

Artistic demoiselles have caught the Parisian craze which calls for handpainted trivols. This will meet at once the needs of the young woman whose chief object in life is to avoid the commonplace and cultivate the odd side of gowning. That she will succeed goes without saying, for already a swarm of beetles have been cleverly scattered from the point of her brush over the



The Rose Petal Goren.

chamois-like surface of a white cloth cos tume; pocketbooks and cardcases relieved of their plainness: ribbons and fans flowerstrewn, and the simplest of mull negliges transformed into an exquisite creation by the aid of delicate color schemes.

The ingenuity of a certain quick-witted maid deserves especial mention. Her nimble fingers and cultivated tastes have been the means of creating a fete-toilet which looks as if it might have been caught out in a rain of rosebuds. Pinky petals fleck the skirt and bodice of snow-flake gauze, and sprinkle the white kid dancing shoes and sprinkle the white kid dancing shoes and clamber up the sides of the silken hose, while the long, white gloves are garlanded with tiny buds. Resting upon each shoulder in a cloud of lace and gauze, is a cluster of pale pink velvet roses. So harmonious is the blending of these blossoms with their handpainted companions that you wonder how the mistress of the sweet gown ever could secure such a perfect match.

could secure such a perfect match.

Ask her, and you will be given a most pathetic little account of a weary tramp through the shops for roses that would consent, when perched upon the fair one's shoulders, to fraternize with the shadowy buds and blooms decorating the lovely robe one spray missed the match by a single tone, while another, perfect in its way, lost half its beauty by contrast. Just as the entire stock in hand seemed bent upon meting out a disappointment to the disheartened shopper an idea presented itself for consid-"Why not buy several bunches of creamy roses and tint them?" The flowers were carried home in triumph, and once there, with the aid of a paint box and brush and a skillful turn or two of the wrist, the heart and edges of the velvet-netaled roses were toned to exquisitely accent the whole

lovely toilet.

The Season of Furs. "Prepare to shiver!" That's what the weather man, who dwells at the top of that very tall building within a stone's throw of the old postoffice, tells us to do. Your warning is superfluous, Mr. Weather Prophet. We are prepared. We are covered with fur from top to toe, and you will have to confess that we look very pretty when you condescend to take a peep at us as we stroll up and down Fifth avenue shopping, or on our way to and from the matinee. You may tell us, in your cheerful manner, that we are to have a genuine Canadian winter, but it will not frighten us. On the contrary it will be pleasant

The girls all know that they look their

loveliest when done up in soft, fluffy furs, and this winter's lashion dictator has been so kind in producing wonderfully beautiful conceits in the fur line that Pittsburg mainens should feel called upon to give thanks to him in one voice. Fur, of all kinds and conditions, plays an important pars in toilettes, for house as well as street, this season. It is considered taste to use two kinds of fur in one garment, but the fur generally corresponds in some degree with the color of the stuff it is to ornament. Light brown lynx is used for fawn materials. Black and brown bear make a beauti-Light brown lynx is used for fawn materials. Black and brown bear make a beautiful trimming on blue cloth. The favorites in Pittsburg this winter will most likely be French sable and beaver, light and dark fox and blue and silver fox. The dark brown peltry will be used a great deal, because it adapts itself so well to the mantle stuffs in vogue. It may be true that really good furs never wear out, but it is likewise true that they have a habit of becoming very shabby after lying in a camphor chest all summer. Therefore, a few hints on how your treasures can be renovated and made to appear almost "as good as new" are not untimely.

ntimely. Sealskin and ermine are best cleansed with a soft flannel, rubbed delicately against the grain. When the fur has been thorthe grain. When the fur has been thoroughly lifted and reversed, as it were, dip the flannel into common flour and rub lightly any spots that look dark or dirty. When you have done all this, shake your fur well and rub it with dry flannel until the flour is removed. Sable, chinchilla, monkey and squirrel may be very nicely cleansed with hot bran, rubbed stiffly into the fur and then shaken briskly. Mink may be freshened in the same manner with warm commeal. All this may seem troublesome, but surely not to the woman who some, but surely not to the woman who values spotless gloves, to say nothing of her neck, for she knows only too well what soiled fur collars are responsible for in that direction in smoky Pittsburg.

