saying that (idiot that I am) ever since her final sitting, which was two-weeks ago yes-

He shot out of the room at his usual brisk amble, and Lexington followed him. The studio, a great northern chamber, blazed with gorgeousness. Through an immense window the light poured upon yards of costly tissues and hundreds of curios. On the easel was the portrait to which Alonzo had just referred. He stood staring at it for several moments with

"Dear old Eric Thaxter!" he said. "You always told me the truth, you swore I could only paint about one good picture every five years, and I believe you, you were right. Was there ever such a slow coach?" Eric Thaxter?" muttered Lexington. "I

remember him at school in Vevey."
"We afterward studied together at the same atelier in Paris. Eric wasn't cut out for a painter, perhaps, but had done wonders over there as an architect. See this — and he handed Lexington a letter, "He's drifted into the good graces of the young King of Saltravia; he's built a new roval palace, which they say is a grand suc-

"And he's very anxious for you to come on and make him a visit," said Lexington, while scanning the letter. He thinks me a wonderful art critic, though the completest failure as a

painter."
"How obliging of him," said Lexington, coldiv. He had for some time felt a vague jealousy of this Eric Thaxter, whom Alonzo would so often mention, even amid the flurry and whirl of the life he led.

"Read on, Phil, and you'll see Eric thinks there's no one with such a flair as I for what's genuine in art. The young King, who is absurdly rich, considering the smallness of his realm, is anxious for somebody to prove through the old Italian pertinence as well. Lilian Poughkeepsie was one of the leaders of the most exclusive everything that shows transcendent merit."

It was the madness of silliness, and importances as well. Lilian Poughkeepsie was one of the leaders of the most exclusive everything that shows transcendent merit."

Alonzo suppressed a yawn. "No; I dare gasp of "Oh. Alonzo, how can you?" suggest any salary?" say the grandeur of knowing His Majesty would be thought sufficient?"

And so be baits his invitation with the

other. "They've all been so nice to me, too. Let me think. First, there was the Prince, "Oh, he'll pass for one. I remember, you

saw him a lot of times."
"Through Daisy Bostwick, you know.

Daisy Bostwick." smiled Lexington. "That's American, I suppose, for the March-ioness of Middlesex."
"Yes, I've played more than one game of

oker at the Middlesex in Grosvenor quare with H. B. H. Then there was mberto, at Rome, of course he was nice to | ing like that." me because he and the Queen both adore. Bessie Southgate, who used to go to school with my sister, Kitty, and is now the Princess Carriole; and Bossie was simply sweet to us the minute she heard we were in Home, And-let me think, haven't I any more royalties to brag about? Yes, there was the King of Servia, whom I took suphead. "You're not Alonzo Lispenard," she more royalties to brag about? Yes, there per with in Paris year before last, and—oh, I'd forgotten—I was presented in Berlin, the same year, at a great ball somewhere to the Emperor of Ger— But, ne; he wasn't Emperor then, he was only Crown Prince. So my life in duners and development of the state of the sta ny list is a pretty small once, after ail, isn't | my friends."

"It's large enough for you to snap your fingers at a minor potentate like the King of Saltravia. By the way, Lonz, your peo-ple will soon be arriving. Why don't you

"Dress?" cried Alonzo, litting both hands

into one of your man, and make him put you into one of your new London suits. It's positively shameful that you should go downstairs in those Bohemian togs. Your sister, Mrs. Van Santyoord, will be furious."

and make him put you into one as a face as delicate as an orchid."

"How can she wear that black velvet trimmed with sables," pussued the girl. "They say these Kennaird's haven't but \$4,000 a year to live on."

54,000 a year to live on."

Oh, make it \$5,000." You've lots of swagger afternoon things. Ring for your man, and make him put you

'Oh, Kitty's always grombling at me. I But this is the first home entertainment lov

you've given to Miss Kennaird." "True," said Alonzo, while his rattling manner seemed to soften. "But my dear Phil!" he suddenly resumed, throwing back head and making flighty gestures with oth hands, "if there's one thing that dear Kuthleen of mine likes about me it's to have me be myself. True, she's conventional way we live it!"

Lexington furtively gnawed his lip. He young millionaire friend had chosen.

'Gh, well," he returned, rather grimly, "if you want to defy convention it doesn't Nobody minds. They all accept you, and like you the better for being yourself, since it's yourself they're so fond of."

Lemman, muttered Lexington, who knew nothing or this surprise, so characteristic of Alonzo; and soon the great singer appeared, conducted by the host himself, her beautiful mattered by the host himself, her beautiful control of the sound of the surprise.

He let his s hearer start and stare. flexible frame sink down on the broad arm of an easy-chair near which he had been standing, and his tawny eves had never one with stronger seriousness than while he now continued to speak.

"You goed, kind-hearted Phil! Don't von see that my popularity is the merest myth? When I do hold or queer things it isn't I whom they laugh at and make believe that they think funny; it's a fellow with a few thousand a year that he squanders on their amusement. Let late strip me of those, Phil, and they'd think me as ordinary as their morning bath. I don't want to be a cynic, and if I did there are some few things that would save me from it. You're one of that would save me from it. You're one of

"Yes, you ring right, somehow-at least to my ears you do.

"And then there's Kathleen. Ah, she rings right! She's like a perpetual chime of allver bells. "Which you will soon turn into wedding-

how I hated the thought of marriage till I met her. Then everything changed. I felt like a transformation scene in a pantomime. That ble solid lump of prejudice in me gave a sort of click, and there it was, a church altar, with a clergyman or two behind it, looking round to see whom they could And do you know why that lovely girl has so captured me? Because I be-lieve suc's without one speek of snam. It isn't her beauty or her brains or her nower of charming you-for she's got all three. It's her mighty genniness, Phil. She often seems to me, beside the women I meet her with, like a live flower time's lost its way among a basket of false ones. Her petals But taking off your coat a few minutes be (the durling!) were not purchased at a fancy shop. They came tresh from the of it; never mind who told me. And these loom of Nature, who spun them with her dreadful escapades of yours get into the loom of Nature, who spun them with her heart in her work. I find there's so much in that, by the by. Nature's made such crowds and crowds of us while not caring cheapen yourself by indulging in them! whether Brown was to be a poet or a poli- No one likes you the better for them, and tician, Jones a deacon or a dentist. It's things are said behind your back which you only when she goes to work in dead earnest | don't realize, because you trust your friends that she turns out her magnificent men and so implicitly. He clasped both hands together

