the murderer, thief, smasher and forger," said the police agent in explanation. "He's a young man, Mr. Merryweather, but he is at the head of his profession, and I would rather have my bracelets on him than on any criminal in London. He's a remarkable man, is young John Clay.

"His grandfather was a royal duke, and he himself has been to Eton and Oxford. His brain is as cunning as his fingers, and though we meet signs of him at every turn, we never know where to find the man himself.

"He'll crack a crib in Scotland one week, and be raising money to build an orphanage in Cornwall the next. I've been on his track for years, and have never set eyes on him yet."

Sherlock Holmes was not very communicative during the long drive, and lay back in the cab humming the tunes which he had heard in the afternoon.

We rattled through an endless labyrinth of gas-lit streets until we emerged into Farrington street, and had reached the same crowded thoroughfare in which we had found ourselves in the morning.

Our cabs were dismissed, and, following the guidance of Mr. Merryweather, we passed down a narrow passage and through a side door which he opened for us. Within there was a small corridor, which ended in a very massive iron gate. This also was opened, and led down a flight of winding stone steps which terminated at another formidable gate.

Mr. Merryweather stopped to light a lantern and then conducted us down a dark, earth-smelling passage, and so, after opening a third door, into a huge vault or cellar, which was piled all around with crates and massive boxes.

The solemn Mr. Merryweather perched himself upon a crate, with a very injured expression upon his face, while Holmes fell upon his knees upon the floor, and, with the lantern and a magnifying lens, began to examine minutely the cracks between the stones.

A few seconds sufficed to satisfy him, for he sprang to his feet again and put his glass in his pocket.

"We have at least an hour before us," he remarked, "for they can hardly take any steps until the good pawnbroker is safely in bed. Then they will not lose a minute, for the sooner they do their work the longer time they will have for their escape.

"We are at present, doctor—as no doubt you have divined—in the cellar of the city branch of one of the principal London banks. Mr. Merryweather is the chairman of directors, and he will explain to you that there are reasons why the more daring criminals of London should take considerable interest in this cellar at present."

"It is our French gold," whispered the director. "We have had several warnings that an attempt might be made upon it."

"Your French gold?"

"Yes. We had occasion some months ago to strengthen our resources, and borrowed, for that purpose, 30,000 napoleons from the Bank of France. It has become known that we have never had occasion to unpack the money, and that it is still lying in our cellar. The crate upon which I sit contains 2,000 napoleons, packed between layers of lead foil."

"Now," observed Holmes, "it is time that we arrange our little plans. I expect that within an hour matters will come to a head. In the meantime, Mr. Merryweather, we must put the screen over that dark lantern."

"And sit in the dark?"

"I am afraid so. And, first of all, we must choose our positions. These are daring men, and though we shall take them at a disadvantage, they may do us some harm, unless we are careful.

"I shall stand behind this crate, and do you conceal yourself behind those. Then, when I flash a light upon them, close in swiftly. If they fire, Watson, have no compunction about shooting them down."

I placed my revolver, cocked, upon the

COPYING THE ENCYCLOPEDIA.

top of the wooden case behind which I crouched.

Holmes shot the slide across the front of his lantern and left us in pitch darkness—such an absolute darkness as I have never before experienced. The smell of hot metal remained to assure us that the light was still there, ready to flash out at a moment's notice.

To me, with my nerves worked up to a pitch of expectancy, there was something depressing and subduing in the sudden gloom and in the cold, dank air of the vault.

"They have but one retreat," whispered Holmes. "That is back through the house into Saxe-Coburg square. I hope that you have done what I asked you, Jones?"

"I have an inspector and two officers waiting at the front door."

"Then we have stopped all the holes. And now we must be silent and wait."

From my position I could look over the case in the direction of the door. Suddenly my eyes caught the glint of a light.

At first it was but a lurid spark on the stone pavement. Then it lengthened out until it became a yellow line, and then, without any warning or sound, a gash seemed to open and a hand appeared, a white, almost womanly hand, which felt about in the center of the little area of light.

For a minute or more the hand, with its writhing fingers, protruded out of the floor. Then it was withdrawn as suddenly as it appeared, and all was dark again save the single lurid spark, which marked a chink between the stones.

Its disappearance, however, was but momentary. With a rending, tearing sound, one of the broad, white stones turned over upon its side, and left a square, gaping hole, through which streamed the light of a lantern.