Gold Chains With Pearls.

The long fine gold chains set with pearls that the fashionable Parisiennes last spring hung around their dainty throats and that gleamed in the sunlight as they lifted their lorgnettes to inspect each other's toilets, have appeared on this side.

Of course they are expensive, but if mademoiselle is not too particular she can provide berself with one of French gilt that the shopkeeper assures me will last longer than the style itself. With pearls these chains cost \$3 90; without, \$2 90 and true to the proverb, glitter without being gold, which, by the way, no one would know if you did not tell them.

Hints for the Household. SIMPLE pine frames may be converted into pretty picture frames by first kilding them

pretty picture frames by first kilding them and then stretching fish-net over them and, after fastening it securely, gilding the whole several times. Another method is, after gilding the frame, to cover it with glue and scatter very finely-cut cork over it, after which gild a number of times. Coarse cotton lace, with raised figures, may be used instead of fish-net to put on the frame after it is gilded the first time. A NEAT contrivance is a goblet cover to keep the contents of a glass of medicine, for

instance, from dust. It is made of a circular plece of cardboard, covered on the upper side with a crochetted mat in white zephyr, with a loop in the center by which to raise it. TURKISH toweling is now utilized for rich and unique effects. It is used for cut designs and appliqued upon silk scarfs. The edges of the design are finished with gold thread, and its form is worked in transverse embroidery with bright silk floss.

THE American and the Princess are name given to new combinations of designs in cut glass. The star seems to give pertinence to the name American. One of the most brill-iant designs is known as the Parisian.

THE condensed milk-can holder is a newcomer in the domain of silver-plated ware. It is of the exact size suitable for the hold-ing of that article.

In lace ourtains the prevailing style will be Louis XIV., Marie Antoinette, Empire and Renaissance. Prices may be said to correspond with the names.

Massachusetts Heard From.

Having used Hill's Pile Pomade while in New York, and its use having resulted in a cure of blind piles of seven years' standing, I deem it my duty to do all I can to have others try it. A. H. BARBER, Three Rivers, Mass. Every package contains a bona fide guarantee. Price 81, six for \$5. By mail. For sale by Jos. Fleming & Son, 412 Mar-

A STARTLER! 1,100 Italian blankets, in new combinations (displayed on center table), at only 99c. KAUPMANNS' New Drygoods Department.

THE PITTSBURG FILTER COMPANY,

No. 30 Sandusky Street, Allegheny, Pa. Manufactures the Davis Filter. Its use insures an undiminished supply of clear, pure, wholesome water at all times. Send postal for catalogue and price list. Branch office Room 409 Hamilton building, Pittsburg, Pa.

A SPECIAL bargain—Elegant all wool imported black dress goods; would be cheap at \$1 59; will be sold for 79 cents per yard.

RAUMANNS' New Drygoods Depart

After Thanksgiving, Christmas. Prepare your homes for both occasions. Our "forced" and "true barrain" sale a mu-tual helper. P. C. Schoeneck & Sox, 711 Liberty street, Opposite Wood.

Three hours and thirty-five minutes to Cleveland, Eight hours and twenty minutes to Buffalo.

They're going rapidly — Those 24-inch black grougrain silks at 38 cents per yard; only ten yards required for a dress.

KAUPMANNS'
New Drygoods Department.

LATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

-Diphtheria has closed two public schools in Indianapolis. -All traces of the latest revolutionary plot in Chile have been wiped out.

-The Confederate Veterans of Atlanta will march under the stars and stripes here-after. -The test of the tempered copper gun, invented by Blacksmith Allard, of Quebec, was a success.

-Price & Mass, wholesale grocers of Macon, Ga., have assigned. Liabilities and assets each \$60,000.