"I wonder, "said Lexington, dryly and ver with a polite air of venture "whether you have any feelings of this sort about Mrs. Kennaird, her mother." Alongo broke into a high and hearty laugh. "She's worldliness itself!" he cried.
"Who doubts it? But she's a very picturesque figure. I like to look at her. She sweeps through life so. Her chief idea of being happy is to don a new gown and meet people. She's tremendous as an incorporate idea. incarnate idea. I should like to paint her as that. If I could? It would be a great picture. Her eyeglasses would be half lifted, and her head would be a good deal thrown back, and there would be billows of silk or satin, below her waist, and she would have her arms and neck bared, for they'r really superb, and—well, Fletcher?" Those two last words were addressed to

his valet who had just appeared at the open doorway. Guests had begun to arrive, and Alouzo hastened down-stairs to receive them. Almost the first greeting he received was one from his sister, Mrs. Van Santvoord.
"Lonz," she said, "what on earth do you mean by turning up in that scandale "It isn't scandalous, Kitty, it's represent-ative." He appealed, in his least reposeful style, to a great lady of fashion who stood at his sister's side. "I'm issuing an edict," he went on, with that kind of intimate and

hysteric loquacity by which he had con-trived to shock and yet to amuse many as-sociates. "I intend saying, 'Let there be velvet coats at aftermoon teas, and there velvet coats.""

The lady, a handsome brunette, grande dame to her finger tips, gave an obstinate shake of her neat bonneted head. "No," she declared, "I, for one, shan't agree to any rule so rowdy.'

"Rowdy!" shouted Alonzo. He caught one of her gloved hands and peered into her face with his eyes quizzically twinkling. "Lily, you're a horrid thing, and I'll never be friends with you any more. You don't love me, Lily, you know you don't." It was the madness of silliness, and im-pertinence as well. Lilian Poughkeepsie

"And actually he thinks you would accept such a position as that!" sneered Lexington. "Upon my word, Lonz, it strikes me as almost an itsult. Does your friend "Mrs. Van Santvoord, who revered Mrs.

gasp of "Oh. Alonzo, how can you?"

Mrs. Poughkeepsie remained speechless,
with hardening face. But Alonzo didn't Indect!"

Oh, come new," cried Alonzo, slapping pealing to his sister, "Lily doesn't love me, his friend on the shoulder, "it's all only a little scheme on Erie's part to have me go over and hob-nob with him in Saltravia." and I'm going to receive everybody else in my shirt sleeves." He took off the velvet over and hob-nob with him in Saltravia." coat and bundled it under one arm.
"This," he continued, "is to be my despair-"Oh, poor, dear Erie! Not a' all. I den't doubt he's aware that I've met several." Here Alouzo began to count with one hand on the outspread fingers of the other. "They've all been so nice to me, too. Let me think. First, there was the Prime. in London, year before last. But no, he far pretending drunkenness and tumbling lan't a king, is hear." room. And now, while he was reclothing himself, a number of people pressed about him, principally ladies, inquiring what his "Through Daisy Bostwick, you know. last madness meant and prepared to roar She and I were such tremendous chums be-

> But a little group remained spart, and in this was a young man who detested him, though glad enough to appear at his festal "Oh, it's only some new coddish prank,"

said the young man. "He's always behav "But he wakes people up so," said a girl who was not a belle and to whom he had

"You wouldn't say that of me," replied the young man, "if I were to carry on so outrageously."

"You mean that I haven't got \$2,000,000,"

The girl chose to ignore this burst of bit-terness. "Look," she said, "there's Miss Kennaird just coming in with her mother." How sober he gets as he goes to greet her. They say she doesn't approve of his 'larking style."
"Well, she may not. How beautiful she

"Well, she may not. How beautiful she is:"

"Well, she may not. How beautiful she is:"

"Do you think so?" shrugged the girl.

"But the name of decency," replied Lexington, "it isn't. A velveteen sack continued in the name of decency," replied Lexington, "it isn't. A velveteen sack continued is the intervention of the interv ington, "it isn't. A velveteen sack cont and a big tempestuous-looking necktie of brick dust red silk! It won't do at all. You've lots of swagger afternoon things."

"Blue ice or green, if you please, with a blaze of sun on it. Besides, the long curi of their black lashes helps them so. And she has a face as delicate as an orchid."

> "Nobody really knows just how much. But still, they're poor. Do you suppose it's possible that—" and here the girl ered her voice, which a sweet clash of

hidden violins would in any case have drowned an instant later.

Kathleen Kennaird smiled right and left, but it seemed to certain observers that her manner toward her accepted suitor was peculiarly cold. This little afternoon tea, s he chose to call it, was given in her Not more than 30 people had been enough; but, ah, when I think of that asked, and those were the ones Kathleen adorable girl she reconciles me to all the had specially desired. Tea, it is true, was served in the most exquisite porcelain cups; but this potion proved, as it were, only an excuse for other refreshments. Almost before they knew it the guests found themhad his own secret cynical ideas about the sincerity of this new sweetheart whom his selves scated at little tables, eating terrapin and sipping frozen champagne. Then, in a little while, a soprana voice was heard singing from "Tristan." "That's Lili

> women crowded about her with cries of gratulation and welcome. Amid the genial clamor Kathleen Kennaird took the chance of saying to her lover:
> "You have been doing another wild thing."

"What do you mean?" he queried, with infantile innocence. "Oh, last night at the Gramercey Club You'll not deny, surely, that you blacked your face and went in at dessert to the large

"My face was no more blacked than yours is now—and heaven knows there are roses and lilies enough there! I'd promised to be at the dinner, and reached the Gramercey shamefully late. So I sent from the club for my banjo (which, by the way, I detest as an instrument and play horribly) merely for the purpose-

Kathleen shook her head in a deploring way as he paused. "For the purpose of doing something horribly odd," she said, "confess it, you may as well."
"But the blacking of the face is all non-

sense. Johnny Chadwick got me a black mask from one of the waiters. I dare say it had been worn at some servants' masked ball and happened to be lying about somewhere in the club. I put it on after sending for the banjo. It was all Johnny's idea -not the banjo, but the mask. I merely wanted to go into the dinner with a little music, as I'd got there so scandalously late. Everything else that you've heard is the sheerest rubbish."

