

WOE.

Her children's cheeks are rosy, Their limbs are strong and straight, Her husband loves her truly, And servants on her wait; Yet oft she sits and sighs And oft she cries Out bitterly at Fate.

The ancient rugs are costly That lie upon the floor; The lawn is broad and shady That stretches from the door; She has enough, you say?— Her sister, o'er the way, Has just a little more! —S. E. Kiser.

A LUCKY FIND.

BY ELLA M. HESS.

About eight years ago, on a warm summer's night in June, within a few minutes of 12, I was patrolling a quiet part of East Broadway when a man called out from a second story window—

"Hold on, policeman?" "Well," I asked, "what's the matter?"

"I have just heard a heavy thump in Mr. Bentley's house, next door. He may have fallen and hurt himself. He came in a few minutes ago. Hadn't you better ring the bell?"

Mr. Bentley was a rich old bachelor who had lived entirely alone for years. It is said that in his house, to which no outsider was ever admitted, he kept a large amount of money and bonds. I rang the bell, but there was no response.

"Are you sure you saw him enter?" I asked.

"Yes. He hadn't been in half a minute before I heard a heavy jar. I have heard no sound since."

"There must be something wrong," I said, after ringing the bell a second time and receiving no response.

I tried the door, but it was locked. "Better force it," suggested the man at the window.

"I don't like to do that. Is there any other entrance?"

"Yes; that alley just beyond the steps leads to a back yard; but the gate is probably locked, as well as the rear door."

"I will go and see," said I.

Walking up the narrow alley, I discovered, by the dim light of a street lamp nearly opposite, that the gate stood open. I looked in and perceived that the rear door was open, and a faint light shone out. All was quiet. I returned to the street.

"The gate and the back door are open. Come down, and we will go in," I said to the man at the window.

In half a minute he joined me on the sidewalk, and I recognized him as an acquaintance named John Burke.

"I didn't know you lived here," I said.

"And I didn't recognize you when I first spoke," he answered.

"Well, there may have been foul work in his house, and we had better enter together."

We went up the alley, into the yard, and entered the open door. The rear room was evidently used as a kitchen, and guided by the dim light, we passed through another open door into a narrow hall with a stairway. Near the street door was a table on which stood a lighted candle. At the foot of the stairs lay Mr. Bentley, quite dead, and a frightful wound upon his head convinced me that he had been murdered.

At my request Mr. Burke hurried away to the police station, a few blocks off, to inform the captain of the murder, while I took the candle and made a hasty examination of the premises. A number of drawers in the second story back room had been broken open and ransacked, and on the floor lay half of a fresh looking newspaper. It struck me that the robber might have had it in his pocket, and possibly used the other half to wrap up some of his plunder, leaving behind him, in his hurry, what might prove a valuable clue. I therefore folded up the fragment and put it in my pocket. A moment later Mr. Burke returned, accompanied by several officers and a surgeon.

To make this part of the story brief, I will state that the usual formalities followed, the body being handed over to the coroner, and the case was placed in the hands of the detectives. I at first intended to give them the bit of newspaper I had picked up, but as I had a half-formed theory about the murder I concluded to keep it, at least for a day or two, to see if I could find a clue to the assassin on my own account. It was lucky I did.

After dinner on the following day, while off duty and in citizen's clothes, I paused opposite a well-known hotel on the Bowery, to watch some painters who were at work on a swinging ladder under the eaves, when my eye chanced to alight on a man who sat by a second story window, apparently engaged in packing a valise.

It was Burke. What was he doing there? I had been vaguely suspicious of the man from the first; he was too officious, I thought, too anxious for an investigation. I resolved to keep my eye on him, and see where he was going.

With this end in view I posted myself in a doorway from which I could see the window at which he sat. It was open, and as he lifted some article from the ledge to store it away, the piece of newspaper on which it had been lying was carried out by a draught of air, and came fluttering down near my feet. On the

alert to notice every trifling circumstance, I saw that the paper had been torn irregularly, and I fancied it corresponded with the piece I had found in the murdered man's house. I snatched it up and went into the nearest doorway to compare the fragments. What a leap my heart gave when I discovered that they fitted together exactly! There was no doubt of it.