The newly-elected President of the American Hereford Breeders' Association, is J. S. Carlisle, of Chicago. -Riverton, Ky., claims a woman whose bones break with a report like a pistol shot while she is in perfect repose.

 —Viola May, a well-known variety singer and dancer, shot and killed Carrie Rogers at Calaspiel, Mont., the other day. —The Government Town Site Board in Oklahoma has decided that no one is barred from taking up town-site claims.

-Wealthy Chinese firms in San Francisco, alarmed at exclusion legislation, contem-plate withdrawing from the country. -The Spanish Cortes will be asked for an appropriation of \$150,000 for a World's Fair exhibit, as well as the Columbus archives. The Isle of Man Jury which rendered a verdict of manslaughter in the Cooper wite murder case, were mobbed on leaving cours. -A false rumor caused a heavy run on the People's Savines Bank in West Bay City, Mich., yesterday, which was safely weath-ared.

—The commission which will investigate the Panama canal scandal will consist of 23 Republicans, 9 Conservatives and 1 Bou-

—James Presley's family at Brightwood, Ind., has been mysteriously poisoned. Mrs. Presley is dead, and her husband may not survive.

—A Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe train was fired upon by an unknown person near Paris, Tex., and one passenger was wounded.

The Seattle Board of Local Marine In-spectors hold Captain John A. O'Brien guilty of negligence in stranding the whale-back steamer Wetmore.

—At Plaquemine, La., Captain Harry Ward has been acquitted of a murder charge that has been pending two years. Captain Ward is a veteran steamboat man. The city of New Orleans has won a vic-tory in the Myra Clark Gaines case. The question was on a rule to tax the Marshal's commission of 2% per cent on the amount of the Gaines judgment against the city.

—Last Friday a party of musicians started from Everett, Wash., for Marysville in a yacht. Sunday morning the steamer Mabel picked up a capsized boat, and a reed organ afterward drifted ashore. Nothing has been seen of the party.

been seen of the party.

Two shop-lifters were arrested in Chicazo yesterday, who had a new device—a regular portable "fence." It is a pasteboard box, ten inches square at the top of whitch is arranged a lid with a spring. A very small weight on the lid would cause it to go down, allowing anything placed on top of it to iall into the box. It would then be forced back by the spring.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally informed people. injure the system.

A WINNER! 1,000 comfortables, heavy, warm and well filled, at only \$1.19. KAUPMANNS' New Drygoods Department. They Do Say

That T. G. Evans & Co., corner Third avenue and Market street, carry the greatest variety of chins, glassware and lamps of any house in the city, and at the reduced prices at which they are now offering their goods it is just your opportunity to get bargains for the home and Christmas presents. They are direct importers.

Most remarkable! 100 pieces heavy shirt-ing flannel in plaids and stripes, never sold for less than 35c, now only 25c per yard. Kauymanns' New Drygoods Department,

Portraits for the Holldays. Cabinet photos \$1.50 per doz. Panel picture given with every doz. better grade. Crayons from \$2.50 up. Large assortment of irames. Lies' Portrait Studio, 10 and 12 Sixth street.

A RUSH for these very handsome black broche India silks in new effects and most excellent patterns, 24 inches wide, sold at 75c per yard.

KAUPMANNS

New Drygoods Department.

Pianos, Pianos, Organs, Organs, Mellor & Hoene, 77 Fifth Avenue.

The most durable and reliable. The best for the money. Largest line of instruments in the city. Easy payments. Send for circulars.

Will amaze you; Our immense display of Eider flaunels—a special lot at only 49c per yard. KAUPMANNS' New Drygoods Dep

Burgundy wines are in order with Thanks-giving turkey. Max Klein can supply you. Can't be equaled—250 pairs heavy wool blankets, large size, at only \$2 85 per pair. Kaupmanns' New Drygoods Department.

Dr Witt's Little Early Risers. Best pill for billousness, sick headache, malaria.

A WONDER-50 pieces 27-inch red Shaker flan-nel (shrunken goods), worth 40c, at only 25c per yard. Kaufmanns' New Drygoods Department.

