

FASHION HINTS



Cape de Chen, or a soft silk that drapes well, should be used for this attractive afternoon gown. A touch of contrasting color is introduced in the lower sleeve and also in the vest. The cuffs and waist are embroidered in a dainty flower design.

WAGNER'S STORMY BEGINNING

Comfort Came to Composer from Patronage of Mad Mesarob.

"A fugitive for debt and refused a job in a chorus, a despised and abhorred and unheard composer, a political exile, then a stormy crusader against the widest and wildest campaign of abuse and ridicule in the history of art, then the most successful composer that ever lived, and finally again a political exile because he had become so powerful that he was called the pope of music—this is a scenario of the life of Wagner," says Rupert Hughes in Smith's.

"Though he chose music as his career and music is ordinarily the most aloof from reality of all the arts, he brought it into intimate contact with nearly every phase of human activity. Through his music he invaded the drama, fiction, essay, poetry, mythology, religion, legend, history, politics, revolution, finance, architecture, painting.

"In the last article we followed Wagner's life to the peak he reached with his overpoweringly beautiful romance, 'Tristan and Isolde.' This opera was composed when Wagner was 46, but he was 51 before it was produced.

"Meanwhile, when his financial affairs were in most desperate straits and he had borrowed nearly all that men like Liszt could scrape up to lend him, he was visited by one of those fairy-story happenings that brighten real life once or twice a century. The king of Bavaria, Ludwig II., a madman with streaks of genius, became interested in his music and sent for him. So obscure was Wagner that the messenger was six months in finding him, and had almost despaired when he discovered him in Stuttgart and informed him that he had been put upon the pension list with a yearly stipend of about \$500. In Wagner's words: 'My creditors were quieted and I could go on with my work.'

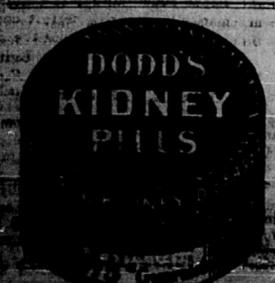
AGE NO BAR TO SUCCESS

Startling 96-Year-Old Verdict on the Truth of the Saying.

"A man is no older than he feels is saying that finds ample exemplification in the case of James Franklin Hyde, the youthful 96-year-old City Treasurer of Lincoln, Ill. Although he has long since passed the age when it is said that one's future is behind him, says Spare Moments, he has shown that when it comes to a mere matter of running for office he is as up to date as any of the youngsters of a later and supposedly surlier generation. When two years ago he was defeated for a fourth term for the office of City Treasurer, he said nothing, but quietly thought out his plan of campaign when the opportunity came to him for another chance.

Securing the nomination of the Citizens' Party, he contracted for advertising space in the daily papers of both parties, and ran a series of displayed advertisements calling attention to his superior qualifications for the office. He adhered to the neatness and accuracy of his books, a fact which has attracted the attention of other record keepers all over the State. The fact that he was not so liable to errors as was this younger and less experienced opponent was pointed out. When the votes were counted it was found he was the only successful candidate on the ticket.

Mr. Hyde has always disdained giving a temple for longevity, except the admiration to create a habit of working regularly. While in the City Treasurer's office his time was so well applied that periods for spare moments were plentiful. With the exactness of every city fund at his finger and tongue's end, he considered the duty to the municipality fulfilled, and the remainder of his time he employed in keeping the books of a dozen or more small firms which could not employ individual bookkeepers.



The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

The doctor rattled on with an unceasing flow of talk, while the mind of the Quaker plunged into a serious of violent efforts to adjust itself to this new situation. He tried to force himself to be glad that he had been mistaken. He for the first time fully admitted the significance of the qualms which he felt at permitting himself to regard this strolling gypsy with such feelings as had been in his heart. "But now," he said to himself, "I can go forward with less compunction. I can gratify my desire for excitement and adventure with perfect safety. I will stay with them for a while, and when I am tired can leave them without any entanglements." When the situation had been regarded for a little while from this point of view, he felt happier and more care-free than for weeks. He soaced his disappointment with the reflection that he should still be near Pepeeta, but no longer in any danger.

"At this profound reflection of the young moth hovering about the flame, the satirist dip his pen in acid, and the pessimist in gall! There is enough in this simplicity of the operations of the human mind to provoke the one to contempt and the other to despair.

CHAPTER IX.

The spring and summer had passed, autumn had attained the fullness of its golden beauty, and the inevitable had happened. David and Pepeeta had passed swiftly though not unresistingly through all the intervening stages between a chance acquaintance and an impassioned love.

