A Tragedy in Pall Mall.

With terrific speed they drove down St. James's street into Pall Mall, and stopped dead scarce an inch from the curbstone. There were two men on the box, and an heraldic design in purple and gold glistened on the door, The footman bounded to the ground and turned the knob nervously.

A slender woman, dressed in mourn-ing, stepped quickly from the carriage, her eyes red and swollen. Following closely in her wake, and steadled by the footman, came her maid, bearing in her arms a bundle of something wrapped in a white cashmere shawl. Unearthly wails fell upon the air. It was heartrending to hear them. Evidently they came from within the

depths of that white cashmere. "Poor darling!" I heard the little woman exclaim. "Don't jolt him, Fewoman exclaim. "Don't jolt him, Fe-lice!" and together they hurried up a narrow stalrway, at the bottom of which I read on a brass plate, "Sur-geon-dentist."

The blamed pup!" blurted the coachman, "to raise such a row over a dog's toothache!" Then I understood.-London Express

The Paris Ghost Mystery.

The Paris "ghost mystery," in which whole neighborhood is disturbed nightly by the cries of a child for help, remains as impenetrable as ever.

There is absolutely no doubt as to the reality of the cries. The Chief of Police has listened in the vicinity of the "haunted house," and has heard them himself. The house from which the cries appear to come has, however, been thoroughly searched, with no result.

The police are now inclined to believe that the cries are a practical joke on the part of a very clever ventriloquist. He must be very persevering, though, as the sensation is now several weeks as the sensation is now several weeks old.—Paris correspondence in New York Times.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. If makes tight or new shoes easy. Cares swollen, bot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A man may make his mark in the world without making it a dollar mark.

What Shall We Have For Dessert This question arises in the family daily. Let as answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Freqared in 2 min. No boiling! no baking! Simply add a little hot water & set to cool. Flavors: Lemon, Orange, Baspberry and Strawberry. At grocers, 10c.

It's the man with an elastic conscience who stretches the truth.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quintne in a tasteless form. No cure-no pay. Price 50c.

Some men are too busy making money to find time to spend it.

Carter's Ink Is Used by the

greatest railway systems of the United States. They would not use it if it wasn't the best.

Modesty is sometimes only another name for deceit.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of throat and lungs.-WM. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900. The undertaker never requires a rehear-

Conductor E. D. Loomis, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it. Sold by Druggists, 75e.

The sulphur mines of Sicily yield over 300,000 tons a year.

The Pinkham Record

Is a proud and peerless record. It is a record of cure, of constant conquest over obstinate Ills of women; ills that deal out despair; suffering that many women think is woman's natural herie; disorders and disTHE PORTRAIT.

By Fanny Kemble Johnson

Such a careless, gay, young face There above you on the wall— She was married, do you know, Near a hundred years ago, Here, within this very hall.

They made wives of children, then-She was not as old as you-Just fifteen, said they that knew, And her eyes, you see, were blue As that morning-glory, dear, That the wind has tossed in here.

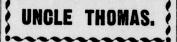
There came days, my little one, When the menace of a shame, And a levelled foreign gun Lighted all the land to flame— And there came an hour when, After sob, and kiss, and prayer, In the little porch out there,

She was left alone, alone, Just to make her useless moan, Just to dait, and wait, and wait, For the hand upon the gate, For the step that never came.

Ah, the pity of it, dear! They made wives of children, then. And of boys they molded men-Men to put the love-dream by, Men to do, and men to die, As he died, my little one.

Here, within this very hall, Where she gave her childhood's all, Where she played at wifely state, Where she sobbed all desolate, Dear, at last an hour came When they brought him home to her, And the gladnesses that were Yanished as a sunken flame, For they laid him at her feet With a sword-thrust in the breast That her youthful head had pressed In the old days, and the sweet.

Such a careless, gay, young face, There above you on the wall,— Near a century of death, Sob, and prayer, and laughing breath, How the face smills over all! —Youth's Companion.



"To whom are you writing now? I declare, I never came to see you that I don't find you with that everlast ing ink-stand open and the pen just ready to dip," and Ruth Boyden tossed her gloves on the stand, her hat on the bed, and her jacket in the big chair. Then she proceeded to give May Gleason an enthusiastic hug.

