DRESS...

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

KAUFMANN'S

...GOODS

world of tashion, but it is no longer necessary to go there to see the perfectly dressed woman, as Mrs. Trollope once declared. There is quite as much wealth and luxury, quite as much refinement of manners and physical grace in the New World as in that gay and frivolous city. The fashionable American woman is rarely willing to accept the French styles without considerable change and modification.

I note that ball, dinner and reception dresses have steadily maintained their simplicity of makeup, relying upon the ele-gance of material to attain effects. I was



Ball Dress for a Debutante.

struck by the simple style in which one gown was garnitured, and yet the effect was altogether charming. Indeed, it would be difficult to find a more lovely gown than this very one, a pale blue satin, with a col-lar of pleated cream silk gauze, and ruches of the same on the bottom of the sleeves and skirt, the ceniture being of cream satin. The picture shows a simple but pretty ball gown for a debutante. It may be made up in tulle, gauze or thin silk, set off with a

Besides satins, Louis XV. brocades and the heavy Louis XVI. failles are extremely modish for evening wear. These elegant fabrics are frequently set off with silk, or with multi-colored pearls in byzantine style. The overskirts worn with evening coatumes are either of silk muslin in two colors, black or white tulie sparkling with spangles or stars, or of gauze dotted with metal butterflies.

FLORETTE.

Fads in French Felt.

A curlous material, that can be described best as felt straw, is seen in imported hats. It is made of quarter-inch wisps braided. Circular pieces of felt are pinned into any hat or bonnet shape desired. These come in plain and in chine felt. A tobacco brown | DE WITT'S Little Early Risers. Best pill is pinned into an old-time poke, and for billousness, sick headache, malaria.

trimmed with a big gold buckle and black quills. Felt raveling, in the mixture of colors seen in the bourette tweeds, makes

white felt crocheted with a white silk cord makes a hat that is trimmed in hunters' green velvet, white plumes and rhinestone buckles. Perforated felt is used for little bonnets, cut in queer shapes, and inter-laced with self-colored chenille. Tucked felt, exactly copying the tucked wools, is fashioned into bonnets, the trimming matching the tucks, which are lighter in shade than the ground, as a brown felt with light tan tucks and tan trimmings. Bright colored felt bonnets are braided in contrasting soutache, as scarlet with black, green

Needlework on White Linen.

Thistles, clovers, buttercups, sweet-peas, orchids and narcissus are flowers most seen in needlework done upon white linen. When the thistles are worked in their natural colors, with the foliage of the plants in soft grayish green, even those who see no beauty in live thistles are charmed. A set of doylies worked with a continuous border of small morning glories, with their vines and tendrils and the flowers all in their natural colors, has the flowers wrought in a net-work of stitches that make them resemble skeleton flowers. Many of the new doylies are without decoration in the center, and have a border of embroidery as near as pos-sible to the fringed edges. One very pretty set has the fringe out away in each corner, and in the center of each side, where there is a cluster of flowers done in solid em-

Fashion Flutterings,

Geaceful princesse coats of ribbed velvet are worn with skirts of cloth or silk. Some of the new French dress skirts show a row of tiny frills alternating with very narrow bands of velvet or galoon.

FIGHUS are much worn, being made of almost any material one may have on hand, or may feel inclined to purchase. Lace and rose-buds, plain chiffon, embroidered chiffon —anything and everything go to make up these ornaments.

BEURRENOIX or butternut-brown of a decidedly reddish shade, appears among some of the rich fabrics of the season. It is often used by ladies' tailors for elegant visiting dinner dresses of corded silk and plain vel-vet, camel's hair, velours, bengaline and ladies' cloth.

Mone elaborate than ever before are the silk petticoats designed for evening wear. One model that is of green and crimson shot allk has the lower edge alternately filled with red and green silk. Narrow ruffles of black ince with the upper edges threaded in and out with belie ribbon fall over those of the silk.