Over the edge there peeped a clean-cut, boyish face, which looked keenly about, and then, with a hand on either side of the aperture, drew itself shoulder high and waist high, until one knee rested upon the edge.

In another instant he stood at the side of the hole, and was hauling after him a companion, lithe and small like himself, with a pale face and a shock of very red hair.

"It's all clear," he whispered. "Have you the chisel and the bags? Great Scott! Jump, Archie, jump, and I'll swing for it!"

Sherlock Holmes had sprung out and seized the intruder by the collar. The other dived down the hole, and I heard the sound of rending cloth as Jones clutched at his skirts. The light flashed upon the barrel of a revolver, but Holmes' hunting crop came down on the man's wrist, and the pistol clinked upon the stone floor.

"It's no use, John Clay, alias Vincent Spaulding," said Holmes blandly. "You have no chance at all."

"So I see," the other answered, with the utmost coolness. "I fancy that my pal is all right, though I see you have got his coat-tail."

"There are three men waiting for him at the door," said Holmes.

"Oh, indeed. You seem to have done the thing very completely. I must compliment you."

"You'll see your pal again presently," said Jones. "He's quicker at climbing down holes than I am. Just hold out while I fix the darbies. Now would you please march upstairs, where we can get a cab to carry you to the police station."

And John Clay walked quietly off in the custody of the detective.

"Really, Mr. Holmes," said Mr. Merryweather, as we followed them from the cellar, "I do not know how the bank can thank you or repay you. There is no doubt that you have detected and defeated

THE FIGHT IN THE CELLAR.

in the most complete manner one of the most determined attempts at bank robbery that have ever come within my experience."

"You see, Watson," Sherlock Holmes explained in the early hours of the morning, as we sat over a glass of whisky and soda in Baker street, "it was perfectly obvious from the first that the only possible object of this rather fantastic business of the advertisement of the league, and the copying of the 'Encyclopedia,' must be to get this not-over-bright pawnbroker out of the way for a number of hours every day. The method was, no doubt, suggested to Clay's ingenious mind by the color of his accomplice's hair."

A NEW STORY—Next Sunday THE DISPATCH begins publication of an American Serial Story, from the gifted pen of Miss Emma V. Sheridan, the actress and authoress. The stage furnishes the plot. Read the opening chapters.

THE system is often so rapidly reduced by a severe attack of diarrhœa, or other bowel affection, that it would be better to keep by you Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, a sure curative for Asiatic cholera, cramps, dysentery, and the summer complaint of children.

A NEW LINER IN THE BUSINESS.

The Allan State Line's Latest Addition Making Her Maiden Trip.

The magnificent steamship, "State of California," built for the Allan State Line, and which was launched January 26, sails from Glasgow for New York, on her maiden voyage, this week. She is built of solid steel, classed A 1 at Lloyd's, and is 400 feet long, with a gross tonnage of 4,500 registered. The "State of California" is the first high-class passenger steamer added to the Glasgow and New York trade for a number of years, and is designed to attain the highest speed possible, with capacity for sufficient cargo to ensure good earnings from freight, even with few or no passengers, and thus be able to convey passengers at very moderate rates.

The vessel has a number of novel arrangements to specially suit the Glasgow trade. The saloon accommodation is situated all at the middle of the vessel, where there is least motion, and is capable of accommodating 260 passengers. The saloon skylight is placed over music room on promenade deck, and lights both main saloon and music-room. Saloon passengers have the best part of the vessel reserved entirely for themselves, and have access to all saloon accommodation without going on deck. The cabin and steerage accommodation it heated by steam, and the vessel throughout is fitted up with a double installation of electric light. The "State of California" has a very handsome appearance and will no doubt become a favorite with the traveling public. She sails from New York for Glasgow September 3.

A BIG LOT

Of Second-Hand Pianos and Organs at Low Prices—Mellor & Hoene.

Knabe, Chickering, Emerson, Haines Bros., Vose, Dunham, Lynch & Gomien, Shoemaker, Mellor & Hoene and a large number of other well-known makes. Any of these will be sold at a great reduction in price and on easy terms.

We will also close out a choice lot of second-hand organs, good as new, at astonishingly low figures; almost any make you want, Palace, Sterling, Estey, Mason & Hamlin, Wilcox & White, United States, Chicago Cottage and many others.

