Author of "The Wing of Azrael," "Whom Nature Leadeth," "A Romance of the Moors," etc., etc.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

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"Oh, that's what you think!" cried Wi

red. "That is interesting."
He continued reflectively, chewing a stall

of grass and letting his thoughts run in the channel that for the last fortnight they had

worn deep with their perpetual trampling. At the home of his friend, Tom Whitting-

ham, in the neighborhood where he was now staying, was a fellow guest named Madame de Verneville, whose strange charm

filled him with doubt, excitement and trouble. He could not understand her. She

had lost her husband about a year ago in some outlandish place in the East, where

they had lived for many years. He was a

nice herself—as all her relations said in bewilderment—bad spoken of him with but
scant respect. She had always been
wayward and unexpected—a problem
to her family. That she, with
her intense love of all that was
brilliant and intoxicating in life, should
have consented to bury herself in Asia
Minor, where her prosy old husband had an
appointment, filled everyone who knew her
with dismay. Some unhappy love affair
was suspected, but Berenice baffled all attempts to discover the truth. Her usual
reticence made it the more remarkable that

reticence made it the more remarkable that she should have taken Wilfred, to some slight extent, into her confidence. She told

him that she had returned to the scenes o

her early life because it was here that she had enjoyed and thrown away the greatest

happiness that had ever come to her or ever could come. She warned him never to allow

a moment's anger or pique to induce him to sacrifice what he valued deeply; it was worse to owe a great loss to oneself than

to any other person for then one could not comfortably nurse a grievance. Madame

de Verneville had followed the example of all who came under the influence of Wilfred Turner, whose obvious nobility of character and perfect loyalty, had laden

character and perfect loyalty, had laden him with a towering pile of confidences, a burden heavy with responsibility and often fraught with danger. For those to whom he gave sympathy and service had, in many cases, followed the strange instinct of the average human being to demand from an

unstinting giver, more and more, as he gives more, tonnding upon his gifts a sort of vested interest, an inalienable claim for

if his was the only case with which the donor had to deal, and as if he had no ship of his own to pilot through the straits and

Madame de Verneville, to do her justice,

had not instituted a right to Wilfred's serv-

ices on the foundation of his sympathy; she saw and told him that he had too many

people on his shoulders-it was weighing him down, and exhausting his nervous

grasp of life, he must not submit to the self-indulgent thoughtlessness of men and

women who were not strong enough to re-tain the perpendicular without leaning their whole weight on someone else, minus even the ceremony of permission. How Madame de Verneville knew that Wilfred

was so placed, puzzled him not a little.

Was she casting over him some spell of the mesmeric order, which made it possible for her to read his thoughts! He had made light of her power in her presence, and had jokingly challenged her to subjugate his

will, it she could; now he began to wish he had not defied her. He felt in his heart that at her command, he would be ready to

One of her strangest characteristics was

one of her strangest characteristics was her passion and genius for dancing. At Oldham House, where they were staying, she had inspired the whole party with the same mania, and every evening, in the garden, they used to dance to the sound of music that came from the open drawing-

sedate measure, but wild spirited national dances that she had taught them, full of

dances that she had taught them, full of character and abandon.

Wilfred was roused from his reverie by the voice of his companion, who had appar-ently been indulging in the same luxury.

"Years ago," he began, "on this very

"Another confidence, by Jove!" Wilfred

"Another confidence, by Jove!" Wilfred inwardly exclaimed.

"A little drama took place, of which I was the hero. Why I should sentimentalize over it to you, my dear fellow, I don't know, but you seem to secrete confidences as the liver secretes bile. Listen, then, to my tale," said Joseph Parkes melodramatically.

Sunshine and silence. It was a wide- , lief in love and woman altogether, which eyed country, not such as we call beautiful. The earth has foregone her spells; she lay brown and shorn and quiet. The sky was a strong radiant blue. Winter was coming; there was a dream of her in the air; the birds sang of her thoughtfully, and the wind was touched with chill reminiscences. But what matter? let her come, let the fate of the year be fulfilled.