THERE is such a variety of modes from which to choose this season that all figures can select the style of dressing which best accords with their requirements. There are the Empire and Directoire waists for slim figures; trim, tailor-made coats, in English fastion, for stouter forms; princesse models, which greatly aid in imparting a slender effect, besides the comet skirs and long-waisted French bodice, which impart an attractive symmetry to the generality of fleures.

A FAIR COMMITTEE STRIKES.

They Quit in a Body Because Their Labor Congress Programme Is Spoiled.

CHICAGO, Dec. 29.-The ladies on the Labor Congress Committee of the World's Congress Auxiliary to-day resigned in a body. The reason given by them is that the programme for the labor congress, over which they and committees of laboring men had worked for the best part of a year, was practically ignored by C. C. Bonney, Presi-dent of the Auxiliary. Mrs. Stevens, who is connected with the Knights of Labor, said Mr. Bonney's idea

to confine the Labor Congress to five days is preposterous. The religious congress is given a month, while important economic subjects are crowded into the fraction of a week. To this the women would not con-

You need not despair! Salvation Oil will heal your burnt arm without a scar. 25 cts.

LATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

-Yellow fever is spreading in Venezuela. -Mrs. Langtry is worse and may not re-

-The Mississippi is about frozen over opposite St. Louis. -The New Alliance Governor of Kansas will enforce the prohibitory law.

-Smuggled opium valued at \$12,000 was seized in San Francisco yesterday. -The private banking firm of W. W. Trull & Co., Toronto, has suspended, owing \$20,000.

-One man has been killed and five seriously injured in the Calumet iron mine in Colorado.

-Before the end of the present week a new tin-plate plant will be put in operation in Baltimore.

-An apparently inspired article in the St. Petersburg Noove Vremyz disparages a French alliance. —Irish Home Rulers are excited over a re-port that Le Caron, the spy, is investigating the Dublin explosion.

-Diaz's friends at the City of Mexico are loth to believe that his troops have been whipped by the rebels.

—Dr. Butterfield, of Kansas City, who bequeathed \$185,000 to Dartmouth College, was a miser during his life. -Navigation on the Rhine, Moselle, Neckar and Main rivers, in Germany, has been stopped by floating ice.

-A complete opera entitled "King Lear" has been found among the manuscripts of the deceased composer, Litoiff.

-The result of the Brunson divorce trial in San Francisco is a vindication of Mrs. Stoneman, wife of the ex-Governor of California.

-If negotiations now under way are carried out, a consolidation of the elevated railways of Chicago will soon be accom-

—Female convicts in Siberia are to be ex-empt from flogging and wearing manacles. Prinishment by restricted diet and by isola-tion will be substituted. The Universal Radial Drill Company, B. W. Flack, President; P. G. Marsh, Treasurer, has assigned. Assets are estimated at \$30,000 to \$40,000; habilities the same.

-For courageous services in repelling train robbers near Huntington, W. Va., \$100 was given Conductor Zingerlee by the Chesapeake and Ohio Company.

-State Labor Commissioner Peck, of New York, denies the report that he is going to bring suits for libel against certain newspa-pers for what he terms their persecution of him during the last campaign.

-While Cincinnati morgue doctors were dissecting the supposed corpse of a man who had apparently failen dead in a saloon, blood burst from the wound. It is believed the surgeon's knife killed the man. —The differences between the Baitimore and Ohio officials and the Grievance Committee of the Brotherhood of Trainmen has been settled by the signing of a wage scale which makes an average increase of from 8 to 18 cents per-day.

-Amos H. Hosmer and Edward W. Rouse, grand officers of the Iron Hall organization, recently indicted by the grand Jury of Indianapolis, were placed under arrest at Baltimore yesterday, in obedience to a request of the Justice of Police of Indianapolis.

apoils.

John L. Conover, counsel for the Central Railroad Company, has filed his answer to Attorney General Stockton's supplemental information against the Reading Coal Combination. The answer devices that the Chancellor's orders were disobeyed in any respect.

