

TWO PICTURES.

I.
In the dewy morn
I wove the red sash for my lover's sword,
In the sound of the silver bugles
Blowing merrily over the violet vales.
My red lips leaned to the steel,
And kissed it for a holy cause,
And then—the lips of my lover—
And over the orchards
The music of a farewell song.

II.
In the mist-wreathed twilight
I wove the white shroud for my lover's
sword.
In the sound of the muffled drums
Moaning over the darkened vales.
My white lips leaned to the steel,
And kissed it, and were crimsoned,
And then—the cold lips of my lover,
And over the orchards
The long, desolate Night!
—Atlanta Constitution.

THE LOST BRACELET.

BY M. ROBERTS.

"We detectives see some queer things," said John Jones, an old man who had spent his life on the secret police; "but our life is not altogether free from romance; and as I have nothing to do at present, I will relate a circumstance that occurred to me professionally:

"Immediately after the war it was no small job to reopen the postoffices in the different Southern states, and in spite of the regulations of the post-office department, and the vigilance of the detective force, the amount of mail matter lost was truly astonishing—not only letters, money and jewelry were mis-sent or stolen, but whole bags of mail were carried off at a time, and in many instances so slyly that the thief was never detected.

"At that time I was in the secret service of the postoffice department, and was stationed in the South. I was kept more or less busy, but had nothing of importance to see after. Most of my work consisted in finding mail bags that had been mis-sent on account of the ignorance or carelessness of the mail agent.

"I had grown somewhat tired of the monotony, when one day I received a letter from the department at Washington to report at one of the largest Southern cities.

"Next day I was at the postoffice there, long before the regular time of opening; and, while waiting, I noticed a young man about twenty-five, with a sandy moustache, walking up and down the street, and looking anxiously at the closed door of the postoffice. I watched him some time as he passed me in his hasty walk to and fro. At last he stopped in front of me, and asked in an angry voice:

"Are you connected with the post-office?"

"I answered in the affirmative, and was about to explain I was not the postmaster, when he interrupted me.

"Will you open this concern today or not, is what I want to know?"

"I knew by his voice he was from the Eastern states, and having traveled considerably through the Eastern and Middle states, I asked him:

"From New England, sir?"

"He looked at me a moment; his eyes flashed, his cheeks turned red with anger. In fact, I never saw a man so angry from so slight a cause.

"It makes no difference where I am from," he at last said, "I want to know when this swindling concern will open, at the same time nodding his head in the direction of the office.

"I forgot my reply, but it was not calculated to continue so unpleasant a conversation, and I could not help smiling when he, scarcely able to contain his rage, walked off.

"When the office was open, I reported to the postmaster, and, after we had retired to his private office, he said, as he pointed to the man whom I had met in the street:

"Mr. Jones, Mr. Levy here has lost a diamond bracelet. It was mailed in Virginia and directed to New Orleans, but it has never reached its destination. I have done all I can do in this matter and now turn the case over to you with all the facts in my possession."

"The knowledge received was of no practical use. Several mail agents had been suspected between the point of mailing and New Orleans.

"Will you please describe the bracelet?" I asked Mr. Levy.

"Yes, sir," he answered, as he showed me the mate of the one which was lost. "It was like this," he said, "with the word 'Mary' engraved on the inside."

"It was the most beautiful bracelet I had ever seen. It was a perfect gem; and, as I held it in my hand, I could not refrain from asking:

"Why did you send such a valuable piece of jewelry by mail?"

"It was the mistake of a friend," he answered. "I directed it to be sent by express, but he, thinking it safer by registered letter, sent it, and you already know the result."

"He then broke out in a fit of rage, and heaped abuse upon every one connected with the department.

"I did not blame him as much then as I did when I first met him in the street.

"After learning all I could of the case, and promising to telegraph to Mr. Levy if I found the bracelet, I started on the trail. It seemed almost hopeless. I traced it as far South as Charlotte, North Carolina, but there all traces ceased. The distance between Charlotte and New Orleans was very great, and any of the mail agents and postmasters along the line could have taken it. It was my first job of importance in the South, and I was determined to find it if it possibly could be found.

"I examined the receipts of the South Carolina agent to the North Carolina agent. The bracelet had been signed for by a young unmarried

man, who shortly after died, and it was impossible to find his books.

