GOSSIP OF THE TOWN

PERTINENT INTERVIEWS IN THE LOBBIES OF THE HOTELS.

Anderson's Candidate for Governor—Two Citizens Who Bear a Close Resemblance.

Representative Terhune, of Madison county, is a man of large business interests and is frequently seen in the city. He always puts up at the Denison. He said the other day that the decision of the Supreme Court on the income tax decision let him out of paying the tax, as all he has is in rentable property. It will be remembered that during the recent session his largest business block in Anderson was blown up by a natural-gas explosion. He lost in excess of the insurance about an even $20,000. The insurance company paid him promptly in full, but one of his tenants has a suit pending for the insurance placed with a company. The company claims that its risk was against fire, and not against explosions. Mr. Terhune was asked about the first start of natural-gas in Anderson.

"I had been in the manufacture of boilers, etc.," said he, "and my business took me to Findlay and other gas cities in Ohio. I became very enthusiastic about natural gas as fuel, and the more I went the more wrapped up I became in the idea of boring for gas at Anderson. I finally went to a number of moneyed citizens of Anderson and asked them to join me in a company of forty to put up $4,000 each, and then if we found gas we were going to control the fuel supply of the town. I had secured about all the names wanted except three when I was suddenly called on urgent business to Kansas City, and I left the articles of agreement with one of the men who had signed and told him where I thought he could get the rest. But while I was gone some of the fellows allowed those approached to scare them out by saying that when their $4,000 was spent they would have nothing to show for it. When I reached home again the paper had three less names than when I left. Some of the fellows who withdrew said they would be willing to go into a company at $25 each to sink a well, and I then tore the paper up to show that I had no selfish motive in the affair. We organized a company and sunk the first well. It was a success and the town went wild. It was the beginning of the boom. Anderson had about 5,000 people, and in ten years the population has increased to nearly 25,000. And the town is still growing," he added.

"Politics is not a test of employment at the Central Hospital," said Dr. Edenharter, medical superintendent, to a Journal reporter the other day in a casual talk about the institution. "Mr. Cornelius Mayer has charge of appointments and when there is a vacancy he goes to the files where are probably 1,500 applications and selects out of perhaps a hundred some eight or ten of those he thinks would be acceptable to me. I look over the applications and make the selection. We take into consideration the man's size, his weight, age, freedom from bodily ailments, his habits and his experience. There is nothing in the printed forms to show what his politics is and I have no means of knowing until the appointee arrives and only then if I should ask. But I do not ask and do not care. There are twenty-four Republicans in the institution now, or about a third of the voters there. I refused during the last campaign to allow employes to go home to do political work and thereby straight down upon me some severe reflections by party workers, but I told them the best way to serve the Democratic party was to require the best service of its representatives in the State's employ. The employes at the hospital are expected to do the work required of them and cannot be spared to do political work. Republicans are not barred from emplopment by reason of their politics. The only two questions I ask of a man selected are: 'Do you drink liquor' and 'Are you able to control your temper under all circumstances.' These are the tests of fitness and employment in the hospital force."

"We have a Republican candidate for Governor in our town," said J. J. Netterville, of Anderson, a prominent Democrat.

"Who?" was asked him in chorus by a number of gentlemen present.

"Charles L. Henry, the Republican Congressman. He is, without doubt, a candidate for the high and honorable office."

Senator Schneck, of Seymour, was in town a day or two ago. Talking about his bill, which was passed, providing for a license of $500 to sell the products of prison labor of other States, he said that the bill was introduced in order that Indiana might not become the dumping ground of the prison-made labor of all the surrounding States, which authorize the sale of prison labor. Kentucky, he says, has such a law, but it is not enforced. He does not know whether the Ohio law has been declared unconstitutional or not, or whether it is another case of nonenforcement. New York has adopted such a law.

Senator Schneck is one of the wealthiest of the members of the Legislature. He is at the head of a great woolen concern of Seymour, and is rated as being nearly a millionaire. It is probable there was no member rated higher by the commercial agencies. His course in the Senate was marked by conscientious attention to the State's business.

