## A Romance of the Clear Spring.

## Submitted in The Tribune's Short Story Contest.

1.-AT DESMOND'S HOME.

FAIRER spot is recorded than that in the vicinity the Killarney Lakes and here Thomas Desmond dwelled with his beautiful daughter, Nellie. Fortune had great regards for Tom, with the exception of robbing him of his treasure, when Mary, his wife, breathed her last,

At college he excelled in all his studies and surpassed all of the royal at-tendants, but always with such humility and cheerfulness that he gained the love of all and classed Lord Ashleigh among his staunchest friends. This friendship was so enduring that after an elapse of twenty-five years Lord Ashleigh visited the noble Desmond, after many earnest solicitations. Many others secured invitations to spend the summer at Fairy Dell, a suitable name for Tom's home, among the number who accepted the mandate were Sir George Willis, Jack Grey, Lord Ashleigh and Joseph Neville.

There were several others present. but since those are the chief ones concerned, we will limit the names of the guests. While the dinner is being consumed, perhaps I had better introduce those whom I have mentioned. There at the head of a massive table Thomas Desmond is fulfilling the duties of an He is a stalwart and gallant man of some forty or fifty years; in his open countenance are portrayed the virtues of hospitality, kindness,

charity and cheerfulness.

By his right side sits Lord Ashleigh, a man of some forty years, which have endeared him to all with whom he chanced to east his lot; he was blessed by the paupers and praised by the wealthy. On the opposite side Sir George Willis reposes beneath the glare of a brilliant chandelier, which fitfully tossed its light on his head and countenance. His face is handsome and pleasant, but when he directs his gaze upon us there is a cruel look in his eye that impresses us that he is a hard, unprincipled man. And such is the case, for if fair means fail Sir George would resort to foul.

By Lord Ashleigh's side Joseph Neville sat. He is a youth of twenty summers, that have reflected their sunshine and gladness into his nature and soul. His dark, curling hair was a decided contrast to the alabaster brow and crimson cheek which he possessed, while his grand physique and manly bearing instantly won the hearts of all those who are lovers of honesty, truth and gentleness. Opposite him sits Jack Grey, a youth of the same age and stature as Joseph. He has light hair, winning ways, and is an altogether first-class fellow, with but one fault to mar his future. And what is that' you may ask. I regretfully answerintemperance, which drags him to the level of a brute when it fixes its

As the meal has been completed and the gentlemen take themselves to the garden to enjoy the fragrance of their weeds, we will take our leave of the

Joseph Neville was delighted with the disgulses both now wore. the scenery and strayed aimlessly about the boundless gardens; at last. an arbor and in a short time his host's daughter enters, but hastily beats a tereat, until Joseph reveals his identity. Then she engages in conversation which causes the little god, love, to tighten the strings about both hearts. The candor and sincerity with which he illustrates his views win her heart more and more, but she deftly conceals her feelings.

Little did be suspect the thrust that darted through her heart when he announced his intention of going to America. Bidding "Good night," each pursued their respective paths, Nellie entering her home. Joseph linger-Musing aloud, ing on the veranda. he disclosed the secrets he so jealously guarded and there was one lurking near by who heard all. Sie George hated the handsome Neville and planned his destruction.

### H.-THE PLAN.

Muttering to himself. gained Grey's side, invited him to a tavern in the vicinity. Both partook freely and on the return decided to pursue the following course: Grey was to enter the smoking room of their return and remain concealed till Desmond would enter, then he was to rid his revolver of its contents and in the confusion that would ensue he was to escape from the room. In the meantime, Sir George was to

inform Neville that his presence was desired in the smoking room. peating the message to Desmond, he was to detain him till sure that Neville was present: but, entering the garden they overheard Neville telling a servant to inform the host that he would be pleased to have him join him in the smoking room. Jack turned into a side path and

gained his destination in time to see Sir George and Neville briskly walking up the gravel walk. Fearing to detain the victim of their plot lest Desmond sould enter before Neville, Sir George excused himself, stating that he must communicate with his friends, as they might believe him Neville entered the smoking room and prepaned the speech that was to unite or sever his connection with Nellie Desmond. He did not ob his host entering, but turned through the house. Desmond threw his hands above his head and sunk to the floor unconscious.