"After remaining some time in Charlotte, I went to the other end of the road, and examined the books of the connecting agents; but no clue could be found. All agreed that it had been stolen by the agent who had died, and I was advised by my superior officers to relinquish the search; but, being anxious to continue it, I was allowed one month more.

"There are several junctions on the road, and some offices where mail is given out in bags and marked for small country towns and villages. I had hoped that, on account of the amount of mail which at that time passed through the hands of the agents, it had been overlooked, and had found its way into the country.

"I had but one week longer in which to continue my search, when after examining all the prominent offices along the road, I alighted from the train at a station, en route for a small office twelve miles in the interior. The mail to it—a weekly one—was sent direct by the mail agent.

"I hired a saddle-horse, and amused myself with the stories of the mail carrier, a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age.

"Toward noon, I arrived at a small country inn, and, after a hasty dinner, continued on my journey to the post-office, a mile and a half further on.

"It was a beautiful day. The country was bedecked in all the beauty of summer. The tall majestic pines, through which my road lay, waved their heads in the breeze, and their heavy sighs brought to mind the days of Marion, whose bravery has added poetry to almost every forest in South Carolina.

"I was absorbed in thought, when suddenly the forest ceased, and the road ran down a long hot lane, at the bottom of which was a large white house, the residence of the postmistress.

"I rode along slowly, admiring the house as I did so. It looked cool and inviting, and it was surrounded by mock-oranges, while here and there a tall pine waved its head above the surroundings, and seemed proud of the ivy that clustered around its trunk.

"I dismounted at the gate, and passed up the flower garden. A lady's hat, some small garden tools and a book were thrown carelessly beneath the shade of a tree, as if some girl, weary of her 'work of play' and reading, had left them to enjoy a walk among the beautiful shrubbery.

"As I ascended the steps, I turned to enjoy the beauty that surrounded me, now made more grand by the voice of the happiest of all songsters, the mocking-bird. It seemed a dream—a something too beautiful and calm to be true—a paradise—and I could not refrain from asking myself, as I knocked at the door of this fairy abode, if I were not a serpent come to destroy all its pleasure and beauty.

"My summons was answered by a man, who asked if I wished to see Miss Mary.

"I answered I had come to inquire for a letter.

"He summoned Miss Mary, and, as I afterward learned, her father had allowed the office to be at his house, to show off his beautiful daughter; and she was a really beautiful girl of eighteen, and even now I can see the happy smile with which she greeted me.

"Please, ma'am, I asked, 'is there a letter here for John Jones?'

"I used my own name, as I knew she had never heard of me, and I felt for once as if my occupation was a mean one.

"Jones?" she repeated, as she looked over a dozen letters she took from a small walnut box lying on a table in the parlor. "Jones? No, sir; there is none for you. There are some for Squire Jones' family," she added, with a smile, as she held up a letter directed 'Miss Fannie Jones.'

"She will be glad to receive it?" I said, after reading the address.

"Yes; I know she will. I know who it is from, and am going to take it to her myself, this afternoon. You don't know her, do you?"

"No, ma'am," I answered. "I am a stranger here."

"I thought so. In fact I knew it. Come to buy cotton, I suppose?"

"I came near being thrown off my guard. After some hesitation I answered:

"I have come in search of gold."

"Then you ought to see Squire Jones; there is gold on his place, they say."

"I would like very much to see him."

"I am going over there this afternoon. I will show you the way," she answered, innocently.

"And, before I had time to prevent, her light footsteps could be heard ascending the stairs. In a few moments she returned, talking and playing with her father, with all the freedom of a spoiled child.

"After talking with the colonel, her father, for an hour or so about the change the country had undergone by the war, he gave his consent for me to accompany his daughter to neighbor Jones."

"She retired, and in few moments returned dressed for a ride. I will not attempt to describe her beauty; she was the most lovely woman I ever saw.

"I am ready now, sir," she said, as she tapped her riding-dress coquetically with her whip. "Now, pa, a good-bye kiss."

"She put her arm around her father's neck. Oh, what a lovely hand! But—but—"

"But what?" we asked.

"On the arm was the bracelet I sought."

"I felt sorry I had found it. Why did I not relinquish the search, as my superior officer had advised me to do? I felt miserable. A woman, fair and

beautiful, dressed to accompany me on a ride, now rested on her father's neck, the very picture of happiness.