Kathleen laid a slim, gloved hand on his arm. "Well, well," she faltered. "Allow that you were maligned that time, Alonzo. fore mamma and I appeared! Oh, I heard

"I don't trust many triends, Kathleen, with a fervor that in almost anyone else would have been solely comic. "And Kathleen Kennaird is one of the last!"

came the low-voiced answer. "But I trust you, and you're the only real friend I have in the world. Now, believe me, there shall be a reformation. From this moment I promise you. When you marry me next April you shall marry a man who hasn't kicked up his heels for weeks. The music burst forth again as Alonzo

finished speaking. When the revelers were invited to re-enter the two front drawing cooms chairs had been arranged for a cotil-on. Philip Lexington led the dance with Mrs. Van Santvoord, at Alonzo's request. Through the first figure the participanta imagined that it was only an impromptu dance. But suddenly they were called upon to take it more seriously, since before the first figure ended bouquets of the rarest flowers had begun to circulate, and by 6 o'clock, when the final strains of the musicipal ways and the strains of the musicipal ways are strained to the strains of the musicipal ways are strained to the strain of th cians were sounding, jeweled fans had been lavished on the ladies for favors and the gentlemen had received catseye scarfpins

round with tiny pearls. It had all been a sumptuous and yet charm-ngly tasteful tribute to the sweetheart of the host. People pressed Alonzo's hand in their ardent praise of his festivity, and told him that the entertainment had been a blended astonishment and delight. Mrs. Kennaird, who had not danced, but who had watched the cotillion with her grand air at its grandest, whispered to her prospective son-in-law, just as he was slipping from the room, having in his hand a card which a servant had lately given him: "Your tribute to dear Kathleen has been

perfectly enchanting."
"So glad you liked it—so glad," returned Alonzo, as he receded from the lofty lady's The card which he held was from his uncle, Mr. Crawford Lispenard, head of the great banking house, Lispenard & Chiches-

'My dear Uncle Crawford!" he said, grasping the hand of a big man with iron-gray side whiskers, who stood in the hall, "We meet so seldom, but when we do meet it shouldn't be like this. I know you hate society, dear old boy. Still you'll come up and see my sweetheart, won't you? I'm giving her a little afternoon dauce. You know, Uncle Crawford, you and she must meet, sooner or latter. Why, you're sort of pale and queer looking what's the matter?"

"Alonzo," said Mr. Crawford Lispenard,

in a husky voice, 'I-I must speak with you, and speak quite privately." Alonzo's eyes swept the face that he knew so well and dearly loved. This monetary potentate, this prince of finance, his dead father's trusted brother, who had been to himself and his sister such a model of all devoted guardianship, in trouble! It seemed incredible

"You're somehow not yourself!" he ex-claimed, momentarily careless of the watch-ing footman. "Oh, Uncle Crawford, it isn't---?" and he drew back, with a laugh on his lips, but an anxious cloud in his gaze. "It isn't any nonsense of mine that you've been hearing of?"

"No, no, Lonz. Can't we be alone to-gether soon? I'll come back later—or veu'll come to me;" and the gentleman, a little bewilderedly, turned toward the door, reaching forth a fluttered hand as if to Alonzo caught that hand between both

his own. He had held it for an instant be-fore, but not till then had he realized how "Light my studio at once," he said to a servant, recalling that the winter day was now completely darkened. The man sprang upstairs to obey his bidding, and Alonzo followed him at his uncle's side. "The idea of your rushing off like that, Uncle Crawford! You come here so seldom

that you're not to be 'released so easily when you do come." The long, melodious wailings of the waltz music floated up to them as they ascended the stairs. After several seconds Alonzo suddenly turned to his companion.
"Upon my word, Uncle Crawford," he recommenced, "if there were any bad news

that you could bring me, I should imagine you had brought it now."

Mr. Lispenard paused. They were at the door of the studio. He put a hand on his nephew's shoulder and stared gloomily into

"I do bring you bad news, my boy. I-I bring you horrible news," he said. Alonzo felt himself whiten. In a flash he divined what was meant. It could only be one thing. The ground swung beneath his feet as he passed with his uncle across the threshold of the studio and closed its door behind them bott.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Lispenard sank into one of the rich chairs. It chanced to be a Venetian piece of furniture, and his gaunt frame and elderly visage, both so clearly touched with modern meanings, made an odd contrast with the velvet and carvings of this archaid seat.

"You said-horrible news-Uncle Craw

Alonzo dragged forth the words while his gaze wandered among the tumultuous beauties of the room, though it possibly did o without seeing one of them.

"Yes, my boy. The firm has gone. It's been Chichester's work. No one knew. I think some woman has been dragging him into the whole horror-a middle-aged man like that. He's drawn enormous sums and gambled them away. It must have been going on for a good while. You see, I was eareless about the books. I left all that to Chickester; my confidence in him was so perfect. I might, of course, have suspected. I knew that he lived high, belonged to fashionable clubs, entertained troops of friends. But there was so much money for his share that I never dreamed he could even spend his own income from year to year. And all the time he was lunging into your money, into your sister's, into mine. There's one Wall street operation alone by which he must have lost two millions. And he's been so infernally erafty with it all! Even in dying he showed a certain shrewdness, waiting till the very last enjoyable moment before he killed him-

"Killed himself," echoed Alonzo. "Haven't you seen the evening papers?"
replied his uncle. "Chichester was found
in his bedroom at 2 o'clock to-day, shot through the head, and evidently by his own

There was now a silence, during which Alonzo stole up to his uncle's side and began to stroke that gentleman's gravish locks and put one of his shoulders with affection-"Under Crawford," he said, "you musn't

let this awful thing affect you too much.

Now that I look at you closer I see just how jaded and upset you are. I'm so sorry for you—indeed, indeed I am!" Crawford Lispenard's eyes filled with ears. He was called by the world a rather frigid old celebate, and he was known to live a lonely and loveless life. Perhaps in thirty years he had never really wept until

"You're sorry for me, Lonz?" he murmured. "And you don't think of yourself you don't think-?" "Oh, yes, I do," the nephew broke in.
He went and touched a bell, coming back
to his uncle's side, with a faint, fluttered
laugh leaving his lips. "That is, I'm beginning to think of myself. But it's all so

strange, so dazing, don't you know?"

