

Many fashionable ladies prefer cloth mantles to velvet and plush ones, or else cloth mantles with velvet in combination. With cloth there is a greater call for rich garniture, but, on the other hand, you may attain more stylish effects by using this more useful material. Velvet has a dignity about it that fits pre-eminently for the dowager's wear; hence young people should not be too prone to muffle up in this material of pomp and state.

In the picture you will find represented a very becoming mantle in beige cloth. The pelerine is in tobacco brown plush. At the



back there is a smooked effect. The pelerine is cathered at the shoulders, and is lined with silk of the same color. This mantle may be trimmed with black fur, or any long-haired fur.

Another very stylish cloth mantle had a feather plastron. The garment was adjusted to the figure at the back, the right side folding over the left, fastening them with a It was designed to be worn as snug as the figure would permit. The revers reached quite to the waist line at the back, and were framed with broad, bertha-like volants, finished with silk grelots. The edge of the right side of this garment below the point of the revers was trimmed with

feathers. It was lined with plaid surah, dark ground, with light cross stripes. feather must was to be worn with it.

Children's Fashions. There is a new material for children's coats, hats and bonnets. It is made of pure wool and camel's hair in Indian-red, eggblue, fawn, brown and soft grays, which colors are particularly well suited to children. The Grecian gown is a novelty for indoor wear; it is suited to all ages, and is calculated to supersede the smock. Evening party frocks for little girls are made of ing party frocks for little girls are made of amber-yellow and pure-white twilled silk. This washes beautifully, and is usually trimmed with real guipure. A charming indoor gown for a little girl can be made in any soft brown stuff, with an underskirt and vest of brown corduroy. Make it with a Russian blouse, trimmed with Russian embroidery and a cord girdle. A pretty gown for dancing is made of pale-blue crepon, with full bodice and sleeves. The skirt is accordion-kilted, and lace ruffles finish the frock at neck and sleeves. A lovely coat for a little maiden is a pelisse, with full sleeves and cape oversleeves of with full sleeves and cape oversleeves of electric-bine serge, trimmed in gray astra-chan. The big hat is of electric-blue felt, trimmed with gray velvet and feathers. A. natty little coat for a boy is of dark-brown cloth, with deep collar and cuffs of gray

Costume for a Box Party.

fur, and a little cap to match.

I do not commend the wearing of elaborevening gowns in a box, writes Mrs. Mallon in a valuable article on "Dressing for the Theater," in the January Ladies Home Journal. At the same time, I think it quite proper that a somewhat more elaborate dress should be assumed. The pretty evening dresses with round English necks, and long, full, quaint sleeves, are admirable for box costumes, and they are, of course, perfectly proper for wear after the evening's amusement is done, and one goes to partake of some further hospitality goes to partake of some further hospitality offered by one's generous host. In white cloths, in soft gray stuffs, in the rich, artistic bengalines, in the quaint brocades, indeed, in any rich material, these gowns may be very simply developed, for the designs are arranged in such a way that the special styles form the trimming, and are intended to bring out the richness and elegance of the fabric.

A Veritable Russian Blouse

A sealskin Russian blouse, with high, full sleeves, is excessively pretty when worn by a young girl; it is belted in by a suede belt with a band of sealskin in the center, while about the throat is a cravatte of mink, writes Mrs. Mallou in the January Ladies' Home Journal. With this is worn a cloth toque decorated with mink heads and talls. It must be remembered, by the by, that the fullness of this coat makes it becoming only to a very slender figure.

Hints for the Ladies. THE short skirt has come to stay-for

Wash leather should be washed in warmnot hot-water and yellow soap. AMMONIA or borax added to the bath water will destroy the odor of perspiration.

LEATHER satchels may be cleaned with a sponge dipped in warm water in which a little exalic acid has been dissolved. For cold days there are nice fleece lined dogskin gloves, with borders of beaver.
These are made for gentlemen and boys also, as well as ladies, and are in dark browns, only two shades being shown.