These fancies drifted through a head cushioned on moss and half hidden among leafage on the verge of a little wood, overlooking wide rough spaces of English country. Freuchman, whom she had astonished everybody by marrying, for no one liked him, and until she had accepted him Bere-nice herself—as all her relations said in be-

A pair of sprawling legs revealed their presence at intervals by commotions among dead leaves. The naturally dark face was still more bronzed with August sunshine; it was the face of a man saddened with years; he had keen eyes, a thick beard and whiskers-like the undergrowth that now encompassed it-a forehead that friends called "bumpy," evebrows shaggy and over-shadowing. The features were heavy but not coarse. In form the loiterer seemed gigantic, he failed neither in length, breadth

in surrounding brambles amused him.
"I have gained in extension if I have lost in elevation since those benignant days, which this old tree knows as well as I!" he said inwardly, apostrophising the presiding

oak, which gensly, at intervals, sent a stealthy leaf to join its fallen comrades. The man shut his eyes and lay very still. And lot the oak tree no longer shed its leaves and rustled mournfully; it was green with the first pale green of spring; the whifl of primroses came up through the wood; the air was full of promise, and the hand that now lay with close-shut palm seemed to clasp another smaller, softer hand!—the lost moments renewed themselves, swept back wind-like over the years, came close, caressed, thrilled every nerve, and stirred each drop of blood. The eyes opened and the vision remained. The selfsame spot, the self-same tree. Startlingly familiar was each bend and contortion of those old branches; every leaf seemed an old triend—! and the little wound in the trunk just above the level of the brow—painful, almost terrible was the vividness of sensation it evoked. So impossible to the bewildered senses seemed old Time's wild work, sweeping away, tearing down, dimming, destroying, while the old scene stared with unaltered eyes, and babbled distractingly of the human things that

could never be again.

Never again—the thought ate and fretted in the mind as acid upon steel. It was ridiculous as well as cruel, when every bird's note, every stir in the air, every sigh of the woodlands insisted that these things were still living and keenly living. In another second must be a footstep sending a ripple through the silence—the breaking of a stick, the pushing of a light, white figure through the branches. A wind swept eastward the heads of the trees; the dead leaves swirled over the body of the man whose face was turned toward the earth.

The rush of wind had concealed from him the sound of someone approaching. A young fellow, loosely attired, with a big Panama hat shading his eyes, made a sudden pause on coming to the wast form among the undergrowth at the oak tree's foot. He was slightly built, with a thin, wern face and thoughtful expression. After a few sec-onds the close presence of a human being seemed to make itself felt, and the Hercu-lean bulk stirred.

"Taking a brisk walk!" was the young

ine b. r started. the difference between principle and prac-

"It is me, or I, as odious grammatical people will have it, forcetting that me is the most self-effacing form of expression showing that the speaker looks at himself

"I think you are about the most self-effacing fellow I know," said the elder man, arranging his substance slowly against the "Self-effacement, Mr. Parkes, is compar-

atively easy to a man of moderate size," said Wilfred Turner, sinking down among "Have you room?" asked Mr. Parkes benevolently.

"Thank you, I have found a crevice. like your way of taking exercise."

Joseph Parkes grunted.

'I thought, sir, when I saw you yesterday at Warrington Court that you had a rever-

ence for literature."

"So I had, when you saw me yesterday at Warrington Court."

"Your to-day's variation lands you in contempt for the great world-rudder. Ah, foolish youth, for whom the shrine is empty! Replenish thy faith and set alight again the sacred lamp of reverence, lest evil things befall thee! Know that the muses remain in their majesty, though at intervals their votaries take exercise under oak trees and think upon the days that are no more."
"Ah! is that what you are doing!" Wil-

"Young man," said Joseph Parkes, "I have a Past."

"I congratulate you," Wilfred returned.

"I congratulate you," Wilfred returned.

The man of letters gave a short laugh.

"I always knew it," Wilfred went on.

"You have been envied and called successful; but I felt there was something out of gear with you. You seem at times so weary

of things and people."