Any other husband than the quack would have foreseen this catastrophe; but there is one thing blinder than love, and that is egotism such as his. His colossal vanity had not even suspected that a woman who possessed such a heart as that of Pepeeta could be so blind to her own interests.

David had abandoned the Quaker idiom for the speech of ordinary men, and discarded his former habiliments for the most conventional and stylish clothes. Contact with the world had sharpened his native wit, and given him a freedom among men and women that was fast descending into abandonment. Success had stimulated his self-confidence and made him prize those gifts by which he had once aroused the devotion of adoring worshipers in the Quaker meeting house; he soon found that they could be used to victimize the crowds which gathered around the flare of the torch in the public square.

A transformation had been taking place in Pepeeta. Under the sunning of David's love, and the new those spiritual conceptions which had fallen upon her thirsty spirit, the seeds of a beautiful nature, implanted at her birth, germinated and developed with astonishing rapidity. Walking steadily in such light as fell upon her path, and ever looking for more, her spiritual vision became clearer and clearer every day; and while this affection for God purified her soul, her love for David expanded and transmuted her heart. Her unbounded admiration for him blinded her to that process of deterioration in his character which even the quack perceived.

To her partial eye a halo still surrounded the head of the young apostate. But while these two new affections wrought this sudden transformation in the gypsy and filled her with a new and exquisite happiness, the circumstances of her life were such that this illumination could not but be attended with pain, for it brought ever to her mind the memory of the past, and the realization of those ethical inconsistencies in which she discovered herself to be deeply if not hopelessly involved.

David had chosen an old plan to compel Pepeeta to abandon her husband. For its execution he had already made a partial preparation in an engagement to meet the justice of the peace who had performed her marriage ceremony. The engagement was conditioned upon his failure to persuade the gypsy to accompany him of her own free will.

Immediately after supper he took her to the place appointed for the meeting. This civil officer had been a companion of the quack's for many years. His natural capacity, which was of the highest order, had secured him one place of honor after another; but he had lost them through the practice of many vices, and had at last sunk to that depth of degradation in which he was willing to barter his honor for almost any price.

The place at which he had agreed to meet David was a log saloon in one of the most respectable parts of the city, and to this spot the infatuated youth made his way. Now that he was alone with his thoughts, he could not contemplate his purpose without a feeling of dread, and yet he did not pause nor seriously consider its abandonment. His movements, as he elbowed his way among the outcasts who infested this degraded region, were those of a man totally oblivious to his surroundings.

Having reached the door of the saloon, David took a glance about him, as if he were about to be observed, and entered. It was a fitting place to hatch an evil deed. The floor was covered with filthy dust; the air was rank with the fumes of sour beer and adulterated whisky; the lamps were not very lighted, and his eyes blinked as he entered the dirty dusk of the interior. The door which he pushed open admitted him to a parlor scarcely less dirty and disgusting than the saloon itself, at the opposite end of which he beheld the object of his search.

"Well, I see you are here," he said, drawing a chair to the table. "And waiting—a deep and rich but melancholy voice replied. "Can't you have a couple of candles? These shadows seem to crawl up my legs and take me by the throat. I feel as if some one were blindfolded and gagging me," said David, looking uneasily about. "I have a couple of candles," said the woman, observing that he was looking at her. "I will find them for you," she said, and disappeared. "They began with the pas-

ing years, along every pathway; but the one which you are about to set your feet leads into the hopeless dark."

"What I want is help."

"And so you have appealed to me? You wish me to go to this woman and tell her that her marriage was a fraud?"

"I do."

"Young man, have you no compunctions about this business?" said the judge, leaning forward and looking earnestly into the blue eyes.

"Compunctions?" said David, in a dry echo of the question. "Oh! some. But for every compunction I have a thousand desperate determinations."

"I will help you. There is no use trying to save you. You are only another moth! You want the fire, and you will have it! You will burn your wings off as millions have done before you, and as millions will do after you. What then? Wings are made to be burned! I burned mine. Probably if I had another pair I would burn them also. It is as useless to moralize to a lover as to a tiger. I am a fool to waste my breath on you. Let us get down to business. You say that she loves you, and that she will be glad to learn that she is free?"

"I do her heart is on our side. She will believe you, easily!"

"Yes, she will believe me easily! She will believe me too easily! For six thousand years desire has been a synonym for credulity. All men believe what they want to, except myself. I believe everything that I do not want to, and nothing that I do! But no matter. How much am I to get for this job?"

"He haggled a while over the price, struck a bargain and shook hands—the same symbol being used among men to seal a compact of love or hate, virtue or vice.