"Who is it? Tell me quick!" "Oh, you crazy. It isn't always the same one. This morning it's Tom."

"Tom? Tom who?" "Tom? Oh, just Tom. Uncle Tom, if you must have all the particulars. "Well, then, May Gleason, I should think you would say Uncle Tom. I think it does sound so rude and dis-courteous when children fail to give their relatives their proper title. There's Joe Kenney always calls his mother Helen, and his father Joe. I'd lecture you well if you were my niece.

"Oh, Tom doesn't care."

"How do you know he doesn't care? His feelings might be very much hurt. and he would not say a word, just suffer in silence. Old people are very sensitive."

May giggled, though Ruth couldn't see a thing to laugh at. "I think just as you do about it,

and I'm going to reform. Now what shall we do? You haven't seen my new idea for sachets, have you? Wait, till I wipe my pen and cover the ink, for it's sure to tip itself over if the cover isn't screwed on tight." One morning later in the seas Ruth Boyden received a note from .her friend, which read something like

"Dear Ruth-Can you come up to tea to-night? I have just had a letter from Tom, I mean Uncle Tom, and he is coming here for a few days before starting on a trip west. I should like to have you meet him, for he is my dearest relative. Wear your maroon trimmed with sable, you do look so superb in that. Come early by 5 o'clock, se we can talk. Tom, I mean Uncle Tom, doesn't get here till the 6 train. Your most devoted May."

Ruth dressed herself in the maroon dress, and as she studied the reflection in the mirror she hoped he would feel satisfied with May's nearest friend. "I must try to be dignified and quiet. Old people don't ever like fly-away girls. Of course May has told him all about me. I do hope she hasn't over-rated me. She thinks the world of Uncle Tom, and some way I should like him to be pleased with me. J am going to carry my lace handkerchief that Mrs. Baker gave me. It will make talk, for she was a returned missionary and I am sure there is nothing better than that work. Almost all old people are interested in that." "Oh, Ruth, you darling," was May's ager greeting. "I am so glad you eager greeting. wore that. I do think the white yoke the fur bands round the neck and and wrists do soften the tints so. Tom," there was a catch in her voice, "I mean Uncle Tom, is such a judge of beauty. But don't be alarmed, will like you, I know-and your lace handkerchief, too-I am honored." "I really put it on to have something to talk about, you know. Doe your uncle enjoy missionary work?" Does May half snickered and then covered it with a cough, but she hastched away with Ruth's wraps: while she was going she laughed heartily. Her face, when she reheartily. Her face, when she re-entered the room, was gravity itself. Ruth tried to find out some of Uncle Tom's tastes, but May avoided the subject, and Ruth finally decided to trust to luck to show her what to say and do.

him, saying: Oh, Ruth, he is the hand-

"I'm glad to see you, Tom, and I have a friend here to meet you." "The friend?" was the laughing question.

"The only," was the reply. "I pre-dict you'll say so, too." Tea was called in a few minutes,

and so Ruth did not meet Uncle Tom till they entered the dining-room. Then before she had become accustomed to the lights or could think what she would say May's voice said in a sort of trembling quaver: "Ruth, this is my uncle, Mr. Gordon, Uncle Tom, you know.

Ruth looked. A young man not over 25 stood before her with right hand extended. He had the brightest of laughing blue eyes, and his hair of brown was so curly that May was always threatening to buy him side combs to keep it in place. He was, to say the least, somewhat astonished at the demeanor of May's friend, for she suddenly collapsed into a chair, and laughed, and laughed, until tears ran down her face and May was fearful of an attack of hysterics. Tom turned to May, "Is anything the mat-ter with me? Is my necktle straight?"

he asked anxiously. "What is the matter, Ruth?" and Mrs. Gleason brought the camphor, while Mr. Gleason stood wondering what ailed the girl, but then there was no accounting for girls, they are always surprising.

Ruth suddenly recovered herself at sight of the camphor, rose to her feet and said, "I do hope you will forgive me—all of you—But I—it was so funny —I had no time to recall my senses— Oh, May you did it a purpose. You see I expected to see an old man of 65 at least, who would be interested in missionary work-ha, ha, isn't it too funny? I can't get over it."

"I might wear a white wig if you'd like to have me took older," said Tom shortly."

