### MRS. ROBINSON--A STEAMBOAT EPISODE.

BY MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED.

Author of "The Bond of Wedlock," "Nadine," "Affinities," "Moloch," "The Australian Heroine," Etc.

(COPYRIGHT, 1892.)

Messageries steamer Artemise, this young brother and sister, "Mr. Frank Calder wood and Miss Janie Calderwood, of Queensland, Australia," so they were put down in the passenger list. They had joined the steamer at Singapore, and had come on board in a trightened, fugitive manner and with very little luggage, so that somehow the report got about that they were not brother and sister at all, but a runaway married couple.

It was Mrs. Haddon, the wife of a Hong Kong official and the greatest scandal monger on the Artemise, who started this theory. It appeared that she founded her opinion principally on the fact that upon her sunburnt and otherwise unadorned hands the young lady wore a wedding ring. Also that when addressed as Miss Calderwood, the girl had a way of starting, blushing, and looking uncomfortable, and that once she ingenuously observed that she was not used to the name—Janie was a very foolish young person and it was just the sort of frank, stupid thing she would say—also that there were certain other slight, but insignificant signs which Mrs. Haddon declared indicated that she was a married woman.

There were, however, two contradictions

to Mrs. Haddon's theory—the young man's purely fraternal manner to his companion and the marked likeness between them. Frank was tall and lanky, and Janie was short and delicately framed, but they had the same deep blue eves and fair, curly hair. There was an unmistakable similarity of feature and expression, and they were both so frank, so ignorant and so gullible, and seemed to treat this expedition of theirs as such an excellent joke that it was impossible to believe seriously in any mystery in their relationship. Mra. Haddon's theory soon fell to the ground, though the wedding ring remained on Janie's finger. If she was a bride she was certainly a bride without a troussean. Her wardrobe was of without a trousseau. Her wardrobe was of the simplest and most meager description—
home-made cotton gowns and a rough straw
hat, a general shabbiness in the matter of
boots and gloves, and a total absence of the more dainty equipments of a civilized young lady. But then Janie owned innocently that she was only half civilized. She had lived all her life in the bush, had made her own clothes, and helped to make those of her sisters and brothers. Oh, yes, there were a whole lot of them—some pretty big and others not more than piccanninnies. Their mother was dead, and Dad-well Dad wasn't likely to bother himself about her being turned out properly. This in reply to some sweetly invidious remark upon her lack of an ulster to which Mrs. Haddon had lack of an ulster to which Mrs. Haddon had given utterance. The way in which Mrs. Haddon was "turned out" was quite a revelation to poor Jame. "Gracious!" Jamie went on helplessly. She had never thought of its being cold before they got to England. Of course she knew England was cold, but she supposed that Aunts Harriet and Sophia or the lawyers, or somebody would look af-ter her when they got there. Mrs. Haddon pricked up her ears at the mention of the lawyers. There was property in question then! Janie rattled on, taking no notice of the remark. If Mrs. Haddon could only have felt the day on which they had ridden down from the station-you might have fried an egg on the zine roof of the humpey -well, she wouldn't have wondered that Janie only thought of putting cotton frocks into the pack-bags. Not that she had others to speak of. She had once had two silk gowns and a cashmere costume from Sydney, though to be sure one of the silks was—here Janie stopped and mumbled that it didn't count; and anyhow that was years ago, and into the bargain, for she had only been 1634 when she—again Janie stopped suddenly and got very red. Then her blue eyes filled with tears, and she put out her ha bulwark as if to steady herself, turning away with a feeble laugh, in which there

Mrs. Haddon's eyes were fixed on the wedding ring. "One would almost fancy, looking at that," she said, "that you were talking of your trousseau and had been married at 1634."

was a break.

was-I-;" Janie's eyes too fell guiltily on the wedding ring, and she gave a frightened, startled glance first at Frank and then at Mrs. Haddon.

"Do you know," continued her relentless persecutor, "you have certainly got a mar-ried look. I always fancy that it is not to be mistaken. It's something you can't exactly describe. I made sure till I saw your name in the list as Miss Calderwood that you were Mrs. Something—though you do seem such a child."

"I am not a child," said Janie, with pathetic dignity. "I am 22, and I wish please that you wouldn't talk about my being married. I—I don't like it." She gave a turtive look round, as if she were half afraid of seeing a ghost. Her eyes met those of a tall, thin, Anglo-Indian gentleman, good-looking, rather delicate, and in the thirties, who had been watching her intently. Janie colored again. Never was there such a skin for flushing. It was like a peach blossom in its delicacy. Mrs. Haddon said that Janie reminded her of Gerty in "The Hillyars and the Burtons. She had the same fragile, wild-flower pretti-ness, and something of the same inconse-quent way of chattering and interlarding

her speech with Australian slang.
"Miss Calderwood," said the Anglo-Indian gentleman, "come over here and look Janie moved to the other side of the

deck, and they stood in silence for a minute or two. Then Mr. Armstrong—that was his name—said abruptly, "I wish you'd tell me why you wear that ring."