HAVE your photograph taken by Dabbs for a Christmas present.

GREAT FLANNEL BARGAIN! 50 pieces fig-ured flannelettes at flannel counter; full value 20c; all to go at 10c per yard. KAUPMANNS' New Drygoods Department.

OVERCOATS

OVERCOATS

Fine Beavers, worth \$12 to \$25........OUR PRICE \$9 TO \$20 Nobby Meltons, worth \$13 to \$45......OUR PRICE \$10 TO \$35 Chinchillas, blue and black, worth \$8 to \$30.0UR PRICE \$6 TO \$25

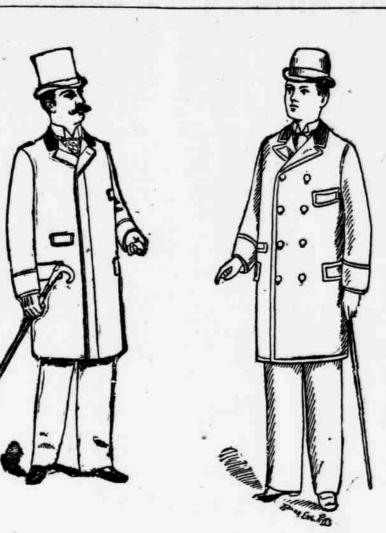
Handsome Kerseys, worth \$15 to \$40..... OUR PRICE \$12 TO\$33 Cassimeres and Cheviots, worth \$10 to \$30 ...OUR PRICE \$7.50 TO \$22

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STYLISHLY MADE ELEGANTLY TRIMMED.



You don't have to encase yourself in armor if you wish to retire without buying : : :

Our Price \$5 to \$18

Our Price \$10 to \$22

Our Price \$10 to \$22

Our Price \$6 to \$24

Fancy Cassimeres, worth from \$7.50 to \$25. Fancy Cheviots, worth \$15 to \$30 Black Worsteds, worth \$15 to \$30 Black Cheviots, worth \$8 to \$30 Imported Scotches and Worsteds, worth \$18 to \$30

Our Price \$14 to \$22 We guarantee these garments to be perfect in fit, reliable in make, trim and finish. Our competitors (?) may compete with us on paper, but they are far behind when it comes to a matter of comparison of the goods offered.

ON THURSDAY MORNING NEXT

We will have the pleasure of presenting to the deserving poor of the two cities between 600 and 700 Fine Turkeys. Those who desire to participate in the distribution will make immediate application to the offices of the following societies: PITTSBURG ASSOCIATION FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE POOR.

THE DORCAS SOCIETY, LADIES' RELIEF SOCIETY OF ALLEGHENY, ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY, Any of the officers of the above societies will furnish tickets, without which the gift is not obtainable.

THE ONLY REASON

For the continued increase of THE DISPATCH adlets is that they give satisfactory returns.

THIS INK IS MANUFACTURED

J. HARPER BONNELL CO., NEW YORK.

WELL BRED, SOON WED," GIRLS WHO USE SAPOLIO

ARE QUICKLY MARRIED. TRY IT IN YOUR NEXT HOUSE-CLEANING.

ACTUAL RESULTS

Show DISPATCH adlets to be most profitable to advertisers.

CAPTAIN PHIL.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE. BY IZA DUFFUS HARDY. [Copyright, 1892, by the Author.]

Dan Granger's place was a lonely one and the times were wild and the life was rough at Blue Lead Bar when he brought his young wife there. It took a brave woman and a strong one to face that life; but Lucy Granger had perfect health and sanguine spirits and love and courage enough to be the blessing of whatever man's path she elected to share and to shed the sunshine of her presence on it, whether it lay among rocks or roses. She had chosen her lot and cheerfully set hand and heart to her appointed work, and there was not a home for miles around so well-ordered and

comfortable as Dan Granger's. In the course of his checkered life Dan had been a little of everything. He had made his pile in the mines, lost it, and was now in a fair way to making it again. At present his chief occupation—an important one it was, too—was carrying the express from Blue Bead Bar to Yucca City, making

the journey sometimes alone, sometimes with his partner, Steven Brock. Lucy was never quite so happy when her Dan was running the risk of "road agents." and other less alarming and less probable and other less alarming and less probable accidents, alone. She got used to it, and accepted it as a natural part of her life; but familiarity never bred contempt of the hazards her husband ran in his long, lonely rides, often charged with valuables and money; for every man in or near Blue Lead Bar committed his property to Dan Granger's care in perfect faith that he "would take it through safe if any man could!"