These are genuine bargains.

We have a beautiful selection of Hardman, Krakauer and Vose pianos, which instruments have become prime favorites in this locality. Elegant in cases, beautiful in tone and durable in construction; pianos which give the highest satisfaction and sold at reasonable prices and terms. Don't forget the address.

MELLOR & HOENE,
77 Fifth avenue.

FREE TICKETS

Up the Monongahela to the New Town of Blaine.

For free railroad tickets to and from Blaine maps, price lists, printed matter and full particulars about the wonderful new town, call at our office. Excursion trains leave the Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railroad station every day at 12:05 P. M., city time; also at 5 P. M. Saturday evenings. Our representatives accompany all visitors or meet them on the grounds.

CHARLES SOMERS & Co.,
129 Fourth avenue.

Little Loss of Time.

The loss of time in cases of sickness is no small item to working people. A Pennsylvania minister tells how an attack of colic or diarrhœa may be cured in the least possible time. "I had no occasion to use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy in my own family, but have tried it on other parties. With one for colic; one dose cured. With another for diarrhœa, and two doses cured him. From the satisfaction it gave in the cases tried I must say I believe it is all the manufacturers claim for it. Rev. J. K. Brown, Woodbury, Bedford county, Pa. TTSSU

To Beautiful Ellwood

And return for 25c to-morrow, by special train on Pittsburg and Western, 10:30 A. M., city time. One thousand persons took advantage of this rate to our special sales yesterday, and all were more than delighted with the trip. Tickets at our office or at depot—one-half regular fare by P. & L. E. R. R.

BLACK & BAIRD,
95 Fourth avenue.

Trouble Ahead.

At this season of the year the large majority of mills grind new wheat; hence no end of trouble, but you can escape all this by using "Table Belle" and "Our Best" flour. Guaranteed all old wheat. Orrville Milling Co. F. L. RUTLEDGE.
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Summer Goods All Reduced.

We are nearly ready to open up all new goods, and the amount we have left must be sold. Price will do it. See the bargains.
JOHN P. KNABLE Co., 35 Fifth avenue.

C. Baeuerlein Brewing Company,

Bennetts, Pa., telephone 1018, brewers and bottlers of standard lager and wiener export beer. The trade and families supplied.
TTS

SEE our novelties in outing shirts.
JAMES H. AIKEN & Co., 100 Fifth ave.

FASHIONS AND FADS,

With Suggestions That Will Help Girls to Look Pretty.

HOW NOTED WOMEN AIDED NATURE

In the Matter of Producing Delicate Tints on Fine Features.

WHAT IS BEING AND WILL BE WORN

A costume seen at a recent fashionable gathering was of light beige cloth, with the effect of a corselet and skirt made together and worn over an underbody of chiffon and silk of the same color. The skirt is embroidered very tastefully up and down the front, and the bottom of the skirt and the top of the corselet are edged with a narrow border of feathers. Another pretty invention of the week is a gown of gray Bedford cord.

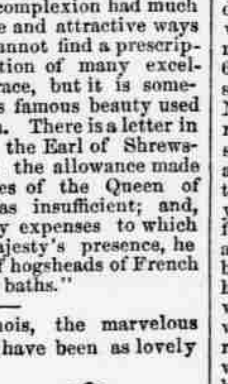
Of Light Beige.

It is trimmed with steel passementerie and has a vest of white broadcloth, ornamented with cross-bars of steel and a jabot of fine gray embroidered chiffon. A cape of the same material, with a gray velvet Medici collar edged with feathers, accompanies it when worn out of doors. A beautiful costume of Parisian origin is a "peignoir a la Venitienne." It is of thin faience blue cloth, with an embroidered empiecement opening over a very light blue gauze chemisette and skirt. The sleeves are very bouffantes and are made of gauze embroidered with beads. The cuffs are of blue cloth.

Certain teetotal advocates, correspondents of a religious paper, have been arguing that when Paul advised Timothy to "use a little wine" he intended the alcoholic stimulant for external application only. However ludicrous the idea of rubbing wine outside "for the stomach's sake" may be, says Mrs. Fenwick Miller, a London writer, it would not be so absurd a prescription as appears at first if Timothy's "many infirmities" included a bad complexion. Red wine (i. e., burgundy or claret), with an equal quantity of rosewater, is an old prescription as a tonic for the skin. It is an astringent, and might be useful, if industriously rubbed on wrinkles, in partially removing them.

