



THE DISPATCH
DAILY
FASHION
FOR THE DAY

For some time women's one essential has been a "trim waist." Gowns have been made with the waist the objective point. You have judged a woman and her gown by the impression of fit that the waist circle gave. Women have sacrificed their hips, their shoulders, everything to attain the one essential beauty—a small waist. All that is over, at least it will be soon, and it will be well over. After all, the waist that fashion required was a product of art and not a natural endowment. To be sure, the waist of beauty in its natural lines was likewise a thing of beauty when corseted, but it was no longer a thing of natural beauty. The empire gown is going to make style will give all of a woman a chance. So much had to be sacrificed to the waist that



Loose and Graceful.

many women were reduced to one charm. The sketch of two women in Empire gowns illustrates the fashion topic which I have chosen for THE DISPATCH to-day.

To the economical and practical woman, with a desire to dress herself adorningly at home, these two examples will indicate, clearly enough, how old garments may be turned into new ones by the additions of fresh materials. Another point worth enforcing is the place for extremely picturesque details. Be tastefully quiet in your street costume. Exercise judicious moderation in costume for parties and balls. But 'at home' you may put yourself into Empire gowns if you please.

Such dresses as you see in the picture will suggest the beauty of the torso—a beauty that has been forgotten by fashion. Its folds, loose from below the bust, will, as they sweep about the figure, follow the natural lines. To secure the "waist," the human figure has been compressed and pushed out of shape by the necessary stays. The natural lines here will be far more satisfactory to the eye than the late conventional curves. Women are going to be more comfortable. Their movements will gain womanly charm and a grace they have long lacked, and manners are going to undergo modifications. I am not preaching "dress reform," mind you, but merely giving the news of the fashions. And I think it is good news.

Waists are Sashed or Belted Now.

There is already a tendency to short-waistedness in some of the dresses, but belts made of five rows of narrow satin ribbon mounted on a "waspstomach" 12 inches high, the latter decorated with five little satin bows or rosettes, are the latest craze for blouses, and a very pretty and becoming conceit they are. They fasten at the back with a simple hook and eye, and may be had in satin or grograin ribbon of any color. Other sashes or waistbands are broad pieces of moire or satin on the cross, gathered up in the center by a deep Directorate buckle of jet or fancy ornamentation, and carried round to the back, where they fasten narrowly with a second but much smaller buckle. My fashion plate herewith was drawn from a real dress made in blue

woolen material and the sash and yoke were black velvet.

As to colors? Well, at the beginning of each season it is absolutely impossible to set down the law about what will or what will not be worn, at all depends on individual taste, and as to colors, one may pretty generally state with accuracy that the



With a Velvet Sash.

favorite color or colors of the previous year will be left on one side altogether, inasmuch as it is not to our designers' advantage to allow us to wear a last season's dress or bonnet. Hence the straining ever after something new and becoming sash may consider his reputation and fortune made. Up to date I have been told that greens, browns, purples and rich damask were the colors likely to lead the way for winter clothing— together with the ever-popular plaids that are now also worn in velvet and satin, and heavy twilled and canvas silks to replace the serge silks and sarwas that were so much worn last summer.

FLORETTA.

Fashion Bits.

A TEST PARTY is not complete without the new finger sandwiches, which are served in two thin, delicate slices of bread with bits of conserved ginger placed between them.

FINGERES are fascinating. Though those of fur tail have an air of savagery and the coin fringes are burly, there are innumerable and other fringes that are dainty and dainty, rich and heavy, rippling and shimmering.

The pale-tinted passementeries are almost as pretty as the white. An insertion of white with pink and blue flowers woven in it, and another of gold tinsel with green and blue crystal beads, were delightful in their coloring.

THE white trimmings, says the New York Times, are far more varied and lovely than usual. White feather thistles are strung with gold balls between and hung in 12-inch bunches from gold gimp, making a wide fringe. Pearls and steel are in bands of rosettes. White ostrich feather tassels are bound with gold and hung, two deep, from gold gimp. Festoons of pearls have gold fringe drooping between the festoons.

