

The height of gaiety in the children's social season comes with the holidays, and no grown belle prepares for a term of social triumphs with more zest than do many of the little tolks. The next three weeks will bring some charming dancing parties for the little folk. So far as I am concerned I prefer to watch the children dance rather than the grown folk. It seems so much more natural for the lambkins to gambol. I never can quite persuade myself that a waltzing pair of grown-up people is not more or less a bit of comic business.

These big dancers often have a sort of sheepish air about them, as if they were not quite certain in their own minds that they weren't ridiculous. Not so the little fairy tots of 8, 10 and 12. Their every motion is siry, elastic and feathery; their tiny feet seem scarcely to touch the floor. They glide without effort, and seem to be doing what is natural to them. Here, in the



illustration, sits the future belle of the ballroom. She is an apt pupil, and learns her steps more easily than she masters latitude and longitude, or conquers the mystery of vulgar fractions. Her gown is modeled somewhat after the prevailing Russian style, and is composed of chestnut brown velvet, with white cashmere chemis-ette trimmed with broad embroidered band, the entire costume being garnitured with gray for in the pleasing and original manner indicated.

For out door uses the prevailing general use of fur for trimming serves most admirably to set off the peachy skins and flossy locks of the little folks. Many large felt hats, too, are seen in picturesque shapes that impart an air of delicious demureness to their laces, although it often seems to me that the solitary chick would rejoice if its mother hadn't quite so much time and money to furnish fine teathers for it. It is hard on the solitary chick to carry about finery enough for a whole brood. FLORETTE.

A Made-Over Gown.

A bright girl, with more of a deposit in her head than at her banker's, has made herself a fascinating fall costume out of a last year's gown. The skirt of the gown, which was of dark wool, she cut and fitted over to the desired shape. It was a dull, reddish, rough stuff, and with a little quillreadish, rough stun, and with a little quilling of velvet doubled together and plaited. Take Bromo-Seltzer—10c a bottle.

she finished the edge. Then a black velvet coat, relic of finery, was made to do duty as a little jacket, out shorter than the Eton model, slashed up the back to the neck and edged all around with a finish of jet. The edged all around with a finish of jet. The top of her skirt she edged about with a double blas fold of velvet, fitted neatly, and less than two inches wide when all finished, and this she hocked over a full waist of the gay green and blue tartan wool, checked off with a thread of scarlet in silk.

Good Things for Scotland.

That Scotch effects will continue popular through the spring season is indicated by sample lines already shown, and also by advalue fashion reports from European centers. The leading houses are placing spring orders for Scotch and chintz goods, and even the new dress gimps and moss trimmings are in Scotch effects. Scotch velvets, silks and ribbons are being shown in both imported and domestic samples. Reports from France affirm that plaid velvets are being favored with many reorders, and all indications are that fancy and plaid velvets will be a feature of the season. These goods will not be confined to any age, but will be worn alike by ladies, misses and

For Travel in the Country.

A covert coat is an essential part of a country outfit, and occasionally these are made three-quarter length. They are not so heavy if required for walking, nor are they so fashionable as the longer make, which are double-breasted, and often cut up at the side from the hem to the depth of a quarter of a yard. The cuffs are made with a tricorn piece placed diagonally on

Comme il Faut.

GREEN, gray, brown and batte are now very popular for woolens. A GIRL's coat of red cloth is trimmed with

gold and black braid. For velvet gowns and cloaks, dark green, red and black will be most employed. SAILOR suits are worn by girls of all ages.

They are invaluable as school and play cos-Gints' street coats are braided and finished with one or more capes, three or four not being unusual.

THE Russian velvets now in favor are only those of the richer grades. The lines are a

A LEAF-YEAR novelty in the jewelry line is a stick-pin in the form of an interrogation point. Another is in the form of a slipper, point. Another is in the form with a chain from heel to toe. Connuncy cloth in its various browns is nuch liked for medium-length winter

cloaks. They are trimmed with brown fur and, in some designs, with resettes of brown velvet ribbon. THE turban is fairly fashionable. The most approved style fits rather closely to the head, and recalls the old days when a saucer-shaped head-gear without trimming was looked upon as quite the thing.

