

PLAYING THE PENALTY



Robert. "You may be able to state if you ever seen him before."

"At that moment the man glanced in their direction, then sauntered off toward the lake.

"Never to my knowledge," said Robert. "Should you see him again, would you recognize him?"

"I judge you were becoming impatient," the detective said as he joined Robert.

"You deny it, but I know that if I shall believe worse for you."

"I would like to pass that couple without your company. Can you not make a detour here, so that they will not observe you, and join me further on?"

"Certainly," said Robert. "I will take this path that leads nearer the lake and meet you at the conservatory."

"The woman's eyes blazed, and with one blow she struck the object from the hand that held it."

"The flushed face of the man turned to him."

"I declare, I am completely exhausted," he said. "I will rest here before going further."

The gentleman he had so acutely come into collision with had faced about and stood in the door, seemingly hesitating whether to ascend the stairs.

"Are you intending to test your luck?" asked the good fellow, go ahead. I should be fortunate to-night."

"So should I," observed the man of the park, as he ascended the stairs.

Robert followed him, and five minutes later the two men were seated side by side at a table, on the second floor, with a goodly sized stock of little white ivory chips before him.

The two men played with varying success, seemingly regardless of others around them and apparently paying little attention to each other, though either had made an unusually successful play, the porter was summoned with the side-board decanter.

As time passed on they became more and more talkative, and were soon on the best of terms. Both became jovial.

Robert thought of the possibility of possible foolish suspicions that Sellers might have had in regard to this man.

The trip of the deceiver became more and more frequent. Each time the boy would find that Robert was waiting down his third, while of the contents of his friend's glass a good portion found its way into a convenient cuspidor.

It was exceedingly warm in the room and Robert was fast becoming thoroughly incubated.

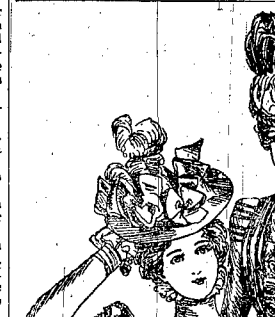
The young man was speaking mechanically and almost unconscious condition and almost unconscious of what he was doing.

FOR DRESSY WOMEN. LATEST DECREE OF FASHION SET FORTH.

The Popular Barred Muslin and Its Uses—The Rage for Tucks—Novelties in Trimming—Three Examples of Headgear.

Apparel for Late Summer. New York correspondence:

IN THE pretty barred muslins that this year are so desperately popular, the variegates are a legend. They are made over bright colored silk or lawn to match the color or predominate shade of the bars, and a pretty flish is straps of ribbon either in many different shades or in the one shade matching the bars.



and sometimes they take the form of narrow satin ribbon lines, but they are by all odds the latest and, most effective of the summer materials. Ribbon is extensively used in their trimming. It is interesting to notice that fringe, about which there was a lot of talk, has hardly been used at all, though a compromise in an edge of little ends of baby ribbons is seen on some of the

embroidered silk lines in various colors. It is noticeable that neither one material nor color nor kind of trimming is held to now in making gowns.

One part of a dress may be trimmed with spangles, another with folds of silk and yet another may be elaborated with applied lace.

The third of these waists resembles the others, in that the tops of its sleeves are trimmed to match the rest of the bodice. The trimming takes the place of the cap that used to be worn.



There are a few more of these waists, but there are so many who are glad to soften the ugliness of bones that the trick is becoming a frequent resort. There is a fancy for trimming waists with knife pleatings, either silk or lawn in many colors.

There is a little fall of ivory white set with one of apple green and one of lilac on either side, the effect being very dressy. Sometimes these little falls appear elsewhere in the scheme of trimming, but more often they are used only down the front of the bodice.

The headgear of this illustration is a selection from the abundant 'half tailor' hats that are in so inviting array. These suit many a girl better than a garden hat, and by such they should be worn even more generally

THE CAPTAIN'S BOY.

My papa came home yesterday and said to mamma, he had got to work to start away and help set Cuba free.

My mamma looked at him awhile and went up to his side, and took his hands and tried to smile, but couldn't do the trick.

My papa's captain of the Blues—they're soldier boys, you know, and so we've been expecting news that he would have to go.

