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Let me describe for you a lovely ball toilet suitable for a non-dancer-for one who never essays the triple heat of poetic motion. It was of white cloth embroidered with chrysanthemums in a delicate cream. The bottom of the skirt, sleeves and bodice being outlined with swan's down, and the corsage filled in with lace or chiffon. A band of the swan's down, also sewed, for the shoulder strap. Of course it would be out



alegant costume, but it would serve to make a box glow with a ridiance powerful enough to attract all eyes, and, therefore, it would accomplish its purpose: for the world may be divided into two classes, the lookers-on and the looked-at, and many of our pro-fessional beauties are like spatula paint-ings-they must be surveyed from an artistic

But the illustration portrays quite another sort of costume, one designed for the ingenue-quite another sort of character. The ingenue belongs, strictly speaking, on the other side of the

by a jeweler. The constant friction wears out the tiny gold points that hold the stones in place, and unless strict attention is paid to them they become loose in a very short time.

<text><text><text><text><text> Small purses of suede leather are made on purpose for rings, or any soft pouch of skin of chamois may be used to place the rings in when desiring to carry them around with one. They should never be put into the ordinary pocketbook, as the rubbing against coins is also bad for them. Diamonds can be cleaned at home to look Diamonds can be cleaned at nome to foot as well as when done by a jeweler if only a little trouble is taken. They should be thoroughly cleaned in alcohol and then dried in boxwood sawdust. Pine sawdust is too oily for this purpose.

In Vogue in Pittsburg.

A friend of THE DISPATCH has kindly contributed the following timely items: It is strictly proper now, when offering s

person a cup of coffee or tea, to ask bim or her if they will "dress it" themselves with the requisite cream and sugar. PARISIAN dresses of dark green, with each

seam corded with a light green slik cording, are very fashionable. A PRETTY theater bonnet is made of light and dark green felt, plaited. On left hand

side is a dark green velvet rosette, with salmon pink lining. Double strings of green and salmon pink velvet are attached.

Wirm the new suspender garter and its novelties in fancy buckles causes an odd wrinkle in hostery, namely, a monogram worked in yeliow silk over the instep.

LATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

-Company B, of Confederate Veterans, of Atlanta, hus discarded the Confederate uni-

-St. Louis is now being overrun by the gang of crooks that recently infested Chi-

-A freight train on the Pennsylvania Railroad was wrecked at Silverbrook, Pa. No lives lost.

-Arthur W. Winlimeau, who is fasting in Cleveland, is losing about a half pound in weight every day. He sleeps poorly.

Seinway, Conover, Opera. The three best and most popular planos in America. All others must take a back seat in their presence. H. Kleber & Bro., 506 Wood street, are selling nearly half a dozen of them every day for Christmas presents. Warranted perfect or money refuided. Terms low and easy payments. Call at H. Kleber & Bro.'s, 506 Wood street. #@~Store open every night. -The expenses of the Garza revolution to the United States for prosecutions, marshals' fees and military expeditions will amount to over \$200,000.

-New Orleans labor organizations are de-serting the American Federation and joining the Knights of Labor on account of the loss of the recent strike. Five Dollars Will Buy How Much Fur-

-John Frink and Wilbur Manly were killed at Muncie, Indiana, yesterday, by a falling wall. William Jones and two boys named Marlow were injured.

-The trial of Robert Obernesser, of Cin-climati, for first degree, murder, began in Common Pleas Court yesterday before Judge Isaac Taylor, variety a lim time of year.

-The jury in the case of Robb against Carnegie Bros. & Co., for \$40,000 damages, at Greensburg yesterday, returned a verdict of \$19.9 for the plaintiff. 401 Smithfield Street, Cor. Fourth Avenue.

Capital, \$100,000. Surplus, \$81,000. Deposits of \$1 and upward received and interest allowed at 4 per cent. TTS -It has developed that 14 men of the crew of the British steamer Dileberg, ashore Sat-urday night on the English coast, near Har-wich, were saved. Six were lost. Albums, Albums, Albums.