-Wednesday at Indianapolis Cora Griffith spent her last dollar for a dancing lesson. At suppor time she went to a restaurant and begged something to eat, then went to her boarding house, swallowed an ounce of car-bolic acid and died in an hour. She had been disappointed in love.

-Charles Maechling, a skilled iron worker of Pittsburg, is in Cincinnati trying to find his father. He was separated from his parents in Philadelphia when he was 3 years old. He has spent several years in the search, and has at last located his mother in Germany and will bring her here.

—James Dunlap, the Northampton bank burgiar, whose pardon was signed by Gov-ernor Russell, was released from State prison at \$45 o'clock yesterday morning, and left on the Boston and Albany expresse for New York City, accompanied by his life-long friend, Mrs. Mary Scott Rowland. -An unknown American at Monte Corlo

—An unknown American at Monte Corlo lost £3,500 belonging to his mother at the gaming tables. When the last coin was gone he walked quickly out, and 18 miles from Nice threw himself in front of an approaching train and was killed. Another unknown gambler lost all he had and blew out his brains soon after.

Americans in Mexico. The projector and head of the Topolobampo scheme is a New Yorker, and he has been notified to appear before the Board of Directors at Enterprise, Kan., January 2, and make arrangements to protect the 600 colonists now there.

Attorney General Rosendale, of New York, has submitted an opinion to the Secretary of State in the application of the Wells-Fargo Express Company to transact an express business only in that State, the company now being incorporated under the laws of Colorado to do several branches of business, in which he holds that a certificate should be issued.

-Tuesday Jacob Collins tried to force his way over the Newportand Cincinnati bridge without paying toll. Joshua B. Harrison, the tolikeeper, tried to prevent his passing. A struggle ensued, and Harrison struck Collins with his fist. Collins died a few hours later. Harrison was tried for murder Wednesday, and the jury acquitted him without leaving their seats.

A Child Enjoys

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 family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

"Thanks evermore."-[Shakespeare.

OUR THANKS! Our sincerest thanks to our

many patrons for far and away the biggest holiday trade in our business history. The holidays are over, but we have not fallen asleep. We are as wideawake as ever-awake to your wants and your interests.

FOR NEW YEAR GIFTS

We have hundreds of novelties just opened. Came in too late for the Christmas trade-are ready for New Year. Something that the Christmas shoppers have not seen. If you have to get a New Year's gift, get it here.

THE COMING YEAR

Will find us just as attentive, our goods just as reliable, our assortment even larger, our prices even more reasonable than last year. What more can we say?

Wishing you and yours A HAPPY NEW YEAR,

529 Smithfield Street.

STOP THAT SMOKE.

Parties really wishing to see the city free rom smoke go and see what is being done in the boiler room of the Fidelity Title & Trust Co.'s building, Fourth Ave. Take no man's word for it, but see it yourselves. Or you can get all the information neces

WALKER SMORELESS FURNACE CO.,

Room 317, Lewis Block, Pittsburg de15-106-wwr

warmth and comfort.
"Now, dear," said Kathleen, "you must

band was full of love. "Plenty of time, Pass," he said content-

coat. "The Colonel's train is not due till

"But you had better go, you might miss So he turned out of the warm dining

erved as a bonnet. She raised her head and looked him full

He recoiled and stared blankly in those faded blue eyes.

For a moment, though he was not superstitious, he wondered if she had not come back from the grave. She who for three years had been to all seeming dead.

wind was tossing wildly, he knew well This was no spirit. "Don't be afraid," she said with a mock-ing laugh. I'm no ghost. Do you not wish

"My God!" he cried. "Lavinia. Where have you been all these years?" Then he glanced at the lighted dining room where Kathleen sat waiting.
"Come away," he said, taking her by the

CHAPTER III.

with aunt, and finally started a pension of

were shouting particulars of the horrible railway accident on the Midland Railway. Then all in a flash the idea occurred to me of she knew she was losing; and I was so sick of our humdrum existence.