"I am on the right track," I muttered. "Well, Mr. Burke, you don't get off with that valise so easily."

I crossed the street, entered the hotel, and was soon at the door of the room from whose windows the paper was blown. I knocked softly.

"Come in!" said a voice within. I entered, and found Burke still seated on a chair by the window.

"I thought it was the porter," he said in some confusion. "Who said you might find me here?"

Without replying I locked the door and put the key in my pocket.

"I see that you are getting ready to go away?" I remarked.

"Yes; but—but—" "Suppose you stay in New York a little longer?"

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed, rising from his chair.

"Oh, nothing of any great consequence," I replied coolly. "Perhaps you wouldn't object to my taking a look into that valise."

"Perhaps you will do me the kindness to get out of my room," he retorted. "Are you drunk or crazy? Hand me that key and go, or I will throw you out of the window!"

"Not so fast," said I, drawing my revolver. "I am an officer, you know, and I am here to arrest you for the murder you committed last night."

He stared a moment, then a change came over his countenance.

"Great Heavens, Mr. McAuley, what do you mean?"

"Have you ever seen this bit of paper?" I asked.

As I extended it toward him I saw that it was a weekly paper, published in the city of Pennsylvania from whence Burke came; its date was so recent that he must have received it on the very day preceding the murder.

With a look of despair on his white face that I shall never forget, he staggered to a chair. He was thoroughly cowed, and made no attempt to escape. You see the poor wretch was new at the business.

In five minutes I marched him into the station, where he made full confession, giving substantially the following account of the crime.

The stories of Bentley's wealth had tempted him to rob him. He forced his way into the house a little after dark, one night, when he knew that Bentley had gone out, but had barely entered when the old man came in at the front door, locked it, and lighted the candle on the table.

Determined not to be foiled now, Burke rushed upon him and struck him down with the tools he had been using to break the locks. This was between 9 and 10 o'clock. Then he ransacked the house, finding a number of banknotes. In order to make a compact parcel of them, he hastily tore in two a paper which he chanced to have in his pocket, using one half for his purpose and, in his nervous haste, leaving the other lying upon the floor. Then he returned to his room, from which he called my attention to Bentley's house, foolishly thinking that by so doing he would not come within the range of suspicion.

In due time he was tried, found guilty, and paid the penalty of his crime. It was this case, which I worked up on my own account, and in which my success was largely due to mere chance, that gave me a place on the detective force. Many a man has worked harder and displayed far more sagacity than I did on that occasion, without accomplishing his end. But I do better things now, and like my work as well as some persons like to solve a puzzle.—Waverley Magazine.

Where He Drew the Line.

"You are sure you have that confidence in me that is so essential in choosing a life partner?" she said inquiringly. "You trust me fully?"

"Oh, implicitly," he replied. "I would trust you with my life. Only show me how I can prove it."

"I will," she said with a happy sigh. "Promise me—"

"Anything you ask," he interrupted. "The promise is given beforehand. For you I would go through Niagara whirlpool in a barrel, I would cross the ocean in an open boat."

"Promise me," she repeated slowly and deliberately, "that when we are married you will put your bank account to my name."

However, of course, there are limitations to even the most devoted love, and so he left her weeping over the hollowness and mockery of masculine protestations.—Chicago Post.

The Shah and Cheese.

In his slow and costly journey across Europe, on his way to Paris, the Shah of Persia tasted Gruyere cheese. He nibbled it at first, doubtful. Then he took to eating it largely, and found gherkins went excellently with it. Finally he substituted it for bread, and, at a princely salary, he engaged one of the most expert makers to accompany him back to Persia.

Another View.

She—How lovely the stars look darling! "And yet how sad! Innumerable worlds full of men burdened with doubt, debt, dyspepsia and domesticity!"—Life.



THE EDICTS OF FASHION.

New York City.—No outer garment is more popular for winter wear than the blouse Eton that can be worn open or closed as occasion requires.



LADIES' BLOUSE ETON.