Mary Queen of Scots, indeed, used to bathe in French wine. Her beauty must assuredly have been a combination of fine coloring and personal magnetism, for those who saw the various portraits of her in the Stuart Exhibition can no longer believe in the loveliness of her features. Even the most charming of those portraits—the one belonging to successive monarchs almost from her own day, and known as the Windsor miniature, from which it is believed that the face (really beautiful) on the Westminster Abbey tomb was copied—shows her as rather dignified and interesting than beautiful. What, then, can have been her charm? Be sure that complexion had much to do with it, and grace and attractive ways yet more. Well, we cannot find a prescription for that combination of many excellences which we call grace, but it is something to know that this famous beauty used wine baths for her skin. There is a letter in the record office from the Earl of Shrewsbury complaining that the allowance made to him for the expenses of the Queen of Scots and her suite was insufficient; and, among the other heavy expenses to which he was put by her Majesty's presence, he records the purchase of hogsheads of French wine for "this Queen's baths."

Diana de Valentinois, the marvelous beauty who is said to have been as lovely to look upon at 70 years old as in her youth, "and above all, her skin had a wonderful whiteness," was, in her own time, believed to use a complexion wash containing dissolved gold. But those who can by no means afford any such extravagant luxury may be comforted by being told that Diana's physician, after her death,



Venitian Peignoir.

declared that she never used anything except rain water and dew gathered before the sun rose. Rain water caught as it falls is "soft"—i. e., free from lime—and this is advantageous for cleansing purposes. Distilled waser, too, is known to be far preferable to ordinary well or spring water for the complexion. In cases of very delicate skin a thin oatmeal gruel and no soap is found excellent.

There is no point on which authorities on this extremely important subject differ more than on the use of grease for the face. Some of them say that it is a fatal practice; and, of course, it seems, as a matter of logic, that it must be injurious to fill the pores of the skin with fat. But, then, on the other hand, the skin has in itself a natural fat, which does more or less come to the surface; and experience seems to show that very often an addition to this natural supply does nothing but good. The most striking illustration that we all of us know of a lovely complexion remaining unimpaired to an age at which such charms have generally faded—the illustrious lady who must by this time be tired of being told that she looks the younger sister of her son—is accustomed to use a "cream" (that is, of course, a pure fat) to her face instead of soap and water, except once a day.

I think that the most dazzling complexion that I have ever seen, says Mrs. Miller, was that of the late Dr. Anna Kingsford; she was a beautiful woman in every way, but her complexion was unrivalled; it was so soft, so clear, and so unwrinkled, though she was a hard student and even an original thinker. She used cold cream daily to her face, and the last time I saw her, two moths before she died of consumption, I could not resist remarking to her that her face looked the same as ever. She said pathetically: "It

Gray Summer Gown.

must feed on the cold cream that I still have put upon it." Her complexion was unspoiled, though she was then 40 years old, and her figure was wasted by illness. One thing is certain—that women who rouge, whether for the stage or as a daily habit (a bad, deceptive, and demoralizing habit, mind!) must always keep the paint out of the pores by rubbing grease on first, or they will poison their skin. What does Jeremiah call it? "Rending" the face with paint—a phrase as true as it is expressive. Actresses, however, who nightly "make up" their faces artistically with grease paints, have generally good complexions; really good, when not "made up" and off the stage. Miss Mary Moore made this remark to me recently as I sat chatting with her and Mrs. Bernard Beere; and certainly those ladies were both striking illustrations of the truth of the observation; but not more so than many other actresses. So I think it must be concluded that the use of nice "cream" is good for the complexion.

As a relief for oppressed and crowded housekeepers who must live in flats, wouldn't it be a good idea to include in the building of the modern apartment house a recess of suitable size into which a paneled frame, with suitable machinery for raising and lowering, folding beds should be fitted. This frame would answer the purpose of a bedstead, into which an ordinary woven-wire mattress could be fastened with bolts. The dread of the average flat-dweller is the bed problem, and if in rooms intended for sleeping apartments there could be these frames, forming a part of the building, it would be as great a convenience as the stationary range.