Just received, the latest novelties in this line, in leather, plush and hard wood backs, handsomely ornamented. Just the thing for Xmas presents. See them at J. W. Grove's, Fifth avenue. -William Briggs, of West Newton, Pa, has filed suit for \$5,000 damages against the bor-ough. His wife had fallen intoan open sewer, and her injuries are likely permanent. -The adoption by the Lower House of the South Carolina Legislature of a resolution favoring free colnage of sliver may have a very important bearing on the refunding of the state debt.

SEE our holiday display of silk handker-chiefs and silk mufflers. JAMES H. AIMEN & Co., 100 Fifth avenue.

KLEBERS' CHRISTMAS PIANOS,

Seinway, Conover, Opera.

niture?

Not much in quantity, but in quality and rariety allunit can hardly be reached this time of year. SECENCE & SON, 711 Libersy, opp. Wood.

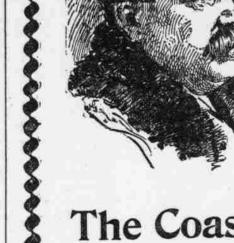
REAL ESTATE SAVINGS BANK, LIM.,

THE HANDSOMEST YET

stead Fund Beaches \$635 42.

nns' Contribution to the Home

-H. W. Bradley, an old man who claimed to be the son of the deceased President of the Marerick National Bank of Boston, has leif Boston with sundry belongings of his triends, but leaving behind him a long ar--The Canton, Minn., "Church Window Miracie" hoax proves to have been the work of a photographer, who fixed the glass so that a ray of light would develop a pict-ure. Pricests are mad, as it defrauded the poor and infirm. Worth. of Paris, says: -The dead bedy of a man was found yes-terday morning underneath the platform of a storage warehouse on River street, Hobo-ken. The man had evidently been dead some nours. He was apparently 35 years old, and was dressed in clothing of English make. An irritated throat is soothingly treated by Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant an old estab-lished curative for coughs and colds and all bronchial and lung troubles. See that



On all News-stands, Ten Cents

One Dollar per year

Of girl-life on the fringe of New York society, depicting the struggles of a refined Western girl to establish herself in the art and social world of the great metropolis, entitled

The Coast of Bohemia

Opening chapters in the Christmas LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, illustrated by Frank O. Small

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Mr. Howells' New Novel

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

COME AND SEE US.

Never since its organization has this company shown such a display of goods suitable for Christmas. Our floors will be devoted, during December, to the sale of Holiday Goods, embracing hundreds of odd pieces, which will be marked to close, together with a large display of

BRASS AND ONYX TABLES.



NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Drawing Slates, Balls, Musical Boxes, Magic Lanterns, Mechanical Toys, Punch and Judy, Etc., Etc.

Then dolls. Could write a whole "ad" bout them alone. See them in

> Baby Dolls, Dressed Dolls, Unbreakable Dolls, Sleeping Dolls, Talking Dolls, Chinese Dolls, Colored Dolls, Rubber Dolls, Etc., Etc.

Bring the children to see thom, even if you don't buy. But you will. The low prices will tempt you.

CAMPBELL & DICK

81, 83, 85, 87 and 89 Fifth Ave.

THE ONLY REASON 'For the continued increase of THE **DISPATCH Want Ads is that they** give satisfactory returns.



DISPATCH, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1892 13. PITTSBURG THE

is occasionally met with among our society ople. It is hard to say just what an in-nue is. Possibly you might say that she in the world, but not of it. She is a people. cenue is. child-woman, who wonders, but doesn't comprehend. This particular ingenue wears an ideal

gown for such a person-an ivory silk made up with extreme simplicity, having a broad ceinture of white satin and a large white satin bow at the back with long ends, and a white satin ribbon tied ends, and a white satin ribbon tied around her hair as indicated. A white feather bon completes her costume. The only jewels permissible are a plain string of pearl beads, not real, around the neck. She thus stands clad in her own beauty, and although she may apprehend its charm, she hasn't the necessary guile to attempt to please for the mere pleasure of FLORETTE. pleasing.

The Preservation of Bings.