The Hendricks Club, which formerly had four or five hundred members, has now about two hundred. The recent adversities of the Democratic party has had something to do with the lack of interest in the club, but the club leaders took advantage of the state of things to cut off the dead timber. The membership was reduced to the paying, active members, who really went to make up the club in the days of its glory. It promises to be lively in the next city campaign, the leaders say, and next year will sport a brand new uniform for the presidential campaign.

Dr. T. G. Galbraith, formerly of Seymour, has taken the contract for the territory of Oklahoma to take care of its insane at the rate of $300 a year. The Doctor used to be superintendent of the Central Hospital in this city in the days when the caucus ring had full swing. The appointment was not satisfactory to the Civil-service Reform Association of the State, which had cut a large figure in the disclosures of the maggoty butter scandal and other short comings of John E. Sullivan and Jerry Hall. It was generally believed that Dr. Galbraith had more Democracy than executive ability. He remained in the institution only about a year and a half.

There is a striking resemblance between Rev. Mr. Dewhurst, of Plymouth Church, and Mr. Charles Whitsett.

"Have you heard from Mr. Sweeney in relation to the call to the Central Christian Church?" said a Journal reporter in the postoffice lobby to a gentleman posting a letter.

"Heard from—oh, I know who you think I am—you are looking for Mr. Whitsett. I am often mistaken for him."

Meeting Mr. Whitsett later, he was asked: "Are you ever taken for Mr. Dewhurst?"

"Hundreds of times."

"It is true business is reviving somewhat," said a traveling man, "and my firm's factory cannot turn out all it can sell. I can't get my orders filled. I went in to sell a man a bill of goods, and was met by the question, where is the order I gave you in February? But, while this is so, there is no money in business. Competition is so keen that its sharp edge has pared down the profits to about nothing. We have almost to give away goods, and customers are allowed to name their own prices. The activity of trade ought not to deceive any one under such circumstances."

A QUEER ANIMAL.

The Duckbill of Australia Stands in the First Rank of Strange Animals.

London Lancet.

Australia certainly holds the palm for queer and uncouth animals. Chief among these is the duckbill or ornithorhynchus, which Sydney Smith described as "a kind of mole with webbed feet and the bill of a duck, which agitated Sir Joseph Banks and rendered him miserable from his utter inability to decide whether it was a bird or a beast."

It was only recently that it was proved beyond doubt that this curious animal lays eggs like a bird, though this had long been reported by travelers. Now comes the news that it has a sting on its hind leg, capable of killing by its poisonous effects. For a long time it was considered to be quite harmless and destitute of any weapon of offense, although the hind legs of the males were armed with a powerful spur, apparently connected with a gland. Then the opinion was advanced that this might be a weapon allied to the poison armory of snakes, scorpions and bees, all of which possess a sort of hypodermic poison syringe. Though one set of observers asserted that this was the case, another set denied it, and so Dr. Stuart determined, if possible, to solve the question.

He received two independent accounts, which coincided perfectly, and from them he concludes that at certain seasons, at all events, the secretion is virulently poisonous. The mode of attack is not by scratching, but by lateral inward movements of the hind legs. Two cases are reported in dogs. One dog was stung three times, the sypmtoms much resembling those from bee or hornet poison. The dog was evidently in great pain and very drowsy, but there were not tremors, convulsions, or staggering.

It is worthy of note that a certain immunity seems obtainable, for the dog suffered less on the second occasion and still less on the third. Two cases of men being wounded are reported, in both of which the animals were irritated, one being shot and handled, the other by being handled only; the symptoms were the same as in the dog. No deaths are reported in human beings, but four in dogs.

STUDENTS' ART EXHIBIT,

Work of the Pupils of Indiana Artists and Schools on Display.