At late summer garden parties the toilets are well worth studying, says the New York *Recorder*. Sleeveless jackets over shirt waists of red surah are worn on occasions not too formal. Apple green with black is a mixture one sees often, and pinkish gray, creamy fawn and rosy lilac come out constantly. One of the prettiest of this week's

Two Garden Gowns.

festivities was held in a hollyhock garden on Long Island. Tree hollyhocks, covered with great white flowers with fruity red pistils; bush hollyhocks with white flowers seamed with pink and purple, and tall herb hollyhocks, with vivid scarlet and crimson blossoms, edged the paths and made bright avenues.

Flowered muslins walked up and down among the flowers, under broad garden hats and broader and brighter parasols. Every frock without exception was made in the simplest fashion, with broad ribbons at neck or belt to relieve the Dolly Varden effect, or, as often happened, to make it more noticeable. A pink and brown flowered organdie was one of the costumes of which notes were made. Velvet to match the brown was laid in narrow ribbon stripes about the skirt and made the peasant bodice. Velvet ribbons banded the light yellow hair in fillet fashion. Bronze slippers were worn with bronze stockings.

Surely soon there will be no single field of effort left untrodden by the daring foot of the end-of-the-century maiden! Quite a sensation was caused by Miss Leale's fairly successful shooting at "the new Wimbledon"—Bisley Camp, England. She did not win the prize for which she competed. She made 55 points as against a highest score of 66; while there were several men's scores standing at all the figures intervening. Nevertheless she is considered to have done remarkably well, considering that she was shooting (with the Martini-Henry rifle) in a competition open to all the crack shots of the kingdom. The novelty of the sight of a young and pleasant-looking lady shooting for a prize drew crowds of spectators; and, as in every instance of a new achievement by a woman, some men generously admired her skill, and were pleased with her success, while others openly expressed their unwillingness to have their masculine superiority put to a practical test. Miss Leale wants to shoot for the blue riband of the butts, the Queen's Prize; but before she can do so it seems she must raise, equip and get recognition for a regiment of female volunteers! Only "efficients" in the recognized volunteer corps' ranks are allowed to join in the competition for the Queen's Prize. Miss Leale comes from Guernsey.

For a lady to be a good shot is by no means a novelty; it is only the surrounding conditions that have given Miss Leale such notoriety. For instance, the lady who would, but for certain little historical incidents, be now the Queen of France—the Comtesse de Paris—is quite a crack shot.

What Is and Will Be Worn.

FAN and box plaited backs are to be worn on autumn gowns.

DIAGONAL designs in stripes and figures are the latest feature in silk designs.

THE trained skirt and high sleeves show no signs of disappearing for some time yet.

HERRINGBONE embroidery is frequently seen as a decoration for light summer materials.

AMONG the most fashionable and the most expensive furs next season will be the dark mink.

OSTRICH and coque feather trimmings for cloaks, jackets, gowns and hats will be very much worn.

IN soft materials the bodice is made with as few seams as possible. The fit is secured by gathers at the waist.

THE new French sleeves, which are gathered all round the armhole, have not yet achieved any marked degree of popularity.

FOR slight forms a becoming and picturesque style which promises to become fashionable has puffings over the hips, under a Swiss bodice or corselet.

A BELT of folded ribbon at the waist has three rosettes of mousseline behind, under which are fastened wide sash ends and loops of the mousseline bound with ribbon.

A DRAPED flounce of lace, carried up on the sides of the skirt, with paniers and a draped fichu of lace to match, will make an old fashioned evening gown of silk look like a new one.

FLARING collars of the Medici order, with various modifications, are fashionable. They are often faced with rich embroidery and edged with feather trimming and stand up high enough to form a back-ground for the neck.

COTTON muslins of a sheer and crisp texture are quaint and old fashioned in effect. Batiste muslins which come in all the popular shades and designs are sometimes made up over Chambery instead of the more expensive silk linings.

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Until September 1 Drs. Copeland and Hall Will Continue This Rate for Medicines and Treatment.

The summer is the best time for the treatment and cure of catarrhal troubles. The climatic conditions are then most favorable, liability of catching fresh cold being then reduced to the minimum, and the even temperature and the condition of the atmosphere favoring the progress of the patient. Drs. Copeland & Hall have decided to treat all patients, old and new, applying to them for treatment before September 1 at the merely nominal rate of $5 a month, furnishing all medicines. This applies to patients by mail as well as patients in the city. It is to all patients, old as well as new, and for all diseases. All patients taking treatment from Drs. Copeland & Hall before September 1 will be treated until cured at the rate of $5 a month.