"Be at the Spencer House at 11 o'clock," said David, rising. "You will find us on the balcony. The doctor is to spend the night in a revel with the captain of the Mary Ann, and we shall be uninterrupted. Be an actor. Be a great actor, Judge. You are to deal with a soul which possesses unusual powers of penetration."

"Do not fear! She will be no match for me, for she is innocent—and when she is virtuous even a match for vice! She is predestined to her doom. Farewell! Farewell, I mean," he muttered under his breath, as David passed from the room.

Having regained his calmness by a long walk, David hurried back and reached the open space along the river front where the peddlers, mountebanks and street vendors plied their crafts. Just in time to meet the doctor as he drove up with his horses.

CHAPTER X.

After the doctor had vanished that evening, David and Pepeeta passed down the long corridor and out upon the balcony of the old Spencer House, to the place appointed for the interview of the judge. The night was bright; a refreshing breeze was blowing up from the river and the frequent intermissions in the gusts of wind that swept over the sleeping city gave the impression that Nature was holding her breath to listen to the tales of love that were being told on city balconies and in country lanes.

Under the mysterious influence of the full moon, and of the silence, for the noises of the city had died away, their imaginations were aroused, their emotions quickened, their sensibilities stirred, and the possibilities of life could be seriously real. Their conceptions of duty and responsibility were sublimated into vague and misty dreams, and the enjoyment of the moment's fleeting pleasures seemed the only reality and goal of life.

"Pepeeta, you have long promised to tell me all you knew of your early life; will you do it now?" asked David.

"Of what possible interest can it be to you?" she answered.

"It seems to me," he replied, "that it could linger forever in the light of my ideal. It is not enough to know what you are. I wish to know how you came to be what you are."

"You must reconcile yourself to ignorance; the origin of my existence is lost in night. It is not possible that I could tell it. It is not enough to know what you are. I wish to know how you came to be what you are."

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bled to do. I was not a justice. I had no right to perform that ceremony. It was a solemn farce."

These words, spoken slowly, solemnly, and with a simulation of candor which would have deceived her even if she had not desired to believe them, produced the most profound impression upon the mind of Pepeeta. She approached the judge and cried: "Sir, I beg you not to trifle with me! Is what you have told me true?"

"Alas, too true."

"Oh! sir," she cried, "you cannot understand; but this is the happiest moment of my life!"

"Madam!" he exclaimed, interrogatively and with consternation. "It is not necessary for you to know why," she answered; "but I thank you."

"What can it mean? I implore you to tell me," he said.

"Do not ask me!" she replied. "I cannot tell you now! My heart is too full."

"But does this mean that I have nothing to regret and that you have forgiven me?"

"I do not know. I bless you from the bottom of my heart!"

She gave him her hand. He took it in his own and held it, looking first at her and then at David with an expression of such surprise as to deceive the victim. Young, inexperienced, innocent in this sin at least, she stood between them—helpless.

It is one thing for a woman deliberately to renounce her marriage vows, but quite another for a heart so loyal and true to be betrayed into crime by an ingenuously worthy of demons.

Child if misfortune that she was, victim of a series of untoward and fatal circumstances, she had reason all her life to regret her credulity; but never to reproach herself for wrong intentions. Her heart often betrayed her, but her soul was never corrupted. She ought to have been more careful—alas, yes, she ought—but she meant no sin.

(To be continued.)

TINY SIR ROBERT HART.

T. P. O'Connor Gives His Impressions of First Meeting with Him. In the course of an article in T. P.'s Weekly T. P. O'Connor gives a striking account of the impression Sir Robert Hart made on him at their first meeting: Was this the man, then, that I had seen given in the House of Commons to Mr. Balfour—was this the man who had played a part so gigantic in the history of one of the greatest, most ancient, and most powerful of empires—the empire that has within its borders 400,000,000 of people? Was he the obscure poor Irish lad who, leaving his grim Ulster home—a home of puritan Wesleyans—had risen step by step until he was one of the chief rulers and one of the most audacious and successful revolutionaries that the most ancient and the most conservative of civilizations has ever seen in its thousand years of history? Could a spirit so lofty, so daring—I had almost said so terrible—dwell within that tiny frame? And even the thinness of the frame does not exhaust the things that the physical appearance of the man that suggest that insignificance to which the biographer of Sir Robert Hart bears testimony.