There is an exhibit of students' work from the various art schools of the State at No. 82 East New York street, which is being given under the auspices of the Art Association. The idea to have a display of this kind is new and has never been attempted before in this city. The several rooms of the house where the work is shown are decorated with sketches in crayon, ink, water color and oil. The Indiana Art School makes its show in the two parlors. The most striking work is that of Mr. Arthur Lowe. He has several pieces in water color and a number of sketches from life. Miss Charlotte Paddock is another whose crayon and pen and ink work attract attention. Miss Izor has some oils that are decidedly of the impressionist school. A cornfield in autumn in particular has a lavish use of pigments, which bring out the proper effect. Many of the sketches are unsigned. In general, the work of the school is above the average. In the third room there are sketches and drawings from the Manual Training School. An especially good collection of drawings from the Drexel Institute, of Philadelphia, is shown. There is a group of pictures from the High School and one from the Kindergarten Training School. The work of the different departments gives a good idea of what the pupils accomplish. In a room on the second floor there are some sketches from Knickerbocker Hall. Class drawings from objects and from the antique and a few modern subjects constitute a variety. There is considerable work from the Classical School. "A Story of Two Little Red Apples" is told in a series of sketches done by some of the younger pupils. Each little girl has drawn a picture to represent a line of the story and there are drawings from life from some of the older pupils. Miss Hendricks's class of little people, who have but begun art work, show some creditable lines and curves. A display from the S. S. High School, of Milwaukee, shows what the pupils there have done. The sketches are from casts and objects and are as well done as any in the exhibit. In one room there is only the work of Mr. Otto Stark's pupils, chiefly heads, from life. A pleasant and profitable hour may be spent in seing what the young people of the State are doing in the way of laying a foundation for an art career. Not all are fine, but the majority show good training and careful work on the part of the pupil. The exhibit will be open to the public every day till April 27.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Missed Him.

Judge.

Miss Highfly—When you were in England did you see the Prince of Wales?

De Stuyvesant—No; I didn't have time to go to the races.

Perquisites.

Judge.

Eloise—I'm teacher's pet.

Jack—How do you know you are?

Eloise—Doesn't she let me run all the errands and dust her desk every day?

His Limitations.

Chicago Tribune.

"How far can you go in a day on your machine, Jimmy?" inquired his friend.

"I can't go outside of the county with it," replied the boy with the new bicycle. "It isn't all paid for yet."

Putting Him Down.

Judge.

She—I can't help thinking I have seen your portrait in the newspapers somewhere.

He—Oh, no doubt; it's often been published.

She—Then I am not mistaken. What were you cured of?

His Defense.

Life.

Uncle Hiram—If yer want ter have good dogs yer must edicate 'em to it. I took as much trouble to rear me dog thar ez I did with me son Ike.

"But thet dog is no good."

Uncle Hiram—Neither is Ike.

A Big Girl's Privilege.

Boston Home Journal.

Fanny—Mamma, Tommy can stand on his head so nice. May I stand on my head?

Mother—It is not nice for a little girl to stand on her head.

Fanny (with a sigh)—Then I suppose I'll have to wait until I am a big girl.

A Rocky Road.

New York Weekly.

Editor Hightone Magazine—I have examined your manuscript, sir, and find it a thrilling narrative, which arrests attention at the start and holds it spell-bound to the end.

Struggling Author (despairingly)—Then, of course, it won't do.

That Made a Difference.

Boston Transcript.

Said the man who has a pleasant word to say to everybody to the boy who had fallen downstairs: "I wouldn't mind it, my little man, it might be a good deal worse."

"It's mighty easy for you to talk," replied the youth between his blubberings, "but it isn't your arm that is skun."

Forgot His Name.

New York Weekly.

Magistrate—Why didn't you answer to your name?

Vagrant—Beg parding, jedge, but I forgot wot name I gave las' night.

Magistrate—Didn'ta you give your own name?

Vagrant—No, jedge; I'm travelin' incog.

A Street Car Napoleon.

New York Weekly.

Old Gentleman—Tell me, my friend, why you are so ugly to passengers?

Brutal Conductor—So they'll hate th' street-car company wot employs me. See?

"N-o, not exactly."

"Why, when they hate the company, they'll just laugh to themselves when they see me cheatin' the company by not ringin' up fares. See?"

Signatures on Checks.

New York Weekly.

Lawyer—Is that your signature on the back of this check?

Merchant—I don't know, sir. It may be.

"Does it look like your signature?"

"Not a particle."

"Doesn't it bear the least resemblance to your signature?"

"Not the least."

"Then why do you think it may be your signature? Tell me that."

"I might have written it with a bank pen."

An Author's Misfortune.

Critic Lounger.