"Should I pretend not to notice the bracelet, and never tell her crime? Duty bade me do otherwise. I first thought of arresting her then and there, but on second thought I concluded not to notice the bracelet, and telegraph the next day for Mr. Levy.

"I assisted her to mount her horse, and, as we cantered through the shady woods and her merry voice rang out, I felt the meanest of human beings. She spent a pleasant evening; I, the most miserable imaginable.

"The next day I telegraphed for Mr. Levy, and, although I refused on every possible plea but the right one, I was compelled to accept the colonel's hospitable invitation to dine with him.

"I will pass over a week of mental torture, during which time I was the recipient of many kindnesses from the colonel, when, to my relief, Levy arrived at the inn, and, as usual, raging and swearing what he would do.

"I cannot describe my disgust for the man, nor my feeling when I mounted my horse to accompany him to the postoffice. I made him promise he would say nothing if he saw his lost property, and told him I would arrest the person upon whom it might be found when I saw fit. This I intended to do in the most delicate manner possible, and that he should not have the satisfaction of seeing it.

"We arrived at the house, and were welcomed by the colonel, who introduced his daughter to Mr. Levy.

"This is the person who has the bracelet," I whispered.

"He looked at me in astonishment, and then turned to the beautiful girl before him.

"Don't—can't," he whispered. "I am willing to lose it."

"On our way back, I saw he loved her as much as I did, and it raised him much in my estimation. He visited her the next day, and went to the Jones's. When I left there, he was enjoying the company of his new-made acquaintance. In a month I received a letter from him, in which he said:

"I have captured the prisoner!"

"And so he had. They were engaged, and, before the year was over, married.

"The bracelet had been sent there by some mistake of the agent, and, on account of the rough carriage it had received over twelve miles of country road on horseback, the pasteboard box containing it was broken. When she opened the mail bag it rolled out. Seeing it marked 'Mary,' she thought it intended for herself. The broken paper box must have escaped notice, for it was never found. She thought it a present from an unknown friend. She wears both bracelets now."—Saturday Night.

SCHLEY SLAPPED SAMPSON.

Story Told of an Old Enmity Between the Two Commodores.

It has come to be pretty well understood that there is an old feud between Commodore Schley and Rear Admiral Sampson, the two naval officers just now making history for themselves and for the country.

When Schley was an ensign he was on board ship with Sampson, then a lieutenant, and a difficulty occurred between them, and ever since a grudge has rankled in the breast of Sampson. The difficulty, years and years ago, originated in this way:

One day Sampson missed some bananas which he had hung up in the ship to ripen. He was very angry over the loss of the fruit and tried to find the thief. Finally he came to the conclusion that a certain marine was the culprit and sent for him. The marine replied indignantly that he had not seen the bananas and that he was no thief.

This infuriated Sampson, who said: "I will punish you for lying as well as stealing." Sampson sent for the druggist and gave the poor marine an immense dose of ipecac.

Schley was ashore at the time, but when he returned and saw the marine suffering Schley asked Sampson who had administered the powerful drug that had caused the suffering of the sailor.

Sampson told the whole incident. The matter so incensed Schley that he exclaimed: "No gentleman would treat a poor marine that way."

And Schley following the exclamation, slapped Sampson in the face.

Then a scene followed. Sampson demanded satisfaction.

Schley reminded him that it was against the regulations for naval officers to receive or send challenges to fight a duel, but added: "That need not prevent your getting satisfaction, sir. We can both resign today and then fight it out."

Sampson did not resign, did not seek satisfaction, and the matter was dropped.—Chicago Chronicle.

Her Anti-Rheumatic Potato Outlived Her

Recently a woman residing in the country near Parkersburg, W. Va., died and was buried. During her lifetime she suffered with rheumatism and among the various other cures recommended she carried a potato in her pocket. For fourteen years she carried the same potato, until it had grown black and shrivelled with age, and had become as light as cork.

