

NOW.

Feller what shirks an' is lazy
Ain't no use livin', I vow!
But I tell yer who is the daisy—
The feller thet does things now.

A LOCAL COLOR TRAGEDY.

BY EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

HEN Violet Lingard announced she was going in for literature there were those among us who scoffed. Violet was so alarmingly pretty, one would never suspect her of possessing brains.

Her first novel attracted more than passing notice. She was commended for her original and audacious style, her clever plot and a certain dainty feminine touch.

Local coloring came to be an absolute mania with her. She was always prating of "atmosphere" and "realism." One can stand a lot of infernal nonsense from a pretty woman, but really poor Violet often grew acutely tiresome with her endless rhapsodies about "the divinity of realism."

It was just after publishing her second novel, a combination of ingenuity and wickedness, a smartish, brackish story you wouldn't have liked your sister to write, that the girl decided to go to the far west in search of "local color" for the next attempt.

"Yes," she drawled, with the fine lady air of disdain she had assumed since her success, "yes, I am going in search of local color and a hero. I may take a cowboy for the latter—who knows? They tell me those fellows are delightfully original and as breezy as the winds from the Rockies."

She made up her mind she had not been misinformed when, a month later, she met Jack Weatherly.

Weatherly was a child of the plains. He had never been east of the Mississippi and had an infinite contempt for the land of the rising sun. He had hunted for a living; he had been a cowboy and raised as much of a rumpus in mining camps as the next fellow. Now he owned his own ranch

and herds had settled down somewhat and had begun to think he would like a wife and home.

He was a handsome fellow, as fiery as the mustang he rode and as tender-hearted as a woman—some women.

His ranch lay in the shadow of the Sangre de Christo range, next to that of the Athertons, where the New York girl was stopping. Its acres stretched to the shadowy foot hills and over them roamed the sleek, well-fed creatures of which he was so proud.

and letting out a yell which could have been heard in Denver. And there by the side of pretty Mrs. Atherton, sat a stranger, a vision, an angel. The astonished ranchman blushed and stammered like a school boy as he bowed awkwardly and apologized for his Apache-like descent. Who was this divinity in palest pink, this radiant creature with hair like gold and eyes of heaven's own blue? "My friend, Miss Lingard, from New York," Mrs. Atherton had said. Pshaw! She was a celestial being straight from Paradise.

I have always pitied Weatherly. Never for one moment could I blame him. He was a primitive man with savage instincts lurking in his breast. Brave, loyal, straightforward himself, how could he dream of the treacherous ruel blows one little soft white hand was capable of dealing?

Violet found this sturdy, brawny ranchero a delightful study, and decided he should be the hero of her next novel. His quaint wit and poetic fancies born of the mesas and the mountains, his forcible and often ungrammatical speech were faithfully noted; his emotions were played upon, his heart was probed. And he never dreamed he was being experimented on. He loved this exquisite creature, this dainty, soft, purring beauty, as he loved his life. He coveted her and longed to shut her close to his big, faithful, honest heart.

At last came the night when Violet carried her passion for "atmosphere" and "local coloring" to its climax. They had gone for their customary evening stroll, and had climbed up a lofty butte to a broad ledge of rocks. At their feet yawned the canyon, tremendous, awful, black, save where the moonlight touched the opposite wall with ghostly fingers. Back of them loomed the range like the battlements of a phantom city. Through the pines in the canyon the wind came sighing in mournful cadence. While far, far below sounded the faint rushing of water—the river tumbling and foaming along over its rocky bed.

"What a weird place," cried Violet with a pretty little shudder, "and what a ghost-like night. Why did we never come up here before, Jack? What a scene!"

Weatherly was lying at her feet where he had thrown himself to rest after their climb. He turned his face, white in the moonlight, toward her, and fixing his dusky, unfathomable eyes upon her, said: "I kept this place for this hour. I meant to bring you

here when I got my courage to the point where I could say all that is in my heart. Many a time down there, pointing to the ranch lying below, "I have looked up here and thought of the time I would bring you to tell you how I love you."