Cloth of all sorts, chevrons and the rough surface zibelines are all used, and velvet costumes are promised in unusual numbers. The smart May Manton design illustrated is suited to all materials and is especially becoming to all slight and moderate figures. It is a mistake to suppose that only slender women look well in a garment of the sort, for its lines are tapering and its slight fulness tends to conceal any faults rather than to intensify them. As illustrated, the Eton is of satin-faced cloth in a soft pastel tan and makes part of a costume, the skirt of which is circular. The trimming is made of

the left and is buttoned diagonally into place. The tiny chemisette and stock collar are permanently attached to the right lining front, and hook over into the left. The neck of the waist is finished with a shaped collar that greatly adds to the effect. The sleeves are cut in one piece each, the outer seams extending to the elbows only, and flare becomingly over the hands.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size four yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide, three yards thirty-two inches wide, or two and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide, will be required.

New Picturesque Sleeves.

Of the making of new picturesque sleeves there seems to be no end this season. Special designs are constantly appearing on fancy waists, tea-gowns, afternoon toilets, simple morning dresses, negligees, and dainty little open-crochet jackets. The designing of novel effects in sleeves, both long, short, and elbow-length, has reached the dignity of a fine art in Paris, and a number of atteliers make this business a specialty.

Becoming to Little Girls.

Long coats are almost universally becoming to little girls in addition to providing them with the warmth essential to cold weather, health and comfort. The box model is a favorite one of the season, and is never more appropriate or stylish than when worn by children. As a rule, the materials are cheviot, melton and broadcloth, and the colors brown or tan; black, although much liked for their elders, is held too gloomy and



LADIES' SHIRT WAIST.

stitched bands of cloth and the revers and cuffs are faced with heavy corded white silk. Beneath the jacket is worn a peasant waist, with a jabot of white chiffon and stock collar of lace.

The back of the Eton is seamless and fits smoothly and snugly. The full fronts pouch slightly and are stitched from shoulder to waist, but the garment is fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams only. The collar, which is a feature, is slightly pointed at the back and flares becomingly against the face. Together with the fronts it is faced with white silk and rolls over to form revers. At the waist is a belt of material, also stitched. The sleeves are two-seamed and snug, but not over tight, and are finished with flare cuffs, headed by a stitched band. The closing is accomplished by means of loops of braid and handsome buttons.

To cut the blouse Eton for a woman of medium size four yards of material twenty-one inches wide, two and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide, or two yards fifty inches wide, will be required, with one and three-eighths yards or silk to face revers, collar and cuffs.

Ladies' Fancy Shirt Waist.

Simple, useful waists of flannel, cashmere, Henrietta and soft taffeta have become a necessity. Many women seek some variation from the severe shirt waist, yet will tolerate nothing fussy, as it must be worn beneath a jacket that requires to be slipped on and off with ease. At the moment embroidered woolen goods are much in demand, and soft pastel shades predominate, although vivid red holds a conspicuous place. The smart model illustrated by May Manton in the large engraving is chic at the same time that it is eminently practicable. As shown, the material is cashmere in a pastel red-embroidered in white, with revers and chemisette and belt of stitched black taffeta, and buttons and belt clasp of cut steel.

The foundation for the waist is a lining fitted with single darts and shoulder and under-arm seams. On this are arranged the slightly full back and the pouched fronts. The lining closes at the centre front, the left front proper extends to the centre only, but the right extends over

old for children's wear. The May Manton model illustrated includes all the latest features and is made from tan colored melton, with collars and cuffs of brown velvet, and handsome smoked pearl buttons down the front. The coat is cut in three pieces and is fitted with shoulder and under-arm seams, the latter being left open for a slight distance at the bottom and the stitching carried round. The little shoulder cape is circular and curves up at the back. The fronts are faced with cloth, the collar with velvet to an inch from the edge, to which point cloth is applied, and the two roll back and form revers. The sleeves are two-seamed and well fitted, and are finished with roll-over cuffs curved and flaring at the outer edge and faced with velvet to match the collar.