The newest gloves are soft Quakerish grays and fawns and yellows from straw up to orange in all the intermediate shades, Red gloves are also shown, and I saw two boxes in one house, one full of gloves of an awful purple, and the other filled with green

DEWITT'S Little Early Risers. No g, riping no pain, no nansea: easy pill to take.

gram there. Might I ask a favor?-that

I do happen to be shoozing?"

I will, if I am awake.

ou will rouse me as we get into Chester, if

"Thanks. Where do you stop in Dub

I was about to return a hasty answer

the question when my inquisitive friend ob-

servered: "You don't mind me being so free, I hope, but I'm a nervous sort of cove,

my own voice. It keeps me company like. I put up usually in Dublin at a little hotel

clean and cheap. I'm not a great swell,

It was difficult to be churlish in the face

kept up a fairly lively conversation with

stretching his arms as the express began

to pull up. "I am on tender-hooks until I get my telegram. Are you going out to have a bit of refreshment? There is about fifteen minutes to wait here," putting on his

"Yes. I'm going to have a cup of tea and

"All right. I'll be off to the telegraph

office, and pick you up in the refreshment room." And then he bounded out of the

I proceeded to the refreshment room, and

three minutes -an incredibly short wait for

a traveler by an express train. Just as I had

swallowed my tea the sporting journalist rushed into the room, and almost dragged

Though I spoke so bravely of sleep, I found it impossible to woo it, and with half-closed eyes I found my thoughts drift-

ing back pleasantly to the beautiful young

torm. Who or what could she be? I wove

all sorts of romances around her, and in the

end I found myself cursing the timidity

which had prevented me from ascertaining

something further about her. In a stu-pidly romantic way I was, at the ripe age

of 32, in love with a woman whose face I had seen for the space of about sixty sec-

At Rugby I was rudely awakened from

"Thought I'd take the liberty of waking

"Oh, thank you!" rubbing my eyes and

I was now fully awake, and I began to

Then I'll have a try for myself," said

feel a certain amount of justifiable resenti-ment at the familiarity of my fellow pas-

the sporting journalist. "You'll keep my

The inquisitive young man then bounded

out of the compartment, leaving me to en-joy the prospect of his folded overcost and

of a well-worn value (bound with painfully

new strays), which was reclining on the

The two other travelers-the couple in

the other corners of the compartment-made no move when the train stopped a

"Talkative customer, that, sirl"

what must have been a bona-fide doze by a shake and a voice which said:

you up. Rugby. Few minutes for refresh

yawning. "Have a drink with me?"

corner safe for me, won't you?

"Thanks; no."

"All right."

and said:

roman who had addressed me on the plat-

me out on the platform.

acceeded in getting a cup of tea in about

carriage.

onds.

the stranger right into Chester station.

- street. Poor sort of a place, but

he cried, jumping to his feet, and

and I'm afraid I like to hear the sound

FREAK OF FASHION

That Causes Frightful Suffering to Little Chinese Girls and

HARDENS THE PARENTS' HEARTS.

Revolting Cruelty of the Practice of Crushing the Feet There.

AWFUL AGONY OF THE SUFFERERS

An English paper quotes from a writer in the Japan Mail, who appears to have special knowledge of the well-known Chinese custom of compressing the feet of female children of the better chases in China. He hopes that few of his readers have been so unfortunate as to see the naked feet of an orthodox Chinese lady. But many have looked at photographs of this terriblytwisted and distorted member, and the sight must have suggested thoughts of barbarious suffering inflicted on a particularly sensitive part of the human body.

Year by year hundreds of thousands of little girls throughout the wide Empire of China are subjected to the ruthless process which crushes the bones and wrenches the sinews of their tender feet, until at last a revolting deformity is produced, and the foot, crumpled into a shocking monstrosity, becomes almost valueless as a means of lo-comotion. The wretched girl emerges from her period of feverish torture a mutilated cripple, condemned to hobble through life on feet which preserve no semblance of nature's beautiful mechanism, having become as hideous as they are useless.