For one instant Violet felt a queer little thrill. The simple dignity of his declaration almost moved the worldly, cold-blooded girl. Then she thought of her local coloring. "What a situation for my novel," she said to herself, then aloud, gently: "So you really love me, Jack?"

"Love you?" he echoed, passionately, as he rose and sat down beside her. "Violet, look," taking her hand, "my heart lies here in this dear little hand." Then throwing all reserve to the winds, he seized her and kissed her, madly, tempestuously.

She struggled to free herself and at length succeeded. "How dare you?" she demanded; "how dare—"

"How dare I?" he cried. "Why, dearest, I love you—I love you, do you hear? And you, you love me a little, do you not?" He was approaching her again, when she said, contemptuously: "No; not a bit. I have simply been studying you."

He stood as if turned to stone. "Studying me," he said, in a queer voice, "studying—why—why?" he savagely demanded, as he caught her wrist and held it in an iron grip.

"You were so different," she faltered, a bit frightened at his sudden ferocity. "I wanted a new type for my book, you know. I suppose Tom told you I write books."

An absolutely murderous look swept over Weatherly's face. "No," he said, "no one told me that. So you write books? And you wanted to put me in it—was that it? Answer me, answer me."

"Yes," she murmured, faintly. "And that was all? You never loved me—never meant to marry me?"

"Why, no, how could I? I am to be married in the fall to a man in New York—"

A snarl like that of an infuriated beast interrupted her. Livid with rage, he sprang toward her. Once again he crushed her, shrinking and trembling, to his breast, then dragged her to the very edge of the canyon, gazing like the bottomless pit to receive them. And as her agonized screams pierced the soft summer night, Weatherly, still holding her against his outraged heart, stepped off.

They found them next day in the bottom of the canyon. Violet's lovely face was past recognition, but on Weatherly's lingered a smile of such awful triumph as would have pleased the arch-fiend himself.—Truth.

ELLEN OSBORN'S LETTER.

A Great Lesson in Dress Learned This Summer.

New Gowns Seen on the Sea, on the Tennis Court and on the Driveway—Harmony in the Summer's Gowns.

The greatest of dress lessons is harmony. And we have learned it this summer. In all the goodly array of clothes in Newport, pale tints in soft fabrics frilled with dainty laces blend each into each, with the wonderful green of the lawns and the blue of the sky and the changing sparkle of the sea to give relief to them and background. Here is a white muslin with just a tint of the pink of the late wild roses beneath its folds. There a mauve cambric all afloat with valencienne. Against the red awnings of the veranda stands out a green and white sheer linen, crowned by a huge lace hat tied with white ribbons under a saucy chin. Under a spreading tree that looks as if it might go back to the days of the Norsemen and Newport's famous old stone mill is a slim little maid in a frock of white grass lawn, striped with pale blue. Dark blue ribbons are tied at her throat and waist, and a dark blue sailor hat is set back on her pale gold hair which coils in a curly nest just at the nape of her neck, where it is prettiest and for the ordinary, straight-haired girl least possible. A yellow muslin is half seen through the meshes of a hammock, while out in the broad sunlight, the one splash of vivid color in the cool, breezy summer landscape is a dress of scarlet linen under a wide leghorn hat ratched with red chiffon.

A fete on John Jacob Astor's yacht, the Nourmahal, brought out the prettiest marine dresses of the summer and gave us a foretaste of what we may expect in September. The picturesque group that leaned over the rail or

peries. Pink cord and tassels made dainty lacings and the soft pink belt was tied in the back with a big bow. The puffy sleeves came only to the elbows and a tiny cap was worn, showing the soft curly brown hair.

Another noticeable dress was of huckleberry blue mull lined—a very delicate midsummer material that young girls who are wise affect just now. It had a plain, flaring skirt with a deep hem, and a blue and white accordion plaited blouse, finished with a white fichu collar, knotted with a soft bow over the bosom and edged with a wide frill all around. A white silk belt clasped the waist, and the very girlish hat was of white straw decked with daisies and cornflowers.