At the very moment this scene occurred Fate, in the shape of Madame Lacroix, aided "Why should not you come, Lavinia?"

she said abruptly, her mind still running on the wants of her pension. "Why, indeed," I returned. "It is the

logne; at the very time you were viewing, no doubt with satisfaction, my charred remains, I was enjoying myself immensely across the channel. In fact, the life was so pleasant that I might have stopped there in that relation to each other," he said

THE OLD YEAR.

As a fitting climax to our previous efforts we now offer you the choice of any \$22, \$20 or \$18 suit or overcoat in our stock for

> \$14.50. OUR



PARTING SHOT.

Look to your interests and take advantage of our \$14.50 sale of Suits or Overcoats.

> Every purchase made in our ESTABLISHMENT if not perfectly satisfactory can be returned and the money will be cheerfully refunded.

4-PLY LINEN, 2100 FINE, COLLARS 7 CENTS. CUFFS II CENTS.

Smithfield, Corner Diamond Street BRASS FRONT.

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION. de26-1-rus

HIS FIRST WIFE.

CHAPTER L

A FATAL JOURNEY. "If I were to die, Edred, would you

marry again?" Captain Blount looked up from the paper, surprised at such an unusual ques

"Well, no, my dear; though second matrimony is the best compliment one can pay the first partner of one's joys." "Nonsense. Second marriages are hor

rible," she said, with more vigor than the occasion demanded. "It, when I die, you have another wife, I'll come and haunt you both." "There is not much prospect of you playing ghost," he laughed, with a glance

am deep in a splendid article on military tactics. After this there was silence in the sunny breakfast room. The Captain was engrossed with the newspaper, and his wife sat thoughtfully stirring her coffee. A cloud was on her brow; ever and anon she shot an

angry look at her husband. At last she burst out—
"For goodness sake leave off reading and say something." 'What is there to say?" he asked reason-

ably enough. "You found plenty," she retorted bit-terly, "when we were first married. You found my conversation more interesting than stupid politics or tactics then."

"My dear Lavinia, how absurd you are. We are past the stage of sickly sentiment. We have been married ten years; I am nearly 40, and you, forgive the frankness of a husband, are no chicken."
"You are very rude," she said, with a hot,

angry tear rising to her eye.
"And you evidently require a change of air. Your nerves are out of order. Why not go North on a visit to your Aunt "I think I will," she said, seizing with her usual impulsiveness on the new idea.

'I'll go this very day and take Aunt Claire
by surprise. To tell the truth, I am rather sick of our jog-trot existence. You are always at the club, and the only friends we have are chess playing, whist playing fogies

on with women, nor they with me." The Captain sighed. It had siways been a sore point with him—this feminine ostracism to which his wife had been treated. It reminded him more than ever of the ill breeding and bad temper of the woman he had chosen. It was, he argued, a bad sign when her own sex gave her a wide berth. However, he talked easily enough about the proposed journey, looked up the trains, and gave Lavinia full directions as to travel-

ing, etc.
Then he bid her good-by and went off to the city, where he had some business to fransact.

Mrs. Blount made immediate prepare tions for leaving home. There was much to be done-domestic matters to arrange, bag-gage, and so forth. But long before noon

she was ready to go.
"No chicken, indeed," she muttered angrily, as she surveyed herself in the swing

It reflected the tall buxom figure of a woman on the shady side of 30. Her face was florid, her eyes were blue, her hair was of that nondescript dusty brown known as mouse color, but it was fine and thick. Ten years before she must have been a pretty, usined blonde, but now she was coarsening

in the way plump blondes will.

She was richly but rather loudly dressed

in a satin gown, a much be-jetted mantle. and a bonnet which, to the casual observer, consisted of a crimson bow and a couple of tinsel butterflies.

