...A Michigan Avenue Story...

Several weeks ago the imp of unrest invaded the placid precincts of Martin Twinkleton's mansion on Michigan avenue. The servants, those keen-eyed judges of family morality, were the first to notice its presence. From a pleasant, good-natured gentleman, who had a ready greeting for everybody, Mr. Twinkleton had suddenly changed into a gruff and grumpy individual, who scowled at the housemaid and swore at the cook and coachman. Mrs. Twinkleton, the wife of twelve months, whose happiness in marriage had been the comment of the neighborhood, seemed to have lost all spirit. The roses were fast fading from her cheeks, the merry sparkle had left her eyes and lines of corroding care were forming round her shapely mouth. Husband and wife, who formerly took so much pride in their home, began to neglect the ordinary conventionalities of society. Mrs. Twinkleton refused to see callers, preferring to sit moping in her boudoir, and Mr. Twinkleton, who was formerly the soul of hospitality, treated old friends coolly and was only himself at the club.

"I guess it is the same old story," was the remark passed by Peter McGinness, the obstinate old bachelor who was wont to be a welcome guest, and naturally resented the change in the Twinkleton household. "The glamor has gone from both. They have found out their mutual shortcomings and are having a short spell of matrimonial misunderstanding."

The servants confessed themselves unable to fathom the cause of the change. So far as they had been able to discover there had been no quarrel between husband and wife, who were still studiously polite to each other. The coachman who drove Mr. Twinkleton down to business in the morning and returned with him in the evening had heard no hint of financial troubles, or, what was still more bewildering, any suggestion that his employer was subject to embarrassing alliances. On the other hand, the demeanor of Mrs. Twinkleton, with the exception of fits of melancholy in the solitude of her private room, was ladylike and proper in every respect.

What, then, was the secret of this troubled household? What was the wedge of discontent that was driving Mr. and Mrs. Twinkleton so widely apart?

"To my mind," said Mary Ann, the cook, at the usual matutinal conference on the subject, "it's nothing but midsummer madness. I know lots of people who turn queer in hot weather and come all right again in the fall. Why, there wasn't a nicer man anywhere than Mr. Twinkleton before the hot spell set in, and as for Mrs. Twinkleton—God bless her—why, she was just too sweet for anything. That's it, you may be sure; it's the weather."

"Weather be hanged!" said Giles, the coachman. "The boss is all right downtown. I see him laughing and joking with the best of them after he gets through cussing me, which I'm not going to stand much longer unless it's mended. Weather nothing! I guess they've had a row, just like the rest of folks, and are too proud to kiss and make up."

"Oh I'm sure they have had nothing of the kind, you horrid man," chimed in Mary, the sentimental housemaid. "Why, there never was such a loving couple, and even now they are sweetly civil if they are cold and unhappy. I think it is the green-eyed monster. I was reading one of Dora Thorne's books that this ambitious beast comes into a house secretly and destroys its peace of mind without any invitation whatever. Besides, I know Mr. Twinkleton is jealous."

"Is that so, Miss Sharp?" grunted Giles, the skeptic. "Maybe you will tell us how."

"There's the same look in his face," returned Mary, with a slight blush.

"What same look?"

"Oh, you know, stupid!" explained Mary, blushing deeper; "just as if he were afraid he were trifled with."

"She means," added the cook, with a significant glance at the coachman, for whom she had a tender but secret regard, "she means that he looks like Thomas, the milkman, when he catches her flirting with the red-faced butcher's boy."

Mary laughed and ran away, and after a brief chat, raised by this new phase of the question, the cook and scullery maid, as well as the coachman and Thomas, the handy man, thought that perhaps the girl was right and that the green-eyed monster was to blame for the changed condition of affairs in the Twinkleton household.

By that peculiar instinct said to be inseparable from the female character, Mary, the housemaid, had hit the nail square on the head. Mr. Twinkleton was jealous of his handsome young wife, who, however, was entirely unconscious of the fact. Martin had said nothing to her. When they were first married he urged her to entertain and go into society. He seemed to be happiest when he saw her surrounded by a throng of admirers, enjoying herself in a thoroughly feminine manner. Not the shadow of distrust affected him. He was apparently anchored deep in her affection and was confident of her love and honor.