"Oh, I can't," said Janie. "I—I don't

"It is a wedding ring, isn't it?"
"Yes," she replied, falteringly. "It is a wedding ring."

"Perhaps your mother's?"

"No-It's not my mother's." There was lence. "I don't know why I wear it. I don't see the use of wearing it. What is

"Indeed I cannot tell-unless it is to make Mrs. Haddon say impertinent things "She is like a centipede under a sheet of bark." put in Janie. "She stings before you know what she is at. Well-what else?"

"And to set some people wondering-un-

"Unhappily. Why?"

"Can't you guess? One fancies that it must mean something—that it may be a pledge of some sort—an engagement ring. One has heard of a plain gold ring being preferred—"he hesitated. Janie laughed a hard little' laugh. "1"I

shouldn't prefer a plain gold ring." she said. "I should want sapphires, or dia-monds, or rubies—the most beautiful ring imaginable. I love fine things. I envy Mrs. Haddon her jewels. That is, because

I have always been so poor."
"You may be rich some day," he said.
She was fingering the ring absently.
"May I? I don't think so. I've gone and done for myself."

done for myself."
"How?" he asked, eagerly.
"We've all done for ourselves," said
Janie. "We're a bad lot. Dad is a bad
lot. He says so himself. They won't have
anything to say to him at home—England I
mean," and she nodded across the water. Frank is the only one that is worth any thing, and Mrs. Briggs says that he is doing for himself by agreeing to cut off the entail."

"Mrs. Briggs?" "She was our next neighbor—out there you know. Pelican Swamp was the name

They made a good deal of talk on the of their place-sounds a long way off, doesn't

"Yes it does. Were there pelicaus?"
"Heaps—standing about and swelling out
their throat bags—I liked to watch them.
And the curlews at night—and the native
dogs in the scrub. My word! It was dismai. Our place was on Pelican Swamp

"And it was there that somebody gave you that ring!"
"No, it was in another place. A place I don't want to think of. I hate it."

Mr. Armstrong looked at her in a puzzled way. "I am sure there is a mystery about that ring. It troubles me. I think it troubles you, too."
"Yes, it troubles me. But I am not going

"Yes, it troubles me. But I am not going to let it trouble me any more."

She plucked the ring passionately from her finger. "I wanted to get rid of it ever so long ago; but then I couldn't. Pelican Swamp wasn't deep enough to drown it. Now it is different."

"Different?" he repeated.

"I'm not going back to Pelican Swamp—not if I get round Auut Sophia—she is my Uncle Martin's wife. And there is Aunt Harriet—and it's Uncle Martin who wants to cut off the entail. I can drown the ring here—here in the deep sea. I wish I had thought of that before Mrs. Haddon saw it. Now look! There!"

Now look! There!"

She held the ring over the vessel's side and let it fall. They watched it strike the water. She drew a quick long breath. "It's like drowning a living thing," she said. "Never mind; it's gone—dead—bong—as the blacks say."

blacks say."

"And may all evil memories go with it,"
said Mr. Armstrong, fervently. He still
watched Janie with a curious perplexed expression. The innocent childish face
seemed to reassure him. He drew a little

"I have no right to pry into your secrets," he said, "but—Miss Calderwood—I wish you'd answer me this: You've not promised to marry anybody, have you?"

Janie did not answer for a moment. Then

"No," she said, "I've not promised to marry anybody." And then she walked away from him; and he saw her a little later playing a game of quoits with one of the passengers, as merry if she had never known a care. enown a care. The steamer was drawing near Aden when

The steamer was drawing near Aden when this conversation took place. During the passage from Galle, Mr. Armstrong and Miss Calderwood had become great friends. They had gone on shore there in the same party—a party in which Janie had been the only lady. The other ladies on board did not take much notice of her, perhaps, poor little thing, because her clothes were so shabby. Mr. Armstrong did not mind that in the least; he only looked at her face, and that was a sufficiently pleasing object to in the least; he only looked at her face, and that was a sufficiently pleasing object to atone for all other deficiences. They had driven together through the cocoanut plantations, had watched the after-glow through the palm stems, and looked at the view from Wok-Walla, and had come back to the steamer side by side in the stern of the boat, feeling as unconstrained in each other's society as though they had been friends for years. He had listened with the greatest interest to her childish prattle, and had been delighted by her delight when he had set the Cingalese boys diving for small coins. After that he took it upon himself to look after her, to lend her books, to play quoits with her in the afternoons, and to walk with her on deck in the evenings. People soon become intimate on board ship, People soon become intimate on board shir and they were on such good terms that the passengers began to talk about them, and Mrs. Haddon had a bet with the gentleman who sat next to her at dinner that Mr. Armstrong and the pretty Australian would be engaged before they reached Marseilles.