"Don't wear your rings under gloves un "Don't wear your rings under gloves un-less you remember to have them thoroughly examined twice a year." is the advice given best for sick headache and sour stomaon. examined twice a year." is the advice given

Look at it in every way and you will find, if you embrace this offer, that we are doing you a good turn. Buying a present is one thing, but buying a nice, suitable and use-fal present is quite another. Here's how we offer help: We have on hand an im-mense assoriment of fur rugs, lined and un-level to all size. There are no second. lined, in all sizes. There are no seconds-they are all the best made-the best to be had. Not the kind that the inir comes out had. Not the kind that the hair comes out as you walk on them, but any of them would be apt to give good service for a number of years. As to matching you assume very lit-tle risk. Litht or dark are the only points, but even these cut no figure since most any faring will suit to the carpet or other fur-nishings of most any room. The price is bound to suit. We have marked at \$5 00 full hearth size lined rugs, both plain and fancy, recolar \$5 00 rugs.

SAVE \$2 00

87 00 Present for \$5 00.

rear of deb:s.

hearth size had rugs, both plain and throy, regular \$7.00 rugs. Mr. Edward Dain, well known to the fur-niture trade for a number of years, has been associated with us now for hearly a year, and he would be pleased to have his friends call on him and participate in some of the good things we are now offering. GINNIPE & STEINER LIN.

GINNIFF & STEINERT, LIN., 805 Wood street.

SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

By JESSIE M. E. SAXBY, Author of "TheLads of Lunda, etc."

[Copyright, 1892, by the Author.]

Concluded from yesterday. "Repeat some of the words he says at such times, if you please," I said. Her face crimsoned and she cast her eyes on the photograph of Amory Rhodes, but she answered, simply enough:

"He often, when making a noise as if he had thrown a person to the ground, calls out, 'Lie there and die, you traitor! No man or woman wrongs me and goes scot free," "

I thought it curious enough that Mrs. Harrington should quote those words, for they were just what Cecil had said to myself. Still, I was not prepared to accept her statement. The woman who can be false to her husband-who can administer poison to him-can be cunning enough to concoct a tale of his insanity to cover her

CHAPTER IV.

But then-was Mabel Harrington false? Had she tried to poison Cecil? Was this tale of his mental derangement nutrue-Was this fabricated to cover her own wickedness?

I must confess that my prejudice, roused by what my friend had confided to me he came shaken at sight of the woman's apparent emotion, fear and simple directness. I did not know how to continue the conversation. I had promised Cecil not to breathe a word of what he had told me. I knew if I did that would put her on her guard. Yet I did not feel able to say that I did not be-

lieve her story. I took refuge in my professional character, and said: "Supposing that your idea has some foundation, how is it going to be verified, or why should any stir be made? No one who sees Cecil-who knows how he transacts business and spends his leisure time in executing the most beautiful works of art-will ever believe there is anything wrong with his mind. I am prepared to declare that he is as sane as I am." She dropped hands to her sides and murmured. "Heaven help mel' in such a tone of anguish that for the life of me I could not help pity-ing her and saying, "What would you have

"I thought, doctor, that if you could hear how he goes on in the studio at night .----" right thing to do?" "If we were to listen," I interrupted, "outside a chergyman's door when he is that I do not believe Ceoil is in the small-

committing his sermon to memory or to overhear an actor learning his part, we should think them a little mad. Perhaps Cecil is writing a play and acting parts of it," and I tried to give the matter a less tragic aspect by laughing a little as I spoke. But Mrs. Harrington did not laugh. "I wish," she said, "that I could look at it so, but I know better. Oh, doctor, I am as sure as can be that some awful deed will be

done if you cannot help me." "Help you to put your husband in a luna-tic asylum—is that what you want?"

She shrank and cowered before me, cov-ering her face with both hands, then J asked, "Have you not consulted your broth-

ers. "No, no; I could not do that. Ab, you don't know the past. You cannot understand."

My suspleions were coming back, and I said, with a slight sneer, "Perhaps you have thought it better to confide in Cecil's relative-his cousin, Mr. Amory Rhodes." She started and looked up at me, but was only off guard for an instant. Recovering herself quickly she answered with much dignity: "That would have been the correct course to take; but I have not required to tell him. He knows and would not help me if he could. But there are circumstances which make it impossible for Mr. Bhodes to

move in this matter. He must not-be can't. I will not let him." Seeming to fall in with her wishes I. mid: "If you could secrete me in the stu dio some night I might see and judge for myself of Cecil's condition."