"Not altogether on account of my Past, however," said Joseph Parkes. "Were I as innocent of a Past as yourself, I think I should get tired of writing fugitive articles for newspapers; I should weary of being overlastingly smart, and critical and tall. everlastingly smart, and critical, and telling, and all that. I have extravagant and ridiculous longings to say what I really think sometimes, a confession which I know I may rely on you to hold sacred in your

win bosom."
Wilfred buttoned up his flannel coat "That's right. Yes, it gets absolutely ridiculous, it does indeed. However, it is the way of the world, and one must keep

one's grumbling for one's self-effacing "Who wish most heartily they could do something more useful than listen to them,"

Then with some hesitation he went on to suggest a few ideas of a more hopeful char-acter. Why did not Mr. Parkes say the thing he wanted to say? Why not write a was far more wanted than smart newspaper

"But bread and butter for aged mothers and spinster sisters is wanted more per emptorily than either," observed Parkes.

And yet, and yet!—
Ah! yes, Wilfred talked boldly; it was just the wav Joseph Parkes used to talk at his age; one's heart warmed to such talk, but—ah, me! Did he not know that there was a Succubus stalking the highways of the world, a creature who had swallowed generations of dreams and centuries of hopes, who fattened on belief, and added cubits to her stature on the nutritious diet

of young Ambition?
Wilfred sighed.
"Do we then all go through the same phases and finish the same? "As surely as the oak tree begins with green and ends with russet."

"But we may all be wrong," said Wil-"Nothing more likely. We can't even be left in peace with a gloomy conviction. However, I believe there is one hope for a man in this life, and that is the love of a good woman. If you miss that you come to my state before the end, unless you lose bewent my way, and we never met again. The thing is as ancient as a sun myth. I heard shortly atterward of her engagement to some other fellow, whose very name I do not know. Whether she is alive or dead at this moment I am in perfect ignorance. I walked the earth a raging dynic; my contributions to periodicals began to take an edge that editors liked; I wrote like a fiend, half-starving as I was in my fourth-floor room overlooking the artistic chimney pots of Islington. That was the beginning of my success as a journalist. I recom-

pots of Islington. That was the beginning of my success as a journalist. I recommend every aspirant to journalism to get engaged and jilted. It is most inspiring."

"I am very sorry for you," said Wilfred, simply. A suspicion had flashed upon his mind, generated by the union of two confidences, and the longer he thought about it, the more probable it seemed to him that the double communication, each giving only a portion of the truth, when put together made the whole.

portion of the truth, when put together made the whole.

"But is it on this account that you have never married?" asked Wilfred.

"I think it is. My ideal of woman received so rude a shock; and then I have seen too manh of the incide of domestic life. too much of the inside of domestic life. I would rather be in my grave than falsely married. My solitude at least is a negative evil; but an enforced companionship Donner und blitz! no thank you."

"Yet if that woman were to come back and stand here as she stood then, perhaps your opinion would change."
"I am a fool," he said, "but not twice

Then after a long pause, he went on describe his first meeting with her, pointing out the roofs of Warrington Court, where it had taken place. Her father had sold the place to Mr. Horstord, Joseph's

present host.

Joseph Parkes struggled up. "Come, come, it's time to go home. They dine at a to eight."

"Pienty of time, then, to come around and see our Cottage Club," said Wilfred, "it's worth a visit." The suggestion was adopted, though Joseph Parkes hoped there were not a lot

of literary people there; he was tired of the jargon, confound it! It was a place for those who pine for rest and silence, yet who desire occasional op-portunity for informal social pleasures. Some years ago a group of artists had taken the cottage, engaging a clever and benevo-lent relative of one of the members-Mrs Haverley—as housekeeper or hostess.
"Good heavens!" the man of letters ex-

claimed. "Look at that library and those old world vistas of garden beyond! What a place to rest or work, or idle or make love

"Nobody here need be sociable unless he pleases," Wilfred explained; "the rooms are all divided by a movable canvas screen, so that each room is a study as well as a bedroom, and there is no such thing as interruption known in this house. A man may be a hermit all the morning and don the cap and bells in the evening if it so pleases him. It is the first taste of real liberty. A young fellow in a loose cost, carrying a canvas in his hand and brushes in his mouth, passed through the library.