"Now, Tom, I mean Uncle Tom." began May.

"Come now, drop that." "Well, she said it was irreverent to call you just Tom, and it would hurt your feelings, and I promised to reform, and I'm going to," but she was laughing as she said it. "I don't believe I can ever forgive

you, May," said Ruth. "Oh, yes, you will. It's April fool, you know, and didn't I fool you most completely?"

A jollier party never sat at the Gleason table than the one that night, for every now and then May would say, "Tom, I mean Uncle Tom," or Ruth would suddenly have a laughing fit in her handkerchief.

"I don't guite understand it yet." " "Oh, Tom, I mean Uncle Tom is manna's half brother, and there is 25 years difference in their ages."

Tom Gordon deferred his trip west, nd when he went he took Ruth. "Dear Aunt Ruth." whispered May and

as she kissed the bride. "Don't you ever dare," was the reply, whereupon ever dure, was the reply, whereupon May declared it sounded so dis-courteous, and she didn't want to hurt her feelings, "but if you insist you'll forgive me if I sometimes for-get to put on the title." "I'll forgive you on condition that

"I'll forgive you on condition that you always forget it."—Chicago Times Herald.

MR. MUSKRAT AT DINNER.

He Eats His Succulent Rush Exactly as

Boy Eats His Banana. If you know where there is a colony of muskrats-and if you don't know you can easily find out; any farmer what the matter is, or what young muskrat has got into trouble.

If you go often and watch you may see a good many curious things: "musquash" (that's his Indian name) digging a canal or building his house, or rolling a duck's cutting wood. egg along on the water's edge so as not to break it, to his little ones in the den far below. And if you like bananas you may sometimes smack your lips at seeing him eat his banana in his own way. This is how he does it: First, he goes to the rushes, and, diving down, bites off the biggest one close to the bottom, so as to have the soft, white part that grows under water. Then he tows it to his favorite under eating place. This is sometimes the of a bog, sometimes a flat rock top on the shore, sometimes a stranded log; but, wherever it is he likes to eat in that one place, and always goes there when he is not too far away or too hungry to wait. Crawling out to his table, he cuts off a piece of the stump of his rush, and sits up straight, holding it in his forepaws. Then he peeks it carefully, pulling off strip after strip of the outer husk with his teeth, till only the soft, white lucious pith remains. This he devours greedily, holding it in his paws and biting the end off and biting it off again, until there isn't any end left—exactly as a schoolboy often eats a banana. Then he cuts off a second piece, if the rush is a big one, or swims and gets another, which he reats in the same way. And if you are a boy watching him



THE EDICTS OF FASHION.

cream one. They are much less wide than formerly. The latest tapers off

very much in front, where it shows de-

cidedly more narrow than at the back.

twenty-four inches. The narrow leather belt is certainly quite smart.

An East Indian 'Kerchief. A great many girls like to cover the top of the head when bathing with a silk handkerchief of some becoming

color, instead of wearing one of the mackintosh caps. The handkerchief can be chosen of a becoming tint or

to match the bathing suit. If your suit is of black serge, satin or brillian-

tine, or of navy blue material, you can use one of the bandanas of glorious

reds. Cut the bandana in half diagon-

ally and then it is just the right size.

New Summer Stockings

pattern on the new

thread

low-cut shoes.

There is no silk nor design of floriated

yclept foulard stockings. It is simply

the clever idea of a merchant who sell

silks and also hosiery. Fine lisle-

the foulards most in demand, blues of

various shades, browns, gray, a few "crushed raspberry," amethysis, sage

green or tans are heaped up by the silk counter. Some, but not all, have

open work meshes as decoration. They are obviously meant to be worn with

Popular Lace Bows. A new trimming exploited this sea

son occurs in the lace bows, made very

stockings of colors to match

summer stockings

to

They run in sizes from eighteen

New York City (Special) .- A pretty | your little kerchief, so as to get it outdoor bodice, and at the same time one simple of construction, is always easily without opening the chatelaine bag in which your money is laid away. welcome. In this model, reproduced You can get a red or black and some-times a dark blue leather belt, also a



BODICE FOR A WALKING FROCK.

from the Philadelphia Record, tucks dispose of slight fulness at the waist both back and front, the opening in the latter being fastened by cords from tiny gilt or silver buttons. The ves we should suggest making in either white satin or cloth embroidered all over with an indescribable design in gold and silver thread, a narrow applique of the same edging the revers cuffs, and that smart Medici collar, which is so invaluable in imparting an outdoor air to a bodice.