There is a man in New York who at this present moment knows just how Sir Isaac Newton must have felt when his dog upset the lamp and destroyed the work of a lifetime. That man is Mr. W. H. Rideing, of the Youth's Companion. For the past three years Mr. Rideing has been engaged upon a book of travels, and last week he finished it. The manuscript was neatly arranged and lying upon a table in his hotel parlor when he threw what he supposed was a spent match into a china dish on the same table. The match was not spent, neither did it drop into the china dish. On the contrary, it fell into the thick of the manuscript. Mr. Rideing passed into another room to get his hat and coat preparatory to a call upon his publisher. Before he was ready for the street he heard his wife cry "Fire," and when he turned around the manuscript was in flames. Rugs were thrown upon it, but they were made of jute and only added to the blaze. Luckily the house was fireproof and there was a hose in the hall just outside the door. The flames were soon extinguished, but the manuscript was utterly destroyed. It was fortunate that the fire did not reach the other side of the room, where, in the pigeon holes of a desk, were several thousand dollars' worth of manuscripts belonging to other people that Mr. Rideing had been reading. The moral of this tale is that spent matches, like unloaded pistols, are the most dangerous sort.

"WHEN THE LILIES BLOOMED"

(LEAVES FROM PAULINA'S DIARY.)

—BY—

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford.

"And it is all over," he said, striking his stick into the earth of the cold frame, where Fritz had been preparing to plant the lily bulbs. "It's all over. Dead as those dead things Fritz has poured out of his basket. I can't believe I ever had any lot or part in it. I never did. It was another man."

"Quite so," I said, fully as angry as he, angry, too, that I felt my cheek growing white.

"I will not say that I regret the day I ever saw you," he went on; "for I have had a brief, mad pleasure in it"—

"Have you so?" I said, half indifferently, half defiantly, busy with my glove fastening.

"And an experience that may be worth having, since it teaches me to distrust all women as thoroughly as once I trusted you. And here it ends. I have spoken my last word of love to you—yes, till those dead things," scattering the bulbs with his stick, "come to life again."

"The same to you," I answered. "And I think that's all there is to be said. Are you going to Betty Barclay's to-night? Because if you are, and——"

"Don't let me interfere with you. I am neither going there nor anywhere else. Let me say good-bye, then. I wish you all the happiness you are capable of having. I wish you all the happiness of which you have robbed me."

"Da capo," said I. And then, as we turned in our opposite directions, I looked up through the open space where Fritz had drawn the sashes apart to cool the place, and saw little Miss Amy at her window looking down at us.

"Paulina," he said, pausing and turning. But I neither paused nor turned. "I am no longer Paulina to you," I said. "And I never want to lay eyes on you again," I should have liked to say. But I didn't. I just went out.

I meant it any way! I mean it now! I have been a simpleton of the simpletons. Why in the world did I want to set up a tyrant over me? The idea! Did he think I had betaken myself to a nunnery? I have waltzed all my life; I am going to waltz all my life! I have kissed Cousin Bertram all my life, when he came and went—it isn't particularly agreeable. I never should die of longing to kiss Cousin Bertram's great beard, I've done pleasanter things; but I'm going to kiss Cousin Bertram to my dying day! Suppose I had made a fuss because Theodore Grey kissed his aunt Nancy! Why, I kissed her, too. I shouldn't have cared if I had caught him kissing poor little Miss Amy. If he's going to begin by being jealous of Cousin Bertram he may as well stop right there. And I'll get over it some time, some how. Well, it's all in a life time. I suppose I might just as well go into a nunnery. I never shall be happy again. I wish I had never seen Theodore Grey. Or that he was little and insignificant instead of being a mighty athlete, and was ugly and cross-eyed—no, I don't! oh, no, I don't. But somehow I can't keep those great dark melancholy eyes of his out of my sight. Poor fellow—I'm sorry he's so unhappy. I can't bear to have him unhappy. But there, it's his own doing. However, he needn't think all women are slight and selfish and domineering, and hateful, just because I am—. I don't suppose I'll see him again; he'll go down to his Texas ranch; that he has told me so much about. Some other woman will ride across the high flowering sunrise prairies with him, as if she were riding into heaven. Some other woman will sit on the galleries at night beside him, and take the jasmine perfumes and the breath of the night-blooming cereus, and pull the great heavy-headed roses about her. Well, let her! I wonder what the Texas women are like.