"Might that not be dangerous?" She spoke as if frightened on my account, yet with a ray of hope in her eyes; and that light spread over her face as she added "There are cupboards in the room-large closets crowded with lumber-with little windows in the doors. I could shut you into one of these where you would be safe I could take the key out of the door to insure your safety; though Cecil would never think of going to the cupboards. But if it should happen that he is not in one of those dreadful moods when you are watching,

what then doctor?"

"I could try again," I said. "And, doctor, if—if you are convinced on the subject, as I am, what would be the

est degree wrong mentally; but there are things which will drive a man to act as if things which will drive a man to act as if he were insane. However, you have told me your tears, and told them as a loving wife would tell her medical adviser. I will comply wilh your wishes, as I have said, and the result must guide our future ac-tion."

I flattered myself that she had not learned from my words or manner that I knew of poor Cecil's suspicion regarding her, and I felt sure that my plan would help me to protect my friend from any sinister design on her part, if she had one. She told me that Harrington was to dine out on Friday (this was Wednesday), and we arranged that I should come to the house that evening, and be shut into the

cupboard before he returned. When I got home I carefully recorded in my diary all that had taken place on the three occasions which I have mentioned here; and I added to the account of it all my unaltered opinion that Harrington was perfectly same, and that I had suggested the plan of hiding myself in his room be-

cause I believed by so doing I should be enabled to prove his wife's theory incorrect. CHAPTER V.

I don't know that I ever felt more small and mean than I did on that Friday even-ing, when Mrs. Harrington closed the cupboard door upon me, and left me sitting among lum ber in darkness and discomfort.

Fortunately I did not have to moralize on my position very iong, for Harrington came home early, and, as was his wont, went directly to his studio. His wite was with him, but she

went away. Then I heard the bolt go, and I knew Cecil had shut himself in for the night. He moved noisily about for a few minutes, pulling the sofa, which he had turned into a sleeping couch, near the fire; but he soon settled himself and there was

absolute silence in the room, save once or twice a deep sigh went echoing through the chamber, causing my heart to ache for the suffering soul whose plaint found no better utterance just then. Some time passed, and then suddenly Cecil bore into a fury of words, as if addressing some one. "You willain! you thought you had hoodwinked me! But I bide my time. I can wait till I can strike sure. Take that! and that! and

I can strike sure. Take that and that! and die, you dog!" He had sprung up as he spoke, I knew, and seemed to be hitting someone who fell with a dull thud to the ground. I rose noiselessly from the corner where I had been squatting and looked cautiously through my tiny window. Cecil was stoop-ing over a prostrate form, stabbing it sgain and again with a keen, bright blade, and with every thrust he spoke some brutal words. For one moment my heart leapt

words. For one moment my heart leapt with horror, and I thought a murder had been done, but the next glance reasoured me. The figure was a dummy-a creature of straw, dressed in an evening suit sadly the worse for the stabbing it had received.

The straw and cotton with which the figure was stuffed were protruding through the great slits made by the murderous knife, and I could have laughed if had I not been and I could have laughed if had I not been so horribly affected otherwise at the ridicu-lous appearance of the dummy. But no mirth was possible at the sight of Cecil, stooping with a demoniacal look of hate and triumph over the form of his supposed rival and victim, dabbing his hands in the straw

and victim, dashing his hands in the straw as if it were blood, and shouting his re-vengeful and jealous feelings in horrible words. The mark he had made for his imag-inary enemy was a perfect likeness of Amory Rhodes and I very well knew that the real Rhodes was not likely to fare better at the madman's hands than the dummy

had done if any opportunity occurred. But the night's performance was far from over. When Harrington had so far fasted his rage by the assurance that his enemy was dead, he arose upright and, laying his knife on the table, turned to the sofa, muttering, "And now for the woman-the beautiful fiend."

beautiful fiend." My eyes followed his and I saw stretched on the sofa with rugs cast over all but the face, a lovely statuette which Cecil had made of his wife. I had often admired it

for its grace of outline as well as for its for its grace of outline as well as for its fidelity to the charming model. The white marble face lying there looked so death-like that I felt my pulses thrill and I was overawed into forgetfulness that Cecil might look around and see me at the

window. He stood beside the sofa looking at the figure and muttering rapidly, "False as hell! She never loved me! She deceived me, but she is in my power, and she shall die as he has done!"