THE most recent and fringed fringe is headed by white swan's down.

LATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

- Argentina is still frothing.
- Cholem has invaded Brussels.
- The Illinois mine strike is settled.
- Nearly 1,000,000 Russians are in prison.
- A meteor exploded over Kenosha, Wis.
- The South Australia wheat harvest will be about with gold and silver, two deep, from gold gimp.
- Republicans carried the Rio Grande do Sul election.
- Black diphtheria is raging in Canadian lumber camps.
- The postoffice at Oswego, Ill., has been robbed of \$2,000.
- The aneurism fever has broken out afresh in Montreal.
- The African emigration craze is afflictions the negroes of Atlanta.
- Three bombs were found in an engineer's house at Mortuon, France.
- The K. of L. has voted to remove headquarters from Philadelphia.
- Nebraska and Dakota cowboys are organizing a long distance race.
- No local physician will be allowed to gamble at Monte Carlo hereafter.
- The Italian Parliament opened yesterday.
- Humbert's speech was pacific.
- Rumored that an entire Balmaceda club in Santiago have been arrested.
- D. T. Newton, of South Dakota, is the new President of the Dayton Casino Club.
- Eskimos at the World's Fair grounds took an unusually black negro for satan.
- The officers and crew of the sunken British battleship Victoria were acquitted.
- Six lives were lost in a Union Pacific Railroad accident near Grand Island, Neb.
- Methodist College Presidents have elected Prof. King, of Cornell, Ia., Chairman.
- A Chinese laundry in Warsaw, Ind., was dynamited by the proprietor of a rival shop.
- The large steamer Matao, around at Ashtabula, may go to pieces. Valued at \$200,000.
- Only two were saved out of a crew of 25 on the wrecked Norwegian steamer Normandia.
- Bailey, the United States express messenger in Iowa who stole \$100,000, has been indicted.
- Robbers wrecked a Western and Atlantic train near Atlanta. Two trainmen may die.
- Vandals at Steineville, Ind., have broken the headstones over every soldier's grave in the village cemetery.
- A New York millionaire, name sup-

pressed, has given \$500,000 to the Washobah Seminary, Milwaukee.

—German Centerists threaten to oppose the army bill if it is not accompanied by an electoral reform measure.

—The question whether a Swedenborgian pastor is entitled to active membership in E. C. A., is agitating San Francisco brethren.

—The old revenue cutter Andy Johnson has rescued the crew of the big schooner Annie Vonck, which was stranded on South Manitowish Island.

—The British lion is growing because Chinese officials have violated treaty rights by forcing British vessels to carry grain duty free from Shanghai to Tientsin.

—Wm. Martin, of an aristocratic Atlanta family, turned beggar. He burned his arm with acids to excite sympathy, and did so well that amputation was necessary to save his life.

—Death warrants for the eight colored men and boys in Chester, Md., jail, convicted of the murder of Dr. Hill, have been prepared. December 13 is the date fixed for the hangings.

—The arrival at Philadelphia of the bark E. O. Kirk, Captain Manor, from Livonia, carrying a cargo of lumber, and the bark Platina, together with Captain James Lawrence and his entire crew of 18 men.

—An attachment for \$700,000 was recorded in the Salem, Mass., Court House yesterday in an action of contract brought by Irwin, Green & Co., of Cincinnati, against John V. Lewis, of Boston, and Edward L. Harper, of Cincinnati.

—Edwin Willet, the Philadelphia representative of the Wilmington, Del., shipbuilding firm of Harlan & Hollingworth, committed suicide with gas at his boarding house in Philadelphia. He was 54 years old and unmarried.

—A commission has been issued to get proof of the will of John Torney, maternal grandfather of Alex. Stewart, to be used in the second effort of a distant relative, Alex. Stewart, to break the will of the merchant by his testament suit against Henry Hilton.

—Tap Sprone, the famous desperado, moonshiner, murderer and leader of the dredged sand river party, was denied the authorities of Georgia and Tennessee for months, has at last been captured by a United States Marshal and taken to jail at Cleveland, Ga.