No Help for the bufferers. At intervals the missionary cries out, the traveler writes and the charitable agitate; but the poor little children never benefic For them there remains always the same ruthless bending of bones, the same agonizing application of tight ligatures, the same long months of bitter pain and unavailing tears. Perhaps, he suggests, it is to this singular contrast between general refinement and cultivation of the Chinese, on the one hand, and this callous cruelty, on the other, that we must attribute the periodical appearance of apologists for the appalling

Some people say that, though the foot is ultimately deformed, though the woman is indeed condemned to be little better than a andeed condemned to be little better than a cripple, yet the process is not so very painful after all. The bones are soft, they say, in early youth; the sinews supple. Twisting, crushing and wrenching are operations that may be performed without nuch suffering on the baby feet, whereas adults would be maddened by the torture. To this the writer replies: writer replies:

"Let no one talk of the yielding char-acter of young bones or the pliability of baby sinews. We have listened with our own ears to the cries of a listle girl under-going the torturing process. Such agoniz-ing wails never before fell on our ears. They were the shricks of a child absolutely wild with suffering. When the ligatures were loosened and the shocking succession of breathless screams ended in long-drawn wails of exhaustion and misery, the listener turned almost sick with horror and sympathy. Yet a mother was the deliberate torturer of the poor baby, and a father callously listened to its heartbroken cries.

Tortures That Madden Baby Brains, "Think that this fiendish barbarity is being practiced daily and hourly throughout the length and breadth of a land con-taining 300,000,000 inhabitants. Not alone are the tender bodies of the poor little girls ruthlessly racked and tortured, but the purest sentiment of humanity, the love of parents for their children, is perpetually outraged. Such unnatural cruelty could be tolerated only in the presence of the worst kind of demoralization. How much can survive of the moral beauty of the paternal relation when fathers and mothers, in deference to a mere freak of fashion, consent to inflict on their daughters day by day, torture that well nigh maddens the baby brain and wrings shricks of excruciating agony from the little lips? This is one of those facts that make us marvel when we hear a great destiny predicted for the Chinese nation."

CHRISTMAS BOXES GONE.

A Railroad Wreck Causes Much Disappointment in New York.

A telegram from New York last evening said the mail from the West via Pittsburg, which was due at the postoffice at 3:50 P. M Friday, was not received until near mid-night of that day, and a large quantity of it was found to be badly damaged by fire and water, the result of the wreck which oc-

The contents of seven bags of this mail, consisting mainly of "Christmas boxes" for delivery in that city, were thoroughly saturated by water, a portion being completely destroyed. Such of this matter as may be saved will be dried and delivered as promptly as possible.

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effect of syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best samily remedy known and every family fhould have a bottle.

He Finally Paid for Them. John Fitzsimmons was given a hearing yesterday in the Seventeenth ward station, charged with stealing a hat and overcoal from Dillemuth's store. He looked as if he needed the goods, and was fined \$10 and costs to pay for them.

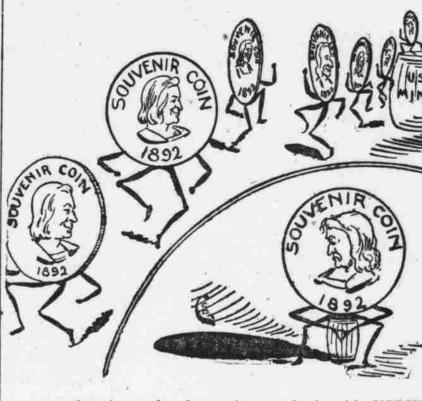
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A valuable soap for the face, hands and bath. White Russian soap; best for the laundry and household. NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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-AND-

Therefore we have marked

down prices on goods in every

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'92 will be made memorable

by some of the grandest bar-

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ular stores. We can mention

only a few in this limited space.

MUFFS.

All our fine 75c and \$1 Muffs go at 50c.

TIPPETS.

Fur Collarettes, with heads in Mink, Fox, Marten and Seal, at half the regular prices. Children's Fur sets, \$1 to \$5, one-third be-

.FUR CAPES.