"Terrible accident on the Midland Railway; 30 people killed; collision with a goods train; extra special; full particu-

So chanted the newsboy.
Captain Blount was hurrying along Cheapside. He had promised to dine and go to the play with an old comrade, and was looking forward like a schoolboy to the mild diversion, for Lavinia when at home regidly expected his attendance at disparent rigidly exacted his attendance at dinner. He might lunch out, he might be out all day if he chose, but the evening must be spent in the bosom of his family at Saracen Crescent. The discordant vell of the newsboy put an end to all such thoughts.

at the lady's florid, bealthy face; "so it's It was with a horrible qualm that he glanced at the black lettered placard and not worth while to discuss the subject. I then paid his penny for the evening

He tore it open and greedily drank in the details of the accident. Good Heavens! it was the 11:20, the train by which Lavinia must have traveled. He jumped into a hansom and drove home. His wife had left in time to catch the 11:20, the housemaid told him. She had heard her mistress tell the cabman so. A reference to Bradshaw showed him that the fatal train was the only one which stopped at the little station near which Lavinia's aunt lived. Another reference to Bradshaw showed him that there was a train leaving for the scepe of the accident at 5:10 A. M. He took out his watch-9:10. Then for the first time he remembered his appointment and sent off a message to his triend, ex-plaining his absence. He wired also Lavinia's aunt and received an answer saying that his wife had not arrived. On receipt of this he felt that there was no doubt of her death or injury—ordinarily she would have reached her journey's end long before. Then he went upstairs and made a pretense of resting till it was time to start for the station. He returned from his bedroom with a shudder. It was littered with traces of Lavinia's toilette; he had not loved her dearly, still she had been his wife

for ten long years, and he could not now look on those dainty teminine trifles without a pang.
He was off at last, whirling through a sleeping country on a chiliy autumn morning. To his dying day Captain Blount remembered that fourney. The pale dawn creeping over the horizon, the first faint sounds of awakening life, the smoke rising from early cottage fires; the glimpses of laborers trudging along the road to their day's toil. And through all the horrible suspense he thought of Lavinia, of the days when her plump, fair prettiness had bewitched him, of those later days when her scolding, prevish temper had estranged him. Then he took from his pocket the newspaper and read again the ghastly details of the accident. The collision, the fearful smash, the flames in which the

wreckage was wrapped, the disfigured dead It came to an end at last, that horrible journey, and he stepped out on the platform of the little country station. The birds were singing, the dew was glittering, the air was fragrant—it seemed hardly possible that in the midst of such fresh beauty a tragedy lay hidden.

In a little while he had stepped from the sunshine across the threshold of a room in awhich the blinds were drawn; round which lay the bodies of the dead. One by one his conductor turned down the covering from a rigid form, and each time the husband's heart gave a bound of relief-the dead face was not Lavinia's. At last he had seen all-all but one

youd recognition. He looked. But the flames had left no sign of humanity-in

those twisted, blackened features. He would never know whether Lavinia had met her death, but he told himself it was almost a certainty. And when the days engthened into weeks, the weeks to months he felt absolutely sure that he was widowed. Now she was dead, he forgot her later faults and thought of her only with tenderness. Poor Lavinia.

CHAPTER II.

A SECOND MARRIAGE-AND AFTER. It was late in the afternoon-afternoon at Palermo-and an Englishman was strolling along the Corso. With his fair sunburnt face, blonde mustache and loose-fitting tweed suit, he formed a striking contrast to the pedestrians who thronged the footpath. They were principally men, and wore long, loose cloaks, which they drew in muffled folds around them. The women were driving-it was the hour for fashionable outdoor exercise, and everybody with any pre-

tensions to gentility had a carriage. Captain Blount walked moodily along the parrow street. The tall houses, with their heavy overhanging balconies, threw dark shadows across the road and made ever a brilliant June day appear dreary. Now and then, as the Eaglishman glanced up at the windows, he would catch glimses of women seated watching the throng. They glowed like jewels in a gloomy settingthose dark-eyed Southern beauties with their bright-hued bodices and elaborate

ornaments. line of vehicles, and Blount heard his name called out by a hearty English voice. He turned in surprise to the carriage from which the voice came, and confronted his old friend, Colonel Seton. The two men shook hands cordially and through the minds of each there flashed the memory of other days—days spent under a hot Indian sun. They had not met since Blount was sent invalided home.

