

### FATE.

Fair as the summer azure  
A timid violet blew  
Close to the fort's embrasure  
O'er which the hot shells flew.

'Neath battle-smoke and thunder  
The fort was quickly stilled,  
Its brave wall blown asunder,  
Its brave defenders killed.

Still on the fortress battered,  
Whose heroes lay entombed  
Beneath their banners tattered,  
The peaceful violet bloomed.

—R. K. Munkittrick in Collier's Weekly.

## A City Tragedy.

"My good friend, what shall I do with this?" inquired Stomp pathetically as he entered his room one day. "Here is a man who has to see me, and he cannot speak der words nor hear, and he haf der hand so hot he to write is not able."

Stomp was, evidently, in a state of some excitement, for his nervous energy was always in direct ratio to his inability to speak the Queen's English.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"More monkey dricks," said Stomp. "Pah! I with der human race disgusted am. I come home and my dinner expect, and I find dot, and he haf give me dis!"—saying which he flung a dirty scrap of paper across to me.

I unfolded it, and saw an erratic scrawl, evidently written with a blunt pencil, and so much smudged and smeared as to be illegible in parts. I managed to decipher painfully a few words.

"Kommen sie gleich! Folgen Sie. Sie haben mich gefangen. Bringen sie ein ander m— presirt. A. de B."

"Explain this drivel," said I, tossing the paper back.

"Ach, drifel you shall gall it, my so good friend! Dot is der language of der gods."

"Possibly," I answered. "It's Greek to me, anyway."

"The paper haf say," said Stomp solemnly: "Come at once. Follow (probably der bearer). They haf caught me. Bring another man with you. Urgent." And it is signed 'A. de B.' Dot is De Brenne, who haf been gone from England six months. I do not understand, but I haf think that rows there will be. This began is der servant of my friend. He was born mit drei senses only. You will come with me? Und on der way I will tell you der story of De Brenne."

"Yes; of course I'll come," said I. "I'm spoiling for a row."

"Dere shall be der very big rows," said Stomp.

All this time the deaf-and-dumb messenger sat motionless as a carved statue, watching our faces as we talked. I think that, in common with others afflicted as he was, he had the power of understanding our speech by the movement of our lips. At any rate, his face brightened when he saw Stomp making preparations to start, and sprang from his chair with a low guttural sound unlike anything I ever heard before. It gave me quite a shock, and, turning rapidly to the man, I saw that the hair on the back of his head was darkened and matted together. Stomp's eyes followed mine.

"Ya, I haf noticed," he said. "Dere will der first-glass rows. Haf you a revolver?"

I shook my head.

Stomp unlocked a case on the mantelpiece and handed me one, a long-barrelled 32 Smith & Wesson; the fellow to it he slipped in his pocket.

"They're not loaded," said I, snapping the breech to.

Stomp grinned. "I have der shells in my pocket. But der moral force is der safest; you might shoot me in der leg or der pinafore."

"You do make a fair target," I remarked, a little nettled, for I think something of myself as a revolver shot, and Stomp's waist measurement is a record.

He looked at the uncanny messenger, who, with another of his guttural sounds, nodded, and made swiftly for the door.

When we got outside Stomp hailed a four-wheeler, and glanced inquiringly at our guide. "Piccadilly?" he asked. The man grunted, and Stomp repeated the word to the driver.

"Now," said he, as the cab lumbered along, "I shall tell you der story. This De Brenne of whom I spoke, der writer of der note, is a great friend of mine. I haf known him many years. He is very rich man; his uncle haf left him all the money. There is also a cousin of De Brenne dot is named Silvestre; he haf der Borgtuest blood in der veins, and is also der nephew of der rich uncle.

"Silvestre he haf hated my friend because he haf der money, and he haf derse, twice, and again sworn dot he with him will be level. Once ders was a shooting accident, den ders was a fire. Oh! der cousin is a very clever man. I tell you! At der last he was so enterprising that De Brenne he came to me and say, 'Stomp, der atmosphere is not healthy. I think I will travel on der continent for a liddle while.' Dot was six months ago, and now they haf caught him, and dere shall be rows. Der cousin is a scoundrel. So, I haf said."

The cab rattled drearily along the wet, half-deserted streets, and finally pulled up at the entrance to a narrow little passage at the back of Berkeley square.