\$6.48-French Seal Capes, reduced from

\$11.88-Real Astrophan Capes, 20 inches

long, reduced from \$20. \$12.85—Russan Hare Military Capes, reduced from \$20. \$21.—Real Monkey Capes, seal collars, reduced from \$20.

CORSETS.

50 doz. Genuine Sonnette Corsets, regular price \$1, will go during this remarkable

GLOVES.

80 doz Tan Biarritz Gloves, large sizes, regular. 95c goods, our price this week, 48c. 80 doz. Ladies' 5-hook \$1 Gloves to go at

JACKETS.

\$3.45-Cheviot Reefers, fur-trimmed, for-

\$4.75-Real Astrakhan-frimmed Cheviot Reefers, 4 ornaments, formerly \$8.50.

\$6.75—For Tan, Gray or Black Reefers, full shawi, astrakhan fur, formerly \$12 \$9.75—Real Fur-lined Black Reefers, for-

\$11.75-Real Fur-lined Black Reefers

Misses' \$5 Tan Military Cape Newmar-

kets, formerly \$9.75. Ladies' \$6.75 Black Military Cape New-

markets, formerly \$12.

Ladies' \$7.75 Navy Military Cape Newmarkets, formerly \$13.50.

All finer goods reduced proportionately.

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MY FRIEND'S VALISE.

WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

BY EDMUND DOWNEY. [Copyright, 1892, by the Author, 1

As I stood at the bookstall at Euston | things of that kind. Chester 10:57, you terminus one September afternoon, waiting "No. I didn't." for my train, I was tapped from behind on "Oh! of course. But that is so, isn't it the shoulder. Turning round I found my-Fact is, I have got Chester well into my head," he explained, "as I expect a telesel! face to face with a perfect stranger-s beautiful young woman, with a sad, white

face, and piercing brown eyes. The young woman blushed; so did L. She made a flurried apology, stating that she had unaccountably mistaken me for a friend who was to have met her at the bookstall. I bowed and lifted my hat, as the lady, evidently overwhelmed with confusion, tripped lightly away.

I was a bachelor, at the wrong side of 30, and though I was by no means a gallant, I was not wholly unsusceptible to feminine charms; and the lady who had addressed me was unquestionably a pretty and strangely attractive looking woman. What a pity I was not the triend for whom she had mistaken me!

As I turned again to the bookstall, up certain what kind of good for the mind to provide myselt with, I was again tapped on the shoulder; this time by a porter, who warned me that I should lose my train if I didn't look sharp. Picking up a book and a few newspapers, and handing the price of my purchases to a bookstall clerk, I followed the porter, who conducted me to the door of my compartment-"second-class smoker." I was no sooner seated comfortably in a corner than the train began to move out of the terminus.

I had now an opportunity of examining my fellow travelers. Opposite to me sat a young man, about my own height, age and Beyond height and build, and a thick mustache, I flattered myself the stranger bore no further resemblance to He was a pasty-faced young man, with restless, ferrety blue eyes, and his unliberally jeweled. comely hands were was smoking a cigar. My weakness is a briar pipe. The other two corner seats were secupied by two elderly men, evidently triends, and I judged them, rightly or wrongly, to be commercial travelers.

When I had filled my pipe, I could not find my matches. My vis-a-vis, observing this, politely and silently offered me a match box. When my pipe was alight, and when I had handed him back the match box with a curt "thank you," the stranger, much to my surprise-for I took tim to be a gruff and taciturn bagman of or low degree, a traveler in flash jewelry, an agent provocateur in the book trade, a man who carried samples of boots or tuse oil disguised in whisky, or anything deserving the reprobation of peacefully disposed citizens—addressed me in a pleasant voice,

and with a pleasant smile. "Going far, might I take the liberty of

"As far as the train will carry me," I answered. The train was the 6:30 from Euston to Holyhead.

"Ah! Then perhaps you are crossing the Channel? 'Yes. I am going to Dublin." "Oh! excuse me?" he cried, sitting bolt upright and rubbing his eyes. "Been hav-ing an unpleasant dream. Where are we?"

ing an unpleasant dream. "Just out of Stafford." "Ah! I think we stop next at Crewe, don't we?