The Grangers' home was a beautiful one as far as its surroundings went—although its situation was more solitary than many

its situation was more solitary than many a woman would have liked, left as often alone as Lucy was, with only her little children. Dan could have afforded, and would gladly have got help, service and companionship for his wife if it had been

was none; neither the name nor the thing was none; neither the name nor the thing were known there. Every woman had her hands full to overflowing with her own work. If Mrs. Granger had been ill or in trouble, the neighbors would have helped her for love; but there was no such thing as help—daily domestic help—to be got for money. So Lucy had hours, and often days, alone with her little girl and boy, while her husband was off on his journeys. Their home—a prettily hult wooder.

Their home — a prettily-built wooden house, with porch and gables, rather larger than the majority of the houses of Blue than the majority of the houses of Blue Lead Bar, as it included Dans "office"stood on a natural ledge or terrace among the foot-hills, a little apart from the other dwellings, some of them mere log cabins, some neat little cottages. which were scat-tered around, above and below it.

Dark evergreen forests, seamed here and

there by deep, yawning canons, clothed the mountain side like a clinging garment, above which the rocky brow rose bare and rugged. Beyond it, and ar off, the snowy range of distant peaks soared high into the skies, seeming sometimes to float like silver sails above a sea of low drifting clouds. Below the uneven ledges—like huge irrag-Below the uneven ledges-like huge, irreg-ular, natural steps-on which the little setnlar, natural steps—on which the little set-tlement was perched—the woods aloped down into a broad, green valley, through which the river wound like a shining sil-very snake. The west windows of the Granger house had a splendid view across the landscape of rolling meadow, wood, and valley, rising toward the far off hills which faded away and vanished in vague violet mists of distance.

the doorway and looked across to the shimmering mists of amber and amethyst hues in which the distant hills were lost like a dream. She was getting on well with her morning's work, and had time to stand still morning's work, and had time to stand still awhile. Perhaps one secret of Lucy Granger's doing her work so well and so thoroughly was that she was never bustled nor flurried. She went on through it all smoothly and easily—like a machine in good order. She would not have smiled so contentedly on the fair landscape, however, now, if she could have heard what Dick Mullins—better known in the neighbor-hood as "Ginger Dick"—was saying to her husband in the seclusion of the office.

husband in the seclusion of the office.

"I didn't say anything before Mrs. Granger, Dan—it's no use alarming her; but Captain Phil and his gang are about here—reported up at Gopher Flat. They're on your track and swear they'll pay you out for that Melina business. There's no doubt of it—it was one of the Captain's pigeona let it out. Leame up to give you a word of let it out. I came up to give you a word of

"D'ye know when they mean to try it on?" rejoined Dan as coolly as if it had not been a matter of life and death; for if Captain Phil had, or conceived he had, a debt to pay, that debt would be paid in grim earnest—or Captain Phil's reputation helied him.

Mullion shook his head. "Only know just what I've told you. Phil Darrell and his boys are 'round and they have it in for you." Dan nodded.

"Well, don't mention it before Mra. Granger. The women folk are apt to get skeered. It's a bit awkward, certainly, just now, when Steve Brock's away in Sacramento, and I go my rounds alone."
"'Tis so," Ginger Dick asserted. "Mind you're heeled!"

"This so, Ginger Dick asserted. "Mind you're healed!"

"I'm always heeled on my rounds," said you're healed!"

"I'm always heeled on my rounds," said Dan, further convincing his friend of the fact away and vanished in vague violet mists of distance.