"So," said Stomp, "they have caught him in his own house."

The deaf-and-dumb messenger scrambled off the box and opened the door for us, and we followed him along the narrow pavement in the pouring rain. About fifty yards from where the cab was standing he stopped opposite a small door set into the wall, and motioned us to be quiet.

He opened the door noiselessly with

a small key, and we walked softly along a dark, narrow passage of considerable length. As far as I could make out we were entering one of the Berkeley square houses by a private entrance. I whispered as much to Stomp, who nodded in reply, at the same time holding up a warning finger not to speak.

Our guide, who was leading, stopped suddenly, and Stomp and I stumbled up against him in the darkness. Just ahead I could see a tiny spot of light, evidently a hole in the panelling, through which the interior of the brilliantly lit room beyond was visible.

Stomp applied his eye to this, and for a second or so the point of light was blotted from view; then he drew back his head with a jerk, and with a sudden hissing, indrawn breath.

"Ach! der villains!" he said, in a hoarse whisper; and, slipping his hand into his pocket, he handed me some shells. "Der play-acting business is over. Der rows shall be real rows."

And he snapped the breech of his revolver to with a vicious snap.

The panel slid noiselessly into its casing in the wall, and Stomp and I stepped into the room. I shall never forget the view that met my eye. It seemed as though I were dreaming, and had suddenly been wuffed back to medieval days; it was incredible that such a scene should be enacted here in the end of the nineteenth century, in a smart house in the very heart of a great city. Firmly lashed to an ordinary kitchen table sat a man whom I immediately recognized as De Brenne from Stomp's description. His head was bent forwards, and round his temples was a piece of thick cord twisted so tightly that it had cut into the flesh. A man behind him was increasing the pressure from time to time by turning a short piece of stick which was inserted in the cord, whilst two others were making preparations for even more ghastly and inhuman torture.

De Brenne's face was a putty color, and great beads of perspiration were streaming down it. On a small table in front of the group was what looked like a legal document, pens and ink, and a jug of cold water, which had evidently been used to revive De Brenne should he lose consciousness under the terrible ordeal.

The room was perfectly quiet, save for a low moan now and again from the victim as an extra twist or so made the pain unendurable. The three hands were so occupied with their brutal task that they did not notice our entrance.

"Will you sign?" asked the manipulator of the string in a low, pleasant voice.

A stifled moan was the only answer, which rose to a sharp wail as the stick was turned another half revolution.

Stomp raised his arm, paused for a second, and the man's arm dropped limp from the elbow downward. He gave a yelp of pain and surprise, which was echoed by his two companions, and clapped his other hand to the wound. The string relaxed and De Brenne's head dropped forward on his chest—he had fainted!

"Hands up!" shouted Stomp. One of the two uninjured men slipped his hand behind his coat-tails.

Crack! went the revolver again, and a small pocket-pistol dropped to the floor, whilst the fellow's hand was splashed with crimson drops.

It was wonderful shooting. I believe Stomp could have picked out the buttons on the man's waistcoat had he chosen.

"Now," said Stomp to me, "will you haf der goodness to take down der curtain-ropes and to tie up der hands of our friends therewith?"

This I did whilst Stomp still kept them covered with that ominous black-smudged barrel. After which he crossed the room and, throwing open the windows, waked the stillness of the night by requesting the presence of "a holiceman" in stentorian tones. Marvellous to relate, one came in less than five minutes, followed by three more whom he summoned.

Meanwhile I had been doing my utmost to revive De Brenne, with sufficient success to enable him to make a short statement to the inspector, which resulted in our three friends being marched off in safe keeping.

The story was briefly as follows: De Brenne had gone to the continent, but his pursuers had tracked him, and with fiendish ingenuity had hunted him back to England to his own house, so that he would be handy for signing the required documents. The house was empty, save for a caretaker, whom they had speedily got rid of, and De Brenne's own deaf-and-dumb servant, whom they retained after ensuring themselves against the possibility of his communicating with the outside world by writing.

They had then calmly kept De Brenne a close prisoner in his own house, and started to torture him systematically until such time as he would sign a will in his cousin's favor (dat-d some years previously). Had they accomplished this, they would have again carried him abroad and ensured a fatal alpine accident by the simple process of dropping him over the edge of a convenient precipice, and leaving him to be discovered.