When his bell-touch was answered he said a lew words to the servant, who presently brought a goblet of champagne, which he insisted on having his uncle sip. Then, when Mr. Lispenard had evidently felt the aiding effects of the stimulant, Alonzo went down stairs with him to his carriage, "I must turn up among my guests," he ex-plained, "or they'll think this one of my

who were wondering at his absence. He heard a voice whispering in his ears above the gay strains of the music.
"You've lost everything," said the voice;

"you and Kitty are paupers!" But when people asked him whither he had gone he made light answers, and in the very teeth of a generally-announced departure he bade the musicians strike up a polks, and danced

Van Santvoord, and five or six other loiter-ers, the rooms were soon deserted. "You're to dine with us this evening," Kathleen said to him.

"No. I can't."
"You can't! Why? * * has anything happened?"
"Yes;" and he quickly told her of the suicide of his uncle's partner. suicide of his uncie's partner.
"It will cause great trouble, you understand—pecuniary trouble. I am afraid that there is disgrace behind the suicide. It looks as if Chichester had robbed the firm

of large amounts."

He hated to tell her that his wealth had vanished into air, though he felt securely certain that she would brim with compassion and devotion the moment that she learned the full truth. Had they not had many sweet confidential talks together many sweet connectial talks together be-fore their engagement and since? And during such talks had he not seen straight into her frank, disinterested young soul? Long ago, however, he had realized that her mother was the essence of cold-blooded, mundane ambition, and that she had sanctioned her daughter's betrothal from motives that were in the main sordid ones.

"Don't mention money-losses to your mother, my dearest," he said. "I would rather speak to her on that point myself." Then, with a meaning pressure of her hand, he added: "If I don't see you again this evening I shall be wretched. But I must talk with Kitty, and after that my poor uncle, who is half-crazed by the suddenness of this blow, will need me at his house. Still I will try to get to you but if I feil Still, I will try to get to you, but if I fail, forgive me and pity me!"

Very soon afterward Kathleen left with

her mother. It chanced that Alonzo noted the parting look which Mrs. Kennaird swept about those luxurious rooms. It seemed to say, that look of hers, "My child will soon be installed here, mistress of all this grace and grandeur." And Alonzo, with a secret catching of the breath, bethought himself of the dizzy downfall which this woman's ambition must soon sustain. He pitied her, it was his nature to do that; and yet already he could feel his spirit stirred against her by forces of antagonism and revolt. What trouble might she not make, in imperiously disappointed way, for the daughter whose bright nuptial future would have grown null? But thank heaven, Kathleen's love was proof against all sua-sion of this merely sordid kind. Against that stanch fortress the maternal guns might thunder futile broadsides.

Just as Mrs. Van Santvoord was gliding from the room, her brother and she met face to face. He had been downstairs, putting the Kennairds into their rather shabby hired carriage. His eyes were sparkling a little unwontedly, and he had not the least hint

"Oh, Kitty," he said, "I forgot to tell you something. I wish you would stay here about ten minutes or so longer, won't you?"
"Stay?" whined Mrs. Van Santvoord, and she looked toward the gentleman at her side. He was her latest caprice, and she rarely appeared anywhere without him. He had an amber mustache, and babyish blue "I've promised Mr. Pettigrew," she be-

gan, "that-"
"You'd walk home with him?" finished Alonzo. "Jack will excuse you this once, I'm sure." And he laid a hand on the shoulder of Mr. Pettigrew, who instantly produced a smile that was a union of flawless teeth and two highly-developed dimples.

But when her "Jack" had gone and she was left alone in the vacated drawing rooms with her brother, Mrs. Van Santvoord gave a long, bored sigh.
"I told them not to bring the carriage,

Lonz," she fumed, dropping into a chair. "Hector said he might turn up, but he hasn't and you know he never does any earthly thing that he promises he'll do. So now you'll have to send me home in your carriage, for it's freezingly cold out-side, let alone being dark as pitch. And I ought to have got home an age ago. I refused the Bartholomew's dinner because it's a Patriarchs' ball night. Oh, I know you're not going because for some reason the Kennairds haven't been asked. But that's nothing to me, Lonz, you know, and I've promised to dance the cotillon with that dear, lovely Mark Manhattan."
"M—yes," replied Alonzo musingly. "Is
he the expected successor of Jack Pettigrew?"

"Lonz, how can you!" reproached his sister. "The word successor is perfectly insulting. I don't know what you mean by it!"

She was very pretty as she sat there be-ore her brother, with her trim, neat figure, in which the former's little mistress lived, fore her brother, with her trim, neat figure, her clear-cut, supercilious little blonde face, her Parisian gown and its harmonious adjunct of a jaunty bonnet. The late dance had given her cheeks a becoming pink tint; her foes were apt to say of her that she was too pale, and perhaps a few of them said it because they wanted to tempt her into roughing, which would have been a salient peg on which to hang their slurs. The "Hector" to whom she had just referred was her husband, whom she had married when she was only 18 classic arising the identical little shop of the story, even though the "suits of mail, standing like when she was only 18 classic arising the identical little shop of the story, even though the "suits of mail, standing like when she was only 18 classic arising the said it. when she was only 18, eloping with him for that purpose, and whom it was whispered that she now gave a handsome yearly al-lowance in the double capacity of letting her alone and not appearing to let her alone too much. "Hector has every conceivable vice," she had said not long ago to her brother, "except that of incivility. He is so refreshingly polite to me. I dare say I might have tried to get a divorce from him three or four years ago if it hadn't been for his beautiful manners."

[To be Continued next Sunday.]

Copyrighted, 1891, by the Authors' Allia CHRONIC MALARIAL DISEASES,

MALARIAL POISON. The Greatest Remedy of the Age for Feve

PERIODICAL NEURALGIA CAUSED BY

and Ague, Chills and Fever and All of the Irregular Forms of Malarial Diseases -Extract From a Lecture by Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, O.

Malarial headache (or hemicrania) is a pain extending above the eyebrows around the head, with regular intervals, coming on about 1 or 2 P. M., growing more severe from 4 to 5 P. M., and finally disappears after sundown. It may occur in the morning, or at noon, and in some cases at sunrise, increasing until noon, gradually disap-pearing in the afternoon, giving a perfect sion during the night.