"Delighted to see you," cried the genial "But, my dear chap, how ill you are looking. Surely that old wound-"Never gives me a twinge," returned the other. "The fact is, I've had a trouble. I'd "Ot course not, of course not," assented the veteran. "Pussy and I must try to

cheeer you up. You remember Pussy-my daughter Kathleen." "I should think so; the prettiest little fairy in the world and the pet of the station. Why. Colonel, she must be grown up now. How old it makes one feel." "Grown up. Of course she is. She's quite an elegant young lady, is Pussy. Come, jump in, Blount, and let me drive you to the Villa Macqueda. We are staying there, and you and Kathleen can renew

Kathleen Seton was, indeed, an elegant young lady. Captain Blount could hardly believe his eyes. Was this Passy-roguish Possy with white frocks, a wide blue sash, and the funniest little prattling tongue pos-sible? Had she really turned out such a beauty? For Kathleen's wondrous hazel eyes, exquisitely pure complexion, and clear cut features certainly entitled her to the distinction of such a term.

"I always liked you better than the others when I was a wee thing in India,' she said one day. And the soidier's hear beat with a strange new pleasure as he looked down at the resh girlish face.

"Was it possible," he asked himself impatiently, "that he had been fool enough to tall in love with the child?" Fool or no fool, he soon knew that he had in very truth fallen captive to fair Kathleen. He, mi dle-aged and matter of fact, as he had

She and the Captain were soon capital

friends

shrouded heap which was drawn a little often dubbed himself to Lavinia. Poor Bloomsbury house, at all events, all was for good had not a copy of the Times given aside from the rest. He was told that it Lavinia! Dead and nearly forgotten.

consisted of mutilated remains, charred behis folly. But one June day the three-Kathleen, her father and Blount-went for

an excursion to a tiny fishing village some

distance round the coast. It was a holi-

day, and all the village folks were holding

festival. All wore gala dress, and the young men were dancing a tarantella, while the women, according to custom, sat at the doors looking on.
"How light-hearted they seem," said Blount, as the three of them turned away and went down to the seashore. "Gad," cried the Colonel irritably, "those young blades would not foot it merrily had they the gout in their toes as I

twenty.

have. Look here, Blount, you and Kathleen can go on if you choose, but I'll rest here awhile. So the two strayed together along the yellow sands. Kathleen stooped now then to pick up some exquisitely tinted

"What a lovely place this is," she said with a sigh, "and how happy we have been. I shall never have such a delightful time again.
"Nonsense. You have life before you.

You will marry, and your honeymoon be more interesting than this time has been, spent with a couple of old logies.' "I may not marry. Everyone does not. You, for instance." A cloud darkened his good-looking face, and a sudden impulse made him take the

girl's pink palm in his. "You are mistaken. I have been married. Shall I tell you about it?" "If you please," she said, with grave surprise and a shy upward glance from her hazel eyes.

So they sat down on the sands in the hot sunshine, and Blount bared his heart. "When they sent me home invalided," he began abruptly, "I went to live at a boarding house in Kensington. It was kept by a pleasant middle-aged woman, whose name was Mrs. Minor. She had a niece who was supposed to assist in domestic affairs, but who was more of an ornament than anything else. Lavinia Minor was a pretty girl of two or three and twenty."