He gave a friendly nod and removed the

brushes.

"Just going to finish my sketch of the mill pond," he said. "By the way, Wilfred, it has been arranged that we shall all come over here to-night after dinner—the members have unanimously invited our party—we are to have a repast of fruit and wines and lemonade and claret cup—Mrs. Haverley has said it—and a frolic most jocund. You will bring your friend—"Tom Whitingham added, with a bow to Joseph Parkes.

eph Parkes.

It was explained that the latter was stay. ing at Warrington Court till to-morrow when inexorable affairs called him to town "As Madame de Verneville is to be o the party we are certain to have some dancing—it is really an experience to see her dance—and how infectious it is—Mr. Parkes must come and join the revela." deux, and the young artist went away

laughing.
"Well, what do you think of it?" inquired Wilfred. "Wouldn't this console you almost as well as woman's love?" "Better, my dear fellow, better," said Joseph; "bury me here, I beseech yeu. In life I am banished, in death, let me dwell

among you."
"But your grave would make us sad."
"Not so; you would say: Here lies one "Not so; you would say: Here lies one who knew not how to live, therefore he dies. The roses grow the better for himfor me there is no such rest—business calls me away; there is no help for it. If my soul's aslvation depended on my staying here to-morrow, I could not stay. Business is business. My grave shall some day remind you of the desert outside your gates. Now I must go. I am a pelican in the wilderness, a sparrow on the housetop; I must go back to dress for dinner. Consider the humiliation.

was the hero. Why I should sentimentalize over it to you, my dear tellow, I don't know, but you seem to secrete confidences as the liver secretes bile. Listen, then, to my tale," said Joseph Parkes melodramatically.

"On a stormy night at the end of the fifteenth century a solitary horseman—but I see you grow restive. Stay, then I will lay my story in your own era. Under this old oak tree there were clandestine meetings in times long past. She swore and I swore—we were prodigal of oaths. But one fine day she did not keep her appointment, and wher. I returned home I found a letter that broke my heart and the engagement. I He turned and hastened away in evidently

the moonlight. With nimble steps sharp to the rhythm, alternately emphatic and cursory, light, agile, with now and then a swimming movement through the trees, this fleet-footed company danced in solemn

silence.

Among the dancers Wilfred at once saw Berenice de Verneville.

She was dressed in white, and her garment followed every movement like an echo, creating a lovely series of sinuous lines melting and reforming as she went.

Eccentric and strange though it was, the dance was almost a work of genius.

Two figures watched the scene from the path, and Wilfred saw that they were Joseph Parkes and his host, Mr. Horsford. Tom Whittingham was among the dancers. "I can't stand this any longer," muttered Wilfred, rushing into the fray.

On ran the music with delicious agility; the figures jigged, and spun and swam sud-

the figures jigged, and spun and swam sud-denly away, with elbow on hip, arm flung aloft, and body turned to right and left;

drawn aside, always dancing, drawn away, and away into the dimness of the trees,

and away into the dimness of the trees, toward the upper terraces.

What was happening to him? Was he asleep or awake? Madame de Verneville seemed to be still luring him on, up the pathway to the terrace garden, and still without a word. Up and up the two figures went, silently dancing. When they arrived at the first terrace, she stopped, and said quietly, "That answered well."

"What answered well, in the name of heaven?" inquired Wilfred, leaning against the railing and panting.