The shricks of the stamping of feet called him to his senses, and realizing his strange position he ran to the spot picked up smoking revolver that lay near the prostrate body. Then he bent over the still body of his unfortunate host. "Selze" the murderer," was the cry that resounded through the room. The cry was obeyed. Joseph Neville was led to prison, his wrists bound with

### THE ESCAPE.

Three weeks later the trial was held and as all evidence pointed to convic-tion the jury concluded that the prisoner at the bar was guilty and should he hanged by the neck till dead. The evidence was certainly convincing. The servant who delivered the message to Thomas Desmond stated the prisoner's request; the deceased and the accused were alone in the room and the most evident proof was the posture in most evident proof was discovered, revolver in which he was discovered, revolver in the deceased. It band, bending over the deceased. It was supposed that the departed soul

thing—gossip announced it as a strug-gle for Nellie Desmond's hand.

Joseph was led back to prison where he craved the God of Mercy and Justice to establish his innocence and wreak vengeance on the wretch who perpetrated this double murder.

The last week of his imprisonment vas fleeing fast and still no evidence to prove him innocent. Surely God will not permit this to be consumated, is his thought. Did Nellie believe him the cause of her wretchedness? This hought surged uppermost in his mind. Day by day he looked forward to reedom until it became a question of iours and not days; in order to render escape impossible an extra guard had been placed on duty. This newcomer was not well acquainted with his station and he was subject to the order

The morning that was to seal Joseph's fate was lazily opening her azure orbs when a woman with a long black cloak sank exhausted on the prison steps. On her arm was a small basket containing several delicious apples, but these were laid aside as the guard appeared. She appealed to of her golden hair is in creased. him in the name of heaven to bring her glass of water.

of the head guard. Such items found

their way into the newspapers which

were rife with accounts of the tragic

The guard, a good-natured fellow, nastened on his mission of mercy, and soon returned; when she had taken sufficient she thanked him, and in return for his kindness gave him two large apples from her basket. Having onsumed the tempting fruit his weary lead dropped on his downy cot for the fair adventuress had administered a drug, which, thoung not injurious,produced a heavy stupor on the consumer. Seeing the desired effect the stranger gains possession of the keys and casting aside the dark cloak stands

pefore us, a full-fledged guard. Commencing a heavy tread along the orridor the new guard meets his mate famous work is completed a gallant who, thanks to a shadow, is unable to detect the change) and bids him seek his needed rest till 8 a. m. When the passage is cleared, the new guard stands before Joseph's cell and, after uttering some low words, leaves the orridor for an instant and returns with a bundle, which he passes to Jo-

At 2 a. m., as was customary, the lights were extinguished. Fifteen minutes later the heavy clang of the door is heard and the prison apparently sleeps. But from out its silent shadows two forms walk briskly, one a great bearded man and the other the lady previously recorded. When a considerable distance had been traversed the stranger discloses her identity, and there before him is the pride and joy of his life-Nellie Desmond.

She hastily relates all that has transpired since that dreadful night, briefly telling him of the malady that confined her to her room. She concluded by stating that on hearing of his plight she determined to rescue him from the jaws of death. By the aid of Mary, her maid, she was enabled to secure

Both now poured forth the secrets from the innermost recesses of their hearts then yows too sacred for pry ing ears were registered before Heaven Joe sealed her cherry lips with a kiss and thus they parted. Back to a life of longing she goes and, seeking her kneels to offer thanksgiving to the Father who protected her during that trying scene. Consecrating her work to Heaven, she goes to obtain the rest so necessary to her.