A week later. He came to Betty Barclay's after all. But I fancy he couldn't help it. His cousin Val came, and, of course, it was expected he would escort her, and so save his Aunt Nancy the trouble; of course Miss Amy couldn't, with her lame back. It has always been expected in the family that he would escort her for life, her and her fortune with her, I fancy he will, now—though I'll never believe—

Well, his head was pretty high when he passed me; and then it was bent low enough to hear what Val Wandley was saying—and he laughed as if she amused him beyond measure—she! Oh, my! how mad he was in the german when I gave him a favor. Did he suppose—the great bear—I was not going to give him a favor with all the rest of them looking on? He was never going to waltz with me again. Well, he had to. And he held me as if he would never let me go, too. And he did not speak a word till the end; and then he said: "Never dare to do this again." If it hadn't been too late I'd have given him another favor on the spot.

Later.—I wonder when he's going to Texas or wherever. I met him in the street day before yesterday, and he took off his hat with the most exaggerating courtesy. And I laughed. Cousin Bertram was with me. I knew I was just as fresh and rosy as a peach, for I had put on something under my veil to make me so. I'm not going to have people think I'm pining for Theodore Grey. And I was all wrapped in my chinchillas, and Miss Amy had said I looked like a beauty. Of course, I go and see Miss Amy! I'm not going to cut my friends because they happen to be related to Teddy Grey. She didn't say I was a beauty. She only said I looked like one. Teddy used to say I was one. But, oh, what does all that matter if he doesn't think I'm faithful and good and all the rest of it! But before I came up with him that day I saw him turn suddenly white as ashes; and he'd have gone in anywhere, I know, if there'd been anywhere to go in, but it was a blank stone wall there, and I rather think he saw whether or not I am heartwhole, whatever he is. And I am, of course I am. Still, I don't see what he wants to be so tragic for. I don't know—I supposed—I should have thought he'd come round before this.

A week later. Oh, it is all over; it really is. I never, never thought that Theodore Grey would treat me so. Oh, how could he? I think I shall die of the way my heart beats. I have cried all night. And now I have a sick headache. I could go down to breakfast. Oh, what is the use of living. I thought I would write it out, and so get the relief one has when confiding in a friend, or confessing to a priest. But, oh, me, I can't, I can't, and I can't see out of my eyes, either.

What in the world made me go skating with Cousin Bertram, anyway, and let him put on my skate? And I'm sure, any one, any one, would have done just the same when we came so near going down that airhole in the ice. Any one would have turned faint, and have hidden her face in her muff, in Cousin Bertram's coat—she didn't know where! And Cousin Bertram is so grave and kind and good, anybody who knows him and knows me ought to know that it is all the same as if he were Miss Amy, or Aunt Nancy—oh, she never will be Aunt Nancy now! And just as I stood there, totally unable to move, and frightened to death, and Cousin Bertram holding me up, and trying to quiet me, and wishing, yes, wishing so for Ted—out of the wood along the bank he comes stalking like Don Quixote. "Well! I guess you've finished things now!" said Cousin Bertram—for every one knows that Ted and I have had a tiff, but no one supposes it's broken off for keeps. And Cousin Bertram called after him in his loud, jovial voice, but Theodore Grey never heard him. Of course he heard him!

I went over to Miss Amy's—for she knows all about it; she saw us that morning. Miss Amy was in the greenhouse with Fritz, looking at her bulbs. "They have all sprouted beautifully," she said, sending Fritz away. "We shall have a church full of lilies by Easter."

"Oh, I don't care anything about Easter," I exclaimed, sinking down on the first bench. "It can't bring a dead love to life, and Ted told the truth when he said his love for me was dead."

"I should think there was nothing but girl and boy love in this world! Haven't you any love for God, Paulina, and all the promise he gave us in that day?"

"Oh, I love God best when He loves me. And certainly he doesn't seem to be loving me much now—and I so unhappy," I sobbed.

"You deserve to be unhappy, Paulina!" said little Miss Amy, as if she were sentencing me to solitary imprisonment in the dark cell. "You are going to be unhappy till you learn to humble a proud spirit and to care more for the happiness of another than you do for your own. If you hadn't valued your own pride and pride of appearance and willfulness more than you did Theodore's peace of mind, he wouldn't have gone away from us all, to waste his life on a ranch in the wilderness"—

"Oh, is he gone?" I cried.