"Yes." I could answer confidently, hav-ing made a deep study of the time table before purchasing my ticket. "Due there something after 10."
"Ah! Then Chester, I think?"

Rugby. As soon as my vis-a-vis was at a safe distance one of them turned around "Yes. But you ought to be a better authority than I on the stoppages of this train, sureiv?" "So I ought. But I am a poor hand at

seemed particularly anxious to

know if we were bound for Dublin. But we are only going as far as Stafford. Here he comes again." The young man entered the compartment a few minutes later, and to my great relief

settled himself off at once for a doze. At Stafford the two elderly gentlemen left the train, and as I was stiff and tired I went out on the platform to stretch my legs, leaving my sporting friend fast aslee When I returned to the compartment he was still asleep, but just as we got clear of Stafford he awoke with a cry which startled

"So am I. Hope you don't take it ill of me starting off with so many questions. But," smiling again, "I am connected with journalism—sporting papers mostly—and I'm in the habit of doing a bit of interviewing. Bad habit," he added, "but I hope you don't mind." not at all," said I, though I did

mind it just a little bit. "Been in Ireland often?" he asked, knocking the ash off his cigar and dusting 'Never," I replied laconically.

you can see. Anyhow, not if lugrage counts. That's my whole stock-in-trade," pointing to the leather value over his head. "Ah! Friends there, I suppose; or busi-"Neither," I answered I was amused of such confidence: so I thawed a bit, and at my sporting acquaintance's persistency and just a trifle irritated.

"Ah!" said he, as he felt I wanted to be helped out of an awkward predicament, "Politics! Perhaps I have the pleasure of addressing an Irish member of Parliament?" "No," I answered slowly, "I am an Englishman. I am going for a short holi-day to Ireland. I have no friends there and I am a very bad hand at making

My companion seemed disconcerted, but he was not defeated.
"Ireland is a pleasant country," said he, "I take a run over there usually a couple

of times a year. I was over for Punchtows iast June, partly on business. Jolly people. Fine country for horses, too. Take any in-terest in horse flesh?" "Not an atom."

"Ah! Intend to remain in Dublin, or take a peep at the country?"
"I really do not know." I could not repress a smile. The man's persistence was amusing. He had asked every question without a trace of offensiveness, and apparently paid no heed to the grufiness of my responses. I did not at all relish being cross-examined or interviewed by a stranger, but I had not the heart to be really discourteous; so, shaking the ashes from my pipe and laying it on the seat beside me, l said: 'I am an awfully dull dog, especiall' in a railway carriage. Pray don't think it rude of me if I tall off to sleep." I deliber-

ranging an overcoat for a pillow under my sead and shoulders. The sporting journalist said nothing, but e eved me in a curious way and then ourled himself up in his own corner.

ately tucked my legs upon the seat, ar

"Do overlook my rough way, like a good nap," he exclaimed. "I'm in a regular ole. I find I have to stop here, maybe for chap," he exclaimed. the night. Fact is, I've got to wait for a friend who is going to join me here. She-I don't mind telling you it's a lady-was to have met me here and traveled on with me; but there's been a breakdown, and she can't get here in time-perhaps not until early to-morrow. That's the telegram I was expecting.

I was secretly glad to be rid of the man for the remainder of the journey, but I could not avoid saying I was sorry to lose his company—a polite fiction which I am sure the Recording Angel will blot a tear

"Yes, I know you are, old chap," he exclaimed, with as much cordiality as if we bosom friends and boon compan ions; "and I know you won't mind helping me out of a hole."
"What is it?" I inquired, a little freez

I was confident I was going to be asked for "a small temporary loan."
"Well, look here," said he; "it's this
way. I'm no blooming journalist. I
didn't want to let out that I was only a

socks and samples-my whole stock in trade. Women are queer cattle. This friend of mine may not turn up in a couple of hours; she may not turn up until to-morrow evening, or, at the latest the next morning. If not, I'll get the sack old