Next morning she appeared at break ast, but artfully concealed her agitation when the subject is introduced. While the search was being conducted Nellie played her part well, and frequently was cheered by a letter from her friend, Jessie Shannon (her lover's assumed name).

III.-IN THE HEART OF THE

CLEAR SPRING. The miners of the Clear Spring were preparing to demand better wages, under the leadership of a certain Joe Blaine, and, after many meetings, bloodshed was averted by his infludiscussed and established. The colliery whistle once more rents the air with ts piereing sound, and the men return to labor, blessing the God who sent

this hero to them. The impoverished condition of the poor families causes the young man's neart to ache. What a comfort and onsolation to his weary heart to see

the men return to duty! The labors of the first day were nearcompletion and Joseph Blaine walked slowly to the head of the Here he remained for some plane. time in a thoughtful mood, gazing into the darksome areas before him, loud report resounded through the cavernous deep and recalled Joe from his reverie. Several men gathered fround him as he hastily returns informing him that a mate was wounded by a fall of black rock and incessantly

Joe was accustomed to such sights. o he unhesitatingly entered the chamber and there prostrate on a number of coats lay a mutilated body. Look carefully, reader, do you recognize that countenance? No? Yet strange to say we were once acquainted with him.

"Come nearer, Blaine-before I go-I must straighten-affairs with you. God-this pain is-killing me! Long igo-we visited the home-of Thomas Desmond-during our stay-he wasbrutally murdered." Here the speaker paused and tried to turn on his side but the pains he endured prevented continued: "You were-convicted of the crime-and by some-unseen power-you were-liberated. How can I tell the rest? Sir George -went to the tavern and left it in no

proper condition. We planned that you were to enter the smoking room-where I lay-concealed; then I was to-shoot him down -and escape-so as to have you convicted. Afterward Sir George-seemed to fear-his tool-and having-no furher use of my service-he denounced me-and hastened to repeat the threat. How I suffered for that-crime no tongue-can tell. The sin was greater the punishment was greater. may return-denounce Sir George-as the instigator of-Desmond's death and have—these people—as witnesses to-

my statement. "I crave thy forgiveness-and treat you-to-send a priest-to comeat once.

Joe had knett speechless all this time. The surprise was great, but he an-

## **ROYAL HEIR TO JAPAN THRONE**

SPECIAL CAUSE OF REJOICING OVER THIS GRANDCHILD.

First Child in Three Hundred Years Not the Offspring of a Handmaid in the Mikado's Palace-Missionaries Pleased, Too.

"May God Almighty forgive you,

A priest was summoned, and after his departure the spirit soul of Jack

irey winged its flight to Heaven. You may be surprised that both came to the coal mines, but the Divine

Providence is all-wise in its designs.

IV.-THE RETURN.

Our hero, Joseph Neville, alias

Blaine," took passage on the Lloyd

and arrived on the verdant shores of

'dear ould Ireland" just one week

after the event last recorded. Proceeds

ing to the home of Nellie Desmond, or,

rather, that which she vacated shortly

after her sad bereavement, he was in-

formed that she resided in the cottage

by the lake. Thither he directed his

As he passed an arbor laden with

oses he paused to note the tranquility

that hovered about and compared this

calm with the conflict in his heart, but his attention is arrested by the

muttering of one, unseen. He pulled

back and espied Nellie standing list-lessly gazing into the placid area be-

fore her. She has not changed much

since last we parted, except that her

She directed her steps toward the arbor, but is detained by a voice from

"Did you consider my proposal, Miss

"Sir George, you well know the ar

Though your wealth is enormou

and my poverty great, my answer is still—no. There is one to whom I

have given my heart, and if he were

present you would not insult me thus."