About five weeks ago Mrs. Twinkleton became conscious of a change. They were at a lawn party at a suburban village. She had gone out early in the afternoon, and Martin had joined the party after business hours. He was in a different mood to what she had ever seen him in. Instead of being the life and spirit of the throng, he was dull and distrait. There was an anxious, worried look in his face, and on asking if he were ill or anything had gone wrong in business, instead of answering in his usual sympathetic tone Martin replied curtly: "There's nothing uncommon the matter, Gertrude. I have been disappointed, that is all."

Now this reply was just adapted to put a sensitive woman ill at ease. She begged him to explain, and offered to make excuses and return to the city with him. But Twinkleton, who grew sterner and gruffer under her pleadings, bade her leave him to himself and take her fill of pleasure alone. Stung by his unusual behavior, Mrs. Twinkleton rejoined the throng on the lawn and was soon one of the merriest of the party. Those who watched her closely, however, would have seen that she cast frequent glances at her husband, who sat smoking at a table and seemed careless of what was going on around him.

Twinkleton was still out of temper when he drove home with his wife. She again tried to ascertain the meaning of his mood, but he was short and somewhat peevish in his answers, and for the first time Mrs. Twinkleton realized that all is not roses in married life. Martin was aware of the impression that his conduct had made, but he offered no further explanation. On arriving at home he said coldly that he would read and smoke a while in the library. Bent on pleasing him even now she got him his favorite brand of cigars and hinted she would like to remain while he rested. Martin was not willing for this sacrice, however.

"Go to bed," he said, in a softer tone than he had used during the evening. "I have some thinking to do; and, by the way, please bring me your jewel case."

Her jewel case! Something must have gone wrong in business. That was the cause of his brusqueness. Could it be that failure was imminent, and that the jewels would be needed to help Martin out of his difficulties? Why, he was welcome to every trinket she had, so that it might smooth his temper and bring back the loving ring of his voice. She went upstairs and returned with the case, and, kissing him as she gave him the key, said: "Sell everything, Martin, dear; only don't be cross with me!"

Twinkleton pushed her away and looked at her queerly and laughed. As she gazed at him in wonder, her eyes filling with tears, he said:

"Don't be afraid, Gertrude, it is not as bad as that."

She thought still he was concealing misfortunte from her, but as he did not offer his confidence, she left the room without another word.

"That was very, very pretty," muttered Twinkleton, as the door closed upon his wife. "I think she meant it, too. Sell her jewels to help me out. Ha! ha! Very neat, indeed, and such an innocent air, too. How they do pull the wool over your eyes!"

He opened the jewel case and looked puzzled as he took out a glittering diamond bracelet. He examined it closely and cried:

"An exact duplicate, so far as I can see. What in thunder does it mean?"

He produced a parcel from his coat pocket and unwrapped another dazzling bracelet and compared it with the one taken from the jewel case. The bracelets were exact counterparts.

"Have I wronged her?" he cried. "And yet Spriggs set this bracelet (handling the one taken from his pocket) to order and declared that there was not another one like it in Chicago. Here are the same initials on both, 'G.' and 'T.' intertwined. The stones are alike and the workmanship the same. What does it mean?"

Twinkleton sat staring at the jewels until early in the morning. His perplexity seemed to increase with study. Finally he made two separate parcels of the bracelets, placed them in the breast pocket of his coat, settled himself in an easy chair and went to sleep.

Mrs. Twinkleton did not see her husband next morning. She found the jewel box on her dressing case, with a polite note that business had called Martin to the office early, but that he would be home at the usual hour in the evening.

"I am sure it is those dreadful money matters," Mrs. Twinkleton doled with herself. "And yet he never gave me a hint of any trouble, and how strange he laughed when I told him to take the jewels and sell them. Perhaps it is not so bad as I thought."

Meanwhile Twinkleton was busying himself in a strange fashion. As soon as Spriggs jewelry store on State street was opened he demanded an interview with the manager. On being shown into the private office, he produced the parcels and handing the bracelet taken from his wife's jewel case to Mr. Sprigg's, said:

"You remember making that for me?"