"You surely don't mean to ask me to take your goods round?"
"Hang it all, old man! What do you take me for? Ask you to take round my samples? Heavens, no! I suppose you think I ought to be doing it third-class, and not passing it off as a professional man in a second; but I'm allowed second-class fare, and, blow me, if I'm mean enough to have it out of the governor that way. But time is flying. Do you mind taking that valise is flying. Do you mind taking that valise of mine in charge and leaving it at the Griffin Hotel, in C—— street. One hotel is as good as another to you, according to yourself, and 'tis easy to change digs if you don't like them. It would be a tremendous favor if you'd oblige me by putting up there and keeping the valise until I call for it to morrow. I hope to be able to push on by the mail, which arrives here about 12:30. If not, I'll telegraph to a friend in Dublin to relieve you of my baggage. Don't say

train is due in less than four minutes by the "All right," said I, assenting readily enough, when I found that temporary loan was not in request. "But how am I to know if I am giving the value up to the

no. We haven't a minute to spare. Your

right-person's "That will be all square. No one else will call for it but the right person. Look here. Give me your card. I'll wire, that is, if I can't turn up in time myself—"Give bearer manuscript.—Sporting Journalist.'
Quick! or you'll be losing your train," he
added, laughing, presumably at his joke
about his telegraphic message. "Thanks, awful'y, old chap," taking my card. "Bless you, bless you!" he cried, as he gave me a warm grip with his jeweled hand.

I caught my train easily, and found I had a new traveling companion—a slender, square shouldered man of about 45 to 50 years of age. He was sitting on my seat as I entered the compartment. "I beg your pardon, sir," said I, "but

you are occupying my corner. I wouldn't trouble you, only that I like to sit with my face to the engine and in the neighborhood of my own traps." "I didn't know it was anyone's seat," he rejoined, gruffly.

"There was a rug there," said I, "and," pointing, "my value and hatbox are over your head."
"And how was I to know? There's a valise over the opposite seat, and your rug was in the far corner when I came in." So it was, I saw now. "If you like to scatter your luggage all over the carriage it's none

of my business, surely."

He rose as he spoke and eyed me nar-"Where shall I sit?" he asked. Wherever you please, except in my cor

"Well, would you oblige me by putting your traps together? I'll sit opposite, and I don't want to lie down and have your valise"-pointing to my haberdashery friend's baggage-"falling down on me first time the train pulls up suddenly."

I removed the valtse, and placed it under the seat at my side of the compartment. Then I fetched my rug from the far corner, and tried to keep my temper and to com-pose myself for a sleep.

I dozed most of the way to Holyhead, and then I got my traps collected and asked that the two valises and my natbox should be taken to the cabin. I didn't want to let

my haberdasher's luggage out of my sight if I could help it. My new fellow traveler followed me into the refreshment room at Holyhead, and I fancied he was at my heels when I walked on board the steamboat. I found I had to engage a sleeping berth—I intended to lie crossing the Channel-on board the boat, and to pay some excess fare for the

accommodation.

When I got into my cabin I divested myself of boots, coat and waistcoat, and was

like the man nor his manners, and thought it would be no harm to make 'him teel a trifle uncomtortable. "Perhaps you will decide now, sir," sald

I, "which of the two berths here you would prefer to occupy. I have not yet proceeded to scatter my luggage all over The man looked at me out of the corner of his eyes, but offered no rejoinder. My sarosstic politeness had apparently no ef-fect whatever upon him. He took off his

boots, and without a word to me stretched himself out on a small couch which lay between the two sleeping berths in the little cabin. I did not leave the steamboat imme diately after its arrival in Dublin. I re-mained in my berth, and about 9 o'clock had

breakfast on board. Then, chartering an 'outside' car, I sallied forth in search of - street and the Griffin Hotel. I was not too well pleased to find the "clean and cheap" hostelry to be a very neglected-looking edifice, situated in a parrow and dirty street. The landlord, a stout, smooth-faced man, welcomed me most cordially, but he affected to know nothing whatever of my haberdasher friend. I pointed out the valise which did

not belong to me, and asked the landlord of

the Griffin to take charge of it.