It was when thevient into the Red that the ladies began to be a little kinder to Janie. Her remark about the lawyers had set Mrs. Haddon upon a trail, and it was not long before she discovered that Frank Calderwood was the nephew of Colonel Cal-derwood, of Calderwoods, in Yorkshire; that the Calderwoods were an old family, and that the estate was worth £10,000 a year; that the next heir, Frank's father, was a brainless pe'er-do-well banished by his relations to Australia, who was quite ready to entertain Colonel Calderwood's proposal of the payment of a sum of money in consideration that he and his son should resign their claims, and that Frank Calder-wood, not altogether willing to sell his

birthright, was now on his way to England in the hope of effect-ing some arrangement more advan-tageous to himself. Mrs. Haddon thought it quite likely that Colonel Calderwood might take a fancy to this handsome young fellow and might not be indisposed to wel-come him as his heir. There was no doubt that little Jenny in her very ignorance and simplicity had a fascination for men and might be welcome, too, as an element of life at Calderwood's. Under such circumstances, her manners and her wardrobe would soon undergo revision, and Janie might prove a desirable English acquaintance. So Mrs. Haddon took Janie under her wing at Suez, and when they got into the canal and the nights grew cold, insisted very sweetly, and with some tact, in providing her with a warm cloak out of her own abundant store. Wrapped in Mrs. Haddon's cloak, Janie

sat on deck, Mr. Armstrong generally be-side her. How strange and dream-like it seemed, to glide between those low white banks, with the curious life of the desert showing itself in glimpses on each side of them—a string of camels, a native village, a water wheel, a party of Arabs in their blue gowns, a group of palms, a mirage, and those glorious sunsets of red and gold and purple. And then the swift-talling night, and the loneliness and immensity of the vast sand plains, the stars coming out and shining in the deep blue of space—it was all wonderful and poetic, and to poor little butterfly Janie, who had hitherto fluttered through life untouched by any of the stronger emotions and usually able to forget her worst trouble in child's play, inex-pressibly seddening. Her frivolous chatter was silenced for a while. Somehow of late days Armstrong noticed that she had talked and laughed less, and he had wondered what was the course. This evening when what was the cause. This evening, when suddenly a deck lamp, just lighted, swung round the mast by which their

seats were set, Mr. Armstrong, to his surprise, saw that her eyes were full of "What is the matter" he asked, bending over the arm of her long basket chair, "You haven't been like yourself lately. You're crying—Janie—I can't bear to see you sad. Tell me what it is." "It's n-nothing, and I'm n-not crying,"

"Yes you are. You're unhappy. And when you first came on board you were so gay—always laughing. You haven't laughed all day to-day. Janie—do you mind my calling you Janie?"

"No-I like it. "Tell me what it is in the voyage that has nade you unhappy."
"There's nothing in the voyage. It has

been beautiful." "Yes," he said softly-"beautiful in-"I've been ridiculously happy. I have

loved the voyage."

"You have been happy. Oh, I'm so glad.
And we have been a great deal together,
Janie, and perhaps it's I that have had
something to do with making you happy—or unhappy. Have I?"

"Unhappy?" She shook her head. "Happy, then?" But then don't you see?"

If it isn't the voyage and it isn't e, what is it?" "It's the end—the end of everthing. I— I like this life. I was forgetting all about things. I was sailing away—away—as I always wanted to. Sailing away to a new country altogether. I didn't think about what I was to do when I got there. And now we are nearly there. I'm only a stupid little silly. I'm not fit to impress people, and Frank isn't much good either. He and I will be regular new chums among those grand relations. They'll look down upon us, and perhaps turn us out of doors."

"That I'm sure they won't do. You dear.

us, and perhaps turn us out of doors."

"That I'm sure they won't do. You dear, helpless little woman; you'll win your own way into their hearts."