The jeweler examined the article a few moments and then replied with a smile:

"No, Mr. Twinkleton, I do not remember making that for you."

"Why, Mr. Spriggs, you must remember something—"

"I made a diamond bracelet for you," interrupted the jeweler, smiling, "a very handsome one, too. But this is not it. These stones are paste, and the setting is a fair imitation of our work."

"Paste!" exclaimed Twinkleton, "then what is this?"

Mr. Spriggs took the other bracelet, the one which Twinkleton had compared with that from his wife's jewelry case in his library, and after a glance, said:

"Ah! this is the genuine article. This, Mr. Twinkleton, is the bracelet we made at your order."

Twinkleton could scarcely trust himself to speak for a few moments. He felt himself in a dilemma. He did not want to tell the jeweler that the paste diamonds came from his wife's jewelry case, nor did he want to explain anything about the other bracelet. Spriggs's decision had rather unnerved him, and he wanted to get out of the store without revealing the object of the examination of the two bracelets.

"I was told, Mr. Sprigg's" he said, after a long pause, "that gems of this character could be imitated without danger of detection. It is only a little whim of mine. I see nothing can deceive you. Good morning."

He was not satisfied with the way in which he got out of an explanation, while, as for Mr. Spriggs, that polite gentleman merely bowed and smiled. Twinkleton's next step was in the direction of a detective agency. On being ushered into the presence of the chief he said:

"Mr. Sharpigh, I have a case of some delicacy to lay before you. I want it settled quickly and quietly."

Mr. Sharpigh was impressed somehow with the idea that this very man was just the man for that kind of business, when his visitor proceeded:

"Here are two bracelets. The stones in one are genuine diamonds; in the other they are paste. The genuine bracelet was made expressly for me as a wedding present for my wife. I found it yesterday in a pawn-broker's window on Clark street. The other bracelet—this with the paste gems—I found last night in my wife's jewel box."

Twinkleton paused and Sharpigh's nose went up into the air as though he sniffed mystery from afar.

"What do you make of the circumstance?" asked Twinkleton, rather anxiously.

"Pardon me," responded the detective cautiously. "What do you infer from it?"

"I thought at first when I saw the diamonds in the shop window," replied Twinkleton, with a suspicion of a sigh, "that Gertrude—this is, my wife—had had a sudden demand for money and had pledged the bracelet. But there was really no need—"

Twinkleton paused again and Sharpigh felt called upon to suggest:

"No occasion for her raising it in that way. I see. Well?"

"Well, hang it, was the response, in angry, surging tones, "that genuine bracelet was sold to the pawnbroker about a month ago by Alfred Selkirk. Selkirk is an acquaintance of my wife; moves in her set; his sister is a friend of my wife. What does it mean? Paste diamonds in my wife's jewel case and the wedding present in a pawnbroker's shop. Hang it, man, cannot you suggest something, instead of sitting all eyes and ears?"

Sharpigh smiled at this outbreak. He knew what was the matter, and he watched Mr. Twinkleton mop his forehead excitedly with some degree of pleasure. If there is anything that Sharpigh delights in it is the unravelment of domestic complications whose avenues lead to the divorce court. But the detective is wily withal in his business.

"It is a very suspicious circumstance" he said slowly. "You have no reason to suspect—"

"Confound it, sir!" broke in the excited man, "this thing has come upon me like a thunderclap. I thought and knew nothing. We were evidently made for each other. Could n't be anybody happier. But, by ——, sir, if there is exchange of bracelets in this strange manner, what else may there not be? Probe this mystery, sir, at whatever cost. Don't spare money and do n't spare my feelings. Prove her innocence or prove her—"

Twinkleton broke down with something like a groan. The detective waited a few moments before saying, much to Twinkleton's dismay, that the case looked simple enough.

"I will be plain with you," he said. "I believe in being plain in such cases, for it saves future trouble and heartburn. For some reason or other Selkirk possesses the confidence of your wife. He has been in financial trouble and she has loaned him the genuine bracelet to help him out. The other one was manufactured so as to keep your mind easy in case anything should be said about the bracelet at any time. Besides, she might want to wear it before the genuine article could be returned. It is a simple case, sir."