EMIGRANTS POUR IN.

One Thousan a and Sixty the Sunday Con-

tingent Received at Eilis Island. NEW YORK, Dec 1L .- One thousand and sixty emigrants were received at the Eilis Island Landing Bureau to-day. The Poluria, from Stettin, brought 148; La Bourgogne, from Havre, 547; the Russia, from Hamburg, 205, and the Kaiser Wilhelm II, trom Genoa, 365.

Drink Traps Jailbreakers.

ERIE, PA., Dec. 11 .- [Special.]-Sheriff Button, of Conneaut, O., left here to-day with Patrick and Michael Cribbins, two desperadoes who broke jail at Painesville, O., a week ago. They were under indictment for burglary and took occasion to leave the jail while the Sheriff was eating his supper. Hearing that their mother had won a squatter's right claim valued at \$6,000 from the Pennsylvania Railroad Company they came home to congratulate the old lady on her good fortune and, get-ting drunk, fell atoul of the police in this

Valuable Coal Vein Found.

STEUBENVILLE, O., Dec. 11 .- ["pecial.]-Tests have been made of the second coal vein at Piney Fork, near the Wheeling and Lake Eric Railroad, in this county, by a syndicate headed by Mayor Rose, of Cleveland. A very superior quality of coal is said to have been found underlying a considerable section of that country, and experts pronounce it the best in Eastern

FELL FIFTEEN STORIES.

The Pecul'ar, but Awful Death of World's Fair Emp'oye. CHICAGO, Dec. 11.-Charles Chanter, a botanist, employed in the Horticultural Department of the World's Fair, to-day fell from the fifteenth floor of the Masonie Temple to the basement. His body was

masned into a jelly.

The elevator stopped at the fifteenth floor and as it started upward, without warning and as it started upward, without warning the man in charge attempted to open the door and get out. He was caught between the elevator and wire grating on the side of the shaft. This grating bulged out allowing the car to pass Chanter, who at once fell to the stone floor 15 stories below. Chanter leaves a widow and a daughter in Withous Chanter leaves a widow and a daughter in Kilbourne City, Wis.

Chinamen Must Go Back. PLATTSBURG, N. Y., Dec. 11.-The 12 Chinamen, smuggled at this port into the United States from Canada some time ago, have been ordered back to China by United States Commissioner Wheeler.



Can You Take a Tumble?

Goods are being advertised at certain rices, but when the public go to get the rticles they are told "we are just out." We on't advertise what we can't do. Voltaic Diamonds

Cannot be sold by other jewelers. Look out for imitations that they tell you are "just the same," or "just as good," They are warranted by special guarantee. They take the place of genuine diamonds. They cannot be detected. All set in solid gold.

STUDS, \$2.50 UP. EARDROPS, \$4.50 UP. RINGS, \$8.25 UP. LACE PINS, \$4.00 UP. SCARF PINS, \$2.75 UP. Send for Illustrated Catalogue Free.

B. E. ARONS, Jeweler, FIFTH AVENUE. - 05



Cures Chapped Hands, Wounds, Burns, Etc. Removes and Prevents Dandruff.

AMERICAN FAMILY SOAP. Best for General Household Use.

The last year has been the year of largest growth in the Sixty-five years of THE Companion's history. It has now reached a weekly circulation of 550,000 subscribers. This generous support enables its publishers to provide more lavishly than ever for the coming Volume, but only a partial list of Authors, Stories and Articles can be given in this space.

Prize Serial Stories -\$6.500.

The Prizes offered for the Serial Competition of 1892 were the Largest ever given by any periodical.

First Prize, \$2,000. Larry; "Aunt Mat's" Investment and its Reward; by Second Prize, \$1,000. Armajo; How a very hard Lesson was bravely Learned; by Third Prize, \$1,000. Cherrycroft; The Old House and its Tenant; by

Fourth Prize, \$1,000. Sam; A charming Story of Brotherly Love and Self-Sacrifice; by

Amanda M. Douglas. Charles W. Clarke. Edith E. Stowe.

Gen. Lew Wallace.

Frank R. Stockton.