Passionate ever, Sir George drew his

evolver, but the dauntless Nellie

sneered at this display of cowardice

and continued her walk. The wretch

took deliberate aim, but ere his in-

form appears and fells him to the

intertwined, and Joseph, kissing his loved one, exclaims, "Darling, you

shall not be subjected to insults now."

Sir George arises and angrily flushes, "Release that lady, you mur-

derer," but others attracted by the

confusion, hear the remark and fol-

lowing Joseph's instructions bind Sir

He is led to prison and confined in

he cell previously occupied by Joseph.

V.-HAPPINESS.

The following morning the jury de-

ermined to try the case, but evidence

covered, with a gash from one ex-tremity of the throat to the other.

Joseph and Nellie are made man and

wife, while the chimes ring out good

of their friends, they bid the

tidings to man. Taking a hearty fare-

dear old isle good-bye. But Kittle re-

fuses to be left behind, so the three

embark for America. Joseph still re-

tains his position as leader of the miners, and happiness is a steady

WORTHLESS SURVEYS.

Inaccuracy of Spanish Records Leav-

es Much for Americans to Do.

no transfer on a large scale has ever

been made in modern times of land

about which so little is known by

either the old or the new owner as in

the case of the Philippine islands,

logical, climatical, agricultural, min-

ing, etc., many of which were made

with the appearance of elaborate

painstaking as to facts. These records

present many a rosy picture to the

new arrival. Clear, explicit, frequent-

ly accompanied by elaborate drawings,

he feels he has but to follow to success

a track made clear by his predecessors

few months, and the illusion is dis-

pelled; he has learned to distrust all

information derived from Spanish

To illustrate the Spaniard's lack of

accuracy may be city the case of the

Manila and Dagupan railroad, some 120

miles long the only railroad on the

islands. The Spanish government had

the line surveyed by its own engineers.

Elaborate charts were prepared, show-

ing all details-route, grades, fillings,

borings for bridge foundations, etc.

English capital became interested, a

rigid contract was entered into, and

It was discovered in many cases that

the engineers reporting the survey had

never been upon the ground-that the

road as laid out was impracticable.

Marshes and oulcksands were found

ground, and dense jungles existed on

never trod. Even rivers were there,

of whose existence the engineers were

gnorant. The English company was

obliged to expend largely in excess of

the estimated amount, and had to face

many grave engineering problems the

while surveying the route from their

The American Woman.

A German writer says of our country.

omen, in a current magazine article

The American women is clever and

ngenious and witty: she is brilliant

and lively and strong; she is charming

us and amiable and resolute; she is

nergetic and practical, and yet ideal-

stic and enthusiastic-indeed, what is

Well, she is not crushed by a sense

f masculine superiority, as in Ger-

nany, where she must step off the

sidewalk into the gutter, so that the

man may pass dry-shod, and where

he courts have just decided that her

nusband may keep her under lock and

key if he so chooses. She is not, as in

France, kept secluded like a nun while

unmarried and afterward compelled to

bear the man's responsibilities as well

as her own. She is not, as in England,

held as the natural inferior and slave

of her brothers, especially of the old-

est one, who inherits all the family

and confined as to opportunity, as in

pretty nearly every nation under the

oun save in her own; and she is thus

permitted to develop into what God

intended her to be—the sweetest thi**ng** 

wealth.

in creation!

Finally, she is not cribbed

and beautiful and noble; she is gener

comfortable office in Manila,

rom the St. Paul Pioneer Press

he work was begun.

Spain, indeed, left many records, geo

com the Engineering Magazine

boarder at the Neville homestead.

unnecessary, for the body is dis-

The lovers stand with arms

within and Sir George appears.

swer I have for you."
"Is it favorable?"

Nellie?"

still-no.

form is more perfect and the sheen

I fully and freely do."

itsu Ingaki Sugimoto in Chicago Record-Herald. The part the brave little Japanese took in the recent war with China, and their present uncertain position in regard to Russia, have lately brought hem very much to the front, but another matter of different character from war or diplomacy is just now agitating the Land of the Rising Sun. This is no less an event than the birth of a grandchild to the mikado.