"Simple!" groaned Twinkleton. "Yes, it is simple! Well, what's to be done?"

"That depends upon yourself. If you contemplate divorce—"

Twinkleton groaned again and pulled his moustache nervously.

"If you contemplate divorce you had better watch for further developments. Don't show that you suspect, but the genuine bracelet back in the jewel case, I will take care of the other. Half the battle is fought when we know the name of the man in the case. I will pull the thing through in no time."

Half regretting his visit and yet fully determined to be revenged on the destroyer of his happiness, Twinkleton drew out a check for a godly sum and told the detestive to go ahead.

"Spare her as much as you can," was the injunction, "but drag him through fire and brimstone if necessary."

Contrary to promise, Twinkleton was not at home at his usual hour that night. He dined at the club. To his wife he offered no explanation, nor did she ask any. But the shadow of distrust spread over them like a pall. Mr. Twinkleton could not account for the change. All his efforts at conciliation were coldly repulsed. Innocent of wrong-doing on her part, she fretted and moaned in her chamber, hoping for something to occur to lighten the gloom, while Twinkleton, inwardly fuming at the supposed desolation of his home, sought relief in business activity and the questionable comforts of his club.

Detective Sharpigh did not find the case as simple as he anticipated. Alfred Selkirk was easily found, but he soon proved that he had nothing to do with the sale of the diamond bracelet. Another man had given his name to the pawnbroker, and though the latter furnished a description of the seller it did not fit anybody in particular. Moreover, the most minute espionage failed to connect young Selkirk and Mrs. Twinkleton in any dishonorable way. Sharpigh used all the peculiar resources at his command to establish the theory he had formed, but do what he would there was nothing on which even a faint suspicion of wrongdoing could be based.

In very desperation Sarpigh, who was called upon daily for corroborating circumstances by the jealous husband, turned his attention to Selkirk's sister. He scarce knew what he expected to gain in that quarter, but the woman had been mentioned as the bosom friend of Mrs. Twinkleton, and he thought to consume time if nothing else while some other theory formulated in his tortuous brain. As luck would have it, Miss Selkirk's maid was an acquaintance of one of his operatives. This young man was bright and inquisitive and had a natural talent for investigation where scandal was involved. About the first thing Sharpigh's operative did was to give her an inkling of the matter in hand.

"Diamonds changed!" she exclaimed. "Why, that is nothing. It is done in a great many aristocratic families. A number of persons who are supposed to sparkle with gems really wear paste, while the genuine jewels are taken care of by a safety deposit company. Miss Selkirk has a full set of paste gems to match her diamonds."

"Indeed!" remarked Sharpigh's young man.

"Yes, indeed, and I shouldn't wonder if Mrs. Twinkleton had adopted the custom. Men are such fools, you know, and jump to wrong conclusions.

This point was quickly conveyed to Sharpigh, who pretended that he knew of it all the time, so that the operative might not get too big an opinion of his work. Inquiries soon disclosed that all Miss Selkirk's gems did not repose in deposit vaults. Several of them had found their way to the very pawnbroker's shop where Mrs. Twinkleton's genuine bracelet had been discovered. "And come to think of it," was the pawnbroker's comment on this strange coincidence, "the man who sold or pledged Miss Selkirk's jewelry, and who had used the name of Alfred Selkirk, when he disposed of the diamond bracelet, was the one and the same fellow."

"Why, I'm shrewder than I thought I was," Sharpigh congratulated himself on learning this fact. "I will have the mystery solved in no time now."

For once the detective was right. He called upon Miss Selkirk and wormed rather an ugly secret out of her—a secret that had a remarkable bearing upon the domestic peace of his client. But Sharpigh, who delights in discretion, took his own method of acquainting Mr. Twinkleton with the final outcome of his investigation. He sent for him to come to the agency, and as soon as the unhappy man had presented himself in the private office began

"Mr. Twinkleton, I am sorry to say that I can furnish you no evidence which will be of use in a divorce suit. The facts as I have discovered them do not warrant such an action. I am sorry to say that I shall have to lay positive proof of your wife's innocence before you."