Prize Folk-Lore Stories. Slow Joe's Freedom, \$1,000; Mother's Doughnuts, \$300; The Silver Tankard, \$200. SEVEN OTHER SERIAL STORIES will be given during the year, by C. A. Stephens, Homer Greene and others.

Pictured by Their Children.

A Group of Four Pen Pictures of Famous Men at Home. How Mr. Gladstone Works; by his daughter, Mrs. Drew. Gen. Sherman in his Home; by Mrs. Minnie Sherman Fitch. Gen. McClellan: by his son. George B. McClellan. President Garfield; by his daughter, Mrs. Molly Garfield Brown. The Bravest Deed I Ever Saw.

A Series of Four Papers in which deeds of remarkable bravery are vividly described by United States Officers of the Army and by famous War Correspondents, By

General John Gibbon. General Wesley Merritt. Captain Charles King. Archibald Forbes.

Interesting Articles.

How I wrote "Ben Hur." Describing the origin and growth of this popular Book. By

The Origin of "Rudder Grange;" by the popular Story Writer,

The Story of My Boyhood; by

Rudyard Kipling. How College Men are Trained for Foot-Ball, Base-Ball, and Boat-Racing. By Four College Crew Captains.

Three New Sea Stories. I. The Bristolman's Trap. II. The Romance of a Shoal. III. A Desperate Capture. By W. Clark Russell. The Jungle Kingdoms of India. I. The War between Man and Beast. II. Characteristics of the Conflict. III. Snakes. By Sir Edwin Arnold.

The World's Fair.

Col. George R. Davis, the Director-General of the Fair, has promised to contribute articles, and Mrs. Potter Palmer will describe the proposed "Children's Palace." THE COMPANION will also have special correspondents at the Fair. Among the subjects to be treated are: . How to Economize Time and Money.

How to Prepare for a Visit to the Fair. What can best be Seen in a Given Time.

In Foreign Lands.

How to See St. Paul's Cathedral; by The Dean of St. Paul. How to See Westminster Abbey. The Dean of Westminster. Windsor Castle. A picturesque description by The Marquis of Lorne. A Glimpse of Russia; by The Hon. Charles Emory Smith. A Glimpse of Belgium. The American Minister at Brussels. Adventures in London Fogs; by Charles Dickens.

Your Work in Life.

What are you going to do? These and other similar articles may offer you some suggestions.

Journalism as a Profession. By the Editor-in-Chief of the New York Times, In What Trades and Professions is there most Room for Recruits? by Shipbuilders Wanted. Chats with great shipbuilders on this Subject; by

Hon. R. P. Porter. Alexander Wainwright. Why not be a Veterinary Surgeon? An opportunity for Boys; by Dr. Austin Peters.

Young Government Clerks at Washington. Opportunities in the State, Treasury, War, Navy and Interior Departments, and in the Department of Agriculture. By the Chief Clerks of these Departments.

Every Number contains impartial Editorials on current events at home and abroad, Original Poetry by the best writers, choice Miscellany and Anecdotes, the latest discoveries in Science, Articles on Health, a Charming Children's page and many other well-known features.

PREE

New Subscribers who send \$1.75 now will receive The Companion FREE to January 1, 1893, and for a full year from that date, including the Double Holiday Numbers at Christmas, New Year's, Easter, Fourth of July and Thanksgiving. The Souvenir of The Companion in colors, 42 pages, describing the New Building in all its departments, will be sent on receipt of six cents, or free to any one requesting it who sends a subscription. Please mention this paper.

Charles R. Miller.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

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SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

· By JESSIE M. E. SAXBY, Author of "The Lads of Lunda, etc."

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CHAPTER I.