The hands are tiny, the feet are tiny, the chest is tiny. The expression of the face, again, is as far as could be from that impressiveness which one would associate with a spirit so daring, so masterful and so extraordinarily potent. For it is the expression of a detachment, of a meekness, of a certain intense reflectiveness and self-absorption that would suggest the medieval saint, latent only on the agonies of a soul trying to be saved, rather than a mighty man of action; the type of Thomas a Kempis rather than of Cortes or Pizarro, or Cromwell, or Napoleon. If Sir Robert Hart were not taken for a Christian and a European saint, he might well pass for a priest in that great school of thought and resignation which was founded by Buddha, or perhaps he might even pass for one of those clerical souls who in China begin their great political careers by mastering all the lore of all the Chinese sages, and had in the quietude of his student's cell learned to look to his own inner thoughts rather than to the glare and tumult of the outside world.

It seems to me, the man holds his hands confirms this idea of the gentle student rather than that of the man of action. They are held together between his legs as though he had never known what it was to raise them, not merely to hold a sword, but even to handle any but the lightest feather pen. The voice, again, is just like the appearance; very soft, almost inaudibly so, very slow, very gentle. If it were not for the large dark eyes, which, in spite of their sharing the gentleness of expression of the rest of the figure and face, are brilliant and stand out and haunt you—if it were not for these wonderful eyes you might well sit opposite Sir Robert Hart for many hours and yet be unconscious that you were in the presence of one of the greatest men of your time. These eyes, too, suggest to you something different; they could not belong to a commonplace man. And to me they made an especial appeal; they are just like the eyes of one of the most brilliant men I have known—T. Sexton, the well known parliamentarian of the '90s. And Sir Robert Hart is like Mr. Sexton grown old.

A Sidewalk Conversation. "How's your garden coming on?" "Why do you ask that question?" demanded the suburbanite suspiciously. "Just out of politeness."

"Glad to hear that. I thought may be I had promised you some vegetables."

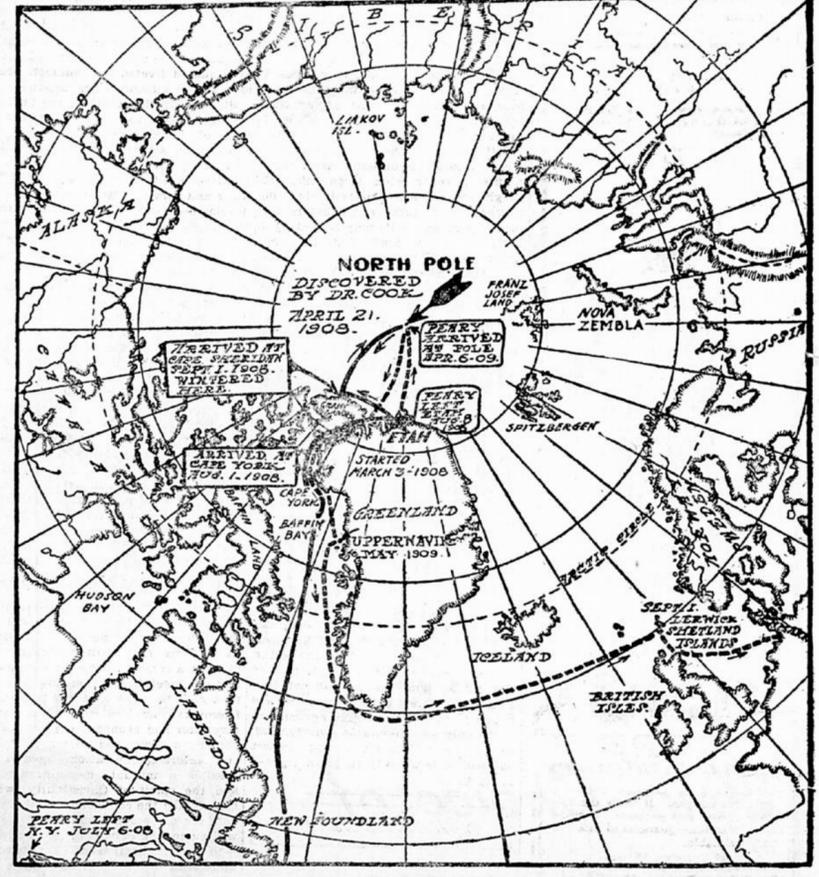
Had One of Her Own. "Reactor—did not see you at our social gathering last week, Lisbeth. Why was that?" "Lisbeth—Well, I had a little gathering of my own last week, sir."

"Reactor—Dear me! Where was that?" "Lisbeth—On the back of my neck, sir—Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday."

Our occupation is that which we select, our interpretation is that which is sent us.