In the child-loving land of Japan, where all children are welcomed with rejoicing, the birth of an heir to the throne would under any circumstances fill the hearts of the people with joy, but when a current belief exists that he emperor is of divine origin and his mission is a sacred trust handed down from father to son for almost 3,000 years, there is added a personal interest which separates this nation

from all others of the world. In the Kwan Po, the court bulletin, which appears every morning, and is distributed among the nobles, the announcement of the birth was couched in the most formal and figurative language, with poetic allusions to pine tree branches, flying storks, temple priestesses and other references to ancint customs which to foreign ears seem to sound very mysterious and interesting.

There is a prevailing belief that the white storks which nest in the branches of the pines in the palace grounds never use the three topmost imbs when a girl is to be born; they build there only in honor of a boy After the birth of a baby they rise and with widespread wings fly far into the blue sky, carrying the mes-sage to all Japan. This belief originated the belief for decorative purposes of the flying stork on articles intended for New York or other congratulatory

To-day every house in Japan is decorated with two Japanese flags crossed above a white lantern which bears the motto, "Long life to the mikado." Scarlet and white tassels of congratulation are swinging at every gateway, and all cities, towns and villages are holding public meetings where, again and again, the toasts are proposed of "Yenno Heika Ban-zai!" 'Nippo Yeiko-ku Ban-zai!" (long live the mikado! long life to the land of the rising sun!)

Always the response is enthusiastic and prolonged shouts of "Ban-zai!" which means "ten thousand years of prosperity to the mikado.

All schools are closed and thes treets thronged with happy-faced children in holiday attire, and clattering clogs and tinkling hair-pins forming an accompaniment to the weird notes of 'Kimigayo," with which the whole land is resouding.

"Kimigayo" is the national song of Japan. It is a quaint, minor melody, the words of which were gathered with other troubadour songs and put into good form by the mikado who lived about one thousand years ago. It is sung at the present time with prince is the first child born an empress for many generations.

MISSIONARIES ARE GLAD. Not only the Japanese rejoice over his. The missionaries, ever since the narriage last May of Crown Prince Haru and the Princess Sodako, have

been offering up earnest prayers, and in the heavenly reply many of them behold a promise of the final abolition of the handmaid system. This custom came into existence several hundred years ago for the purpose of averting a threatened national disaster. Probably nine-tenths of the Japanese even today have an unquestioning faith in the divine origin of the mikado, and sincerely be-

the power to reorganize, avoid this calamity the handmaid system was originated. In very ancient times the empresses generally had large families of children, but after the introduction of East Indian civilization the old-fashioned healthful simplicity of court life was lost and in succeeding generations the royal family was frequently so small that the danger of its becoming extinct became a serious consideration to the entire nation. On account of the almost universal faith in the peculiar importance of an unbroken mika-

do dynasty such a calamity would

most certainly have been disastrous and irremediable. At this time a rule was made, which gradually came into practice, that should an empress be childless she might, with the aid of certain court where the drawings indicated solid officials, select maidens (usually from one to three in number) from certain noble families equal or nearly equal in the route where the foot of man had rank to the one from which the empress is chosen. This choice is invariably made from one of the nine special families whose rank is next to royalty. Only the bluest of blue blood is allowed to mingle with the divine Spanish engineers had not dreamed of strain which flows in the veins of the

mikados. When children are born they belong entirely to the empress. She guides, instructs and cares for them with genuine love and pride. The real mother never has anything to do with the children, but she occupies a position of honor until the death of the mikado after which she retires to some quiet place, where she is always looked upon

is an honored widow. Nevertheless, the child of an empress orings especial happiness to the people, and this little one, the first for almost 300 years, is greeted all over the land with every token of joy and honor the people can show. And in the palace not only will the Japanese cereionies of welcome be observed, all foreign ones as well.