Luckily for De Brenne, however, he had been able to get a note conveyed by his servant to Stomp unobserved, and so was enabled, as the latter remarked, "to finish up on der topside."

**He Got the Penny.**

"Why is a great strong man like you going about begging?" asked a lady of a tramp, who begged for a penny.

"Ah, madam," replied the tramp, "mine is the only profession in which a gentleman can address a beautiful lady without the formality of an introduction."—Tit-Bits.

### WAR CURE FOR YELLOW JACK.

A British Naval Surgeon Says It Was a Success Off the Chinese Coast.

"Yellow fever, I see," said a midnight wayfarer as he stopped before an alarming war bulletin. The man looked as if he had just got off a train from anywhere, and he was in a mood to chat with any stranger who stood next him, as men so often are in these war times, when all Americans seem to be kin. "Yellow fever, I see. Well, that doesn't scare me worth a cent. No, sir. Yellow fever doesn't do much harm to an army that has plenty of excitement. Now, if the Spaniards would suddenly get quite peaceable and orderly so as to leave the army there without any excitement"—

"Yes, I know what I'm talking about. There was an old doctor I knew in Canada that used to be a surgeon in the British navy, and he told me how he stopped yellow fever on his ship when they were doing some kind of naval work at the mouth of the Peiho river, or some such river, on the Chinese coast. He said the Chinese fixed a chain across the mouth of the river, and before the British could get in they had to file that chain in two. Every time a boatload of men went to do some filing the Chinese would pepper them with musketry from under cover of the shore, so that filing was a slow job, but a very exciting job. Lots of the men in the boat got hit."

"Just about the time this filing began one of the crew reported sick with yellow fever symptoms, then another, and another, until it got about the ship that yellow jack had come aboard. The doctor said he knew that if the men had got to thinking about it they would all get the fever, so the next man that reported with the symptoms he just ordered him, instead of lying down, to stand by and wait for further orders. In that way the doctor got together a good half dozen of yellow fever patients ready to join the next gang that was ordered off to do cable filing."

"He told me that those patients of his didn't the least object to his prescription. They would just as lief have a Chinese bullet in the open air as die of yellow fever between decks. But of course only some of them got hit, and the doctor declared to me that not one of them died of yellow fever. So, you see, he saved the lives of all the balance, according to that, and the fever didn't get any hold on that crew."

"Do I believe it? Why, certainly I do. No, I don't understand much about faith cures, but I do know that it's more than any one man can do to face bullets and have yellow fever at the same time."

**This Court Hits Hard.**

William Jennings, a litigant before Justice Robert M. Bowling of Kansas City, Kan., was beautifully whipped for contempt of court and by the trial judge the other day. He appeared before the court and offered to file an affidavit in an attachment suit setting forth that he did not own the wood in question.

"How is this?" inquired Judge Bowling. "Did you not testify when this case was up before that you did own the wood?"

"No, I never said anything of the kind, and any man who says I did is a liar," retorted Jennings, excitedly.

"So you mean to say, then, that I am a liar?" said Justice Bowling, indignantly, rising to his feet. "This court will take a recess for fifteen minutes, and we will go outside and settle this matter."

"Do I have to fight?" exclaimed Jennings, in some confusion.

"Yes, sir, you do!" thundered the judge. "It is a rule of this court, sir." Saying this the judge pulled off his alpaca coat, and in less time than it takes to tell it the two men were out in the street and were at it hammer and tongs. In ten minutes Jennings' eyes were closed, and he was so badly battered that he looked like he had been run through a stone crusher, while the judge, sans hat, sans coat, sans shirt, stood panting for breath, but with the dignity of his court upheld. Judge Bowling did his man up in style. He called a carriage to remove him. As the carriage was pulled up to take Jennings away Judge Bowling was heard to say:

"Any man who insults this court will have to fight."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**The Winsome Shaker Girl.**

"A Shaker girl comes very near the poet's ideal in all the sweet endowments of maidenhood," writes Madeline S. Bridges of the Shakers of Mount Lebanon, New York, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "She is frank, modest, gentle, refined in voice and movement, and with that utter unconsciousness of self as rare as it is delightful in this age of self-assertive femininity. The Shaker boy—but why speak of impossibilities? I will not say that no Shaker was ever a boy, but I firmly incline to think that no boy ever was a Shaker. The growing youths at Lebanon were hearty and healthy as outdoor air and exercise could make them, and full of fun and mischief—the exuberant vitality that makes itself heard and seen—in striking contrast to the extreme quietude and precision of the grown-up members."