"Do you really think so. But I don't know anything. I've never been to a dinner-party in my whole life. I'm nothing but a bush savage; and you see we are beggars. I don't suppose you know, but you see Dad was sent out to Australia because he was a shingle loose. Dad always has been a shingle loose. Dad always has been a shingle loose. Yes! he is queer! Then Uncle Martin's boy died, and a lawyer wrote something to Dad, and ever since then we have had an allowance, paid quarterly; but Dad gets hold of it, and it's all gone before one of us can grab enough for a new frock. Uncle Martin hates Dad, and Mrs. Briggs says that old lawyer wants

for a new frock. Uncle Martin hates Dad, and Mra Briggs says that old lawyer wants to do Dad and Frank out of their rights, and it was Mra Briggs who talked to Frank about it, and advised us to come straight home and take them by surprise."

"I think Mrs. Briggs was quite right, and it is very likely when your uncle sees you and your brother he may entirely change his mind. Go on, Janie, tell me more."

"I don't think there is anything more to tell. I'm frightened. I'm frightened of Aunt Sophia and Uncle Martin and that old lawyer and the whole lot. I'm so Aunt Sophia and Uncle Martin and that old lawyer and the whole lot. I'm so lonely. I never felt so lonely any time in my life before, not even when I was dreadfully unhappy and used to go out on moonlight nights and sit on a log by the Pelican 8wamp, and listen to the curlews and the native dogs, and the mawpawks, and wish I was dead."

The words tumbled out in gasps. Janle was nearly crying again. Mr. Armstrong possessed himself of her hand and pressed it tenderly.

"Don't cry, my dearest. You needn't be onely. You need never feel lonely, as Janie wrenched her hand away. "You musn't. On, I know what you are going to say. Mrs. Briggs told me."
"Mrs. Briggs told you what?"
"That men would make love to me, and that I musn't let them."

"I'm not making love to you, Janie.
Never mind Mrs. Briggs. I love you. Do
you understand Janie? That's altogether
different from 'making love.'"

"Is it?"
"I want you to be my wife. I'm in earn-

"I want you to be my wife. I'm in earnest. I love you so that I can't live without you. I'll take care of you. It need'nt matter to you what the grand relations in England say to you. I'm rich enough to give you everything you can want. Only say that you care for me a little."

Was it Janie Calderwood's voice that answered? It was the voice of a woman brought suddenly face to face with a great reality and sobered into almost tragic solemnity. "I can't say that," she answered very low. very low.

He, too, was sobered. "You mean that you don't care for me?" "I mean," she began and stopped; "I mean," she began again desperately, "that it is all a horrible mistake."

They were both silent and the steamer glided on and the stars shone. And there was a redder light than the stars bobbing athwart the bow.

"Do you see?" cried Mrs. Haddon, close by them. "Yes, it is. Miss Calderwood, look. That's the light of Port Said; and to-morrow we shall be in the Mediterra-

Some sailors ran across the deck and began uncoiling ropes near where Janie and Mr. Armstrong were sitting. They both got up. She went beside Mrs. Haddon. People came along, and there was all the excitement of coming into port. Mr. Armstrong had not the chance of another word with her alone that evening. with her alone that evening.

Nor for several days afterward. The next morning they were in the Mediterranean indeed, but it was blowing a gale, and the Mediterranean in a gale is about as disagreeable a chopping sea as there is on the globe. It was a new experience to be tossed about and to live with the port holes closed. All the way from Singapore they had been the standing with gh the calmest tropical waters. Now half the pas-sengers found out that they were bad sail-ors, and Janie among them. At any rate, for four days she kept her cabin, and four days from Port Said brought them near Marseilles. The French coast was well in sight when Mr. Armstrong again saw Janie. Poor little Janiel That grey, drear day seemed to have withered all her wildflower prettiness and freshness. She looked pale and cold and altogether forlorn in her cotton gown and straw hat, with Mrs. Haddon's cloak drawn tightly round her shoulders. Was it sea-sickness, he wondered, which had made her so white and her eyes so red and sunken? Or had she been crying? The sea was rough still, and she tottered as the vessel lurched under her. Mr. Armstrong rushed forward and offered her his arm, searching her face eagerly for some signs as to what his fate was to be. At that moment it seemed to him impossible that he could give up the hope of making this lovely pathetic creature his own. He was determined that before they reached Marseilles he would have his answer. He would force her to own that she loved him. And then what did anything else matter? He fancied that he could read the signs of love in her averted eyes, in her trembling hand and in the subdued voice with which she

answered his eager questions.

Yes, she had been very sick. It was so cold. She hadn't wanted to come on deck. The cold had got into her bones and if it was going to be like that in England, why she thought she had better die at once or else go straight back to Australia. No. they weren't going to stop in Marseilles. They meant to go on to London by that

evening's train. evening's train.
"I must get to London too as soon as I can," said Mr. Armstrong; "but I am obliged to stay to-night in Marseilles to meet a cousin who is coming from Cannes expressly to see me. I shall take the morning's train and I shall be in England almost s soon as you are. Then I shall come to

ee you. Where shall I find you?" see you. Where shall I find you?"
"We are going to the Grosvenor Hotel,"
said Frank. "Mrs. Haddon says it is a
good place and it's handy to Lowndes
Square, which is where our relations live
when they are in London. Of course I
don't know what they'll say to us," he
added with his nervous Australian laugh.
"They may shut their doors upon us."