To cut this coat for a girl of two



GIRLS' LONG BOX COAT.

years of age, two and one-eighth yards of material fifty inches wide will be required, with one-fourth yard of velvet for collar and cuffs.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The tensile strength of a wet rope is only one-third the strength of the rope when dry, while a rope saturated with grease or soap is weaker still.

The difference between the tallest and shortest races in the world is one foot, four and one-eighth inches, and the average height is five feet, five and one-half inches.

Experiments by Professor Leob show that chemically pure salt is fatal to fish, though present in the same proportions as in sea water. It is agreed that it is useful to animals, but the mixture of it with other salts renders it non-toxic, as proved by his further experiments.

A London letter to The Western Electrician says that the United Chambers of Commerce in England are about to investigate the question whether the large patronage given to American manufacturers of electric railway equipments is due to technical deficiencies on the part of English makers or not.

In view of the rapidly increasing consumption of asbestos in the United States and the fact that about nine-tenths of the supply is imported, it is interesting to know that the output in the United States is growing perceptibly. In 1898 it was 605 tons and in 1899 it reached 681. Most of it comes from Georgia.

A patent has been granted to Nikola Tesla, the electrician, for an invention designed to prevent the escape of electricity from wires. The method employed for insulating the electrical conductor is to surround it with air kept at so low a temperature as to maintain a coating of ice on the wire. It is claimed that by this means electrical energy can be transmitted with almost no loss for long distances.

The American Machinist says that it has received a new system of decimal weights and measures for the English speaking people. It gives various names to the linear inch, the square inch and the cubic inch, but it is similar to the metric system except that it takes the yard instead of the meter for its standard unit. As much confusion would be involved in its adoption as in that of the metric system, and after it was adopted, we should still be using a different system from the other nations of the world.

Direction of Lightning Flashes.

"Ever since I was a boy," said one of a group of loungers in the hotel corridor, "lightning has seemed to me to go up instead of down. I have watched it many a time while it was playing in the stormy sky, and the direction was always apparently the same—from the earth up toward the zenith. I supposed this was an optical illusion, peculiar to myself, until recently, when I was surprised to read in a scientific journal that the actual direction of the electric discharge is uncertain. It is as likely to be up as down, and depends entirely upon whether the storm cloud happens to be charged negatively or positively. Since then I have mentioned the subject to others and found a number of persons who see lightning the same way that I do—going up. As a matter of fact, the time of a flash of lightning is so brief that it is impossible to be certain of its direction. The effect it produces on the mind must depend largely upon preconception, and the flash seems to most persons to descend because they are accustomed to thinking of it as darting out of the sky and striking things on the earth. Next time there is an electric display in the heavens fix your mind steadily on the idea of lightning rushing upward, and I will venture the assertion the next flash seems to take that direction. It is a curious, but simple, experiment and has been tried with success by every member of my family."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Balm of Gilead Fir.

Lady tourists to the Canadian forests usually desire to make and bring home at least one cushion filled with the leaves or needles of the balsam fir as a cure for insomnia. This tree is a distinctive feature of the northern woods, with its tall, straight trunk and aromatic fragrance. The branches are high up on the tree which produces Canada balsam, used for its antiseptic properties. The balsam is drawn from blisters in the bark. When a branch is torn off this resinous fluid exudes freely. The leaves are linear, the cones large, cylindrical and of a violet color; the color of the leaves is a lighter green than those of the European silver fir. For cushion or pillow filling these faint needles are stripped with the fingers from the branches on to a white cloth, whence they are poured into the pillow case. The balsam retains its fragrance for years and is recommended for producing sweet slumbers.

One peculiarity of the tree, which has given it a religious significance, is that each terminal branch is in the shape of a cross. Hence the whole tree shows a multiplicity of crosses.

The Little Maid's Prayer.

A certain Buffalo minister has a little daughter, and the other day he decided to accept a call in Chicago. He told his wife and family about it, and that evening, when the little girl was saying her prayers, she spoke as follows: "Dear Lord, help us, we are going to Chicago."—Buffalo Courier.

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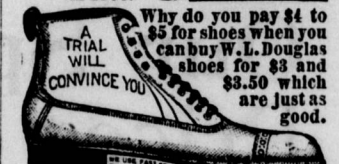
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