After the funeral the clothing of the departed one was hung out to air. During the "hauling out" it rained. This necessitated a further drying and airing, but when the dress was taken down to put away it was discovered that the potato was still in the pocket of the dress, and during the airing process had put forth several green sprouts. The circumstance was related by a near relative of the lady, who vouches for its truthfulness.—Baltimore American.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

An All-White Effect.
Fine white organdy, point de Paris, lace insertion and narrow white satin ribbon combine to make this waist one of the most charming seen this season. To carry out the all-white idea, nov



LADIES' WAIST.

so popular, the full waist is arranged over a pure white taffeta lining, which has a soft and rather subdued finish. The fronts are gathered at the waist and neck lines, where the fashionable pouched effect is given. The closing is in centre-front, lining and waist closing separately and invisibly, which is easily arranged by placing the hooks and eyes just where the trimming comes together. The seamless back is smooth fitting across the shoulders and drawn by gathers in centre at the waist-line. The trimming is extended across the back to give the yoke effect. The neck is finished with a high standing collar, over which a wrinkled stock of the organdy is arranged, closing under gathered frills in the back, this



WOMAN'S ETON JACKET.

style having again taken the place of the now passe bow of ribbon. The two-seamed sleeves, which only have fulness at the top, are disposed over fitted linings, stylish double epaulettes standing out fashionably at the top.

Triple rows of the frilled ribbon form evenly spaced bands above the elbow to correspond to the waist trimming, and the wrists are finished to match the epaulettes and simulated yoke.

For separate waists of silk or fine woolen, as well as cotton fabrics, this model will be found excellent, it being ample in construction and suited to the applied decorations that abound in an almost endless variety of designs. Tucking can be used in place of the ribbon, as here shown, if the tucks are made in groups in the material before the pattern is laid on.

To make this waist for a woman of medium size one and three-quarters yards of material forty-four inches wide will be required.

Mrs. Linton's Personal Estate.

Mrs. Lynn Linton's personal estate has been valued at \$82,420. It was her desire that her body should be cremated, and she bequeathed \$50 to the Cremation Society. She ordered that certain Elgin marbles in her house, which did not belong to her, should be sent to her husband or to his representatives for presentation to the American National Gallery by his desire.

It Has Supplanted the Blazer.

To a great extent the Eton jacket has usurped this season the place formerly held by the "blazer," and in its up-to-date shaping, as presented in the large engraving, is an extremely smart and becoming garment.

A relief from the rather severe tailor finish is shown in this jacket of cadet-blue serge (matching the skirt), that is decorated with rows of narrow black satin ribbon, the revers and collar faced with black satin. The stylish walking hat of cadet-blue has a black straw brim, rows of ribbon encircling the crown with black and blue curling coque feathers at the left side. The fronts, which are shaped without darts, are reversed at the top in pointed lapels, that meet the rolling collar in notches. The back may be made with or without a centre seam, as preferred, and wide under-arm gorges, with shoulder seams, complete the stylish adjustment.

The two-seamed sleeves can be pleated or gathered at the top, the wrists being finished with three rows of ribbon to match the edges of the jacket.

A tailor finish of machine stitching can be used or braid and velvet may take the place of the ribbon and satin. For pique and duck, crash and other wash suits, this is a good model, bands of a darker color, with plain or faced collar, being the usual decoration.

To make this jacket for a woman of medium size one and one-half yards of material, forty-four inches wide, will be required.

A Favored Combination.
For autumn wear, beige and deep Tuscan yellow of rough straw braids, trimmed with green velvet and shaded velvet geranium or nasturtium blossoms, in all their glowing colorings, will be a favored combination.

Clerk of Common Council.

For the first time in the history of Mount Vernon a woman a few days ago acted as clerk of the Common Council. Miss Imogene Hoyt, sister and assistant of the clerk, W. N. Hoyt, read the petitions and various bills in a businesslike manner, which created a favorable impression on the Aldermen.

Tight-Fitting Silk Coats.

Short tight-fitting silk coats with handsome buttons are just coming into vogue. A thin black skirt worn over a colored skirt is the correct thing with these jackets.

Artificial Fruit for Hair Ornamentation

Artificial fruit will be much worn this fall. Cherries will be allowed to droop on the hair as flowers have hitherto been placed. Grapes are to



CHILD'S BOX-PLEATED APRON.

be mingled with dark violets, with which they will harmonize in color, and blackberries will be exceedingly popular.

A Dressy Apron.