—Governor Flower has pardoned George H. Bell, who served a sentence of 7 years and 6 months in Sing Sing for the larceny of certain securities from the Lenox Hill Bank in New York. His sentence would have expired May 23, 1893, on account of good behavior.

—Frank Richards, known all over the country as an able manager of theatrical concerns, has eloped with Georgie Lake, the actress. Richards leaves a wife and child in Boston and a young child in New York. The husband is Julien Mitchell, the theatrical manager, and a nephew of Marie Mitchell, the actress. Miss Lake is a sister of Jim Corbett's wife.

—Mrs. Ada E. Jackson, colored, 35 years old, was murdered in her bed in New York Sunday morning. She was found in an adjoining room, and is supposed to be the woman who made the wound on the woman's head. Thomas Bristol, colored, has been arrested by the police on suspicion of having killed the woman. His hat was found in her room.

\$10,000 FOR DEPUTIES.

What It Will Cost to Pay Election Marshals in the Three Cities.

United States Marshal Harrah yesterday received from Washington, D. C., a draft for the amount necessary to pay the supervisors and special deputy marshals who served in this district at the last election. Deputies and supervisors were appointed in this county in only the three cities, Pittsburgh, Allegheny and McKeesport. They will be allowed \$5 per day and be limited to two days each. The payment will come from Monday, and about \$10,000 will be necessary for the three cities.

Law and Order Detective Arrested.

J. W. Chambers, a Law and Order detective, was arrested yesterday for disorderly conduct. He refused to pay a cabman his bill, and raised such a disturbance that Officer Tobin arrested him. He was fined \$10 and costs by Judge Gripp.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

is a Harmless, Positive Cure for the worst form of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, also Spinal Weakness and Leucorrhoea.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development, and check the tendency to cancerous humors.

It removes flatulency, flatulency, weakness of the stomach, cures Bloating, Headache, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion, also that feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight, and backache.

It acts in harmony with the laws that govern the female system under all circumstances.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

Agents in Most of the Counties.

The Humane Society held its regular meeting yesterday. T. H. Benson was appointed agent at Beaver Falls. The society now has 65 agents at work in the State. All the western counties but five have officers. The contributions are very satisfactory.



TAKE YOUR WIFE'S ADVICE.

"Won't you please stop in at James Getty & Co.'s, 180 First ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., and have them send us up some of that nice O. F. C. Whiskey? It is the only kind that has a nice flavor or that agrees with me."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WE CLOSE AT 12 TO-DAY. COME EARLY And get yourself one of those \$25 OVERCOATS FOR \$9. To Be Had To-Day.



LIQUORS FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES. PURE OLD RYE WHISKIES From \$1 to \$20 per quart. CALIFORNIA PORTS, SHERRIES, Etc., At 50c a quart.

The Only Licensed Drugstore in the City.

G. EISENBEIS,
Successor to H. P. Schwartz & Co., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGIST, 212 FEDERAL ST., ALLEGHENY, PA. Tel. 3018. Established 1836. 00131-7781

Javens

ELITE PHOTO GALLERY,

516 Market St.
Come now and get your PHOTOS before the holidays. Cabinets reduced. Use the ELEVATOR. 0021-7715

IT IS A DUTY you owe yourself and family to get the best value for your money. Economize in your footwear by purchasing W. L. Douglas shoes, which represent the best value for price asked, as no outside will testify. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.
THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY. If you buy a pair of shoes, buy a pair of W. L. Douglas shoes. They are made of the best calf, seal and smooth, flexible, more comfortable and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Equals custom-made shoes costing from \$4 to \$8.

and \$5 Hand-sewed, fine calf shoes. The \$4 most stylish and durable shoes ever sold in the United States. They equal \$6.00 shoes costing from \$8 to \$12.