Malarial neuralgia generally attacks one side of the face or head, either the temple or above one eye. The regular appearance or disappearance of the neuralgia is cisely the same as in other forms of malarial disease, presenting a regular recurrence and distinct interval of relief. It may also attack any other part of the body teeth, shoulder, muscles of the chest, etc., etc. Whenever a pain is caused by malaria t has either a distinct intermission, as in intermittent fever, or a remission, as in re-

mittent fever.

A lady called to see me some time ago who was complaining of a most excruciating pain of her right knee, which returned at 2 P. M. and continued with great severity till 6 P. M., gradually lessening, entirely ceasing at 10 P. M., returning the next day at 2 P. M. This had been going on for two months without cessation. She had been treated with quinine in small and large treated with quinine in small and large described out and blistered the knew need increased since it P. M. and continued with great severity till doses; had cut and blistered the knee; used electricity and many varieties of liniments plained, "or they'll think this one of my rankest capers—and I'm always cutting up capers; at least everybody tells me so. There, go home, and I'll join you between now and 10 o'clock, surely. Don't worry too much. Things may not be so frightfully bad for us, hour during the remainder of the intermis-And he insisted on going with his uncle down the stoop bareheaded into the biting air, and closing the carriage door with his own hands. Then he returned to his guests, when the disease stopped a day for 10 or 15 days, or until the cure the day for 10 or 15 days, or until the cure the day for 10 or 15 days, or until the cure the day for 10 or 15 days, or until the cure the day for 10 or 15 days, or until the cure the day for 10 or 15 days, or until the cure the day for 10 or 15 days, or until the cure the day for 10 or 15 days, or until the cure the day for 10 or 15 days, or until the cure the day for 10 or 15 days, or until the cure the day for 10 or 15 days, or until the cure the day for 10 or 15 days, or until the cure the day for 10 or 10 or 10 or 10 days are the day for 10 or passed. And when the disease stopped a tablespoonful every two hours during the day for 10 or 15 days, or until the cure should be certain to be permanent. This treatment is exactly what I would advise in all of the above-prescribed cases. It will cure every case. Also in all cases of chills and fever or other malarial diseases when there is a distinct intermission. In cases of indistinct malaria, without any positive chill or fever, Pe-ru-na should be taken as

directed on the bottle. at his merriest pace with two or three dif-ferent partners.

The farewells now followed, and, except for Kathleen, her mother, his sister, Mrs.

The farewells now followed, and, except for Kathleen, her mother, his sister, Mrs.

The Advent of Lord Hawke and His Band of English Cricketers.

LAST OF THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

Russian Possession of Constantinople Was

Peter the Great's Dream.

CAREER OF A NOTED FRENCH ACTRESS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] The belles and beaux of this country have new lion in the person of the lately ar-



of cricket. Lord Hawke is a descendant of the Edward Hawke, who signally defeated a French squadron in Quiberon Bay in November, 1759, for which he was made Baron Hawke of Towton, York. Edward was a brave fellow, but aside from the exploit mentioned was not guilty of any-

thing else worth talking about. Our visitor is a comely chap, with a superabundance of animal spirits, and who would rather distinguish himself in the athletic field than on the floor of the House of Lords, of which he is a member. He brings with him, as promised in THE DIS-PATCH of a few weeks since, a club of cricketers, who think to have fine sport with our exponents of the English national game, but, inasmuch as outside of the leader and Mr. S. M. J. Woods, the famous bowler, the retinue is somewhat common-place, the Americans should be able to give them a rather warm argument.

The Old Curiosity Shop.

At the corner of little Portsmonth street and near Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, stands an odd, misshapen building and so frail looking and worn are its weatherbeaten sides, that apparently a slight jar would cause the entire structure to tumble in a heap to the ground. Appearances are deceitful, however, and the antique house yields only to the hand of man, after time's destroying touch has skiled. On the outer wall of the second story—there are but two -can be read in uncouth lettering, "The Old Curiosity Shop," and the old man who seeps the most remarkable collection of old books, curios, etc., in the town, on the ground floor, will tell you that this is the very house used as the title and the princi-pal scene of Dicken's famous story. There are some who believe the theory connecting



The Old Curiosity Shop.

the building with the pathetic tale anything but authentic. They accept as argument the statement made at the end, in which much, it was not like the same. The old use had long ago been pulled down and a fine broad road was in its place.

There is nothing, however, to disp ghosts in armor," and the face of sweet "Little Nell" are all missing. To one of sentimental temperament it is not difficult to weave the confused stacks of odds and ends standing in the gloom of the little shop into characters of the story, from the midst, of which peers the patient, wistful face of the little heroine, whom the people of every clime have loved

Some Interesting Surroundings.

On the left of the illustration will be noticed a projecting corner of a building which, with the lamp above the doorway, has the appearance of a tavern or public house. Such, indeed, it is, and a famous one at that. Dickens made use of it as "the public" favored by Mr. Lowten and Mr. Pickwick under the name of the "Magpie and Stump," although it is now known as "The Black Jack," the name given it by the author having been transferred from a stelry some distance away to suit his own purpose. There is a story-not very au-thentic-that the most of "The Old Curiosity Shop" was written within its walls. How ver, there is not the slightest doubt that the place has been the resort of many famous characters in its day. It was a con-venient rendezvous for the old-time actors meeted with the theater of Lincoln's Inn Fields, among whom may be mentioned the celebrated low comedian Joe Miller. It was also much frequented by artists during the last contury, and to this day paintings and sketches made during their leisure moments can be traced on the grimy walls. Another name, more notorious than distinguished, is connected with the place. Right above the projection forming the lower story is a window, from which sprang Jack Sheppard while closely pursued by the thief catcher, Jonathan Wild. It was long known and is still spoken of as "The Jump," as the result of this exploit. With such recollections, is it any wonder the place is a familiar or and any week familiar.

the place is a familiar one and much frequented by American visitors, who will miss it and the interesting old building across the way when they are torn down to make room for the improvements proposed and about to be made in the vicinity?