"It is sometimes asked how Shakers amuse themselves. A pertinent answer would be that they do not appear to feel the need of amusement, because their days and hours are so full of interest. Nevertheless, such need is provided for, two evenings in the week being set apart for social pleasures, conversation, music, recitation, reading aloud, etc., in which both sexes participate. In summer pleasant outdoor reunions are held."

## THE REALM OF FASHION.

**Garb Between Dresses and Trousers.**  
While it is unquestionably true that trousers are worn by extremely small boys, the kilted skirt still has a place and fills the inevitable gap between



BOY'S DRESS.

dresses and genuine mannish garb. The suit shown in the illustration is made of dark blue galatea with collar and shield of white duck and trimming of blue braid, but pique, gingham and linen crash, as well as flannel and serge, are equally suitable.

The blouse is fitted with shoulder and underarm seams only and pouches well over the belt at both back and front. The neck is cut low and finished with a genuine sailor collar which is seamed to the edge. The sleeves are one-seamed and have the

their children. With women's progress in political and social freedom and in education, the young Empress has great sympathy, and she is said to have had a good deal to do with the concessions just granted to women doctors.

### Frills For the Dresses.

Many of the pretty silk, crepe de chine and veiling dresses are finished with three tiny frills of ribbon, lapping each other, and gathered moderately full. These frills, though not novelties, are newer than those made of the dress goods, and they are given a novel effect by the deft manner in which they are adjusted, and by the beauty of the various two-toned or double-faced ribbons used. If the frills are made a bit too wide the effect is spoiled. They must not measure, all told, more than three inches; therefore, ribbons a trifle over an inch wide are the proper selection.

### Passing of a Famous Millinery.

Owing to the growth of Paris, France, the once famous milliner's shop, "A la Belle Anglaise," in the Place du Roule, will shortly disappear. It was founded in 1765. Elizabeth Foster, the Duchess of Devonshire, Mme. Recamier, Pauline Bonaparte and Marie Antoinette patronized the place, and Chateaubriand bought his cravats there. It is a picturesque little house, one story high.

### The Fashionable Lorgnon.

The newest lorgnon or fan chain is made of small pieces of red coral unevenly cut. It reminds the average woman of her childhood days when she wore a white frock with a red sash



FANCY BLOUSE WAIST.

fulness at the wrists laid in narrow beads which are stitched into place. The skirt is straight and hemmed at the lower edge. The fullness is laid in box pleats and the upper edge is seamed to a fitted waist which holds it securely into place, a placket being placed at the centre back. The shield portion which completes the neck is faced into the fitted waist, so avoiding all unnecessary complication.

To make this dress for a boy of four years of age four yards of material twenty-seven inches wide will be required.

### Ladies' Blouse Waist.

Lilac and white striped taffeta with shield of tuck and sailor collar of plain white edged with frill of Liberty silk combined to make the May Mantion model shown in the large engraving one of the most effective of the fancy blouse waists.

The waist is arranged over fitted linings that close in centre front, which may be omitted if not desired.

The fronts are gathered at the shoulders and waist line and pouch fashionably in centre over the belt.

The V opening ends just below the bust between the edges of which the shield is disclosed, the standing collar and shield being tucked before being shaped as shown by the cut. The shield is sewed to the right lining front and closes with the standing collar over the left shoulder and under edge of sailor collar. The full back is gathered and arranged to a square yoke, which presents a flat adjustment under the sailor collar, gathers at the waist line collecting the fullness in centre.

The large sailor collar with pointed ends is a stylish feature of this waist. Under its edges ends of lilac satin ribbon are tacked and tied in a smart sailor knot at the front.

The two-seamed sleeves are mounted on fitted linings, the fullness at the top being gathered to puff out stylishly and the wrists are completed with frills of Liberty silk. Belt of lilac satin with gold buckle.

To make this waist for a lady of medium size will require two and one-quarter yards of material forty-four inches wide.