THE ROUTES TO THE POLE

WELL KNOWN GEOGRAPHER DISCUSSES MERITS OF THE PEARY-COOK CONTROVERSY



IT HAS been remarked that while the geologists, ethnologists, astronomers and navigators have been very outspoken in their opinions of the apparently conflicting Cook and Peary claims to precedence at the North Pole, explorers with wide experience, especially of Arctic conditions, have been reticent for the most part, or very non-committal. Dr. Eugene Murray Aaron, F. G. S., who has acquaintance with both Commander Peary and Dr. Cook, and who has a knowledge of the terrors of the long night and the hardships and difficulties of travel on the Arctic ice, who for some years has been a Chicagoan, engaged in geographic authorship and publication, is well equipped to discuss the merits of the controversy. Dr. Murray Aaron has reached the time when exploration must be given up for the less hazardous duties of the editorial desk—the harpoon laid down for the blue pencil. Yet he has lost none of his interest in Arctic exploration, and his admiration for the qualities that have enabled two daring Americans to finally conquer in the battle of three centuries is all the more intense because of his knowledge of the almost insurmountable conditions to be contended with. Dr. Murray Aaron's travels and writings are widely known of all geographers, and he has a list of fellowships and memberships in geographic and other learned societies, both in this country and abroad, that expresses itself in a quite alphabetic array of initials.

POLICE EFFICIENCY.

Japanese police are always strict in their methods, but are often genuinely kind to persons in distress. In spite of his big sword, a mawari san, the "gentleman that goes round" has a very human heart. The following incident, which happened to the Rev. Arthur Lloyd, author of "Every-Day Japan," will show the efficiency of their methods: Many years ago, before I knew as much of Japan as I do now, writes Mr. Lloyd in telling the story, I was one evening at supper, when a young man came to the house, wanting to see me. It was winter, and there was a fire in my hall, so I asked him to wait until I had finished my meal, which seemed for the moment to be the most important in the world. After supper I talked with him. He was very plausible, and professed a great interest in Christianity, and eventually left me, giving me an address and promising to come again. The next morning, when I was going to get into my jinrikisha to go to school, my rug was missing. My servants at once concluded that winter was the season for the sneak-thief, and that I had been victimized. For myself, I found it hard to believe that a man who had expressed himself so well and so plausibly could have stolen my rug. I also got a scolding and a lecture for not reporting my case at once to the authorities. Soft-heartedness, I

tude and whether, during their very brief stops on the top of the earth, they had sufficient time to verify their first conclusions.

"Then what proofs will the public ever have; how will these men prove beyond doubt that they have been there?" the doctor was asked.

"Of absolute proofs, such as would be undeniable in a court of justice, there can be none. We will always be compelled to accept their words. The talk of records of observations, that will support them beyond peradventure, is the sheerest nonsense. Any man competent to take such observations would be equally incompetent to coin them. There are no self-recording instruments to automatically, mechanically uphold him or give him the lie. The statement credited to astronomers that an eclipse, occurring at the time that Cook was beyond the 80th degree of latitude, must have been observed by him and would be contributory evidence, likewise means nothing. Those acquainted with atmospheric and hydrographic conditions in the Far North know that this is unbecome. Then, too, were Cook the sort of a man to manufacture records, and we who know him believe him to be far above it, it would have been the easiest possible thing to acquaint himself with future astronomical conditions and be prepared to incorporate such observations among his other manufactured data.

"No, not until some one has firmly established an aerial stage line to the North Pole will we be in a position to controvert the claims of those hardy men who find a certain delight in the frozen solitudes of the Arctic sea. As a matter of fact, there is nothing inherently more difficult in reaching the upper stretches of the final dash than have to be coped with in the preparatory marches; perhaps nothing as terrible as Cook must have undergone in his winter quarters in Ellesmere land, on his homeward journey.

"Yes, both reached the pole, and both by methods creditable. When their claims are finally sifted by our national hydrographic office, well fitted to be court of last resort, we will doubtless find that, to quote Admiral Schley, also a brave and hardy Arctic explorer, 'there is glory enough for all.'

"SAY WHEN, MY OWN."



but compromised with my conscience by writing to the man at the address he had given, asking him in English if he had by mistake taken my rug. I got no answer, but three weeks later I had a visit from a policeman, who brought me back my rug. My post card had been the means by which they were enabled to get on to the track of a well-known personage. I also got a scolding and a lecture for not reporting my case at once to the authorities. Soft-heartedness, I

was told, was one of the curses of the world.

Football Question. "Hello!" cried the neighbor. "What are you building a new chicken house for?" "Why," replied Nettles, "for a flock of pink elephants of course. You didn't suppose I'd put chickens in it, did you?"

It's some satisfaction to the widow to realize that she looks well in black.