Story of a Great Estate. I noticed an item in a newspaper a few days ago, directing attention to the late

increased since it father in 1862, at income of \$550,000. derived from real es- Duke of Cleveland.

tate and \$4,500,090. The item referred to might have been made much more interesting by adding the fact that this great for-tune will be disseminated by will to numer-ous relatives, as it was absolutely at the dis-posal of the old nobleman with whom the title dies out, he having no children or brothers. The climax in the career of this family is noteworthy, considering the fact that for 300 years, or since the first duke of the name married the last Duke of Belton's daughter, they have been steadily accumulating wealth.

I also noticed a statement in another journal, seeking to prove that the family was

not especially distinguished, and in the same sentence acknowledging the late Duke to be a lineal descendant of the Vane family, of

which Cromwell's great rival, the famous Sir Harry, was a member. It would be hard to define distinction, if a house brought into being through gallant achievements on the bloody field of Poietiers by one Sir Henry Vane and still more heard by messaging Vane, and still more honored by succeeding Vanes, in an unbroken line down to the pre-sent day, is unworthy of it.

Secret of the Eastern Question

An Eastern authority, treating of the Eu-

ropean situation, in an exceedingly interesting and instructive way, says: "If you look at the map you will see that the possession of Constantinople is a practical necessity to full development of the Russian empire, and that it would make that empire so complete roon of the lately arrived Lord Hawke,
an English peer of
more muscular than
intellectual developshores of the Pacific, comprising, in a straight line of territory, almost half the circumference of the globe, have no water outlet in the West except the Arctic Ocean. Just previous to the above, however, the writer says that the idea that Russia believes herself to be the rightful owner of Con-stantinople and hopes to see the time when the cross will "replace the crescent on the mighty basilica of Justinian," is purely sentimental. It is not entirely sentimental for it was one of the ambitions of Peter the Great. The old shipbuilder dreamed nearly 200 years ago that Constantinople was the Rome of the Greck Church. Fixed in that conviction he pointed steadily southward and said that there, in Byzantium, by the blue Bosphorus, Russia must erect her St. Peter's and establish the throne of her czarpopes. He willed that determination to his posterity, it has been streamously pur-sued, but, as well-known is not yet consumated. Still every succeeding Czar accepts the responsibility and looks forward with confidence to accomplishing the task.

> Career of Madame Agar. How rainbow-like are some lives. Out of obscurity they rise and into it they fall.

their careers; when they have ecquired position, wealth and influence they are in full glory, as the rainbow is in its greatest beauty when nearest the zenith. The simile has often occurred to me, the last time

Mme. Agar. week or so ago, when I read of Madame Agar, the French actress death in far Al-giers, the end in this case being brightened through honors and attentions paid the corpse, which would have been better appreciated during life. Nearly 50 years ago a little child singing in the cafes of Paris attracted the attention of Leontine Charvin, who assisted, educated and brought her before the public in after years. She made her debut in Rachel's favorite "Phedre," and then created the part of Faustine in a play by Louis Bouilhet. At the Odeon she made a great sensation in 1869 in Coppea's play, "Le Passant," playing the part of

During the siege of Paris, a year or so later, she was a well-known figure in the hospitals, where she acted as nurse. She then fell into disfavor and took to wandering from country to country, the last trip proving fatal. The members of the Comedie Francaise subscribed 1,000 francs to have the body brought to Paris and buried there, knowing that to be the dead actress' last wish, which her poverty and a good-for-nothing husband made impossible. All of the most famous actors in France attended the obsequies, and the hearse and coffin were buried out of sight under floral offerings, and in the funeral oration Pastor Hirsch appropriately enough compared her sad, wandering life with that of her name-sake of the Bible, Hagar.

itants, situated in the land of Sheba, is captured by warring insurgents, and our him on his way to church let him alone. If only intelligence of the affair is conveyed you find him advancing on the high way of in a two-line paragraph. This town was in a two-line paragraph. This town was once the capital of the Imans of Yemen, and is beautifully situated at the foot of the Jebel Nikkum Mountains. Some of the old palaces are magnificent specimens of architecture, and the Hebrew quarter would also be a picturesque locality if it had not been so repeatedly destroyed by fanatical Mohammedans. Although walled in, the town was without doubt an easy prey to the besiegers, as it had no defenses except

some worn-out cannon. In the vicinity are most interesting an-In the vicinity are most interesting antiquities, Sanaa being erected amid the ruins left by a people who were the descendants of Solomon's favorite; a people who held the key to India and trafficked in the gold, precious stones, perfumes, incense ices that came from that country 300

years before the time of Christ. Royal Families in Case of War. In the event of a war in Europe of any considerable note, the relationship existing between quite a number of the royal families will be somewhat strained. Let us imagine that Germany and France pitch into each other as they surely will before long; then Russia, England and others take sides or be drawn into the affair as is almost certain to be the case, the first named on the side of France and the other with Germany. In that event Fugland has a future Queen-the Princess of Wales-who would no doubt be embittered against a muchloved sister of former days, in the present Empress of Russia. King George, of Greece, will also be unfriendly to his British relatives, as he loves not England since Beaconsfield robbed him of a chance to secure his proper possessions at the Berlin apportionment, follow-ing the Russian-Turkish war and while his son, in whose favor he proposes abdicating shortly, may hold the same opinions, he will look with a gentler eye toward England's ally, Germany, as it is from that land he got his wife. Two Russian princes of the royal house are mated with Germans, and a princess is the present Duchess of Edinburgh, and a daughter-in-law of the Queen or England.

Truly, a royal mixup.

But the most curious position is that of Denmark. The reigning family of that country has powerful relations in England. Russia, France, Germany and Greece, and it will be interesting to know whose cause it would espouse in the inevitable conflict to come. Indications point to Russia as the favored one, the English newspapers already containing rumors to the effect that Russia successful means the Czarina will demand the containing rumors to the effect that Russia successful means the Czarina will demand the containing rumors to the effect that Russia successful means the Czarina will demand the containing rumors to the effect that mand the ann exation of Schleswig-Holstein with Denmark to her father's kingdom.

A Few Wise Savings. Something to boot-Blacking. A Governmental net-The Cabinet. A familiar countenance in Alaban The Mobile.

The frog's favorite year—Leap year. An ocean tonic—The Teutonic. Strikes oil—The wich urricane. Greenland Has No Stamp

Greenland has no postage stamps. Not great deal of mail matter leaves the country. That which the Kite's party sent was stamped by the Governors with Danish stamps, taken to Denmark in the trading vessels, and there mailed.

IN CONGRESS.