"Oh! excuse me; it was I! The power that brought you here was not in you, but in me. It is for me to be exhausted; but don't say again that I can't control your

"What do you want with me?" he asked "Nothing whatever; you can go now, if you like," she said indifferently. But he did not go; the atmosphere as of another world seemed to envelop him as he watched her half sitting, half leaning on the parapet of the terrace, and speaking to him in quiet tones. He never knew how long they sat

grossing, enchanting, mysterious, and beau-tiful dwelling place under heaven, it is this world of moonlight and shadow, of autumn nights and days, this most dramatic world, where each hour may hold for us the crisis

the genial power were good or evil. It was like fine wine; strong, rich, seductive. Joseph Parkes' words came back to him.
"The only hope and consolation for a man is in the love of a good woman. If he

He felt awe-struc's, full of fear, of hope, surprise; he tried to summon reason and common sense to the rescue, when suddenly a big form loomed before him. "Holloa! it's you!" exclaimed Wilfred.

"Holloal It's you." exclaimed will rea.
"I fear that will scarcely serve as an introduction," said Joseph Parkes, politely.
Madame de Verneville looked up very suddenly, and her hand tightened its grasp of the palisade. She bent her head, and buried her face from the moonlight.
"You have found a charming seat here,"

complimented Madame de Verneville on the dance she had led under the lime trees.
"We all took it ill when you deserted us, and the dancing began to flag soon after. I think the men are half ashamed of themselves now, and can't quite understand what possessed them."

"This lady is a mesmerist," said Wilfred. "I can quite believe it," Joseph an-

"I'll take a little stroll, I think."

He plunged away rather unsteadily into the darkness. Movement seemed a necessity to him. He wandered on and on among the intricate shrubberies, up and down the terraces, round and round, returning unawares again and again to the same spot. There was a forlorn lichen-covered statue of a youth playing on a flute on one of the shadowed terraces, and this green and dispirited young man had an odd sort

then there was setting to partners, and minute jigging of couples face to face.

Whether or not Madame de Verneville were beautiful it would have been hard to decide; hers was a spell-working face, potent, fascinating; the firm, supple little figure suggested the idea of a tiger in its infinite grace and rower.

ngure suggested the idea of a tiger in its infinite grace and power. As she danced the movement ran through every muscle; it spread like a ripple across water.

Her hair was fair and heavy, recalling the thick, marble locks of some Greek statue. Her eyes were deep blue, and she had a pair of dark eyebrows, giving a singular effect of contrast to the fair hair.

She smiled at Wilfred, and her glance was half friendly, bulf tensing. He felt as

was half friendly, half tensing. He felt as if he were being drawn out of himself toward this siren-like being. His will was enthralled. They were still flattening the tormented ground with unceasing steps, but gradually Wilfred felt that he was being drawn avide always dealers.

the railing and panting.
"What do you think induced you to
dance up that hill after me?" she inquired.
"The devil!" he exclaimed.

there together in the moonlight.

The pessimism and unbelief which had been creeping into his blood that afternoon melted under the potency of this new solvent. Without a word of argument this magician had convinced him that life was supremely worth living. If there is an engressing anchanting mysterious and have

He had scarcely time to consider whether

said Joseph, filling up the awkward pause.
A constrained conversation was carried on,

"You very nearly drew old Horsford into he circle. He would have been kicking up his majestic heels in another two minutes if you had stayed. What's the matter?" he asked suddenly, noticing Wilfred's face. "Nothing," was the instinctive response. "I'll take a little stroll, I think."

of attraction for Wilfred. He felt a vague of attraction for Wilfred. He felt a vague sense of pleasure or relief whenever he came in sight of the monotonous flute player. The struggle in his mind was obscure, as the sense of pain when the consciousness is confused but not subdued by chloroform. He struggled, but he scarcely knew against what! A sense of loss, of regret, emptiness; a future forlorn and green and still, like the existence of the poor flute player. What did it mean? Where were the buoyant feelings of joy and belief, of interest and delicious excitement that had plunged him into a new world? The pulse of life had suddenly flagged and fallen far below its normal rate.

fallen far below its normal rate.