Then his speech grew more rapid and incoherent, but I soon found that he was quoting copicusly from Othello, and then I saw that his purpose toward Mable was being guided by the story of hapless Desdemons.

I need not enlarge further on this, but will merely state that the statuette was "stified" in oushions, and that Cecil acted

the inturiated Moor to perfection. When he had, as he believed, silenced his wife for all time, the madman began to rage up and down the studio, sometimes muttering, sometimes vociferating the most mur-derous and horrible language, until my soul

grew sick within me. There was not a doubt that some day he would carry out on his cousin and his wife the intention in his mind vented on their senseless images at night. With the cun-ning and self-control which lunatics can often exercise, he had been able to conceal his mania from us all by promising himself the indulgence of such paroxysms when he was alone in the seclusion of his studio. But such self-restraint could only be tem-

porary, and then-I had forgotten my position in the inten-

cupboard door, and he saw my face, though

"Ha!" he shouted. "I am discovered; but I have had my revenge. Revengel How sweet it is! I can die as died the Moor, since vengeance has been wreaked on them.

He caught up the gleaming knife and plunged it into his own breast at the mo-ment I screamed out, "Cecil-for heaven's

CHAPTER VI.

I threw my strength again the door in vain. I shouted wildly for help, and in a few minutes I heard screams and people running about trying to enter the studio; but the door, locked from within, defied the power of women to force. During the com-motion Cecil lay with his face to the floor moaning feebly, and I could see a stream of blood flow from his side to the carpet, and and creeping along it like some hideous red

heard men's firm tones outside the door, and I knew efficient help was at hand. The door was soon forced and a policeman, followed by one or two gentlemen, came in. Behind these were Mrs. Harrington and her maid-they half dressed, she in the garments she had on when I parted from her that evening, which showed she had never

those who entered from seeing Cecil imme-diately, and I noticed that Mrs. Harrington's first glance was turned to the cup board. She saw me at the little window, and instantly ran forward, took the key from her pocket and opened the door for

As she did so the policeman discovered Cecil, and in a moment the men closed around him, while I caught Mabel's hands and said: "Don't go there! Come away with

But she forced her way to her husband's side and, kneeling there, lifted his head to her bosom, calling him by every tender

name which love could suggest. He looked in her eyes—all the madness and its miserable hallucinations gone from

pered, "No good, Edwin; I am done for, and it's best so. I want to tell you some-

and otherwise make him more comfortable,

porary, and then-I had forgotien my position in the inten-sity of my interest, and made some unwary noise which attracted Cecil's attention. Sudden as a flash his eyes turned, on the

- - The second states of the second states and the second

Before that moment came, however, my most unfortunate friend had, in brief dis-connected sentences, told me his unhappy terials." If a single doubt of Mabel or Rhodes had been left in my mind it must have vanished two years later when the latter came to bid story in part. The gaps were filled in later by the evidence of others, and by my own me goodby, saying: "I'm off to New York again, I waited, hoping Mabel might re-lent some day, but she says it can never be; by the evidence of others, and by my own convictions. It was true that Amory Rhodes and Cecil Harrington had been suitors at the same time for Mabel Hynde; but, far from preferring the former, she had chosen Cecil in spite of the prejudices of her brothers and the knowledge that there so I feel I must go away and try to get over a second disappointment as best I may. No doubt of her had harbored in my breast from the moment I saw her lift was hereditary insanity in his family. If her parents had been alive I do not doubt their Cecil's dying form to her bosom. Mabel was from that hour my ideal of all that is good and fair in woman, and she has al-lowed me to comfort her for all she has suffered. She is my wife.