"Sorry!" roared Twinkleton. "Sorry, did you say? Why, you blamed fool, I'll give you a thousand dollars extra if you prove her innocence."

"Why, don't you want a divorce?" asked Sharpigh, in amazement.

"Divorce! No! Not from an innocent woman. I wanted the mystery cleared up. If the collusion proved guilt, that was another thing. But go on with your story. I feel better than I have felt for weeks."

"The story is briefly told," continued Sharpigh. "Alfred Selkirk was not the man who sold the bracelet. Neither is there the slightest evidence to show that he is other than a friendly acquaintance of your wife."

"Thank God for that!" ejaculated Twinkleton, fervently.

Miss Selkirk has a lover unknown to her family, a member of the gambling fraternity, who has runs of ill luck, when he has no hesitation in accepting assistance from his sweetheart. His bad runs have been frequent of late, and the fellow has taught her the trick of having her jewels imitated and allowing him to pledge the genuine diamonds to help him out of his difficulties. After she had given him all her jewels, she started to play a confidence game on your wife. She borrowed the bracelet and had an imitation one made, which your wife received at her hands as the genuine article, your wedding gift. The original found its way to the pawnshop. The evidence is complete, and the fate of Miss Selkirk and her accomplice rests in your hands."

"Is this true, Sharpigh?" said Twinkleton, suspiciously.

"As true as gospel; I have the woman's written confession."

"Hurrah!" cried Twinkleton, excitedly. "D— the girl and her lover. I am a happier than I have been for many a day. Make out your bill, and put $1,000 on top of it. And, mind, not a hint anywhere. Close all the cracks and crannies. I was lucky not to speak my mind to Gertrude, God bless her! How to make amends for unjust suspicion is what bothers me now."

"But, about the culprits?" pressed Sharpigh.

"Let them go hang themselves if they like. I want nothing more to do with the affair. There has been suffering enough on my part and on the part of that wronged woman at home to expiate a dozen crimes. Let them alone."

What happened at the Twinkleton household that night has never been told. But "making amends" had not been so difficult after all. The servants noticed a radical change in the morning. Husband and wife had taken on the old looks of peace and joy, and their voices rang with mutual confidence again. Old friends come and go now as they did before the estrangement, and McGinness, the bachelor, chuckles over his diagnosis of the trouble as an ordinary connubial tiff, which has to occur before newly married people settle down to a proper understanding of each other. But Mary, the housemaid, is the only one who has rightly explained this sudden return to happiness:

"The green-eyed monster," she said to the cook with the coachman, "has been excorciated and two cruelly separated hearts now beat as one drum again. It's always the way. True love conquers in the end."

At which Mary Ann, the cook, looked plaintively at Giles, the coachman, and said:

"I hope it to be true, indeed!"—Chicago Chronicle.

Over-burdened Women.

Many a man sees his wife bend and tug at burdens that strain the back and the heart alike, without any idea of the outrage. Children follow in too quick succession to allow the mother time to recuperate. The womanly organs become displaced, there are debilitating, disagreeable drains, with the added pain of inflamed or ulcerated parts. In this condition the woman bravely tries to carry her household load, afraid to take the rest she needs lest a meal will be late. No wonder she is pale, weak, wretched, surly of temper and snappish of tongue. She would be false to nature if she were anything else. No persons need help so much as the class of whom this woman is the type. And for such women no help is so sure, so wonderful, as that given by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It restores all the womanly organs to perfect health. It establishes regularity in their functions. It restores the strained and shattered nervous system. It clears up the complexion, rounds out the form and makes life a daily happiness. "Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol or whisky. It is the best medicine for women. Nothing can be "just as good" as the best. Tell the dealer so if he offers a substitute.