Why? Had this woman mesmerized him into all this tumult of feeling? Was it an unreal, unwholesome excitement for which he had to pay as for any other sort of

orgie?
Or was it—was it jealousy?
His brain twam and his self-respect sickened at the suspicion. Had he not been desiring above all things to see his friend and benefactor a happy and a heart-filled man? Had he not been willing to give years of his life for that friend's sake?
Now commend a change of the wish being

Now occurred a chance of the wish being fulfilled, an opportunity for Wilfred to aid in its accomplishment, and he did not, could not rejoice! It seemed as if Fate had heard his desires, and, with ironic intent, had forthwith placed him in this strange predicament that he might feel his weakness and inconstancy of motive. Fate, however, should not have the leave allowather on her

Wilfred raised his head resolutely. He was shaken, but not conquered. Gratitude, sympathy, affection, friendship were not so easily overturned, though rebel emotions

half hour.

He retraced his steps toward the terrace, leaving the flute-player still piping silently to the listening shrubberies.

The two figures were sitting in the same spot as before, almost in the same attitudes. The woman's face was turned toward the

She was not recognized. If Wilfred so willed it the recognition might not take place, and since Joseph must at all hazards return to town to-morrow this singular meeting might remain without result. Why interfere with the natural course

The good angels of the man and the woman seemed to plead with him: "Give them this happiness; it is yours to bestow or withhold. The years since their parting have brought rich gifts to them. Sorrow and loneliness, knowledge of life, vain tolls and ambition have taught them how to prize what lies now within their grasp. hold it not."

"But how do I know that they would take it?" Wilfred argued feverishly. "She avoids recognition; she will not love him now more than she loved him then." "Give them the chance," urged the other

"She might, perhaps, love me."
Wilfred shook off the thought. He ioined the two figures on the terrace, finding them in much the same positions as before, Madame de Verneville always with her face turned away. She spoke very little and not in her usual voice. Drawing his friend aside, Wilfred went straight to the court of the co to the point. "There," he said, "is the heroine of your story of this morning." Joseph Parkes asked sharply what he meant. But Wilfred would say no more The elder man laid his hand on the parapet his self-respect demanded that he should keep calm. He scarcely doubted that Wilfred was right—that attitude, that bend of the head; the only wonder was that he had not recognized her instantly. But the revelation was so sudden, so bewildering, that he scarcely knew what emotions moved

like power that in the old days used to hold him captive. He felt that this power had increased in strength. The charm was of a kind to shun, unless he was willing to let the woman fool him a second time. But a new impulse moved him to go up to Madame de Verneville. He introduced himselt quietly, and she looked at him with an expression of fear and excitement in her dyes.

"Go on—say it, say it," she cried, hurriedly. "I have no defense to make."
"And I have no reproaches," said Joseph with dignity.

The light died out of her face at his

"Don't go," she said to Wilfred. "I am sorry we have met," said Joseph Parkes; "such meetings must always be painful."
"I regret that my unlucky presence should give you pain. I did not ordain the meeting."

She rose and stood looking at her former lover with a face full of grief.

Wilfred wondered that his friend did not seek to detain her as she prepared to retrace

her steps down the steep pathway to the "Goodby," she said. She seemed re-luctant to move, but as Joseph answered "Goodby, Madame de Verneville," she caught her breath and went down the path

caught her breath and went nown the part at a rapid pace.

"Are you going to let her go?" cried Wilfred, "good heavens, you are out of your mind."

"Don't make it harder for me to keep my head," Joseph pleaded; "that woman has heartlessly thrown me over once in her life -is she to have that amusement the second time?"
"She told me this morning that she came

to this place because here she had enjoyed and thrown away the greatest joy she had ever had in her life or ever could have; does that mean that she went back to her alle-giance or that she has always remained in-different to you?"

"Don't tempt me with such fancies—am I after all to be twice fooled? What devil's potency is in some women that——"
"Oh! go and stop her!" cried Wilfred, ex-

citedly.

He pushed his friend down the path and turned away in the darkness.

There was no doubt now in Wilfred's mind that Berenice had written that letter,

mind that Berenice had written that letter, in a mere fit of anger or suspicion—some kind person might have been calumniating Joseph—and his way of coldly accepting his dismissal without a word was doubtless the reason why the misunderstanding had ended so disastrously. Berenice was obviously a very proud woman, with all ner fantastic, wayward qualities.