"Why must you go away to fight?" my mamma said, as last night. "I don't believe that war is right—the day for that is past!

"I haven't anything to say about the wrong or right," my papa said. "I go away, when they tell me to, and fight."

My mamma covered up her face and had to cry again.

And everything about the place seemed kind of solemn, then, and so we all sat there awhile, and papa looked at me.

"I'm not supposed to think or know—all I have to do is take up arms at once and go, when others tell me to."

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tender care. Joseph Binns had been wise in his generation.

"My poor old girl—she shall have 'em all," he murmured. "I'll do the thing proper and pretty. My word, little Anne won't know herself."

"It was pathetic how he still cherished the idea of youth in respect to the woman he was seeking.

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THE RETURN OF ULYSSES.

JOSEPH BINNS walked rapidly away. Excitement reddened his cheeks. His eyes glittered. Gradually the mood worked out, his steps slackened, and he sighed hard from time to time.

He added his Anne had married too young. He acknowledged the wrong to his wife, and when earning good wages across the seas sent money home to her.

Then how pretty she had looked when her baby came. He had taken off his boots and crept in on tiptoe to see them. She was lying back on her pillow, her arm round a little bundle of clothes.

Her face was white, but lighted with such a beautiful smile, he could think of nothing but a picture he had once seen of the Mother Mary and the Holy Child.

"Our Father," he whispered. "Our Father which art in heaven, so help me I will find her and do my duty by her till I die!"

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NOT ALL ELABORATION IS IN SKIRTS.

later summer dresses. As a rule the ribbons are in all sorts of color, our fancy for a medley of tints not having yet been satisfied.

Organdies scattered all over with beautiful wild flowers in natural colors are lovely. This material is made up with sweeping skirt, which is supposed to be lifted out of danger of soiling, so that means the prettiest petticoats.

Some variety of the Spanish flounce or apron front with flounce below is almost invariable, and the bodice is always finished with a yoke, or else the front is open to show an under piece.

One of these dainty dresses is put first in the next picture. It was of white organdie figured with large yellow roses, was over yellow silk, and its skirt was cut in a particularly graceful apron and flounce combination.

This apron skirt idea affords a fine chance for combining taffeta and lawn, and when the combination can be extended to the bodice as tastefully as in the second model of this row dresses of great beauty result.

than they are. Very rough woven straw, light and open, is trimmed with green stiff wired bows of ribbon of formal look, a buckle and possibly a single well-polished plume.

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THE OLD CLERK.

A Pathetic Figure Often Seen in the Business World.

He is a familiar figure in almost every business house—the old clerk. White-haired, thin, with clothes that are always of decent black and scrupulously brushed, he has sat behind the same desk or stood behind the same counter for dear knows how many years, growing thinner and older and madder as the time went by.

Some of the men we meet him in the early morning going down to office or store, walking the same route he has trod for twenty or thirty years with a regularity so perfect that the very policemen on the beat might set his watch by his movements.

He knows that the time is coming when he must go. He has seen it happen before with others. First, he will be retired to some other department, with less work and less pay. They will remember for a time the long years of faithful service, in which he has seen the firm grow from small beginnings to present wealth.

Then, after a time, when he has been slower than usual, or some mistake has passed unnoticed by his dim eyes, they will send for him to come to the president's room and he will be told that they think it best to put a boy in that department.

"Oh, I know, dear, that the calls of business are imperative. I would not have you remain away."

"The madam would not of a truth, for Mr. Kellogg's absence would afford her the opportunity of an unusual evening with Earl, and it was with a sense of inward satisfaction that she bade him good-bye at the outer door at nearly eight o'clock."

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FOUR FROM THE BEST THAT LATE SUMMER WILL SHOW.

ive are basket patterns, almost as delicate as lace, the material of the dress on which the braid is used showing through the opening in the basket pattern. The stunning waist that is uppermost of the pictured, three was trimmed with this sort of braid.

FOUR FROM THE BEST THAT LATE SUMMER WILL SHOW.

ed embroidery in silk threads outlined the union of silk and lawn on skirt bodice and sleeves, for even these had taffeta caps with wrinkled lower portions.

FOUR FROM THE BEST THAT LATE SUMMER WILL SHOW.