### Concessions to Women Doctors.

Concessions have been made to women doctors in Russia. It has been officially announced that they shall be equally entitled with men to all State privileges connected with their profession. This includes both political and social rights; it will open to them all official posts and will entitle them to pensions, which will not be taken away by marriage, and may descend to

and a long chain of these little coral beads wound round and round her neck. Any woman who had the foresight to save her coral beads has on hand a fashionable chain, for there is next to no change in them.

### A Handsome Sailor Gown.

A handsome model for an autumn tailor gown is made of pale heliotrope cloth in a bourette weave, figured with tufts of white camel-hair. The jacket of heliotrope cloth turns back with revers of olive-green velvet, showing a blouse vest of white cloth braided in green and gold, with narrow belt to match. The skirt is open up each side to the waist, revealing panels of white cloth with cloth straps crossing them piped with velvet and almost covered with the green and gold braidwork.

### A French Organdy Design.

French organdy, showing a bluet design, with green leaves on a white ground, is here tastefully decorated with blue baby ribbon and white lace. The full waist has the front and back shaped in one portion with a perfectly straight upper edge. This is gathered in five evenly spaced rows, which are distributed over the neck of the glove-fitted lining which supports the fullness. Smooth underarm zores separate the full fronts and back, and the lining closes in centre



WOMAN'S BLOUSE WAIST.

**Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.**  
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Belgium is about the combined size of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

## Warm Weather

Weakness is quickly overcome by the toning and blood enriching qualities of Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great medicine cures that tired feeling almost as quickly as the sun dispels the morning mist. It also cures pimples, boils, salt rheum, scrofula and all other troubles originating in bad, impure blood.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness, indigestion.

### Scarcity of Tin.

The scarcity of tin ore in the world is pointed out by Geologist B. G. Skerchley, of Australia, in a published monograph. He shows that while known gold fields cover 1,500,000 square miles of the earth's surface, the located tin fields have an area of only 12,500 square miles. The seven tin districts of Europe produce about 8300 tons yearly, with 8000 tons of this credited to the Cornwall mines. Asia has two tin districts; Hunan, in China, said by some to yield 10,000 to 20,000 tons annually, but proven to yield less than 2500 tons per year; and the tin mines of the Straits Settlements and adjacent territory, the richest in the world, yielding 58,000 tons yearly. Africa has no known tin mines; North America has no paying mines; South America mines less than 4000 tons per year, in Bolivia and Peru, and Australia contributes about 6000 tons a year.

A Spanish soldier's usual meal consists of bread, olive oil and garlic. Meat he rarely gets, and to this has been attributed the fact that his wounds heal so rapidly.

## COULD NOT SLEEP.

**Mrs. Finkham Relieved Her of All Her Troubles.**

Mrs. MADGE BARCOCKE, 176 Second St., Grand Rapids, Mich., had ovarian trouble with its attendant aches and pains, now she is well. Here are her own words:

"Your Vegetable Compound has made me feel like a new person. Before I began taking it I was all run down, felt tired and sleepy most of the time, had pains in my back and side, and such terrible headaches all the time, and could not sleep well nights. I also had ovarian trouble. Through the advice of a friend I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and since taking it all troubles have gone. My monthly sickness used to be so painful, but have not had the slightest pain since taking your medicine. I cannot praise your Vegetable Compound too much. My husband and friends see such a change in me. I look so much better and have some color in my face."

Mrs. Finkham invites women who are ill to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice, which is freely offered.

## HEADACHE

"Both my wife and myself have been using CASCARETS and they are the best medicine we have ever had in the house. Last week my wife was frantic with headache for two days, she tried some of your CASCARETS, and they relieved the pain in her head almost immediately. We both recommend Cascarets."

CHAS. STURROFF, Pittsburg Safe & Deposit Co., Pittsburg, Pa.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Grip. 25c. Do not miss. **CURE CONSTIPATION.** Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 317

**NO-TO-BAC** Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to **CURE TOBACCO HABIT.**

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

WANTED—Case of bad health that R-T-P-A-N's will not benefit. Send 5 cts. to Ripans Chemical Co., New York, for 10 samples and 1000 testimonials

Go to your grocer to-day and get a 15c. package of

## Grain=O

It takes the place of coffee at 1/4 the cost.

Made from pure grains it is nourishing and healthful.

Insist that your grocer gives you **GRAIN-O**. Accept no imitation.