Wilfred saw the whole story; how she had mourned for what she had flung away in her girlhood, yet had been too proud to confess it to the man who had given her no chance of doing so by a single word of regret or even of reproach. Perhaps it might have seemed to her that he had been glad to be freed from the engagement.

freed from the engagement.

An hour later Wilfred, still wandering among the shadows of the upper terraces, caught the sound of music from below. I was the same fascinating reel that had lured him into the dance at the beginning of this

They must be dancing again. Was she with them this time. He went to the terrace edge and peered down.

He could see a few dancers under the limes, but neither Berenice nor Joseph was

Wilfred moved away, seeking half consciously the terrace of the flute player.

The statue was in deep shadow now, a pallid, lonely figure against the background of dark shrubs.

Wilfred stood leaning against the pedestal fighting down a dull pain in his heart. Before him was a long vista of silvered foliage, pale with moonlight. He started and caught his breath as two figures emerged from the side of the avenue. They paused, and stood gazing down the long ghostly lines of silent trees. Then the man bent down and kissed the fair hair that gleamed in the moonlight by his side; and the two figures moved and passed together, hand locked in hand, down the silvered avenue. down the silvered avenue.

Presently the flute player, still impatient,

[THE END.] LATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

-Mt. Etna is still boiling over. —Typhus is epidemic at Pachua, Mexico. -A short-lived rebellion in Bolivia has eeu suppresse

-Missouri's ex-Treasurer, Noland, is now in the penitentiary.

-English Catholics will take up collections for the St. Johns fire sufferers.

—The thermometer is still sporting above the 100° in the shade mark in Kaneas. —The proposed invasion of Cuba from Florida by flibusterers has been postponed. -The French Dahomey expedition will start from Kotonou for the interior in Sep--European powers will concentrate squadrons at Cadiz, Spain, to watch Morocco.

-All vessels arriving at Danube ports from Russia are subjected to seven days' quarantine. —Chicago German societies will hold a demonstration against Sunday closing of the World's Fair.

-Prince Bismarck has given up his pro-posed "swing around the circle" among German cities. —Many orphans and nuns lost their lives in the burning of an asylum at La Paz, Bolivia, Friday.

—The restrictions upon travel in the Shoshone Valley, in the Cœur d'Alene region, have been removed.

 An extra session of the Argentine Congress has been called to consider the financial condition of Buenos Ayres. -The Chinese population in Montreal Toronto and other eastern Canadian cities has doubled within four months.

—The Sunday Rest League and the Federation of Labor in New Orleans have united to enforce the Sunday closing law. -Chicago's City Directory credits her with a population of 1,420,000, approximately the same as the estimate of the school census.

—The Italian cruiser Giovanni Bausan has been ordered to proceed to New York in Oc-tober to take part in the Columbus celebra-—The German Ministry of the Interior has issued orders to the frontier guards to main-tain constant vigilance to prevent the entry into Germany of Russian Hobrews.

-Milwaukee has another boodle sensation.
A discrepancy of \$34,000 has been found in the accounts of the Water Department. The City Engineer admits the shortage, but says it is due to bad collections.

—Temporary barracks containing 100 sleep-ing laborers working on the Chicago gas pipe line, near Logansport, Ind., collapsed Friday night. Two Italians were killed and 15 workmen seriously injured.

—At Toronto Friday evening, a number of men working on a new railway bridge were precipitated to the tracks 20 feet below through the collapse of a timber. D. O'Brien, foreman, and W. P. Byle are believed to be fatally injured. October 12 has been fixed as the date for the inauguration of President Pena, in the Argentine Republic. The Rougstas Mistris-tas and others are working with public officials endeavoring to force the resigna-tion of the President-elect before that date.

-Speaking with reference to the proposal

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Is the only cure for pimples and blackheads, because the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of many minor affections of the skin, scalp, and hair.