Lucy Granger, fortunately for her, loved Nature. It she had had a less heartfelt appreciation of the beauties of sapphire sky and emerald valley and somber pine forest, of snow-capped mountain, rocky gorge and gleaming river, she would have been less content, even with the love of husband and children, here.

How beautiful the valley looked in the golden hate of morning. Lucy smiled with pure joy of life and beauty, as she stood in

and Granger swung himself on to his old piebald horse—One-eyed Bill, who, as Dan aiways said; could see as much with his one eye as any common horse could with his one eye as any common horse could with two, and could find his way and bring his master safe home on a pitch-dark night when even Granger's practiced eye could not distinguish the trail.

Deep locked head and a street with the could be a street with th Dan looked back, and smiled and waved

his hand to his wife—as cheerily as if he had not heard the ominous news of Phil Darrell, better known as "Captain Phil;" and old One-eye trotted briskly off. The "Melina business" to which Mullins had alluded as something for which Captain Phil had it in his mind to "pay" Dan Granger, was a story of some years ago before Granger came to Blue Lead Bar. He had been the prime mover in the arrest of Captain Phil as the secret head of a gang of "road agents," whose depredations were many and daring, but who had somehow always successfully managed to eiude detection and capture. Dan had acted on suspicion amounting to conviction. That it was he who had first taken action in the matter was as well-known to Captain Phil had alluded as something for which Captain picion amounting to conviction. That it was he who had first taken action in the matter was as well-known to Captain Phil as to the rest of the world—that little world of which Dan Granger fondly thought he deserved well by his course in this business. Captain Phil, however, was a powerful man, and his way not unpoplar. More men feared him than would acknowledge their fear; not a few women admired him, who were not ashamed to own their admiration; and fear and admiration are among the most contagious of feelings. Once before Captain Phil had stood his trial for killing a man and had got off on the ground of "self-defense"—a plea a Western jury is always ready to consider favorably. The upahot of the Melina case was that a string of witnesses had glibly sworn to alibis which completely exonerated Captain Phil from all complicity in the orimes with which he stood charged. He was triumphantly acquitted and escorted home by a torchlight procession.

Granger and others more than suspected that the witnesses was presured and the

tal, he thought he would keep up his newly whitewashed character for awhile. Perhaps he remembered that "revenge can be eaten cold," and its savor be none the less

Anyhow, the ill boding shadow of Cap-tain Phil had not fallen on Dan Granger's path for years. While Dan rode on his way to Scudder's, with his bag of "dust"—otherwise gold dust—Lucy Granger finished her domestic duties, and then sat down in a rocking chair and swayed restfully to and fro, with her boy on her lap, her little girl playing with a doll by her side.

with a doll by her side.

The entrance door, as usual, stood hospitably open; and presently they heard a footstep on the bare boards of the little hall, and the sound of someone trying the handle of the office door, which opened out of the hall on one side. Dan had locked up step on the bare boards of the little hall, and the sound of someone trying the handle of the office door, which opened out of the hall on one side. Dan had locked up his office, as he had a pile of gold dust and nuggets in his strong box there. Lucy got up and opened the parlor door, which was up and opened the parlor door, which was nearly opposite the office, and looked out into the hall, Bonnie Boy still in her arms, Birdie trotting by her side holding on to her skirts.

The gentleman who was seeking entrance to the office turned at the slight sound of the creak of the parlor door, and immedi-ately took off his hat with a courteous ac-

the was a gentleman, Lucy decided at the first glance. No rough miner, this! His sombrero hat and jackboots added a touch of pioneer picturesqueness to his appearance. Had it not been for them, she thought, he looked as if he might have come from the civilization of the outer world that from the civilization of the outer world that seemed to lie so far beyond them there. He was a fair, tall, good-looking man, with rather delicate, elear-cut, aquiline features, a neatly trimmed, golden-tawny beard and piercing, deep, blue eyes—eyes which rested pleasantly, with a touch of inquiring surprise, a fainter touch of admiration, on Lucy's face. Lucy was a very pretty young woman, tall and well built, with all the grace of strength and bloom of health, with nut brown curls, and great brown eyes that

out just now. Was it on business you wanted to see him?" "Well, 'twas partly on a matter of a lit-tle business," replied the stranger, who spoke with the slow trainante intonation of the South and West, and had a rather low,

mellow, pleasing voice.