Ex-Chief Clerk Lloyd Tells How the First Negroes Were Received.

ROBERT BROWN ELLIOT'S ORATORY.

The First State to Rebel Had the First Black Representative.

CHANGES IN SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) On one Fourth of July I strolled out from my office in the Capitol, and observed a large number of the colored population of both sexes seated on the iron settees in the East Park in the quiet enjoyment of the day; their faces beaming with evident satisfaction over the situation. There was an old negro man whose head was whitened o'er with the frosts of many years, with his hands resting on the top of the picket fence, which then surrounded the park, and his chin resting on his hands, and indulging in an audible soliloquy. Curious to know what was the subject of his meditations, I approached cautiously behind him and heard him murmur: "Good Lawd, how times is changed." "What is the matter with the times?" I

nquired. "Why," said he, "I kin remember when dey wouldn't let no culled pussons go into dat yard, and now dem cheers is all full of

The times had indeed changed. From the auction block, on which in the very shadow of the Capitol of a nation based upon the doctrine, as its fundamental principle, of the equality of all men, but which, in apparent insensibility to the strange inconsis-tency, doomed a race to perpetual servitude, to the Legislative halls of the same nation, was a stride and a contrast such as the an-In the heyday of nals of mankind had perhaps never recorded.

THE BLACK RACE IN CONGRESS,

It was but a few years before that the nation, by the lips of the Chief Justice, had declared that there were slave races, and already, as if in mockery of the declaration, Sumner's wish, expressed on the floor of the Senate, that he might live to see representatives of that race occupying seats in both Halls of Congress, had been realized, so far as the one branch was concerned, and if he had lived about a year longer would have been fully realized by the admission of them to the Seate. one of them to the Senate.

The appearance of the colored members in

the House of course created a good deal of a sensation and caused some of the old moss-backs doubtless to shiver with apprehension; as did the Ephesian worshipers of Diana nearly 2,000 years before, lest the world should be turned upside down. But the earth continued to revolve on its axis as before, and the seasons to come and go as was their wont. All the same it was a novel sight—a negro in Congress! Not altogether agreeable, even to some at least of the Representatives from the Northern States, at a time when the white citizens of the Quaker City had not yet conquered the bad babit of throwing a street car off the track if a respectable colored woman was allowed to ride in it. The race prejudice is difficult if not impossible wholly to eradicate, whether it be natural or acquired, as the small progress made in this direction since the emancipa-tion of the negro abundantly proves. The problem has not yet been solved, and he will be a wise man who can find its proper

THE THEORY AND THE PRACTICE. Of course it is easy to settle it on abstract theory. There was no difficulty about the theory as regards the government, but it was grossly disregarded in practice during the first three-quarters of a century of our organized existence, and it was only on the occasion of which I write that the nation was made for the first time absolutely true The Fall of Ancient Sanaa.

This is a big world of ours, so big, in fact, that stupendous events often take place in some quarters of it, which civilistated by Fred Douglass in a speech some years ago, in which he said: "People are years ago, in which he said: "People are everlastingly asking what is to be done everlastingly asking what is to be done of these States, and to blot out the American Republic from the galaxy of nations. with the negro. I answer simply nothing. Just let him alone. If you find him on the way to school let him alone. If you find my way to Congress let me alone. I guess if I can stand Congress, Congress can stand

me. Let the negro alone to work out his own destiny, whether he goes up or goes down, God's will is done." This seems to be a correct view of the matter, and yet somehow it doesn't work so smoothly as we could wish. There is still the repugnance on the part of the white race to the social equality which is a concenitant of civil and political equality, and yet even this is wanting in particular relationships and publican side of it, in deafening applause: tions. The repugnance to riding in a public conveyance with a negro does not prevent riding in pretty close proximity to him in a carriage of which he is the driver. The repugnance to having a negro woman in our company does not obtain when she is the

nurse of our children. MARRIAGE OF THE RACES. Very recently in this city there was a case of a young white man of excellent character and good family falling desper-ately in love with a young quadroon girl in the Census Office, who was regarded as one of the most beautiful girls in Washington: indeed so attractive was she that the men, as perhaps even some of the old bald-heads, gathered in rows along the sidewalk to drink in her loveliness as she passed to and fro from the office. The young man's parents were, of course, shocked at the idea of his marrying her, and the girl's mother remonstrated against it, pointing out to him that his family would never admit his wife into their circle; that he would be debarred from society, and that she would be a dead weight to him all his life. But weight to love laughs prudence to scorn. He married her and emigrated to one of the new States of the Far West in the hope that they might live there free from social ostracism, which they can only do long as the African taint in her blood remains undiscovered. Recognizing this probability, it was in his pre-nuptial plan, if it should occur, to remove from the West to France, where there is no such preju-

There is one point at which Fred Doug-lass' theory breaks down. Although a white man may eccasionally become so infatuated, as in the instance just mentioned, the time has not arrived, and it is doubtful if it ever will, when a refined white man will voluntarily give his assent to his daughter's marrying a black man, no matter how cultivated and refined he may be. At this point nature seems to rebel, and evinces that in such case at least "blood is stronger than water." THE POLITICAL DIFFICULTY.

Politically the only serious race trouble remaining is in those States in which the negroes constitute an actual majority of the population, and are entitled by the fundamental principles of our Government to hold the offices both State and national, and run the Government machinery, and this trouble grows out of the born conviction on the part of the white race that it never was intended that a negro should govern a white man; and it was this feeling that prompted the action of the recent Con-stitutional Convention in Mississippi to resort to such extraordinary devices to render negro supremacy impossible in that State. If it were practicable to distribute the negro population through the several States so that they would not constitute a majority in any it would doubtless tend in some de-gree to alleviate the situation, and they would receive respectful consideration from candidates of the white race.

If a political blunder be worse than a crime, as has been said, then the Republican party was guilty of unpardonable criminality in not basing representation on voters instead of population, which would have done more to secure free suffrage to the negro than anything that could have possi-bly been devised.

THE FIRST NEGRO CONGRESSMEN.