"They may shut their doors upon us."
"I shouldn't think there's much chance of that," said Mr. Armstrong, con-strainedly. "I shall look you up and I hope Miss Calderwood will let my sister all upon her. Don't you want to get the first sight of Marseilles and the Chateau 1'It?" he said, turning to Janie: "and won't you come this way?" He led her along to the quietest spot he could find. The deck was crowded and everybody was in a flutter. They stood close together by the bulwarks. "Miss Calderwood," he

the bulwarks. "Miss Calderwood," he said. "You don't know ho w wretched and anxious I've been since-since that night at Port Said. You didn't give me any answer

Port Said. You didn't give me any answer then—any answer that I could accept as final. Janie, I asked you to be my wife. I asked you if you could love me?"

She grew whiter still, and her eyes met his, full of pain. "I can't—" she said, brokenly. "I must not—"

"You must not love me. Is that what you mean? I don't understand you. Do you love me? You do, Janie. I am sure of it. I feel it. Give me your hand; and then—say that you dosnot—if you can."

She let him take her hand.
"I did not mean to make you unhappy."

"I did not mean to make you unhappy," she said. "I have been dreadfully unhappy nyself since I knew. It's all a mistake, told you so. I never thought of this." "Janie," he insisted. "Answer me. Do

She tried to pull away her hand, but he held her tight, standing close to her, their two forms shielding their two hands, which were clasped upon the bulwark. "You must answer me." "Let me go," she said.
"Yes or no? Answer me first."

"Is that the truth?"

wildly, "It is not the truth," and as he made a step to detain her she darted across the deck and put her hand through her

the deck and put her hand through her brother's arm.

Notre Dame de la Garde towered against the sky. They were steaming into the harbor. The fortress lay close to them. Presently all was confusion. A crowd of masts closed them in. There were shouts and many noises. The last moment had come, people were saying goodby to each other.

"It is really too sad to be all going our different ways after having lived together for more than a month," said Mrs. Haddon. "Goodby, Mr. Calderwood. Goodby, Janie, my dear. I am sure that I know some of your people; and you must be sure and find me in London. Goodby, Mr. Armstrong, you'll let me know (in an aside) if I am to congratulate you."

The send of all things was here. Nearly

your people; and you must be sure and nnd me in London. Goodby, Mr. Armstrong, you'll let me know (in an aside) if I am to congratulate you."

The end of all things was here. Nearly everyone had gone on shore. Frank was struggling to secure the aid of a Cook's interpreter. Janie stood perfectly motionless, despair in her face. She looked toward Armstrong.

"Janie," he said, "if it isn't the truth, may I not come with you?"

"No," she answered. "Listen, I've got something to show you—something to tell you. I've put it off till the last moment because I hadn't the courage before."

"In God's name, what is it?" he said.

"I'm not Janie Calderwood at all. My name is Mrs. Robinson. Look here." She fumbled in her pocket and pulled out a photograph, the portrait of a bloated-looking, rather handsome man, which she held before him. "That's George Robinson, my husband. The ring I drowned in the sea was my own wedding-ring. Goodby."

He stood like one stunned. "Goodby." He stood like one stunned. "Goodby." she repeated. "Here's Frank. Won't you say goodby?"

"Janie," cried Frank, "I've got him, and we must come along. Goodby, Mr. Armstrong. You'll not forget—at the Grosvenor Hotel, you know."

"Goodby," replied Armstrong, mechanically. Janie lingered and held out her hand. He took it as if he were in a dream. "Goodby," he said, "God bless you."

Three days later he called at the Grosvenor Hotel, It was not possible that he cou'd part with Janie in that fashion. He did not know whether to ask for Miss Calderwood or for Mrs. Robinson. He asked for Frank, and when told he was out, for his sister. Yes, the young lady was in, and he was taken in the lift to a sitting-room at the top of the building, of which the most cheerful adornment was a blazing fire. Janie, still in her tropical gown, sat hugging the warmth. His heart was pierced the most cheerful adornment was a blazing fire. Janie, still in her tropical gown, sat hugging the warmth. His heart was pierced by the half-hysterical cry with which she welcomed him. She looked so utterly forlorn and wretched that he hardly knew whether he felt pain or joy at the sight of her.