Black panne or satin, slightly folded fashions the corselet, which is ob-viously made over a well-shaped and boned foundation.

Two Elaborate Blouses.

small and very neatly. They do not appear singly, but in a series, connect-Of the two blouses shown in the ed with narrow satin ribbons, upon large engraving the first is of chiffon which they appear to be mounted. They



in the new tea-rose yellow coloring, can be used in various ways, and on a great many materials. Their manifest over this charming foundation coming black net embroidered in jet paillettes. destiny, however, is on organdle and lawn frocks or dainty summer gowns and in its turn overlaid with a design of single flowers and leaves in ivory lace applique; while then at the waist of some sheer woolen material. there is a deep swathed band of rose pink silk, a twist of which-in a slight lish cousins say, will accommodate as many as half a dozen pieces of millily paler shade-is drawn up between the glittering meshes of the net in front, and finishes in flower-like which enters the crown and serves as rosettes beneath a yoke of shirred yela mount. The hat pins run through the low chiffon, which gives place to a cushion and fasten your big hat to the collar-band of folded chiffon decorated

with jetted flowers arranged in medal-

in the delicate coloring of old ivory

(the very latest fashionable shade this)

where the soft effect of the closely

clustering pleats is considerably in

creased by the use of pressing instead

of stitching to keep them in place. Medallion insertions of mellow-tinted

old muslin embroidered in a floral de

sign are edged with black Chantilly

lace: while at the sides, as you may

troduced. Bands and rosettes of black

velvet baby ribbon hold the lace to

gether in front over the fulness of the

band to match, while the revival of

the quaint old fashion in sleeves is

shown in quite its prettiest form by

the effective arrangement of the com

bined laces which give place just below

the elbow to a big puff of the ivory chiffon, which, after being caught in

closely at the wrist, is finished with a

frill edged narrowly with black lace.

The Newest Leather Belt. TP F Soft fawn-colored or pearl-colored suede leather or ooze leather forms a

stylish belt for the fastidious girl in

a world which is much given to wear

see, some other lace of ivory-tint

pleated chiffon, and there is a

lion form

TURNING THE JOKE ON HERRMANN.

Bill Nye Was More Than a Match for the Magician.

When Bill Nye, in collaboration with James Whitcomb Riley, was touring the country as a lecturer he stopped at a well known Chicago hostelry one evening and was escort-ed to a place in the big dining room directly across the table from a dark man with heavy, black mustachios and a Mephistophelian goatee. Nye recognized his vis-a-vis as Horrmann, the magician, but beyond a quizzical stare gave no sign that he knew the eminent prestidigitator. Herrmann was very well aware that the bald man opposite him was Bill Nye, but did not indicate his recognition by word or manner. Herrmann had, in fact, prepared a little surprise for the humorist, and several others seat-

ed at the table were in the secret. Nye was about to lance a leaf from his salad, when he espied, lying beneath it, a superb and scintillant dia-mond, set in a very fine gold ring. Without showing the least surprise, he lifted the ring from the salad bowl, slipped it on his finger, conscious all the while that every eye was upon him, and turning to Riley, who sat next to him, remarked, with his dry, inimitable drawl:

"Strange how careless I am getting in my old age, James. I am forever leaving my jewelry in unlikely places."

Herrmann was dumfounded at the sudden manner in which the trick had miscarried, but he was destined for a still greater shock, for when the colored waiter who presided over the table brought on the next course Nye turned to him and, soberly handing him the gem set ring, said:

"You are a very good waiter, Joe." "Yes, sah. I guess I is, sah."

"And you always will be a real

good waiter, Joe?" "Yes, sah. I'm boun ter dø ma best, sah."

"I believe you, Joe, I believe you, and as an evidence of my faith in you I want you to accept this little trifle. Wear it, and always remember the man who most appreciated your services."