CAUTION: Beware of dealers substituting shoes without W. L. Douglas name and the price stamped on bottom. Such substitutions are fraudulent and subject to prosecution by law for obtaining money under false pretenses.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by D. Carter, 71 Fifth avenue; J. N. Frothing, 65 Fifth avenue; H. J. & G. M. Lane, 403 Butler street; Pittsburgh; G. J. Sweeney, 107 Federal street; E. G. Hollman, No. 72 Rebecca street, Allegheny; A. W. Quinn, 280 North avenue, Allegheny; James Shilliday, No. 508 Fifth avenue, W. of Brus., No. 288 Carson street, Pittsburgh 778

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Not A Question Of Price.



It's really not a question of price with us, but a question of ridding ourselves right quickly of over 4,000 Ladies' and Children's Coats and Newmarkets. They will positively go regardless of cost or value—room we must and shall have for our immense stock of Holiday Goods now arriving daily.

Split in Half.

Prices on the garments above referred to have been almost cut in two. But our loss is your gain, so here goes:

- \$3.45 for handsome Fur-Trimmed Reefers worth \$6.75.
- \$4.98 for Tailor-Made Reefers, full Fur Shawl, worth \$9.
- \$6.75 for rich, real Astrakhan-Trimmed, Satin-lined Reefers, formerly \$9.75.
- \$7.45 for still finer ones formerly \$12.50.
- \$8.00 for extra rich Fur-Trimmed Reefers formerly \$15.
- \$9.45 for extra rich Fur-Trimmed Reefers formerly \$16.90.
- \$6.75 for handsome Newmarkets, half-lined Cape, reduced from \$10.75.
- \$4.98, \$6.98, \$7.45 and \$8.45 for plated back Russian Coats worth 50 per cent more.

1,200

Misses' and Children's Gretchens and Reefers will be closed out during the present week at one-half their actual value. As an additional incentive to prompt buying we will give a very nice present with each garment costing \$4 or more.

All our handsome Fur Capes are now offered at purse-opening prices. Do not buy elsewhere until you have looked into the merits of this great GET-ROOM-QUICK sale. An immense variety of Capes to select from, all the way from \$3.45 to \$50 each. No matter what the figures, we guarantee to save you money.

Rosenthal & Co.
510, 512, 514, 516, 518 MARKET ST. 0025-7718

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO BE LATE OR



BEHINDHAND

IS a bad state to be in at this time of the year. It means we don't want to be behindhand in offering you bargains when your wants are supplied. Now is the time. Now our stock of Home-Made Suits and Home-Made Overcoats is still complete, and now we want to give you an opportunity before the best things are picked out. Our \$10 Cheviot Overcoat is going like ice in a hot room, so don't miss your chance. Our \$12 Melton Overcoat is a daisy; see it by all means before you purchase elsewhere. To describe our \$15 Kersey, Chinchilla or Beaver Overcoats would take an entire column of this paper. So come and judge for yourself. We don't wish to tire you singing the praises of our stock, so will tell you in short: "We guarantee every Suit or Overcoat from \$10 and up. We will keep in good repair for you free of charge. Again, please don't be BEHINDHAND, but come at once and secure some of our bargains."

JACKSONS
Clothing, Tailors, Hatters and Furnishers.
954 and 956 Liberty St., Star Corner. 0020-7781

USE FRAGRANT TRI-PHOSA
In place of Ammonia For the BATH, WASH and HOUSE CLEANING.
Softens Water. Grows and Druggists Sell It.

CAPTAIN PHIL.

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

[Continued From Yesterday.]

The sight of his side enjoying the great made Master Daniel Washington Granger set up a tremulous cry and struggle from his mother's arms. He pattered across to the visitor and held up his little hands with an entreaty for "tick-tick," with a smile spreading over his whole chubby face which might have melted the heart of a Herod—blue eyes and red lips, and fat dimpled rosy cheeks all one smile.

"Don't let them trouble you," said Lucy, rising to reclaim her offspring, as the stranger held his open watch to Bonnie's ear.

"They don't trouble me," he said quietly, white Bonnie embraced his knee with both arms, and stamped, jumped up and down with inarticulate exclamations which expressed his delight in the position and his strenuous objection to being removed from it.

"You like children," asked the fond mother.