When I had deposited my own luggage in my bedroom I ordered a jaunting car in order to have a peep at Dublin in the orthodox manner. It was shortly after 10 o'clock when I left the Griffin and put myself in charge of my jarvey. This worthy drove me to Gasnevin Cemetery, and, finding I was not partial to graveyards, he scratched his head and rattled my bones over the stones to the Zoological Gardens. The turnstile keeper of the Zoo seemed-at least so I thought-overwhelmed with sur-prise at my advent, and I could see a gleam of poor amazement in his eyes as the sound of another outside car rattling up to to the gates of the Zoo caught his ears as I

was passing through the turnstile. I experienced a curious sense of loneliness at finding the beautiful gardens deserted. I was, with the exception of a few scavengers, the only human being in the Zoo. I wandered about for the best part of an hour, and then I turned into the monkey house, where, much to my surprise, I encountered a visitor, who was no other than my gruff fellow traveler from Chester. "Thinking of taking a stretch among our relatives?" I observed.

The stranger darted a curious glance at me, but made no reply to my threadbare After a drive through Phonix Park and a visit to St. Patrick's Cathedral my jarvey landed me at the door of The Griffin at halfpast 1 o'clock. I had ordered a light dinner for 2 o'clock, and as I sat down to it in a dingy den I was at once surprised and annoyed to find myself sitting opposite to my

taciture traveling acquaintance.
"Most extraordinary thing," said I, "that re should be meeting so constantly! The man appeared to take no notice of my remark, so I repeated it in a louder tone. "Don't raise your voice," said he. "I heard you quite plainly. You are somewhat boisterous.' Boisterons or not, I was not quite angry.

"It would seem as if you were dogging me for some reason, sir," I fumed. "Would you kindly say if my surmise on this point s correct? "Quite correct," answered the graff creature, nibbling at a piece of bread.
"And what on earth do you mean, sir?"

"What business have you to follow

me, to dog me?" "Curiosity," he replied. "You are an impertment scoundrel!" I thundered. "If you attempt to follow me again I'll be obliged to give you in charge to the police."
"You're a daisy," observed the stranger,

asked.

with a low chuckle. No doubt this creature is insane, I reflected, but his insabity fakes a very un-pleasant form. Perhaps it would be wiser pleasant form. Perhaps it would be wiser to avoid a quarrel, and speak to the landlord of the Griffin about the matter. With under the table"—pointing

"He gave us a share of his tougue while ou were dozing."

and about to lie down on my narrow bed, when the door of my cabin was opened, and my chop, which a youth in his shirt-sleeves met the floor. "If you have no objection to mine contains a shirt and some collars and contains a shirt and contain After dinner I stood up to leave the offee-room in quest of the landlord.

"I think this farce has been played long enough, now," said my gruff companion, standing up and advancing to the door of

"So do L. Let me pass, sir," as he placed his back against the closed door and faced "No you don't. Mr. Henry Platt."

the stranger, squaring himself.
"My name is not Henry Platt"—I felt quite uncomfortable now—"and your conduct is the conduct of a lunatic. Let me pass, sir, or you may regret the conse-

I was about to fling the man out of my path, when he electrified me by saying—
"Look here, my felonious friend, this may be very fine acting, but it won't wash.
Let us have the key of that valise with the yellow straps to start with. You may as well take it quietly, I have no wish to make a row or a seene—and come with me to Green street police station. Be sensible,

"I tell you," I exclaimed, "that my name is not Platt. I do not in the least understand the rest of your speech. I have no more wish than you have to create a scene, but if you don't let me pass I'll certainly inflict bodily injury upon you."
"No you won't," said my tormentor, cooly. "Where's the use of being obstinate?