New four-in-hands appear every day on Bellevue avenue, and such processions of coaches, low-hung victorias and smart traps could be seen nowhere else in the world. There is one turnout that for two days past has especially interested me. In spite of very correct liveries and exceeding proper, stiff backs, the coachman and footman have a queer Japanese look about the eyes. It's my fancy that they're made up for exhibition, to suit the whims of a very beautiful and very eccentric girl. The young woman who rides behind them has oriental eyes herself, slightly so by nature and a touch more by art, and the whole effect is just eccentric enough to attract attention, not enough so to be outre. The girl wears white striped silk with a broad black hat. Nobody knows her, but everybody sees her and everybody appreciates the bold stroke, and yet not too bold, by which she has made herself in forty-eight hours a center of observation.

Mrs. Alva Vanderbilt has departed from the rule she seems to have laid down for herself this summer of conspicuously simple dress and appeared in her cart on the ocean drive a day or two ago in a dazzling gown. It was of buttercup yellow mull, shirred over a silk skirt of the same color. The bodice



IN FULL FEATHER.

with bareh heels walked back and forth in the faint, salt, sun-warmed breeze, seemed to be all in grass lawn, alpaca or white serge. The serge frocks were best; that of Mrs. Duncan Elliot, for example, who wore hers with a piquant little velvet hem of huckleberry blue and a blue tie to her white linen shirt with its stiff cuffs and collar. A blue belt and a smart blue coat with white revers finished a most taking costume.

Miss Pauline Whitney, who of all the girls at the summer resorts attracts most attention, showed a proper regard for the eyes that were bent upon her by rewarding them with a glimpse of a blue and white striped flannel skirt, worn with a blue lawn shirt and a white necktie. Shaped revers down the sides of the skirt were buttoned with big white club buttons. A blue elastic belt was stitched with gold cord. A white box coat was now in evidence and now thrown on a deck chair. The blouse had enormous bishop sleeves, whose top almost touched the Panama hat that was simply trimmed with a blue ribbon band and big blue bow.

This was harbor yachting. Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin can tell all women what to wear when it comes to a cruise. On board the Defender she paces the deck in dark-blue serge, of rough make, with plain skirt, close-fitting bodice and square sailor collar of white cloth whose narrow pointed revers come to the belt and fasten there. The belt is of white elastic and the hat now a blue sailor and now a yachting cap with white buckle and band.

At a tennis party on the lawn at the new breakers the summer girl had a chance to show what she is reserving for the end of her campaign. Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, who has a little time for outdoor dresses as well as for coming out balls, wore a very graceful frock of striped pink and white wool, soft and sheer, with the waist of delicate cream white veiling. The blouse had two wide-reaching collars like wings, one of white and the one above it of pink silk like the pink of the dra-

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WERE WE AT FAULT?

Spanish Indignation Over the Allianca Incident.

Claimed Now That the Vessel Really Carried Arms for the Rebels and That We Displayed a Gross Abuse of Strength in Demanding an Apology from Spain.

Madrid, Sept. 6.—Count Hobkirk, the Frenchman who was on board the American steamer Allianca at the time she was fired upon by a Spanish warship off Cape Mayal, Cuba, is now in this city. In an interview last evening he said that the Allianca was so close to the shore that he could see the inhabitants clearly. When Captain Crossman, the master of the Allianca, saw the Conde de Venadito, the warship which fired on the American vessel, he was enraged because he knew he would not be able to land the arms he had aboard the steamer. He exclaimed: "I will kick up a nice row when I reach the United States."

Senor Murruaga, formerly Spanish minister to the United States, has written to the papers stating that he resigned because he had proof that the Conde de Venadito was right in firing on the Allianca. He would not consent that Spain should give humiliating satisfaction to the United States for an incident in which the United States was at fault. Moreover, he adds, it is known in the United States that Captain Crossman smuggled arms to the rebels in Brazil during the civil war in that country, and that he now carries on a brisk trade smuggling arms to the insurgents in Cuba.