"There's something wrong in that house," I said to myself, after I got into my study, and sat down to smoke a pipe before going I had been dining at the house of a

patient, Cecil Harrington, and had spent a very pleasant evening, notwithstanding the impression I had carried away. I am afraid we doctors contract a habit of suspecting the family cupboard of con-

taining a skeleton when the livers, brains, or blood of the household do not explain to our entire satisfaction the symptoms of its various members. We know better than either clergyman or lawyer how much of physical disease is the direct product of wrong done somewhere, and we soon learn to take for granted, in a large measure, that the root of an obscure complaint aprings from somebody's sin

The little party of six around Mr. Harrington's dinner-table had been what one might call a family party. There was our host, just recovered from a tedious illness which had worried me more than I liked to acknowledge, because it seemed so triflin g and vet would not be exercised so readily as I expected. The seat at the head of the table was charmingly filled by Mrs. Harrington, young, beautiful and possessed of a pensive manner which had a curious fascination in it. I occupied the seat on her right hand. Mr. Harrington's cousin, a handsome, dark-eyed American, was on her left. Two brothers of Mrs. Harrington, home from abroad for a few days, were on

either side of Cecil.
Although I had not been many months in the city of Hartford, I had known Mr. Har-rington before, for we had been at college together; and, though never very confidential, we had liked each other well enough to reach that point in friendship where titles and surnames cease to be used, and we were "Ceeil" and "Edwin" to each

The talk around the table was blithe and general, for all were in good spirits; yet once when I asked a question of my fair hostess she replied at random, and when I looked at her inquiringly I noticed a curi-ous frightened expression in her eyes, which were turned on Amory Rhodes at the moment. The expression of his eyes I could not mistake; it was a look of pity and ten-derness and profound admiration. The impression made on my mind was gone in a moment, but it came back later to add its

weight to other things.

Mrs. Harrington's brothers left the table with her, and Mr. Rhodes fell into a brown study while Coul and I continued a little

up with alacrity, and as we walked to the door our host whispered to me: "A word, please, Edwin." His cousin went out at once, and Harrington said to me quickly: for heaven's sake!"

for heaven's sake!"
"To-morrow evening after 8—will that
do?" He nodded. As we ascended the
stairs I asked: "Are you feeling unwell
again? You look very well to-night."
"I am quite well. It's not that. I'll
tell you all to-morrow." He looked at me
with so much misery in his face that I was
completely startled. But he did not mean
me to ask another question, so went upstairs three steps at each bound. He opened
the drawing room door for me and revealed

I had seen very little of Mrs. Harrington until the occasion of her husband's illness threw us agood deal together, and during that time I was greatly pleased with the affection and solicitude she displayed to-ward him. Nothing could exceed her at-

when I heard him say in a harsh voice,
"Why are you not practicing that new
song, Mable? You know I wanted you to
accompany me to-night."

"I think I know it well enough, dear,"
she answered, faulteringly, and rose to go
to the piano; but he said in the same angry

"I know you don't know it well enough, so you need not trouble," and he left the room. He was only gone a minute, and on his return he was as gentle and courteous as usual for the rest of the evening. But a cloud seemed to have settled on his wife's spirit, and she spoke very little. I noticed that Rhodes kept near her. Once or twice I saw them exchange a glance which seemed to indicate some mutual "understanding." and both seemed to be watching Harrington

CHAPTER IL

with her, and Mr. Rhodes fell into a brown study while Cecul and I continued a little small talk.

At 8 o'clock on the following evening Harrington was ushered into my study. I had turned the lights low, and was loafing at that time, and I soon rose to follow the others to the drawing room. Rhodes got

smoking and listening, than if he had to face a sharp-eyed doctor, reading every feature by the help of three gas jets.

His voice was as clear and cool as possible, when he replied, "Yes, I want to consult you. You know how happy I have been with Mabel? Did it ever occur to you, Edwin, that she—my wife—is a hypocrite, a heautiful fiend—false to me, and worse than false?"

"Heavens! Cecil! What horrible words," "Heavens! Ceci! What horrible words," was all I could say. My affected indolence was gone in a moment. I dropped my pipe, sat bolt upright and stared in his face. Then I saw that he was very pale and his brows were knit together like one who is putting powerful restraint upon his temper. The working of his features was in strong contrast to his voice, which was calm and measured.

and measured. "You are surprised, of course," he said.
"Anybody would be; but I must repeat that
she is the veriest sham that walks this

I knew then what rock he had split upon and I exclaimed, "Oh! Cecil, for God's sake don't let the demon of jealousy get aboard of you! Because, perhaps, you have seen yeur cousin's undisguised admiration for your wife—we all admire her, you know—and her natural liking for such admiration, so you have jumped to a conclusion which

said, "I quite expected you to look at it so. You could not know as I do. You have not had to mark, as I have, a thousand and one trifles which go to prove that a wall of di-vision has grown up between us. You have not seen us together before last night. I asked you on purpose, and I know-for I watched you—that you noticed more than one incident which confirms my statement.