How Babies Suffer when their tender skins are literally on fire with itching, scaly, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases, none but mothers realize. A single application of the CUTICURA REMEDIES will afford immediate relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and economical cure. Price: CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, 50c.: CUTICURA SOAP, 25C.: CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, \$1.00. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON. "ALL ABOUT THE SKIN, SCALF, AND HAIR," mailed free.

WATCH CHAINS.

We will, for this week only, sell a Ladies' or Gents' Rolled Plate Watch Chain, WARRANTED FIVE YEARS FOR WEAR, at the unheard of low price of \$1.50 each.

Cor. Liberty and Smithfield and 311 Smithfield Street.

THIS INK IS MANUFACTURED

J. HARPER BONNELL CO., NEW YORK.

E'D rather take \$5 to \$10 less for our Made-to-Measure Suits than to carry them to next year. You'll find \$20 and \$25 Suits better value than ever. Same can be said of the \$5, \$6 and \$7 Trousers—several

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

of Judge Chipman to impose a toll upon all Canadian vessels passing through the St. Clair Flats canal, a member of the Domin-ion Cabinet said Friday night he would like to see the American Government attempt to seize a Canadian vessel for refusing to pay

Holicold Company, alias Roddy, a mere boy, was indicted for murder and embezzlement by the Chicago grand jury yesterday. His victim was James Reynolds. Roddy worked for the Cold Blast Feather Company, and stole from them some \$400. With part of the money he bought two revolvers and induced the Reynold's boy to promise to go out West, seeking adventures. Before they were ready to start they engaged a room, and one day Reynolds was latally shot while the two boys were alone in it. Doughty says Reynolds tried to show him how to kill a burgiar. He in turn did the same thing and the revolver exploded.

Having used Hill's Pile Pomade while in New York, and its use having resulted in a cure of biind piles of seven years' standing, I deem it my duty to do all I can to have others try it. A. H. Barrer, Three Rivers, Mass. Every package contains a bona fide guarantee. Price \$1, six for \$5. By mail. For sale by Jos. Fleming & Son, \$12 Mar-

Dr Wirr's Little Early Risers. No griping, jo pain, no nausea: easy pill to take.

DETROIT AN UNNEIGHBORLY CITY. he Dumps Her Garbage Right Under the

Nose of a Burg Down the River. AMHERSTBURG, ONT., July 22 .- For everal days past persons living along the banks of the Detroit river here have been complaining of garbage washing upon the shore. The Board of Health concluded that it was carbage from Detroit. They, therefore, sent a tug with a number of police and customs officers to watch for boats or

Last night they were rewarded by catching the steamer La Belle in the act of dumping 28 cartloads of refuse at the foot of Turkey Island. The seized the boat and

Tay a bottle of Bugine and you will be convinced that it is the best and quickest insect exterminator known. 25 cents. \$1 to Ohio Pyle and Return To-Morrow

Special train leaves B. & O. R. R. depot at 8:05 A. M. LADIES are greatly benefitted by the use of Angostura Bitters.



ABSOLUTELY PURE

Friday and Saturday.

*EESH*GENTLEMEN*

On the two days named we intend to offer you some extraordinary values in Men's Fine Suits at the small sum of \$10. These are suits we have been selling all season at \$12, \$14, \$15, \$16, \$18 and \$20. And they are worth every cent that we have been asking for them. And yet we offer you for

3,000 TO SELECT FROM.

the two days unlimited choice for \$10.

GUSKY'S



These suits are on our bargain tables, and you will have no difficulty in finding them. To find them will be like finding money. It's a great chance. Come and investigate it.

> 300 TO 400 MARKET STREET.

Friday and Saturday.

->>*THE SUITS ARE*****

In dark and medium dark colors, and the materials embrace almost everything you can think of. All shades and all styles, and not a suit in the lot but will be wearable from now until Christmas. No fairy tales, no excuses, no apology for the great cut in price. We are simply going to give you the suits at far below what they are worth.

3,000 TO SELECT FROM.

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