It should take from two to four months of regular treatment to cure catarrh, commencing at a favorable season of the year. Patients troubled with catarrh taking treatment under the above conditions who are not cured in that length of time will be TREATED THEREAFTER FREE until they are cured.

TWO YEARS AN INVALID.

Entirely Unable to Work, and Apparently Suffering From Heart Disease and Lung Trouble as the Result of Neglected Catarrh—Mr. Daniels' Remarkable Statement.

"I am glad that an opportunity offers itself to me to recommend Drs. Copeland and Hall's treatment for catarrhal troubles, and to describe from what a serious condition I was rescued by them." The speaker was Mr. Aaron Daniels, residing at 2302 Gay street, one of the oldest and best known residents of the Southside.

Mr. Aaron Daniels, 2302 Gay St., S. S., Pittsburg.

In further conversation he said: "I suffered for over six years. I had at first the usual catarrhal symptoms, such as pain in the head and eyes, buzzing noises in ears, stopping up of nostrils, hawking and spitting, etc. I became finally so weak that I couldn't walk. My back ached constantly. My stomach, breast, ribs—in fact, my whole body was racked with pain.

I WAS A COMPLETE WRECK.

"I feared that my lungs were affected, and my heart would flutter and palpitate so much at times that I thought to my other complaints would be added heart disease.

"I had not been able to work for over two years. In this state I consulted Drs. Copeland and Hall, and these gentlemen told me that they believed that a cure was even yet possible. I at once took treatment. The doctors at my first treatment removed

SIX POLYPII

from my nostrils. I gradually, under their methods, became better and better, until now my aches, troubles and pains have all left me. My friends all remark that I am so much changed that I seem like a different person, and I do. I can now work again, and I cannot too highly commend Drs. Copeland and Hall and their treatment."

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Well-Known Men and Women in Pittsburg and Vicinity Make Remarkable Statements.

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MR. W. H. BROWN, 184 Buena Vista street, Allegheny, and connected with B. A. Elliott & Co., 54 Sixth street, this city:
"After my constitution was wrecked with catarrhal affections, Drs. Copeland and Hall worked in my case a wonderful cure. They enjoy my highest personal confidence in their ability."

MR. J. G. FRAZIER, Architect, 5710 Kirkwood street, Pittsburg:
"I am pleased to give my hearty indorsement to Drs. Copeland & Hall. Their treatment of catarrhal troubles is advanced and scientific, the results obtained simply wonderful."

MR. J. O. MOORE, Restaurateur, 1109 Carson street, S. S., Pittsburg:
"What do I think of Drs. Copeland & Hall? Why, I think they are the most satisfactory physicians in the city and that the good they are doing the people of this city and vicinity cannot be estimated."

MR. W. GOLDIE, salesman for Dilworth, Porter & Co., and stopping when in the city at the Seventh Avenue Hotel:
"I have been a sufferer from catarrh for a great many years and state that six weeks ago I began treatment with Drs. Copeland and Hall and have received great benefit from their treatment. I can cheerfully recommend these gentlemen as courteous and skillful physicians."

MR. THOS. MAYBURY, 218 Thirty-ninth st., Pittsburg:
"Drs. Copeland and Hall are gentlemen and physicians worthy of anyone's patronage. I speak from personal experience. I have taken great pleasure in recommending a number of my friends to them, and they have cured them. This is certainly the best of all testimony. If I myself ever need a physician again I shall most certainly consult them."

MR. J. O. NICELY, Derry station, Pa.:
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MR. R. McDONALD, Duquesne, Pa.:
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"I cannot praise Drs. Copeland and Hall too highly. As physicians they are among the foremost rank of the profession: the results attained from their treatment are highly successful."

Their Credentials.

As has been said, Dr. W. H. Copeland was president of his class at Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York, where he graduated, the most famous institution of its kind in the country. His diploma bears the written indorsement of the medical authorities of New York, of the deans of prominent medical colleges in Pennsylvania. Dr. Hall's credentials are no less abundant and unqualified. He also is formally indorsed by the secretaries of various county and State medical societies. Both gentlemen, after thorough hospital experience and practice, have devoted their lives to the practice of their specialties, with what success the columns of the daily papers show.

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