ANTIQUE PALACE CUSTOMS The ancient royal customs of the 'Great Mysterious Inside," as the mikado's palace is called, are little known by the outside world. For ages there was no more curiosity or wonder regarding the life of the imperial household than there is now among 'hristians as to the daily occupation of the angels in heaven. The sacredness was far beyond speculation.

But in very ancient times the mikado and his people were in close touch with each other, and the life at the 'castle on the hill" was very the much the same as the simple life of the people in the valley below. Many ancient poems and tales allude



## Individuality Of Dress.....

The poise of a man's hat, the cut of his beard or his attire. These all denote the individuality of the man.

## The "Atterbury" System of Tailoring

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# Samter Brothers

Leading Outfitters.

to the quaint ceremonics of those days, but to only a few very conservative families among the nobles are they familiar, and even to those the origin and significance of many of the most curious are lost. During those ages when an awesome reverence for the mikados kept them practically prisoners within the palace the rest of Japan was moving onward, but no change ever took place in the life or more heartiness than has echoed in its customs of the Holy City. Thus it is loyal words for many a day, for this that many ancient services, long ago forgotten by the people, are still ob served in the palace, just as they were over a thousand years ago.

### ARE STILL OBSERVED.

One very peculiar custom, never omitted on the occasion of a roya birth, is the throwing from the palace coof of the koshiki, an ancient wooden rice boiler. This ceremony dates back 2,600 years to the reign of Ugayafuklaezdu-no-Mikoto. All buildings of those days were very primitive, and tradition says when the emperor's son was born the roof proved insufficient to protect the empress and the imperial heir from the snow and rain. 'gayafuklaczdu-no-Mikoto took koshiki, which consists of several laylieve that were his line to perish the ers of thin wooden boxes, and overempire would at once dissolve into laying them, made a temporary covernethingness and the people lose foring. Afterwards hundles of rice straw or flax reeds were used in the same manner, and thus roof thatching came into use. In grateful memory of this invention, to signify that the koshiki is no longer of use it is thrown to the ground.

Another unchanging custom is that of sending a messenger, as soon as the babe is born, to Ise, the ancestral temple of the mikades. In ancient times this messenger was always the highest court lady, but recently a representative has taken her place. carries a box made of the beautiful white kiri wood. It has no decoration except the sixteen-leaved chrysanthe mum-the crest of the mikado-in gold, and is bound with a heavy silken cord having the long purple tassels which signify congratulation. Within is a letter, which, in the most formal and reverent words, announces the birth of the royal babe and offers grateful thanks to the "Mysterious" for yet another promise of the "everlasting glory of the mikado dynasty." This letter is presented, with much ceremony, to the priestess of the temple and is then read aloud in the most holy place. This custom has not once been neglected since the days of the the tenth mikado, 1,985 years ago, and since that time until now the priestess of ise temple has always been a sister of the mikado or one of the royal princesses.

The eighth day of the little prince's life will be set apart for the ceremony of hair cutting. Soft hair will be carefully kept until death, when it will be placed, with similar relics, small bag of silk and tied around the neck and buried with the body in a hitsugi filled with vermillion and charcoal.

The "prince name" is selected by cerain court officials after much consideration, and—should the customs of his ancestors be followed-the young prince will be given a name never before borne by anyone, but one chosen as appropriate to the present time He will be called by his name until he becomes mikado. His "tomb given after death, will be one name" especially characteristic of his life or

Numerous quaint and interesting eremonies will take place for several weeks to come, but the one to which the people of Tokio are looking forward with greatest interest is the celebration of the baby's first visit to the mikado and empress. Then the entire city will be alive with enthuiasm, and competition in decoration will run

The streets, from the palace of the crown prince to that of the mikado, will be a line of scarlet and white, made by hundreds of Japanese flags and swinging tassels. There will be immense hollow arches of woven bamboo, through the meshes of which are twined branches, flowers and vines arranged in artistic designs of birds and mottoes.