She clung to him as a child might have done. "Oh, I'm so glad—and I'm so miserable," she said, all in one breath. "Oh, we can't find our relations. Uncle Martin is away somewhere, and the Lowndes Square house is shut up, and that horrid old lawyer thinks us thieves and impostors, old lawyer thinks us thieves and impostors, and won't give us any money or tell us anything till we prove our identity—and how are we to do that, I wonder? Of course, Dad forgot to write. And, oh, I'm so cold; and the waiters laugh at me. Yesterday we got bushed in the city, and we couldn't blaze a track there anyhow. Then, at last, we got to the underground railway, and the noise and the smoke and the sulphur—well, I'm sure I don't know what they are like. Someone pushed me this way, and someone that, and a dirty man shoved me into a carriage, and before I could think we had shot into the ground, and it was all dark. If this is London, I hate it. I hate everything, and I wish I hate it. I hate everything, and I wish I

She began to sob. It was some time be-fore he could get her to talk collectedly. He wanted to know the truth about her

marriage.

It was a pitiful story—a child not 17 married to a brute—a brute who got drunk and beat his wife and finally deserted her. But, alas, there is a post from California and George Robinson evaded legal penalties by writing occasionally, and by turning up in Queensland within the seven years and announcing his intention of claiming his wife. That had been a few days before the date fixed for Frank's departure. Mrs. Briggs, the Mentor of that teckless family, had ad-vised flight and Janie described how she and Frank had ridden down from up country and had sneaked on board the steamer at night, taking her passage in her maiden

Just at this point of Janie's narrative there were voices outside, and Janie and Armstrong sprang apart as the door opened ooking lady in a sealskin-cloak, who went straight up to Janie and took her in her arms and then held her away and looked at

her.

"Oh, you precious pair of babies!" she said. "Here's a nice business. It's lucky my brother Martin is coming home to-night, and it's lucky that old fool of a lawyer took it into his head to bring Frank to see me. I'm your Aunt Harriet, my dear, and how anyone could ever imagine you weren't Calderwoods passes my comprehension.
Why, Janie, my child—but you've got the
very eyes of my poor, dead sister, Cicely."
And then the old lady kissed Janie again,
and Janie cried and begged her not to be

angry. "I'm not angry," said Aunt Harriet. "But what did you go and ruin your life for in that fashion. And you're Mrs. Robin-son, my dear—no lies—no false position. You've made your bed; or it has been made for you, you poor innocent, and you must

"You don't mean to send me back to him," cried Janie, crying again. Aunt Harriet's face grew dark. "Send you back to him! The beast! No. You are going to stop with me."

Armstrong slipped away. This was no time for him. Perhaps it was best that his interview with Janie should end in such manner. When he called at the hotel next day, he was told that the brother and sister

Later on he got a simple little note from Janie which was dated from Calderwoods.
"I am very unhappy when I think of you.
I have told Aunt Harriet, and she says it is better you should not come to see me any more. Aunt Harriet knows your sister, and perhaps I shall know her too some time. and then I may hear of you. Perhaps, by and by, I may hear that you have married someone better and cleverer than I am. I shall always remember those beautiful days. I shall always pray that you shall be happy.
"Your friend, JANIE."

"P. S.—Our relations are very kind to us. Uncle Martin has adopted Frank, and I am to live with Aunt Harriet." There was a big tear-blot on the sheet. Armstrong kissed the tear, and put the little letter away, to be treasured as his most sacred possession. He thought his ro-

In September he heard from his sister, Mrs. Hamilton, that she had been asked to stay with the Calderwoods, and she sent him a note which had been inclosed to her. The note was an invitation to Calderwoods. There was a postscript from Aunt Harriet

"We hope that you will accompany you sister, and that you and she will not mind our being a quiet family party. We have just heard of the death, by accident in Ausniece Janie, and though, as you can per-haps understand, this event is hardly a matter of condolence, it prevents us, while she is with us, from having our usual large shooting party.'

AS A DRINK IN FEVERS Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate. Dr. Chas. H. S. Davis, Meriden, Conn., says: "I have used it as an accessory in cases of melancholis and nervous debility, and as a pleasant and cooling drink in fevers, and have been very much pleased with it." Fourth of July.

Every person having pictures taken at Hendricks & Co,'s photograph gallery will receive an 8x10 photograph, handsomely framed, free of charge. Don't miss the num-ber, 68 Federal street, Allegheny, Cabi-

Drygoods House.

Monday, July 4, 1892, Jos. Horne & Co.'s

# **OUR GREAT** MIDSUMMER CLEARANCE SALE BEGINS TO-MORROW,

PENN AVENUE STORES.