Senor Murruaga adds that he had the statements of witnesses that the Allianca carried contraband for war and that she was only a mile and a half from the Cuban coast when the Conde de Venadito hailed her. He sent these statements and a full report of the occurrence to the Madrid government and they concealed them. The Spanish press is indignant over these revelations and violently attacks the United States and the Spanish government. The newspapers declare that the action of the United States in sending an ultimatum was a gross abuse of strength, seeing Spain's difficulty at the time.

DUPLICATE MONEY ORDERS.

Postoffice Department Put To Considerable Trouble.

Washington, Sept. 5.—The postoffice department has been put to considerable trouble lately by the issuance of duplicate money orders for those alleged to have been lost, misdirected or possibly stolen by dishonest clerks. All duplicates here and last year application was made for the issuance of more than 30,000 such orders. The department finds that in many cases both the original and the duplicate have been paid, and in some cases suit has been brought to recover the money. In order to obviate such entanglements in the future First Assistant Postmaster-General Jones, at the solicitation of the auditor, has adopted a rule not to issue duplicates in the future until the expiration of sixty days from the date of the original money order.

RALPH O. BALES MARRIED.

The Noted G. A. R. Lecturer Elopes with a Thrice Wedded Widow. Anderson, Ind., Sept. 6.—Ralph O. Bales, the G. A. R. lecturer, and Mrs. Middleton, a thrice wedded widow, whom he met two weeks ago, eloped yesterday and were married at Middletown. Bales has been lecturing for twenty-five years about the war and his experiences while a prisoner in Andersonville. He escaped and was almost dead when Gen. Sheridan found him. The general sent him to Washington to show President Lincoln to what condition men were reduced in the southern prison. The president wept when he saw him and made him a guest at the white house for nine days. He is past 50 years of age.

ITALIAN SOCIALISTS' PLOT.

Disturbance Planned for Sept. 20 if De Felice Was Not Released.

Palermo, Sept. 5.—The police of this city have dissolved a socialist electoral society which had 400 members. The society was organized in disturbance for Sept. 20, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the occupation of Rome by Italian troops, if the government did not accord amnesty to De Felice, Barbato and other socialists now in prison.

DURRANT'S HARD FIGHT.

Sixty Witnesses Will Be Called by the Defense.

San Francisco, Sept. 9.—The Durrant trial went over last night until Tuesday next, Monday being a legal holiday. The defense has given an idea of the long fight it will make by the announcement that it will put sixty witnesses on the stand. The nature of the defense, however, has not been disclosed.

Father Nash Dead.

Troy, N. Y., Sept. 7.—Rev. Michael Nash, a priest of the Jesuit order and for thirty years in charge of St. Joseph's parish in this city, died yesterday afternoon from a stroke of paralysis. Father Nash was chaplain of the "Billy" Wilson zouaves during the civil war.

Medico-Legal Congress Adjourns.

New York, Sept. 7.—The Medico-Legal congress, which has been in session for the past three days in the Federal building, wound up last night with a reception and a banquet at the Press club.

To Meet at Saratoga in '96.

Saratoga, N. Y., Sept. 7.—The Master Car Builders' and Master Mechanics' associations have decided to hold their annual convention in this village during the second week in July, 1896.

Adams Will Be Hanged.

Columbus, O., Sept. 6.—The state board of pardons has rejected the application for clemency for Martin Adams, a Cincinnati murderer. He will be executed on Sept. 27.

Peppermint Supplants Hay.

Niles, Mich., Sept. 5.—Owing to the scarcity of hay, the farmers in this vicinity are curing peppermint plants. Growers of peppermint have realized more than \$100,000 this season from the oil.

CASTORIA for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms. Castoria allays Feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles. Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.

Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air. Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."

See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A. The fac-simile signature of J. C. H. Pitcher is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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GET THE BEST When you are about to buy a Sewing Machine do not be deceived by alluring advertisements and be led to think you can get the best made, finest finished and Most Popular for a mere song. See to it that you buy from reliable manufacturers that have gained a reputation by honest and square dealing. You will then get the best Sewing Machine that is noted the world over for its durability. You want the one that is easiest to manage and is Light Running. There is none in the world that can equal in mechanical construction, durability of working parts, fineness of finish, beauty in appearance, and lowest price as many improvements as this.

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