"Yes, he has gone," she said. "To die of the heat and malaria in Texas."

"There isn't any malaria in Texas and no one ever died of the heat there," I answered, just as soon as my heart left off shaking my voice. "It's beautiful there. It's like living in paradise. He's told me. It's a soft, sweet wind, blowing up from the gulf all day over a hundred fragrant leagues. It's moonlight; oh, such moonlight as never was out of dreams. It's flowers, just innumerable flowers. It's life all outdoors, and you feel as if you were immortal there, and no one ever died"——

"Well, then, that's the life he's gone to lead, and left us all up here in the cold. And if he ever comes back—well, Paulina, if I were not so very fond of you I should say some very bitter things."

"Oh, my! As if you hadn't said them," I cried. "As if you hadn't just as good as said it was all my fault. But if you think I'm going down on my knees to Theodore Grey and his ridiculous pretensions"——

"I don't think anything of the sort," Paulina," said Miss Amy, looking like a little white saint in her crepe lisse and white chuddah, still puttering about the green stems in the pots, as if that were the proper work of saints. "I know you too well. And I don't think Theodore Grey has any ridiculous pretensions, although he is the most noble, the most beautiful, the most magnificent man I ever saw—"

"Oh, Miss Amy, isn't he?" I cried, perfectly jubilant and forgetful. And then I bethought myself and dashed out of the place and through the rosehouse, and felt as if the outer world, into which I came from all that soft warmth and the ecstatic sweetness of the stephanotis and the cool, delicious scent of the violet beds, was no colder than every one's heart was to me.

And here I am, and there he is, I suppose, just walking up between his pomegranate trees, listening to the wild music of the mocking-birds, to the chirping red birds, to the soft voices of the turtle doves, and saying to himself, just as he has said it to me, just as he said once that King Solomon walking in his garden must have said it, that the vines of the tender grape give a good smell—all that country down there so like the best of the Holy Land itself. Well, he can't hinder my thoughts from walking there with him!

Later.—What was I saying there? Yes, he can! He doesn't want my thoughts. Val Wandley has gone, too. Her mother thinks the climate of middle Texas will cure her throat. I never knew she had a throat before. Not that it signifies. But, good-bye, Mr. Theodore Grey. Good-bye for good and all. Perhaps it was Val and her money that made it so easy for you to find material for a quarrel in poor old Cousin Bertram. Not that he is any older than Theodore; but he is worlds more good. I may have to take him after all. He asked me last night, the poor dear. Somebody had put something into his head. And I just broke down then. I know he wouldn't have asked me, let people say what they would, of he hadn't felt sure it was all over with Ted. And he took me right into his good, honest, faithful arms and confessed he only wanted to make me happy, and never to remember that he had said it, and he never expected to be happy himself any more—and—and in point of fact—I declare it's too absurd—he himself is in love with Val Wandley and her Titan hair; he says it's her heavenly sweetness. Oh, dear, we're all fools together. Well, he can't have her now. And, perhaps, it's my duty to make it up with him. I don't know. It's my duty, anyway, to forget there is or ever was such a person as Mr. Theodore Grey.

Later still. Poor little diary you don't have much attention. But I've been in a whirl. I've taken everything that came along, churches, teas, dinners, dances, operas, although I've had to drive into town in blistering cold to do it. I don't care if I did catch my death. What does it matter? There's no one dances the way Ted did, no one strives the way Ted did, no one does anything as Ted did, and I have to make the best of it. The worst of it is that Cousin Bertram has gone to Texas, too. It's perfectly idle—I told him so. As if he could take Val away from Ted if Ted wants to keep her. He told me—Bertram did—that I was a little dunce. And I told him he was a great one. And I suppose I've lost Cousin Bertram, too. Oh, what an empty forsaken world. The only satisfaction I have is a box of gowns Aunt Arlington sent from Paris. There were two trays with nothing but white satin in them, gown and train, and veil, and orange wreath and all. Oh, my heart, I was to have been a bride after Easter, and she thought I would want them. There they lie, just like a beautiful corpse. But the other things, the smart trousseau things, I have just put them on and had the good of them. If any one tells Mr. Theodore Grey how I am carrying sail, I fancy he won't think I was wearing much of a willow. I did wish he could have seen me in that blue chiffon, just a perfect sky-blue of drapery with dark green laurel leaves. I stopped at Miss Amy's, the poor, dear doesn't approve of the world, but she likes to see it in action. It has for her the charm of the first cousin of the flesh and the devil. "Oh," she said, "you look like an angel just coming into sight. And you know you're not an angel, Pauline!"