Is that not so Edwin?"

For the life of me I could not deny that I had thought there was something unusual in the action of those two to each other; but I was emphatic in declaring my conviction that their secret—if secret there was—was

Hynde years ago. It was that which sent him back to America in such a hurry, and I never supposed he would come here again. But he has come; and he has allured her from me, although he told me he had got over his old fancy. D— him!" The last two words were spoken as coldly as every other word, and as I had never, during even the peculiar experience of a doctor, heard that imprecation spoken without heat, it made me shudder.

I said no word, and Harrington went on.

be more easy for my patient to speak love her in spite of it. Moreover, no man or woman shall wrong me, and get off scot free!" Then he leaned near me, and whispered, "Edwin, you puzzled me over my illness. You could not make it out; some of the symptoms baffled you. I will explain these. I was being poisoned—yes, poisoned

> "Oh, this is awful—too awful!" I ex-claimed, springing to my feet, and turning up the gas; for I could not longer bear the shadowy light and the cold voice speaking of the blackest of crimes. Harrington rose when I did, and we stood for a minute gaz-ing into each other's white faces. Then I recovered myself and said, "What proof have you of this? I do not mean such proof as may be suggested by the devil to a jealous husband, but such proof as would satisfy a judge and jury of practical men." He drew from his pocket a small phial, with the label of a New York chemist on it; and the bottle contained a poison—so said the label on it.

American who is now at my house bring it? Why was the bottle concealed in her ward-robe? And why did she always insist upon giving me my medicine and beef tea her-self? Can you explain these things, Ed-

win? Is that not proof enough?"
"I really don't know what to say or think," I said at last. "Why have you told me this?"

"I am confiding in my doctor," said Ce-cil, "and he must hear and be guided by

further except to state that I was gradually led to accept my friend's statements, and to agree to say nothing to anyone, but watch and help him when needful. Yet when I saw him out at the door I could not help saying, "Seems to me the shortest and most maily course you can pursue is to kick your cousin out your door, and tell your wife's brothers to take her to Bombay with them."

He shook his head and walked away.

CHAPTER III.

Among my letters next morning was a little note in a delicate feminine handwriting, and it was signed "Mabel Harrington." She wrote asking me to call next day, and the hour site mentioned was a time when I knew Cecil would be at his office in the city; therefore he could not be ill. I might not have commented on the time chosen but for my conversation with her husband, which had led me, of course, to mark any peculiarity in Mrs. Harrington's conduct. I wondered what she wished to say to me, for she was never ill, and I could not suppose that she wanted to talk of Cecil's health. I devoutly hoped the wife was not going to take me into her confidence, as the husband had done; but I made up my mind if she complained of Cecil that I should speak plainly to her of Mr. Rhodes. As I

She came to meet me with a kind of tremble in her air and face and figurer. I can't describe her appearance any other way, but I thought, as I took her shaking hand and looked at the graceful form vi brating with some strange emotion, "If this creature is a beautiful fiend, capable of the most deliberate cold-blooded crimes,

the most deliberate cold-blooded crimes, she certainty can act the timid, tender woman to perfection."

"How good of you to come just when I said, doctor," she faltered, and as we sat down she added, "I wanted to talk to you -alone-when-when Cecil was away." *
She stopped, as if unable to say more, and I replied: "I suppose you did not wish your husband present as you ask me to call in

bunch of fresh roses and a photograph of Amory Rhodes. Both flowers and photo-graph had quite recently been laid there, for the papers in which they had been-folded were lying beside them. I am afraid my silence made her more nervous still, for her color went and came,

She glanced timidly at me and replied, "He is so-what shall I call it-fitful-so strange. He never used to be cross with me, never!" and then the tears came, not in a burst, or like the way a woman cries when she feels herself ill used; but in slow, heavy drops, that fell with a kind of splash on the roses over which she was by that

To my surprise she answered meekly, 'No; that I am aware of I try all I can to

"No; that I am aware of I try all I can to please him—except—except—I can't explain, I fear, how his strange ways have made me different, somehow. I feel frightened at times. I don't like to be as affectionate as I used to be and want to be, because he says I am only pretending. It is so hard on me, I could have borne anything but that."