"I do," he replied, "I like them very much. I've never seen a child like you. I don't see many children in these parts who have Dan Granger's luck."

"Yes, it's the children that make the home," she rejoined, with a contented smile, accepting the compliment as referring entirely to Birdie and Bonnie. "I forget whether you said you knew my husband?"

"I've had the pleasure of his acquaintance—some time ago."

"Do you think Birdie like him?" she inquired, with a lively interest.

"We—all, I can say, say she looks much like I remember him."

"Don't you think so?" said Lucy, disappointedly. "Some people think Bonnie more like him. Bonnie has his eyes. His papa's own Bonnie Boy, isn't he?" she added, holding out her hands to the child,

passed a pleasant social hour than in this stranger's company; indeed, she could hardly believe that an hour had passed when he intimated that he wouldn't intrude on her stay longer; he wouldn't wait to see Granger to-day.

"Won't you stay to dinner?" she asked him hospitably. "It'll be on the table in five minutes. My husband will be glad, I'm sure, if you stay."

But he gratefully declined her invitation, and rose to take his leave.

"What's your name?" asked Birdie, as he rose.

"I should have asked that," said Lucy, smiling. "Who shall I say he called?"

He looked at her thoughtfully, stroking his golden tawny beard for a moment before he answered:

"You can say Mr. Thompson—William Thompson."

"Well, Mr. Thompson, I'm sure my husband will be real sorry to have missed you," said Lucy, cordially. "I hope you'll call again."

"Will you promise me a welcome if I do?" he asked; and his keen, blue eyes were serious, although a smile just curved his lips.

"I indeed, we'll all be delighted to see you any time," he assured him. "Say goodbye to Mr. Thompson, children, and give him a pretty kiss."

Bonnie, who was standing on a chair, leaning against his mother's side, with his arms around him, was nothing loth. He threw his fat dimpled arms round Mr. Thompson's neck, and gave him an urbane hug and kiss. Birdie hung back a little for a moment, with a play at coyness, before she consented to bestow on him an equally affectionate parting salute. Then Lucy held out her hand with a friendly goodby, and he stepped out of the door.

"Well, goodbye, Mr. Granger," he said, "I thank you for your kind welcome, and I'll not forget this hour. Perhaps some time you'll know that I don't forget it." He looked up for protection, and said, "G'eat g'izzly bear g'ow!"

Birdie listened to this narrative with an air of approval of her own interpretations of unapproved phenomena.

"Eas," she remarked, complacently, "When it t'unders, g'eat big bears g'ow in heaven."

Time slipped away smoothly, and the conversation ran on volubly. Lucy had collected

sombro hat with a salute full of a respectful courtesy that was almost reverent, almost ad— and Lucy watched him out of sight, with a serene brightness on her face, as if one who had enjoyed a pleasant hour.

"There's been a gentleman here for you, Dan," she said to her husband when he returned. "An old friend of yours. He waited a good time to see you—Mr. Thompson."

"Thompson?" Dan repeated, pausing for a moment in his play at "horse," as he was giving Bonnie a ride on his shoulder. "Don't think I know any Thompson. What Christian name did he say?"

"William—William Thompson."

"Never knew any William Thompson," said Dan, knitting his brows. "Some man on business?"

"Yes, partly business; but he said he knew you, too—knew you years ago."

"What sort of a fellow was he?"

"Quite a gentleman and very pleasant. The children made great friends with him, and he seemed delighted with them. He was sorry he couldn't wait any longer to see you."

"So am I not to see him for I'm dashed if I remember any William Thompson."

"He was tall and fair, with light tawny hair and beard and very blue eyes," said Lucy, anxious to recall the agreeable stranger to her husband's memory; "and he had a long scar like an old wound straight down the left cheek just in front of the ear."

Dan heeled round as if he had been shot. "Had he two joints of the little finger of the left hand—the finger a mere stump like this?"