was no one left to gavise or which her, and she loved Harrington ardently. Shortly after her marriage she had dis-covered that he had strange whims at times which could not be satisfactorily accounted for; but she was very careful not to take notice of these, or draw anybody's atten-tion to them, and they always passed away without any trouble following. But shortly before Mr. Rhodes returned from America Cecil's peculiarity became more markedstill the more so, that he concealed it so carefully from everyone except his wife; and she came by her knowledge only through anxious watching. Then the in-cipient disease began to take the form of auspecting her, of disliking her presence at times, of jealous fancies, and of morbid, unfounded theories regarding her conduct. Rhodes knowing his cousin well and having a way of winning confidence, soon led Mabel to speak of the trouble to him. She looked upon him as an elder brother, for she believed he had buried his love for her-

It was a great help to the poor girl to lean on her husband's nearest and (as she thought) dearest relative in her trouble: but when Cecil's insanity took the form of

Jealousy of Amory she saw that some one else must be her adviser, so she choose me. It was a very simple, plain story when it came to be explained; and yet I have often since thought how easily a case could have been built upon Harrington's sus-picions if his self-control had lasted a little longer, or if I had not thought of hiding in the cupboard and discovering myself in an

when conversing with Rhodes of the lamentable affair, I told him of the phial which Cecil had shown me, and of the ex-traordinary idea he had taken about the

1

traordinary idea he had taken about the poison it contained. "Poison!" Bhodes said. "There was no poison in that bottle when I gave it to Mabel. We were out sketching-Mabel, Cecil and I-and she wanted some water for her colors. I had filled that phisl, as it chanced to be standing on my table empty, before leaving my rooms, and Mabel must

Schoeneck & Son, 711 Liberty, Opp. Wood Makers and displayers of furniture most

I don't think he recognized me, for the passion of madness was on him still.

sake, Cecil-!"

reptile. After a time, that seemed to me ages, I

gone to bed. The position of the furniture prevented

me.

me'st once "

his gaze and mind. "My poor Mabel," he said; "thank God,

I have not injured you!" I went to see what I could do for him, and as I examined the wound Cecil whis-

things." He was, indeed, mortally hurt, and though I insisted on binding up the gash through which his life blood was flowing,

parents had been alive 1 do not doubt their influence would have had weight with the girl; but she had been practically her own mistress since she left school. Her brothers were some years younger, and had never shown much sympathy with Mabel. There was no one left to advise or warn her, and

self long before; therefore her manner was full of trank affection, which he returned as her brother might have done. Others may try to follow, but we lead, as you will quickly see by a personal inspec-tion. Our prices are lower, our a-sortment double that of any other in Pittsburg. J. W. Gnovg, Fifth avenue.

jealousy of Amory she saw that some one

Bowknot, Floral, Conventional, stick pin and scores of other designs in stick pins, hair pins, hat pins, etc. Store open evenings. HARDY & HAYAS, Jewelers, 529 Smithfield street.

[THE END.]

Do Not Wait,

Do Not Wait. Send in your orders at once by mall, tele-business, where purity is guaranteed your where secure shipping and prompt delivery sold at a reasonable profit; where 20 years of best goods for the least money is the only rue method of conducting business. Such a piece is Max Klein's, 82 Federal street, Alexhery. His Silver Age Tye, Doquesh of them or for any of the following well-known Pennsylvania rys whisties at 31 per dust or six quarts for \$5. Finch, Gucken-for them or for any of the following well-known Pennsylvania rys whisties at \$1 per dust or six quarts for \$5. Finch, Gucken-for sing foreign or domestic wines, brandies, rue rish whiskies imported, in bottles or in bulk, all at New York prices. Send for esta-street, Alleybeav, Pa.

Chairs, Couches, China Closets, Desks,

Tables

And everything you can think of. Our warerooms not far from the central shop-ping points. Take a look around, we may have something to please you. P. C. SCHOENDER & SON, Thi Liberty street, opp. Wood.

Perhaps you don't want to give expensive Christmas gifts. We suggest stick pins. Sword,

Toys, Toys. Toys.

Stick Pin Suggestions.