"Was she like me?" "Oh, no. She was a blonde; pink-cheeked, blue-eyed and fluffy haired. Well, to make a long story short, I married her, and the marriage was rather a failure. We did not quarrel exactly, but we tiffed, and Lavinia, poor soul, was fond of nazging. She wasn't quite—quite a lady, you know, and did not seem to make friends with other women. She lost her good looks, too, and soured in consequence. One day, when we had one of the usual little sparring matches, One day, when we it was arranged that she should go on a visit to Mrs. Minor, who had sold the boarding house, and was living at a north-country village. She went, and the train by which she traveled came into collision and caught fire. The result was fearful. I went down and saw the dead. Lavinia was not among But some were burned and mutilated beyond recognition. That was two years ago, and I have not a doubt that I am

"How horrible," said the girl with a There were tears in her lovely eyes, and she put out one of her little hands sympa-Captain Blount took it and held it fast.

rippled at his feet, above all the girl's beauty, intoxicated him. He forgot his 40 years, his prudent re-"Pussy," he whispered, using her pet childish name. "I love you, using her pet childish name. "I love you, "Pussy," he whispered, unconsciously I love you, my darling. Say, will you my wife?"

The summer sky, the blue waves which

It was Christmas Eve in London. Outside the snow feil thick; the roads were like iron, the very puddles had turned to greasy black ice. Inside, at an old-fashioned

New and Popular

DRYGOODS DEPARTMENT,

MUST GO

Listen; ye careful, shrewd and

economical shoppers: We have on

our counters several thousand yards

Remnants of fine All-Wool Dress

Goods. They're left over from the

late holiday boom, and must be sold

before the expiration of the old year.

Now, bear in mind, ladies, these

Remnants---Not Relics.

We emphasize this fact, since the

usual run of remnant sales held by

Pittsburg and Allegheny drygoods

houses are no more than a mere of-

fering of a lot of old, shopworn, un-

salable goods-made attractive by

applying the word "Remnants" to

them, but which in reality are ante-

diluvian relics, too dear at any price. You see, our entire stock is brand

new, and our Remnants are likewise,

AND GO AT ONCE.

goods are

start to meet papa."

She had developed into a charming young matron, and the look she cast on her hus-

edly, yet rising from his chair and submit-ting himself to be helped on with his over-

room into the clear, cold night. Kathleen came to the hall door and drew back with a pretty shiver as a rude blast swept round the corner. Captain Blount went down the steps into the street. As he turned a woman advanced

from the railings, where she had been crouching. He gazed at her with idle curiosity. She did not look the kind of a woman to be out unprotected on such a night. She wore a long loose cloak which com-pletely covered her, and the hood of which

in the face, then touched his arm and said in a voice which made him shudder, "Edred."

He looked again. The florid face, the masses of loose brown hair, which the rude

arm. "For pity's sake come away.

CAPTAIN BLOUNT'S DILEMMA. "It happened in this way," she said as they paced the frozen pavements of the quiet Bloomsbury squares. "I meant to go to Aunt Claire, but missed the train. started to return home and postpone my journey till next day; but in the booking office I met Madame Lacroix. Do you remember her? No, of course I forgot that you are far above remembering people who were my friends. She boarded a long time

her own at Boulogue.

At the time we met she was on the lookout for a suitable partner. We did some shopping and had tea talking of her affairs all the time. She did not know of my mar-riage, and I had not found of an opportunity to tell her. It was getting dark when we left the confectioner's, and the newsboys hiding for a time; you would believe me dead; it would give you a horrible fright and bring back that love for your wife which

very thing to suit me."
"So for three years I have been at Bou-

me intelligence of your marriage to a Miss Seton. Who is she? What is she like? I suppose it was that chit of a girl who came with you to the door. She will have to go."
"Not so fast, Lavinia," he said quietly.

though his blood was boiling at the insult to Kathleen. I must be sure of your iden-She gave a scornful laugh. "That is good. You wish to prove the identity of your own wife. A capital joke, Edred, but it won't get you out of your

that not a doubt lingered in his mind. She was his wife, and Kathleen, sweet, inno-cent Pussy—he shuddered when he thought of the curse he had brought on her. He thought, too, of the happiness which he had tasted for the last 12 months—of the misery of reunion with the woman at his

side, and, as he thought, he grew to hate

He sighed heavily. Too well he knew

"Curse you," he said, forgetting her sex and the relation he held to her, "for a vile trickster. I wish to heaven that you could feel one-half the pain you have brought on me. Let me get out of your sight. Let me forget you ever crossed my path. "Not till you have said when you will meet me again. It must be soon. I am in no mood for trifling. This is Christmas Eve.