Still I was rigid and unhelpful. God par-

"Never such a thought occurred to me, Mrs. Harrington, nor do I believe it would have occurred to any doctor.'

"Ah, that is the difficulty. Always when he is physically unwell, the mental disturbance disappears. But it is there, doctor; it is there. Poor Cecil can hide it from everybody, but I know, I know."

"Do you wish me to infer that you consider your beneated out of his mind?" I

"Do you wish me to infer that you consider your husband out of his mind?" I asked steraly.
"I must confide in you, doctor," she said, sobbing; "there is nothing else to do. I have kept the secret for a long time, because I could always pretend to Cecil that I did not know, and while he did no one any harm I saw no reason to tell. But now he has become suspicious of me and

others; and I am so afraid he will break out

This story of hers was as startling to me This story of hers was as startling to me as his had been, and I could not credit it.

"Cecil is the last man I should suspect of going wrong in his mind," I said, "and I do not think you have told me anything to prove it. If he has noticed anything in your conduct to make him 'cross' or 'suspect' that does not indicate mental disorder ou his part. You must give me an interval. der on his part. You must give me an in-stance before I can for one moment credit such an appalling statement, Mrs. Har-rington."

She wrung her hands. "I wish I could she wrung her hands. "I wish I could explain without seeming to blame Cecil. It seems disloyal of me to expose him to you; and yet I must, doctor. I am so afraid of what may happen. He shuts himself into his studio all night. Often I go to the door and I hear him speaking as if to me or someone else. Oh, such horrible things he says, and in such angry tones. Often I hear him stamp and fling things about as if he were fighting someone. It terrifies

TorLET Lanoline for skin roughness and irritotian, especially with small children. Best remedy against hemorrhoids (piles).

Mellor & Hoene Are Selling Planos. 77 Fifth Avenue.

We are having a tremendous trade in pianos; always have had. Our instru-

Would You Like to Know

Why we are so busy! It's this: Our line of toys, dolls, games, fron toys, wagons, sleds, doll carriages, skin covered animals, tree ornaments and the thousand other attractive Xmas articles is larger than ever, and selling at 15 to 21 per cent less than other houses. See for yourself.

JAMES W. GEOVE, Fifth avenue. Leather Novelties.

SMALL in size, great in results: De Witt's Little Early Risers. Best pill for constipation best for sick headache and sour stomach.

Don't be in a hurry buving your holida presents till after you see Henry Terbeyden magnificent display—superb, rich, grand-must be seen to be appreciated.

GOULD WORTH MORE DEAD. His Pet Securities Advance Over \$15,000,

000 in a Week.

\$15,831,335. With the stiffening in prices of stocks di-rectly connected with these and the sympathetic rise all along the list due to the man-ifestation of this "Gould sentiment," it is

fully twenty millions.
Wall street has a dozen whys and wherefores to explain the boost. In almost every theory the fact that Gould was a bar sinis-ter on the fair face of Wall street is given a prominent part. Others, with the cry of "The king is dead, long live the king." pay tribute to young George, and praise his con-

WHY GOOD TEMPLARS ARE PROUD.

They Count the Next Lady of the White House in Their Order. RICHMOND, VA., Dec. 11.-At a meeting of the Independent Order of Good Templars here one of the speakers, in refuting the charge that the "order is made up of

"The Past Right Worthy Chief Templar

people without standing in society, said:

of the order, Hon. W. W. Turnbull, of England, is an ex-member of the English Parliament; two Good Templars have been Presidents of the United States; the Gov-ernor of Virginia took the Good Templars' pledge many years ago and has never broken it.

"One of the finest ladies in this country instituted a lodge of Good Templars in the State of New York. This lady four years ago was an occupant of the White House in Washington, and after the 4th of March next she will again return to her exalted restition."

position."