The waiter's eyes bulged. Herrmann's fork rattled to the floor, and he tugged at his great mustachios, but was far too clever to cut in with an explanation at such an inopportune moment. There were half suppressed titters all around the board during the rest of the meal, which the professor of occult art did not appear to enjoy. At a late hour that night Herrmann was heard in loud argument with the recipient of the diamond ring, trying to two languages to convince him that it was all a joke on the part of Mr. Nye. Finally, after disbursing a tip of more than customary liberality, Herrmann got back his ring. He afterwards vowed that the stone alone was worth \$2000, and that Bill Nye's nonchalant presentation of it to a grinning menial had spoiled a whole evening's perform-ance in legerdemain.-Success.

MULES, RATS AND MEN.

Miners Show Wisdom in Paying Heed to Certain Phenomena

"Well, that isn't superstition; it's reality," and Coal Mine Inspector Denman didn't seem a bit pleased with the suggestion that superstition might be responsible for the actions of miners.

"Coal miners," he went on to say, "are not superstitions. Hear noises? Of course they do, but do people suppose that noises are imaginary? beats all how little is known generally about coal mining.

"Folks get it into their heads," the inspector continued, "that a man who will quit work in a certain part of a mine because he sees the rats deserting that section is superstitious when, as a matter of fact, he simply displays sound judgment. Very soon after the rats quit sounds will be heard, and later on a slide follows. What would have happened to the man had he credited his fears to superstition by disregarding the exodus of the rats and the subsequent noises? "Rats are the first of a mine's inhabitants to realize danger, and then comes the mulé. Man is the last. So it is only natural that he should take as positive indications of trouble the actions of the others, and he should not be regarded as a superstitious creature on that account. "After rats desert an entry it is next to impossible to get a mule into it, not because the rats left, but because the mule realizes the danger. Left to themselves rats or mules would never be caught in slides in mines, but it is different with men, who will not follow the lead of the other two."-Denver Post.

or hunter will show you their village of grass houses by the river-you can have no end of enjoyment by being there at twilight and calling them out. Squeak like a mouse, only louder, and if there is a pointer nose in sight making a great letter V in the water, it turns instantly toward you. And if the place is all still you have only to hide and squeak a few times, when two or three muskrats will come out to see

placements that drive out hope.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compou

oures these troubles of women, and robs menstruation of its terrors.

No woman need be without the safest and surest advice, for Mrs. Pinkham counsels women free of charge. Her address is Lyr.n, Mass.

• Can any woman afford to ignore the medicine and the advice that has oured a million women?



S veritable demons, and must be quickly removed or serious results may follow. the for the past 60 years ord for successfully ridlicine which has held the record for successfully rid-ding children of these pests is Frey's Vermituge-made entirely from vege-table products, containing no calomel. 25 ets. at druggists, country stores or by mail, postpaid. E. & S. FREY, Baltimore, Md.



A little past 6 there was a commotion outside, and from the station cab Uncle Tam descended. He was wel-comed at the door by May's mother, and May excused herself to great Nicholas.

your mouth begins to "water," and you go and cut a rush for yourself, and eat it as a muskrat did. It you hungry it is not very bad.

vabble about and so get out of shape The second blouse is of plisse chiffon



A Hat Trunk.

A hat trunk or hat box, as our Eng.

mount. Now it is firm and cannot

Each hat has a stout cushion,

ing pulley belts of satin or corded silk. The newer leather belt should match Mohair, the most serviceable material nade for summer wear, is used for the above costume, reproduced from the Chicago Record. The tone is sand colas nearly as possible the tone of the homespun suit. Beautiful light browns or grays predominate. Select a chate or, trimmed with tailored bands of laine bag to match, for this is the pocketless age. Get a bag with an outgolden-brown silk. With it a violet silk skirt, finished with a high white side half pocket, in which you can tuck | satin stock, is worn,

War Levels All Mankind.

There is scarcely an old family in England without a relative or conn tion among the members of the battalion of yeomanry captured by the Boers near Lindley. One section of the force, the Duke of Cambridge's troop, was known as "the millionaires." One of their tents had an aggregate income of \$400,000 a year. They supplied their own horses and kit. Yet julging from the reports, they did drudging and underwent hardships with as good grace as any uncultured "Tommy." While on the way to the Cape on P transport an officer, seeing one of the "millionaires" swabbing the decks a gale, said:

"You seem to have good sea legs, man.'

The reply was:

"I have kept a yacht for the last ten years. sir."