Crowds of faces-all reverentialwill fill the streets, but not one will be seen at a window or other elevation above the level of the carriage holding the royal babe. No Japanese was ever so disas to look downward on royalty, and the object of crowded mass of people packed close on both sides of the streets, is not to see, but to pay honor to their future sovereign.

Some country people will surely be there, who, with deepest bows, will murmur prayers as the procession passes, but no less respect is shown in the ardent shouts with which the air will ring of "Long live the mikado!" "Long live Japan!" Long live the descendants of the Fountain of

THE MIKADO LINEAGE.

No western prince need talk of blue blood in the presence of this Japanese His lineage may be traced in an unbroken line back about 3,000 years, through 122 royal ancestors, di-

Japanese historians say this goddess was an ancient queen, who ruled her small domain with great wisdom and became a mighty power throughout the entire land; but the people believe the traditions which ascribe to her divine origin and miraculous attributes.

To the sun goddess is dedicated Ise temple, and within its holy walls are kept the several treasures that form the scepter of power of the Japanese throne. These treasures-a sword, a crystal and a mirror of brilliant metal -it takes but little imagination for a western mind to recognize as ancient trophies from conquered invading armies, but to the Japanese they have the sacred significance of having been left by the sun goddess to her suc-For ages they have handed down from mikado to mikado as a general emblem of office, and should all go well, in two generations more, as the Japanese count time, will pass into the hands of the baby of to-The twentieth century day. dangers his ancestors have never had to face, but the terious," whose power has power has guided the island empire for 3,000 years, will not fail to place the seal of wisdom on this baby brow. Tenno Neika Ban-zai!

Nippon Teikoku Ban-zai! WAS CUT OUT FOR A CRITIC. Handy Man to Have About a News-

paper Office in an Emergency. The musical critic was unable to attend the pianoforte recital, but the handy man on the paper allowed that he could do the thing easy enough. And this is how he did it:

"Herr Diapson's recital last evening at Acoustic hall was the most recherthe event of the musical season. Herr Diapson is a master of cantilever, and both in his automobilia and in his tour de force he wrought wonders of tonic simulation. He was especially potent in his dolce far niente passages, and in his diminuendo crescendo appoggiatura he displayed a technological skill that was simply wonderful.

"There was also a marvelous musicianly abandon in the mute bars, the instrument in these parts of the score being forcefully impressive in silent fortissimo. But it was perhaps in andante cappriccioso that he excelled himself. Here he discovered a coloratura, a bravura and an ensemble that fairly electrified his audience.

"Herr Diapson, it is true, occasionally erred in an overponderosity of rutabaga, and again in a too lambent

New York Announcement.

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tious home or mansion. 3. Our prices are the lowest at which furniture of standard quality, and bearing the stamp of style and merit in its appearance, can be manufactured and sold.

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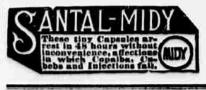
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lustspiel: but these lapses were hardly noticeable in his rendering of cantabilious intermezzo. The recital, upon the whole, was a marvelous exhibition of poca hontas instrumentation and incandescent cavatina."

Slug four, who takes lessons, said there was something wrong about it, although he couldn't say exactly what, and the managing editor, upon looking the critique over, was free to admit that it was all Greek to him; still he said that it seemed to read all right so far as he could discovery to contrary, and it was quite in the line of the regular critic's compositionmore luminous indeed, and he didn't see why it shouldn't be printed. It was lucky, he said, that they had so able an all-round writer on the staff. Boston Transcript.

Insomnia

is caused by a derangement of the nerves. Lichty's Celery Nerve Compound is an extract of celery combined with other efficacious medical ingredients resulting in a nerve medicine of rare virtue, and wonderful in its promp and soothing curative effects. make you sleep. Sold by Matthews