"No," I said, "I'm not an angel, thank goodness—"

"Or badness," said she.

"If I were an angel, I should be dead. And you see I am very much alive!" I said.

"But, all the same, what, what am I alive for?"

It is almost spring. I heard the robins in Bullow swamp yesterday, as I drove by, and the blue-birds will be here with the new moon and Easter. Oh, last year this time I was so happy—who would think a year would make such a difference! Theodore was out at the place all the time; nothing we cared for more than the after-Lent galeties; we went to church on Easter, and we thanked heaven for love and for each other, and Theodore said love was like the ascension lilies, for it had risen out of the darkness of the time before we knew each other; just as they had from the darkness of the underground; and he sent me great armfuls of them afterward, so that the room was filled with them; and we went strolling out into the woods and swamps, to catch the first starting of the earth to light, and we felt that all the uprising of plant and flower came with a beautiful relation to us and the new love. Oh, why didn't I know that he was just passing the time! How could I tell?—a girl with her first lover—and he with his imperial beauty, his serpent mind, opening to her a world lovlier than the dear earth itself in spring, than heaven in dreams!

It isn't a dear earth to me now. It seems nothing more than a place of graves. I don't know why I let myself think so much of that time. I never will again. Theodore Grey, indeed! Ten to one, he is another woman's husband now.

Later.—There came a box of orange blossoms to me to-day all the way from Texas. I couldn't make out the handwriting. No matter whose it was, it was an insult. Did Theodore Grey order orange blossoms sent to me that I might know of his marriage? Or did poor Cousin Bertram think that was the kind and gentle way to break the news to me? I threw them into the fire. The poor, pretty blossoms, curled and withered and blackened—but, oh, how unspeakably sweet they were first. There must be something as base about me as about a whipped spaniel. I could have kissed them even when I threw them in. It occurred to me afterwards—but I don't suppose it possible—that Bertram has married Val Wandley, after all. Oh, my, no! Didn't she follow Ted out there?

I know these are not the thoughts for any one to have in passion week. I'm sure I'm unhappy enough to suit the time; only it isn't the right kind of unhappiness. I could be just as religious as Aunt Nancy herself, if I hadn't such an ache at my heart, such a constant trouble in my memory. Any one can be religious that is happy. And, oh, if I were dead! And I don't want to rise again! What use have I for Easter? What good will it do me to rise again—to just the same? Miss Amy said the other day that God fills the heavens and the earth and one ought to love Him so that the thought of being nearer to Him was the dearest joy. And she said, too, that we ought to weep for the suffering this week symbolizes and rejoice on Easter with a joy outside ourselves at the thought of the return to glory of the One who had borne all things for us. But, as for me—when you have a mortal pain, what do you care that lilies are white and roses sweet? Oh, I must be the wickedest person on the face of this earth! Perhaps I deserve all I have.

Easter eve.—To think of it. I am sitting right in the middle of an aureole while I write this. Oh, I ought to do something—the ancients used to pour libations to the evil gods to avert misfortune when they were prospering. I will walk to church to-morrow with peat in my shoes. Paulina Pastner, what a little heathen you are. As if—

Well, then, Miss Amy sent for me to come and see her lilies before Fritz cut them for the Flower Mission. The whole place was white and sweet and rich with them. "There'll be a stalk for every sick bed in the city," she said. "It pleases me so to think of it lying on the hospital pillows. Theodore took them into town for me last year. I sent Bertram's and Val's orange-flowers to the Children's Hospital. Don't you want to help take the lilies in this Easter? It is so pleasant to do some individual thing that shows our welcome of Easter—"

"Oh, what do I care for Easter," I exclaimed.

"Pauline Pastner!" she cried, "I have heard you say that before. Not care about Easter! The one day in the year! Because you have lost a lover! It is profanity to speak of it. What if you had lost Theodore by death!"