"I have long thought it my duty to write you a few lines to let you know what your 'Favorite Prescription' has done for me" writes Mrs. Euphemia Falconer, of Trent, Muskegon Co., Mich. "I am twenty-seven years old; have been married ten years. I am the mother of four children. My first two babies were still-born, and I suffered every thing but death. My friends all thought I could never recover. I was reduced to 100 pounds. When I was three months along for my third child I was taken with hemorrhage or flooding and came near having a miscarriage from female weakness. For two months I was under the care of our doctor, but was getting weaker all the time until one day I happened to come across one of your little books and I read it through, and the next day I sent and got three bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of 'Pellets.' I improved so fast I continued to take your medicine until baby was born, and he is healthy and all right. He is four years old; My baby girl is two years old. My health has been good ever since. I now weigh 165 pounds."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets increase the efficiency of "Favorite Prescription" where a laxative is required.

Embarrassing.

"You know in our country," said the eminent Chinaman, "it is considered the height of courtesy to present a man with a burial casket."

"Yes," answered the young emperor, "but these relations of mine are becoming altogether too polite."—Washington Star.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

The Great 4-Cent Store

Insurance Fire Sale

—OF—

Basement and Depot Stock

Only small lots of these left, so can't promise them for entire sale.

Basting Spoons
Tinned, all lengths up to 16 inch, were 4 cents. Fire Sale
1 cent

Coal Hods
Japanned, 19c and 24c sizes, only slightly scratched,
9 cents

Hotel Cuspidores
3 pieces heavy nickel-plate, were $1.49. During sale
49 cents

Tea Kettles
Waguer Hollow Ware No. 7 or 8, were $1.34. During Fire Sale
74 cents

Dinner Pail
No 1 size, they're badly smoked, were 19c. Fire Sale
5 cents

Enamel Lip Sauce Pan
No. 16 size, were 16 cents. During the Fire Sale
9 cents

Slop Pail
Enameled 10-qt. size, were 50 cents. Nothing the matter with these.
25 cents

Enameled Milk Pan
Four and five-quart sizes, were 14c and 16c. During sale
8 cents

Glass Tea Set
With pressed gold decoration, at depot during fire, worth $1.24. During sale **89 cents**

Cups and Saucers
White Ware, coffee size, were 7 cents. During sale
4 cents

Handkerchiefs
Depot stock, all kinds and styles, worth 10 cts. Sale price
4 cents

Tin Sauce Pan
Best retinned, No. 22 size, were 14 cents. Sale price
7 cents

225 Lackawanna Avenue.

SOME CHINESE COSTUMES.

How John Keeps Cool in Summer and Warm in Winter.

From the Baltimore Sun.

A singular thing about a Chinaman is that, so far as outside appearances go, he dresses himself exactly alike, both winter and summer.

He appears neither more bulky nor thinner as the seasons go by, and the style, cut and texture of his raiment, unless searching investigations are made, seem unchanged. However, as the winter weather comes on, the snow begins to fall, and the chill winds to whistle through the cracks in his laundry, or other place of business, he does make certain changes in his wearing apparel, which, while they do not show up on the outside, have the required effect of keeping him warm and comfortable.

In the summer time the Chinaman wears as few clothes as permitted by custom. The wide, flowing silk coat, with balloon sleeves, equally wide jeans, and a glimpse of white stocking in the shoe, are all he thinks it necessary to wear. Other articles are regarded as superfluous.

At this time of the year such a Chinaman has concealed beneath this same silk coat and jeans a variety of things designed to keep him warm. During cold weather the un-Americanized Chinaman wears at least six or seven coats. When he rises early on a cold winter's morning the first thing he reaches for, as a rule, is a silk or worsted coat, which he dons, tight-fitting to the skin. Then he hastily gets into a worsted blouse, made in the shape of the usual outside garment of the Chinese, and then has two or three silk coats to put on, which are followed by a closely knit muslin coat, another silk coat, and the top coat, or blouse. This last is so made that no suggestion is given of the others underneath. It never bulges, and no flag or edge of the undercoats shows. His jeans are put on next, underneath which he wears a closer-fitting pair of silk jeans. It particularly chilly, he wears extra pairs of the silk jeans. The outside jeans are made out of heavy muslin, as is also at times the winter top coat.