"If it's anything you want to send, he's going to Yucca City to-morrow—express parcels to be sent before 7 o'clock. But perhaps you want to see him-to talk to

him?"
"Well, I did want a few words with him" he admitted slowly and reflectively.
"Won't you come in and wait?" she rejoined hospitably. "I don't think he'll be
so very long before he's in."

He stepped in accordingly, and Lucy in-vited him to occupy her husband's rocking vited him to occupy her husband's rocking chair, while she seated herself in the other one. Bonnie Boy, whom she had set down while showing the stranger in, climbed upon her lap, clutching her dress in his sturdy fists; Birdie leaned against her knee, keeping an intent gaze of critical inspection fixed with large-sized solemnity upon the

visitor.
"You have everything very prettily fixed here, Mrs. Granger," he observed politely, glancing round the parlor, which was, indeed, a very presentable one for Blue Lead Bar. Nothing could well have been sim-pler than the furniture and its arrange-ment; and the bare wooden walls were innocent of paint or paper; but everything was clean as a new pin; the chairs were covwas clean as a new pin; the chairs were de-ered with a pretty bright chintz; a few pict-ures, mostly framed chromos and engrav-ings, hung on the walls; ferns and flowers stood about in vases on the table and on the mantelpiece, over which there was a good-sized mirror; last, not least, the Grangers parlor boasted the luxury of lace curtains at the windows. The room, altough as neat as it could be kept without banishing every grace of strength and bloom of health, with nut brown curls, and great brown eyes that looked at all the world with the clear and limped trustfulness of a child'a gaze at a friend.

"Did you wish to see my husband?" she asked, with her sweet, frank smile.

"I wished to see Mr. Granger."

"Yes, that's my husband," she rejoined, with a shade of possessive pride. "He's marked, his eyes taking everything in with

their slow, searching gaze.

"It's very plain," said Lucy, with modest deprecation that thinly veiled her simple pride in her home. "But we've such a beautiful view outside that I say to my husband it don't matter if things are plain and simple inside." "There's pretty things to look at inside, too," he answered, glancing from the

mother to the children, with the unsmiling but not ungentle gravity we so often find in these "Men from the West." Birdie, who had apparently now arrived at satisfactory conclusions with regard to the stranger's manners and morals, was sliding toward him, shyly smiling, with her finger in her mouth, looking up side-ways from under the tangle of her golden

"Will you come to me, little lady?" he asked.

Birdie nodded, and promptly trotted across to him, laid a tiny hand upon his knee, and after contemplating him for a moment, as it to ascertain whether he would bear inspection at close range, observed,

"Unker Jack takes me on his lap." "And will you come on mine?"
"Yes," said Birdie, readily, and immediately climbed up and settled herself comfortably on the desired eminence, swinging her feet and beating a tattoo on his

"And what's your name, little one?" he

"Birdle."
"Tell the gentleman your full name," said
the young mother proudly.
"Lucilla Dranger Dan Dranger's itta
daughter," replied the mite, rolling off the
string of syllables without a comma.
"Birdle is her pet name," exclaimed Lucy. I dare say you don't see the derivation Birdie from Lucilla."

"I own I don't."
"No, because there isn't any to see,"
laughed Lucy. "She's Birdie for no reason
but just that we got to calling her so. And this is Bonnie Boy ington Granger."
"Dan'l Wossin'ton Dranger," repeated

Birdie delightedly, with a jump on the visi-tor's knee and a vigorous kick of her small feet which nearly overset her balance.

"Bo-o-ful watch," she added with a clutch at his thick, gold cable chain. "Me hear it with the balance of the balance.

go tick-tick."

[To be continued to-morrow.]