The audience applauded as the last sentence was uttered.

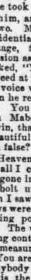
The Moore House Fails. ERIE, Dec. 11 .- [Special.]-The now amous Moore House, of this city, has fallen into the hands of the Sheriff, being

closed last night. The hotel was recently purchased by Mr. George Eckert, of Ridgway. The executions and other claims aggregate more than \$3,000. Will of William McKinley, Sr.

CANTON, O., Dec. 11.—[Special.]—Tha will of the late William McKinley, Sr., has been filed for probate in the Stark County Court. It bequeathes all his property, real and personal, to his daughter Helen, who is directed to carry out his wishes, which she alone knows.

Twenty-Five Dollars

Cash, the balance in small monthly payments for \$150 pneumatic tired bioyole, at Pittaburg Cycle Company's, 428 Wood street.



"I want to see you alone, and at your house -not here; fix a time-soon, Edwin, soon,

the drawing room door for me and revealed Mrs. Harrington standing on the hearthrug, with her face lit by a most beautiful smile, which was shining full on Amory Rhodes. The moment we came in she decored into The moment we came in she dropped into her seat with a shrinking air, and the smile gave place to that pensive expression I spoke of.

tention, which he repaid with loverly de-votion. They had been married five years, but they seemed as fond of each other as if it were still noncymoon days with them. I was therefore more than astonished when I heard him say in a harsh voice,

closely. Yet I solentily declare that nothing in their manner suggested to me any suspicion of an amour or anything of that sort. But in my study, later, I repeated again to myself: "There is something wrong in that house."

frankly in the dim light with a lazy friend He took the other arm chair I pulled up

for him, and he did not speak for a minute or two. My arrangements for facilitating confidential talk had put me at a disadvantage, for I could not study his expression as I should have liked. As I remarked "You wanted to consult me?" I marked, "You wanted to consult me?" I glanced at him, but could not read his face.

earth! And my consin Amory Rhodes is the blackguard who has waked the devil in that beautiful witch."

so you have jumped to a conclusion which is most unworthy of you, and does your wife (so lately your devoted nurse) a shameful injustice."

I spoke hotly, because I believed he was wrong; but he did not resent my words. He merely smiled in a melancholy way and said "I cuite a second manufactured and the merely smiled in a melancholy way and said "I cuite a second manufactured man

not that which Harrington affirmed it to be.

"You did not know, of course," he resumed, "that Rhodes was very fond of Mabel
Hynde years ago. It was that which sent

by my wife."
"Oh, this is awful-too awful!" I ex-

"Where did Mabel get this from?" he said in the same cold whisper as before, "Did she send to America for it; or did an

"To secure a competent witness, of course," was the prompt reply.
"But I have not witnessed anything," I answered hurriedly. "I don't want to spy on a woman, even if she is a wicked one."

what I tell him." I do not need to follow our conversation "I am afraid he would be angry if he knew I had sent for you or spoken to you."

A long pause, I would not help her a bit. I was becoming very angry with her, for there was lying on the table by her side a

and her breathing was much quickened.
At last she said, "Doctor, I am very auxious about Cecil."
"Why so?" I asked bravely.

time leaning.
"Do you give Cecil no cause for being what you call cross?" I asked a little

Still I was rigid and unhelpful, God pardon me, and when she could she resumed, "Doctor, I often fear Cecil can't be-." A "Doctor, I often fear Cecil can't be-..." A longer pause than before. Then she asked hesitatingly: "You were sometimes puzzled over his illness. He did not seem to you very ill, you said, and vet he did not get well as you expected. Did you never think that perhaps his mind might be a little warped—off its balance?"
"Never such a thought occurred to me..."

[To be continued to-marrow.]

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NEW YORK, Dec. 11. - Wall street values Jay Gould dead at \$20,000,000 more than Jay Gould alive. Western Union, Manhattan and Missouri Pacific were the Gould pet stocks, and from the quotations of Thursday, December 2, with Gould living, and, though sick unto death, a possible power in the street, and the quotations of December 10, with Gould a week dead, these three stocks are worth more by just

sale to estimate the total week's advance at

servatism.