Concerning his stockings and his feet, the Chinaman who still adheres to his native customs in wearing clothes has trouble. According to the statement of Wong Wing, an intelligent Chinaman living at 1611 Riggs avenue, no Chinaman who still professes the religion of his forefathers is permitted to wear shoes or boots closed over the ankle, unless he is a priest. Consequently in winter the only protection for his feet that the Chinaman has is heavy stockings and having very thick cork and worsted soles put on his shoes. The stockings of the Chinaman are not bought in this country, but come from China by way of San Francisco, and are not a common garment. One difference between them and the American stocking is that they are neither so short as that of the ordinary citizen nor as long as that of the schoolboy. The top reaches just below the knee, and the stockings are made of a peculiar kind of worsted, very finely knitted and very warm. This completes the winter garb of the Chinaman, which he affirms keeps him as warm as he wants to be.

Many of the top coats worn by them are wadded all over on the inside with cotton, in almost the same way as a foot ball player pads his trousers. A Chinaman will frequently start the day with all his coats on and feeling cold. As the day gets warmer and the temperature of the laundry rises he will begin to shed coats until he has on only two or three. As a rule he is very imprudent in regard to his health, and rarely gets through a winter without contracting a bad cold through carelessness in going out without all his coats on or taking too many off to get cool. There is art in regulating the number to take off or put on at certain temperatures.

Very few Chinamen wear anything like a collar about their necks, as the various coats fit so closely to the neck that the wind cannot get down their backs. Gloves are another article that are not worn except in rare cases, as the voluminous sleeves form the best kind of muff for the hands and keep them much warmer than mittens or gloves. There are some Chinamen who wear in the winter time regular suits of flannel underwear instead of the silk or worsted shirt, which hangs considerably below the waist. The Chinaman does not wear suspenders, but keeps his jeans up by means of a Chinese belt made out of silk, heavily braided.

A Chinaman has one style of hat—a black soft felt hat—which meets all his requirements. Wong Wing says that it is considered "too sassy" for a Chinaman to wear a white or brown hat, and says he knows only two in Baltimore who ever wear a hat that is not black.

The colors of the coats and various garments of the Chinaman are more usually purple than anything else, because it is his natural favorite. Outside of his own person, however, he prefers red to any other color. He drapes his washstands, his iron boards and his entire room with red cloth. All his tapestries are red, and the sign with which he announces his name and business is red. Red is the religious color of the Chinese, and the presence of red in a laundry always denotes that the proprietor has not yet been Christianized, while the lack of this color is said to be clear proof that he has accepted the religion of this country and cast aside his own.

White is worn as a sign of mourning. The Chinaman in this country has of recent years taken to wearing his cue curled about his head instead of hanging as before, which is a mark of respect to American customs. Nearly all their clothes are imported from China.

THE JURY SYSTEM.

Some Familiar, but True, Comments Are Merely Repeated.

Law Notes.

Trial by jury is said to be one of the noblest institutions of the common law, but we do not think that the judges and lawyers of former days would ever have tolerated such a jury system as exists today in our populous cities. The scandalous condition of affairs that has been recently unearthed in Chicago, where bribery of jurors has been conducted by the wholesale, has turned the eyes of all members of the profession to the criminal prosecutions which are now in progress in that city. Difficulty in securing intelligent and impartial jurors exists elsewhere, however, than in that city. In all large cities there are men who are always in evidence on election days, and when a jury is to be secured, and who on such occasions emerge from their holes like angle-worms on a moist spring day.

These men are in close touch with the ward heelers and the subordinate court functionaries, and are ready and willing to collect political debts, and anxious to serve as jurors for a consideration. And it is to such men that too frequently our lives, our liberty and our property rights are intrusted. The individuals engaged in "the pursuit of happiness" and money, commonly called "prominent business men," will not serve as jurors. They have not time to do so; and besides, they are opposed to capital punishment; they would not convict a man of crime on circumstantial evidence, they have prejudices against corporations, they have formed and expressed an opinion, and sometimes they have been known to be sick. Is it surprising that a jury of "good and lawful men" is rarely obtainable?

I have been a sufferer from chronic diarrhoea ever since the war and have used all kinds of medicines for it. At last I found one remedy that has been a success as a cure, and that is Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.—P. E. Grisham, Gaars Mills, La. For sale by all druggists. Matthew Bros., wholesale and retail agents.