Canvas as a dress goes has a simple sound, but it takes its share of elaborate trimming this year just as well as do fabrics of more high-sounding names.

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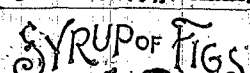
Umbrellas for African Hosiery. A West African king has just had an umbrella made for him twenty-one feet in diameter.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer



NEVER IMITATED IN QUALITY

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

It is not only the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also the care and skill with which it is manufactured...

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.



“Deadheads.”

The origin of the term “deadhead” is thus accounted for in Leopold Wagner's volume on “The Significance of Names”...

What Will Become of China?

None can foresee the outcome of the quarrel between foreign powers over the division of China. It is interesting to watch the going to pieces of this empire...

Another Definition.

Papa—Papa, what's a pessimist? Papa—A pessimist is a person who can't see the glass half full...

Hall's Catarrh Cure

It is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

Extirpating Wolves in France.

Last year premiums were paid on only 171 wolves killed in France, as the number has been steadily decreasing...

Pisa's Cure for Consumption

has been a godsend to me.—Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Pa., Sept. 17, 1895.

Mr. Bacon—Oh, pray, don't slug out!

You'll frighten everybody away.—Yonkers Statesman.

FREE for a few months to all users of the celebrated ELASTIC STARCH.

To induce you to try this brand of starch, so that you may find out for yourself that all claims for its superiority and economy are true...

How To Get Them!

All purchasers of three 10 cent or six 5 cent packages of Elastic Starch (Flat Iron Brand) will receive a complimentary copy of these beautiful Game Plaques free...

ASK YOUR DEALER

to show you the plaques and tell you about Elastic Starch. Accept no substitute.

It Was Before the Day of SAPOLIO

They Used to Say “Woman's Work Is Never Done.”

Thomas Jefferson's Ten Rules. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

YOU CAN Get Tired

Working hard, and then you can get tired again. But if you are tired all the time it means that your blood is poor.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

America's Greatest Medicine. Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, etc.

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CRUEL OPPRESSION

Ho—There is an old saying that what is enough for one will do for two.

THE PAYS THE FRAIT

BEST SCALES—LEAST MONEY. JONES OF BINGHAMTON N. Y.

RECEIVE QUEEN REQUESTS.

Funny Experiences Related by the Officials of the British Museum.

An American doctor has made a singular application to the authorities of the British Museum. He asks: “Will you please get and send me a piece of the ruins out of the great London fire which has lately occurred?”

This is not the first time that requests of an equally humorous nature have been received at the British Museum. Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, K. C. B., the principal librarian, recently told a story of a letter containing numerous questions sent him by a German gentleman, who, in apologizing for their inordinate number, explained that he Germans are a questionable people.

There is also the anecdote of the linguist who asked an attendant whether the roll of the Pentateuch exhibited under a glass case in one of the galleries of the museum department was the identical thing “that Moses chucked about.”

But the most remarkable instance of the ignorance under which the museum official suffers, and over which he makes merry, is perhaps that in which a radical member of parliament asked at the center desk in the reading-room for a copy of the English constitution.

SECIL RHODES' BURIAL PLACE. In the Matopos Hills of South Africa, Commands a “World's View.”

While some of the newspapers have been busy of late in killing Mr. Rhodes, we find from the Cape papers that Mr. Rhodes himself has selected his burial place. It is in the Matopos hills, in the neighborhood of his farm, that Mr. Rhodes desires “in the fullness of time” to be buried in the solid rock.

At length we came to a halt and were led through the bushes up enormous slopes of solid granite on to the roof of a rocky eminence. Here the world's view lay unfolded like a panorama before our gladdened eyes.

Now, here is a great gospel platform! A man comes up on this side of the platform and says, “I don't believe in baby sprinkling. Shall I shove him off? Here he is coming for eternity.”

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Does Your Head Ache?

Are your nerves weak? Can't you sleep well? Pain in your back? Lack energy? Appetite poor? Digestion bad? Sores or pimples? These are sure signs of poisoning.



AYER'S PILLS

They fully insure an easy and natural movement of the bowels. You will find that the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla with the pills will hasten recovery.

Write the Doctor. Our Medical Department has one of the most eminent physicians in the United States. To the doctor just how you are suffering. You can't receive his medicine unless you write without cost.

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