TUESDAY, JULY 5, AT 7:30 A. M

It has always been our custom to hold a general and extensive clearance sale throughout the month of July for the purpose of closing out Spring and Summer Goods of all kinds. This July it becomes necessary to make this SALE A COMPLETE CLEARANCE, as it is our intention not to carry over any of this year's goods into

# OUR NEW STORE,

NOW IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION

At the N. E. Corner of Penn Avenue and Fifth Street.

But to open the new store, which will be one of the largest, most complete and best equipped Drygoods Emporiums in the United States, with a complete and entirely new stock from cellar

In order to carry out these intentions to the letter it is necessary to make pronounced reductions on every article pertaining to summer wear.

#### THIS WE HAVE DONE

We have made GREATER REDUCTIONS and MORE GENERAL REDUCTIONS throughout every department than have ever before been seen in our stores, and we invite our thousands of customers to visit us during THIS GREAT JULY CLEARANCE SALE and reap the unusual advantages we offer and which may not again occur in a lifetime.

The following list of items, though comprising not one-twentieth part of the many bargains we have to offer, will yet convey a fair idea of the extent of the reductions and the quantities of goods we purpose closing out.

Those who attend these sales cannot fail to save many dollars on their most staple purchases, and we are satisfied that the general public will pronounce this

#### GREATEST CLEARANCE SALE IN THE HISTORY OF

Cheviot Suitings, 36 inches wide, all-wool, formerly 50c, Clearance Sale Price 25c.

Fancy Cheveron Suitings, 36 inches wide, choice styles, formerly 50c, Clearance Sale Price 25c.

Diagonal Suitings, 36 inches wide, all-wool, formerly 50c, Clearance Sale Price 25c. Novelty Plaid Suitings, 44 inches

wide, choice styles, formerly 50c, Clearance Sale Price 25c. Vigoreaux Plaid Suitings, 42 inches wide, all-wool, formerly 75c, Clear-

Bedford Cords, 38 inches wide, formerly 75c, Clearance Sale Price

ance Sale Price 40c.

Bedford Cords, 46 inches wide, formerly \$1 00, Clearance Sale Price

Bedford Cords, 46 inches wide, formerly \$1.25, Clearance Sale Price

Bedford Cords, 50 inches wide, formerly \$2 00, Clearance Sale Price French Printed Challies, the best

makes and styles, formerly 50c and 6oc, Clearance Sale Price 38c and French Printed Javonaise, light

and dark colors, formerly 75c, Clearance Sale Price 50c. Fancy Corded Crepons, 40 inches

wide, formerly \$1 25, Clearance Sale Price 5oc. Fancy Corded Crepons, 46 inches wide, formerly \$2 00, Clearance Sale

Price 75c. Plain Corded Crepons, 46 inches wide, formerly \$2 50, Clearance Sale

Price \$1 00. Novelty Suitings, including Cheverons, Bedford Suitings, Cheviot Suit-

ings and many other novelties, formerly 75c to \$1 25, Clearance Sale Price 5oc. Scotch Tweeds, Scotch Cheviots, Scotch Fancy Suitings, formerly \$1 25 to \$2.50 per yard, Clearance Sale

Price 75c. French Wool Cashmeres, 36 inches wide, formerly 50c, Clearance Sale Price 44c. French Wool Cashmeres, 46 inches wide, formerly 75c, Clearance Sale Price 50c. French Wool Cashmeres, 46 inches wide, formerly \$1 00, Clearance Sale Price 75c. French Wool Serges, 38 inches wide, formerly 50c a yard, Clearance Sale Price

French Serges, 46 inches wide, formerly 5c, Clearance Sale Price 68c. French Wool Serges, 46 inches wide, fornerly \$1 00, Clearance Sale Price 90c.

Reductions in Ladies' Hostery. Reductions in Children's Hostry. Reductions in Men's Furnishings. Reductions in C. P. Corsets.

leductions in Summer Comfort-ables.

Reductions in Fabric Gloves. Reductions in Kid Gloves.

### Black Wool Dress Goods.

Black French Serges, formerly 50c yard, Clearance Sale Price 44c. Black Fancy Cheverons, formerly

\$1, Clearance Sale Price 50c. Black French Whipcord, 46 inches wide, formerly \$1, Clearance Sale Price 75c. Black French Serge, fine quality,

46 inches wide, formerly \$1, Clearance Sale Price 75c. Black Henrietta, all wool, 46 inches wide, formerly \$1, Clearance

Sale Price 75.
Black French Cashmere (Lupin's), Frice 25c. formerly \$1 25, Clearance Sale Price | American Ginghams, formerly Sc, Black Novelty Suitings, 6 different

styles, formerly \$1.25 and \$1.50,

### Clearance Sale Price \$1.

India Silks, 28 inches wide, black grounds and light colors, with choice this season's printings, regular \$1 and \$1.25 quality, Clearance Sale

India Silks, 24 to 27 inches wide, choice styles, excellent quality, formerly 75c and \$1, Clearance Sale

Price 50c. Moire Francaise, good colors, 22 inches wide, formerly \$1.50, Clearance Sale Price 50c.