Shall we say the day after to-morrow?

"Give me longer," he pleaded. "Till the new year. I must have time to think on 'You are not overwarm in your welcome,' she said scornfully, "but I will be gener-ous." Meet me at three o'clock on New Year's Day in the British Museum. And mind" she concluded threateningly, "if mind," she concluded threateningly, you break the appointment I shall you break the appointment I shall go straight to the woman who thinks herself

"I will come," he said briefly and with no other word hurried away. He wandered blindly along the lonely streets in the teeth of driving wind and snow. He could only think of Kathleen. Would that the golden summer days in Sicily had never been; would that he had never seen that lovely girlish beauty.

CHAPTER IV.

FOUND OUT. How the idea took root in his mind he never knew; but there it was, and it grew and grew till a faint hope came with it.

What if this woman was an impostor?

It was a wild hope, considering that Lavinia's voice still rang in his ears. Lavinia's face was ever before him. Still there was the hope, and vague though it was, would not be driven out. Mrs. Minor was dead. but there was still one person living who had known his first

wife as a child. So he traveled down to Pyedale and interviewed this person, who years ago had been Lavinia's nurse. The short winter afternoon was closing in as he waiked up the straggling village street. At the door of the wheelwright's cottage stood the wheelwright's wife-Hannah Stone, the woman Captain Blount had come in search of.

She knew him at once, and begged him to

step into a stuffy little parlor, whose win-dow was crowded with flowers that still bloomed, despite the season. For more than an hour he sat talking with Mrs. Stone, and when he arose to go the cloud from his face had nearly lifted.
What if his wild hope had some founds

"What have you decided to do?" she ked. "Though indeed but one course is asked. "Is to reinstate me in my proper position as your wife."

On New Year's Day he met Lavinia.

"I do not understand." "You will presently. Be good enough to take off your gloves." Her face paled, and her mouth twitched convulsively. But she looked up defiantly. "Don't be a fool," she said evasively.

"Tell me what you are driving at."

By a sudden movement he tore down her "As I thought," he said, coelly pointing to it; "you are Louise, my late wife's sister and a miserable liar and impostor." I "You are mad," she cried. "I am Lavina. I always had this mole."

'Lavinia, as I perfectly well remember. had an ugly scar across the back of her right hand, caused by the bite of a dog. You have no such scar. Believe me, the game is up. You had better not drive me to the extremity of having you arrested.

Mrs. Stone could give damning evidence." He saw her tremble; he saw the color die completely from her florid face, leaving

her white to the lips.
"She told me all," he continued, driving the nail home, "the story of your misera-ble marriage, of the burden of disgrace you and your low-born husband have borne. Lavinia, poor soul, never let her name pass your lips. How you learnt of her death, how this diabolical scheme developed ititself is best known to you. But you are Lavinia's sister. I learnt that a few days ago from your old nurse. If I do anything She burst into tears.

would be easy to hoodwink you, and make you buy my silence. Thank you for your offer of help. A little money will spare me much misery." "Then you may draw quarterly on my bankers. Here is their address and particulars of the amount they will hold for you. But never let me see your face again."

"Poverty tempted me; my husband is dead," she said penitently. "We were twin sisters, and strikingly alike. I thought it

So they parted, in the darkening street, there the lamps were being lighted. They went their different ways. She turned into the glare and turmoil of a busy thoroughfare; he walked toward an old house—the home where Kathleen, innocent of evil, was awaiting him.

-Mrs. Henry E. Dudeney, in Manchester

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