The first negro Representatives in the House were Rainey, of South Carolina, and Long, of Georgia, who were elected to the Forty-first Congress. They were followed by De Large and Elliot, of South Carolina, in the Forty-second; Ransier, from the same, in the Forty-third, and Pinchback, of Louisians, who was admitted after a very Louisiana, who was admitted after a pro-longed contest with George L. Smith on the 3d of March, 1875, and went out the next day with a full hand and all the honors. Alabama contributed during the same period Turner and Rapier. It seems to be a signal instance of the poetical retribution occasionally witnessed that South Carolina, the first of the States to plunge into rebellion to perpetuate slavery, should come out of it with the negro on top, and endure for years the humiliation of being repre-sented in Congress by members of a servile race, of which she furnished the first repre

Tace, of which she lumished the first representative.

These colored representatives did not appear to me to differ materially from their white colleagues, except in the color of their skin and the distinctive kink of the hair. They varied as did the Anglo-Saxon, in the degree of ability and intelligence which they received. which they possessed. Two of them at least, Rainey and Turner, were born in slavery, and of course suffered under the disadvant-age of want of education, Turner notably so. Rapier, though born in Alabama, was born in freedom and emigrated to Canada, where he received a liberal education.

RAPIEE'S GOOD HORSE SENSE

He was distinguished rather for good sense than brilliant qualities. An instance of this was shown one day in a remark which I overheard him make to his colwhich I overheard him make to his col-league, Judge Pelham, who was reclining on one of the lounges in the hall. Said her "It wouldn't do for me to be seen in the position you are in." "Why not?" replied the Judge.
"Why," said Rapier, "it would be pub-lished all over the United States that I was

a lazy, worthless nigger, who couldn't keep from falling asleep even in Congress, and my reputation would be ruined." The ablest man by far, as well as the most highly cultured of his race in the House, was Robert Brown Elliott, of South Caro-lina, who, during his second term, resigned in order to become a candidate for the United States Senate, and was beaten by John J. Patterson, who successfully intro-duced the Pennsylvania method of doing such things. Elliot was an illustrious example of the possibilities of his race. He was born in Boston; went to school at High Holborn Academy, London, and graduated at Eaton College, and made the law his pro-fession. He had in personal appearance all the distinctively negro characteristics— black skin, thick lips and woolly head, and

yet no one standing behind him when he was speaking would have ever suspected him as being a negro, for his speech and pronunciation were of the very purest Anglo-Saxon. There was no more dangerous man in the House to attack in debate, as some of the members who ventured it discovered to their cost. ELLIOT'S STYLE OF ORATORY.

A couple of extracts from his speech

made January 6, 1864, on the civil rights bill must conclude this chapter. After commenting in a manner worthy of the best legal ability of the age on the slaughter house cases, as they were called, which had recently been decided by the Supreme Court of the United States, and which it was claimed by Alexander Stevens and others were antagonistic to the Constitutional right of Congress to pass the bill under discussion, he said: Now, sir, recurring to the venerable and

Now, sir, recurring to the venerable and distinguished gentleman from Georgia (Mr. Stevens) who has added his remonstrance against the passage of this bill, permit me to say that I share in the feeling of high personal regard for that gentleman which pervades the House. His years, his ability, his long experience in public affairs, entitle him to the measure of consideration which has been accorded to him on the floor. But in the discussion of this question I cannot and will not suffer myself to forget that the welfare and rights of my whole race in this country are involved. When, thegefore, the honorable gentleman lends his voice and infinence to defeat this measure I do not shrink from saying that it is not from him that the American House of Representatives should take lessons touching our government, the burdens and oppressions of which rest upon 5,000,000 of his countrymen who never failed to life their earnest prayers for the successof that Government when the gen-

And then turning on another antagonis of the bill, he said: To the distribe of the gentleman from Vir ginis, who so far transcended the limits of decency and propriety as to announce that his remarks were addressed to white men alone. I have no word of reply. Let him feel that a negro was not only too magnanimous to smite him in his weakness, but was even charitable enough to grant him the mercy of his silence.

A SCRIPTURAL PERCRATION. He closed one of the most remarkable

MR STRAKER—The Holy Scriptures tell us of an humble handmaiden who long fathfully gleaned in the rich fleids of her wealthy kinsman, and we are told further that at last, in spite of her humble antecedents, she found complete favor in his sight. For over two centuries my race has reaned down your fields. The cries and sight. For over two centuries my race has reaped down your fields. The cries and woes which we have uttered have "entered into the ears of the Lord of Sahaoth," and we are at has politically free. The last vestiture, civil rights, only is needed. Having gained this we may, with hearts overflowing with gratitude, and thankful that our prayer has been granted, repeat the prayer of fluth: "Entreat me not to leave Thee, nor return from following after Thee; for whither Thou goest I will go, and whither Thou lodgest I will lodge: Thy people shall be my people, and Thy God my God. Where Thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also if aught but death part Thee and me.

The Forty-ninth Congress witnessed the

The Forty-ninth Congress witnessed the last representative of the race in that body except John M. Langston, who was admitted to a seat in the Fifty-first within a few weeks of its close. It is not at all probable that we shall ever see another returned as duly elected, and if one ever does get a seat it will only be after a double conte one before the people and the other in the

CLINTON LLOYD Copyright 1891 by the author.

HUMOR OF GENERAL BRAGG. His Report as to Whether the Tombigber

River Ran Up or Not.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] Many years before the war General Brazton Bragg, then a Captain of artillery, was detailed to assist the engineers in making surveys of the rivers in Alabama and Mississurveys of the rivers in Alabama and Alasas-sippi. The Chief of Engineers wrote to him asking him to ascertain how far the Tombigbee river ran up. In the course of a few weeks a reply was received. Bragg stated that in obedience to orders he had carefully examined the stream, with all its turns, bends and tributaries, and that he had the honor to report that the Tombigbee did not run up at all, running down in every part of its course.

This answer caused a storm to break out in the engineer's office, and there were talks of court-martial, but, as Bragg was technically correct in his answer, the matter was dropped, but the offending officer was sent back to his regiment.

The Brides Give Presents Now. A unique fashion was originated by Miss Hargous, at her wedding to Duneau Elliott at Newport. It is that of the bride giving a wedding present to the groom, and it is likely to grow in favor. Her gift to Mr. Elliott was an exquisite pearl scarf-pin, which of course he wore in his white silk

cravat on his wedding day. A Sign of Her Nativity.

Clara-Have you any .idea where Miss Painten comes from?
Mr. Lookout, who has observed her plexion-Baton Rouge, I fancy.