I have a warrant for you in my pocket, and have every desire to avoid a row. Let us have the key of that valise-the dark one with the light straps is, I think, the article. Here is my warrant, Henry Platt, if you have the least curiosity on that score. It is duly countersigned in this little metro-"I am really puzzled," I observed, uietly. "Your conduct is unaccountable

quietly. "Your conduct is unaccountable to me. As a matter of fact, I have not got the key of the valise you refer to, nor does it belong to me. And I am not interested in Henry Platt's warrants. A stranger gave it into my charge at Chester and asked me to leave it here. He is to call for it himself or to send a message in these words, Give bearer my manuscript. "'Pon my soul, I am half inclined to be

lieve your very strange tale; but business is business. My name is Ranking, my address is Scotland Yard, and I must do my duty, which is to convey you and your valise to Bow street as quickly as circumstances permit.
"Good Heavens!" I gasped. "Surely this

is some cruel joke or some extraordinary blunder. You have addressed me as Henry Platt; you tell me you have a warrant for Henry Platt. I know no man of the name. My name is Theodore Mills.

"Tell you what," said the obliging gen-tleman from Scotland Yard. "We can travel quietly over to Holyhead by the mail this evening. It will save you a lot of trouble if you are not Henry Platt-or an accomplice of his," he added. "I'd have preferred having a good night's rest here, for I had to do without sleep since I overtook you at Chester, and I don't want to sit up watching you again to-night if it can be

"But isn't it plain to you that I am not the owner of the valise? It it were mine -and I take it that that valise is at the ottom of all this mischief, curse hat valise were mine, I repeat, would I be likely to have given it into the landlord's charge?'

"You say you know no one in Dublin?" "Not a soul."
"Surely I can't remedy that."

The detective stepped back and opened the door admitting the landlord. "There's a lady outside wants to see Mr. Theod re Mills privately," said the proprietos of the Griffin."

"Thank heaven for this-whatever it

means!" I exclaimed quietly.
"Now, my good fellow," said Mr. Ranking, "this may possibly puts new aspect on your case. It may bear out your somewhat incredible story of the haberdasher, or

this person who wants to see you. I am willing to help you out as far as ever I can. But allow me to add that if you make any attempt to leave the room I'll to impede your progress with this little ar-ticle of furniture," taking a six-chambered

pointing at it with the forefinger of his left As soon as Mr. Ranking was under the table I rang the bell. In a few moments the door was opened, and the landlord of the Griffin ushered into the room the lady who had spoken to me on the platform at

revolver from the breast of his coat and

Euston. swift sense of pain seized me as I reflected that if there was any swindling or other form of criminality on foot the beautiful girl whose face had been haunting me was either a dupe or an accomplice. For one brief moment I deliberated whether I would warn her of the presence of Mr. Ranking, and take the consequence, but she gave me no opportunity of doing anything, however rash, to protect her. She was scarcely well into the room when she said, with a smile which went a long way toward diseuchanting me: "I have called to take away the manuscript which was left in your charge at Chester. Here is the order for it, signed by your sporting friend."

As I stretched out my hand, a strange feeling of pain possessing me, there was a rustle under the table, and then, with a swift spring, Mr. Ranking had seized hold of my enchantress. "This looks pretty straight for you now

he observed with a leer. "The lady and I are old acquaintances"—struggling with the I was horrified. To see this beautiful creature in the grip of an officer of the law was almost more than I could stand, and I was about to interfere in her behalf when

Mr. Ranking, evidently guessing my inten-

tion, said:

"Now haven't you got into trouble enough already, young man, without rushing into further mischief? Keep cool; keep quiet. She's an old hand."

"This is more of Harry Pratt's bung-ling," fumed the woman, who was now perfectly quiet. "Curse him, the idiot. I'll never trust a man with too much jaw

"I suppose you don't know the sort of haberdashery you were in charge of?" asked the detective, turning to me and smiling. "I do not. I am quite upset.

"You won't carry samples for strangers in a hurry again, I expect, Mr. Mills? You were the bearer to this country of £20,000 worth of forged bank notes-Irish bank notes. That's the sort of manuscript that lies in Mr. Platt's valise. He has given me a rare round-about chase after him, but all's well that end's well. You puzzled me this morning when I went out to see where you were going to arrange about the dis-tribution of the stuff. A cemetery didn't seem a likely place for passing bank notes; and you quite put me out when I caught you arranging a deal with the monkeys in

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