Moire Antique, 24 inches wide, choice colors, formerly \$3, Clearance Sale Price \$1. Changeable Faille Francaise, 22

inches wide, formerly \$2.50, Clearance Sale Price \$1. Peau De Soie, 22 inches wide, 10

lifferent colors, formerly \$1.25, Clearance Sale Price 50c. Armures, 22 inches wide, all silk, choice colors, formerly \$1.50, Clear- ance Sale Price \$5.

ance Sale Price 75c. Fancy Plaid Striped Surahs, 22 inches wide, choice effects, formerly 85c, Clearance Sale Price 5oc.

Fancy All-Silk Brocades, formerly \$1.65, Clearance Sale Price 75c. Poult de Soie, 23 inches wide, choice colors, formerly \$2, Clearance

Sale Price \$1. Our regular 24-inch Colored Surahs, always sold at \$1.20 a yard,

Clearance Sale Price \$1. Our regular 24-inch Colored Surahs, always sold at \$1 per yard, Clearance Sale Price 85c. Novelty Silks, including Black Taf-

Colored Stripe Taffetas, High Novelty Indias, Changeable Silks, plain and figured, Chameleon, plain and figured, and numerous other high novelties of the season. Clearance Sale Price a third less than former prices.

Our entire stock of these goods at greatly reduced prices. Black and Colored Cashmeres, Crepons, Challies and other fancy materials, new and stylish designs, formes prices \$8, \$10, \$12, \$15, \$18, \$20 and up to \$50, Clearance Sale Prices \$5, \$6, \$8, \$10, \$12, \$14, \$20, \$25 and \$30. The \$5 ones were \$50. That's the fetas with colored figures, Fancy Price a third less than former prices.

Cotton Challies, formerly 7c, Clearance Sale Price 31/2c. Cheveron Suitings, formerly 8c,

Clearance Sale Price 4c. Satines, dark colors, formerly 15c. Clearance Sale Price 81/2 c. Irish Lawns, formerly 15c, Clear-

ance Sale Price 10c. Idelian Cloths, formerly 18c, Clearance Sale Price 121/2c. French Batistes and Mousselines.

formerly 371/2c, Clearance Sale Clearance Sale Price 51/4c.

Fine Dress Ginghams, formerly 15c, Clearance Sale Price 10c, Scotch Ginghams, formerly 25c and 40c, Clearance Sale Price 15c. D. & J. Anderson's Ginghams, for-

merly 40c and 45c, Clearance Sale Price 25c. D. & J. Anderson's Cheviots and Oxfords, formerly 45c and 5oc,

Clearance Sale Price 25c. Novelty Scotch Crepe Ginghams, formerly 50c and 60c, Clearance Sale

Price 25c. Remnants of Wash Dress Goods, Clearance Sale Prices less than one-

# half regular prices.

JACKETS: Black All-Wool Flannel and Serge Jackets, in Blazer and Reefer styles, that were formerly \$5 to \$12, are all

at one Clearance Sale Price, \$3. Black All-Wool Blazer and Reefer Jackets, formerly \$12 to \$20, Clear-

All Russian Blouse Suits, in fancy Cotton Bedford Cords and other wash materials, formerly \$3.50, Clear-

ance Sale Price \$3. Figured Lawn Suits, beautiful new styles and designs, formerly \$2.50, Reduced Price Sale \$2. Large reductions in all Plain and Fancy Cloth and Silk Suita. Best value ever offered in Fine All-Wool

## Cloth Suits, the Eton design, at \$10.

way prices are cut. Reductions in Hair Brushes. Reductions in Tooth Brushes. Reductions in Nail Brushes.

Suits and Caps. Reductions in Trimmed Millinery.
Reductions in Fine Straw Hats,

Reductions in Men's Sox. Reductions in Men's Neckwear. Reductions in Men's Summer Vests. Reductions in Summer Blankets. There are thousands of bargains to be found at this great Clearance Sale. Every one is a genuine bargain. It will pay you to come early and get the pick.

Wear.

Reductions in Lace Curtains, Reductions in Table Damasks.

Reductions in Notions. Reductions in Buttons.

Reductions in Damask Napkins

OS.HORNE&CO. **609-621 PENN AVENUE.**