"Yes, I noticed it when he was playing with Bonnie. Dan? Why! Dan! who was it?" she exclaimed, the startled look upon her husband's face reflected upon her own; "then he passed on a break in the house, and kindled like a danger signal in Dan's eyes. But in another moment his native good humor reasserted itself, and he burst into a half-reverent laugh, which, however, was not all of mirth.

"Well, if that don't beat all! Loos and the little ones hobnobbing with Captain Phil!"

"Captain Phil! That dreadful man—the man who—" Lucy stopped, her breath fairly taken away, for of course the story of Captain Phil was well known to her.

"Where is he now?"

"I don't know," replied Lucy, still

agham. "He didn't say where he was going. He went that way."

"Did he go into the office?"

"No; he went to the office door first, but I saw him in here."

Dan went across to his office and assured himself that the bags of gold dust and nuggets were there untouched.

"It's not Captain Phil's way to hide himself," he said, thoughtfully, pulling his heavy brown mustache. "When he's once been seen about he's pretty sure to turn up at the saloon. He'll be at the Four Aces to-night."

"You won't go, Dan?" said Lucy anxiously.

"Yes, Loos," he said, kindly but decidedly. "I shall go to Four Aces to-night. I must look there, at least, to see what's up with Captain Phil, whose eyes were on Dan Granger as he drained his glass with the rest."

They wasted no words in remonstrance or entreaties to him to stay at home. She knew they would be in vain.

"Don't look like a ghost, old girl!" he said, giving her a hearty hug. "I'll come back all right."

But he was not quite so sure of that as he professed himself.

The Four Aces was crowded that night when Granger went in.

Dan's eye fell at once on the tall figure about the first man that ever did get the crowd was thickest around Captain Phil, but in a curious and apparently accidental way it thinned as he looked around and saw Dan Granger coming down the room.

"On the draw and shoot," but Dan Granger was known as a dead-shoot, too. Greek met Greek when those two came face to face.

Those nearest to the Captain fell a step back. There was a break in the hoarse talk; one man who was telling a story broke off before he got to the point; the men playing poker paused and looked around, cards in hand; the barkeeper and his boy prepared to duck and drop behind the high counter, safe out of shot-range, as Dan Granger walked quietly toward Captain Phil, nodding greeting to this friend and that by the way. The Captain was standing beside a table, which here bathed rock and tree in silvery light Dan could see there was a curious smile upon his face.

"Yes," Captain Phil said coolly, "I guess you've got the drop on me—and you're about the first man that ever did get the drop on Phil Darrell! See here! I've just a word to say to you that I couldn't say out yonder. I've spent an hour under your roof this day. I've seen your wife and little children. Now, I don't often change my mind, but I've changed it today, and I tell you that you and all yours are safe from this day forth from me and mine."

"You mean that," said Dan, loosening his grip on the deadly weapon he held.

"There's my hand on it, if you'll take it."

Dan took the hand and grasped it freely;

and as he let it go Captain Phil smiled again.

"That was the last Dan Granger ever saw of Captain Phil and not many months after that they heard of the capture of him. He and his men, probably encouraged by long imprisonment, had embarked upon an unusually daring venture. They had made a kind of border raid into the rising and prosperous, in his impetuous face betrayed, he surprised at this non-hostile greeting; he only paused a moment before he replied:

"Yes, Captain, I'll drink with you."

Captain Phil turned sharply to the bar with the order:

"Drinks all around!"

The men crowded round the counter; the barkeeper and assistant found their hands full. All were ready and willing to drink with Captain Phil, whose eyes were on Dan Granger as he drained his glass with the rest.

And that was all that the Four Aces saw of the episode of the meeting of the old-time antagonists, which had been fully expected would end in some stagy encounter.

But as Dan Granger went his way down the lonely track through the gulch that night he heard a following footstep fall quickly on the path behind him. It came closer, quicker—was close upon him. He wheeled round and faced the man who had followed him, and as he saw who it was he might have heard a following footstep fall from his derringer, cocked it, held it ready.

Captain Phil heard the ominous click, but he stood there quietly, his own hands empty, and in the broad flood of moonlight which here bathed rock and tree in silvery light Dan could see there was a curious smile upon his face.

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