Fine white lawn, trimmed with insertion and embroidery, made this dressy apron, that can be worn with a guimpe, as well as for a protection to a dainty dress. Three box pleats are formed back and front, their under-folds being stitched to the waistline, below which they fall in loose, graceful folds. A deep hem finishes the lower edge, and the skirt is gathered on the side to a short body, banded at the lower edge by insertion. The closing is invisible under centre pleat in back. Pretty bretelles are formed over the shoulders by a graduated frill of embroidery set on with a heading of insertion. A strap of insertion crosses the box pleats at the top, forming a low square neck, which is finished with a narrow standing frill of embroidery. Organdy, swiss, nainsook, batiste or gingham will make pretty and serviceable aprons in this

use, was also troubled with leucorrhoea. I had given up all hopes of getting well; everybody thought I had consumption. After taking five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I felt very much better and was able to do nearly all my own work. I continued the use of your medicine, and feel that I owe my recovery to you. I cannot thank you enough for your advice and your wonderful medicine. Any one doubting my statement may write to me and I will gladly answer all inquiries.—MRS. NELL HURST, Deepwater, Mo.

Letters like the foregoing, constantly being received, contribute not a little to the satisfaction felt by Mrs. Pinkham that her medicine and counsel are assisting women to bear their heavy burdens. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass. All suffering women are invited to write to her for advice, which will be given without charge. It is an experienced woman's advice to women.



CHILD'S BOX-PLEATED APRON.

style. Worn with a guimpe it will do duty as a dress in hot weather.

To make this apron for a girl six years of age will require two and one-quarter yards of material thirty-six inches wide.

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.

Gas was first used in America in lighting streets in Baltimore on November 25, 1816.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2.00 per bottle. Cure guaranteed. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Envelopes for letters were first used in their present form in 1839.

H. H. GREEN'S SONS, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertisement in another column of this paper.

One pound of phosphorus is sufficient to tip 1,000,000 matches.

To Cure A Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Among flowers the chrysanthemum is said to live the longest after being cut.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. \$1. All druggists.

Willow wood is the most available for the use of powder manufacture.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—MRS. ALLIE DODD-CASS, Le Roy, Mich., Oct. 20, 1894.

Wooden sleepers on railways last about fifteen years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

About 58,000 Prussians emigrate annually.

Scrofula

Taints the blood of millions, and sooner or later may break out in hip disease, running sores or some more complicated form. To cure scrofula or prevent it, thoroughly purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has a continually growing record of wonderful cures.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

Hood's Pills cure indigestion, biliousness.

Grant's Friendship for a Governor.

When General Grant visited Jerusalem, he found Reouf Pacha in the position of governor of that wonderful city. A strong friendship sprang up between the thin-lipped, taciturn General and the suave, courtly, and yet most simple-mannered Pacha. It is many years ago now, but Reouf still loves to talk of his meeting with Grant as one of the few truly great men he has met in his life. And as for Grant's opinion of Reouf, I understand from a good source that, before leaving Jerusalem, Grant assured him that if he were again elected President of the United States, he would ask the Sultan to send him as Turkish minister to Washington.—Harper's Magazine.

The Two Matched.

Helen—"What do you think of Kate's new tea-gown?"

Mattie—"It was made rather stylish, but don't you think the colors rather weak?"

Helen—"Yes; but they matched her tea very nicely."—Chicago News.

MRS. PINKHAM'S ADVICE.

What Mrs. Nell Hurst has to Say About It.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—When I wrote to you I had not been well for five years; had doctored all the time but got no better. I had womb trouble very bad. My womb pressed backward, causing piles. I was in such misery I could scarcely walk across the floor. Menstruation was irregular and too profuse, was also troubled with leucorrhoea. I had given up all hopes of getting well; everybody thought I had consumption. After taking five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I felt very much better and was able to do nearly all my own work. I continued the use of your medicine, and feel that I owe my recovery to you. I cannot thank you enough for your advice and your wonderful medicine. Any one doubting my statement may write to me and I will gladly answer all inquiries.—MRS. NELL HURST, Deepwater, Mo.

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Biliousness

"I have used your valuable CASCARETS and find them perfect. Couldn't do without them. I have used them for some time for indigestion and biliousness and am now completely cured. Recommend them to every one. Once tried, you will never be without them in the family." EDW. A. MARX, Albany, N. Y.



CHILD'S BOX-PLEATED APRON.

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