"I wish I had," I burst forth, crying for all I was worth. "For then I could go on loving him and mourning for him, and hoping to meet him by and by, and I'd know where he is with his great, beautiful soul; and now I'll have to hide it all. And he'll be some one else's husband presently, if he isn't now, and I can't love him then because it will be wicked. And, oh, Miss Amy, I do love him, and he has broken my heart!"

And it wasn't Miss Amy's arms that were round me the next moment, oh, no, they were not Miss Amy's! And I don't know whether I was crying or laughing or rapt into a seventh heaven. "My little spirit, my little darling," he was whispering, "you forgive me, you love me still—the fool, the brute that I have been!"

"Oh, Theodore," I said presently, as I looked up, for twilight was gathering, and the dim white lilies seemed like a company of angels come to Ted's and my wedding, "I should think it was a dream, that I had just gone mad with a delirious, joyous dream, but you know you said you wouldn't come back till those dead things had come to life again, and just see the Easter lilies."

The New York Store

ESTABLISHED 1853.

Prices Are LOWER NOW

Than they have been in years. Those who know admit that they will go no lower, and it is generally believed that they will advance. RIGHT NOW

The Time Is Ripe for Buying

Our Stocks Were Never So Complete.
We Were Never Better Able to Serve You.
Thousands are taking advantage of it. Why Don't YOU?

READ AND REFLECT!

Colored Dress Goods WEST AISLE

The first lot is from the E. S. Jaffray sale. A little late in arriving, but too good to lose sight of.

Just 35 pieces fine Jacquard Crepons, in all the staple shades, 47 inches wide, at 59c a yard. Would be a bargain at $1.25.

These following are not from Jaffray, although you would think so from the price:

20 pieces 38-inch Illuminated Novelties, in fine mixtures, the popular smooth finish goods, at 38c a yard. A good 50c value.

10 pieces 48-inch Two-toned Jacquard Novelties at 49c a yard; 75c would be about right.

46-inch Silk and Wool Nattee Cloths, in two-toned effects, imported to sell at $1.25; owing to late delivery they go at $1 a yard.

10 pieces 52-inch Covert Cloth, desirable hard-finish goods; always sold at $1.25; our price is 98c.

Bicycle Suitings

The proper weaves for cycle suits:
English Serges—
The 44-inch width.....50c a yard
The 50-inch width.....85c a yard
These last are wide wale goods and will not spot.

Pluette Cloth, the new weave. The great thing about these is, they are water-proof, shrunk and warranted. The price, $1.25 a yard.

Black Goods WEST AISLE

Just an item or two from Indiana's popular Black Goods section.
All-wool Crepons from 59c up.
Elegant designs in New Silk Grenadine effects.
Large variety in beautiful Mohair effects.
46-inch All-wool Serge for 39c a yard.
40-inch All-wool Henrietta for 29c a yard.
All-wool Figured Goods from 39c up.

THE SILK SECTION WEST AISLE.

For Skirts

Black Brocaded Satins, new and elegant designs in floral effects, $1, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2 and $2.50 a yard.

Black Silk Velvets for Capes, 3 special grades, $1, $1.25 and $1.50.

All Silk Crepons, in evening and street shades.

SILK SPECIAL CENTER BARGAIN TABLE

Fancy Taffeta Silks, in stripes, mostly light evening shades, actually worth 75c a yard; these go at 49c a yard.

Capes, Suits and Shirt Waists

Velvet, Satin, Silk, Peau de Soie Trimmed with lace, jets and kinked frills — CAPES . . $8.00, $10.00, $12.00 and $14.00.

Imported Capes "Little Beaded Beauties." Another lot just in. — $10.00, $13.50 and $15.00.

More Capes coming in every day. New ideas and fresh from the world's greatest cape makers.

Each day adds something NEW, exclusiveness, style and quality at only a fair price. — Tailor Made Suits

Shirt Waists

Counting them would be almost like counting the stars, there are so many of them. You wouldn't count far, either, till you would find something that would please you in the making, the style, the color, the pattern, and, last and best, the price.

Millinery SECOND FLOOR.

Now that the Easter rush is over, we can again take orders. New Hats and Bonnets will be added to the stock daily.

One striking feature among the Pattern Hats is the "Wellington," the very latest. See it.

Special prices on all our Trimmed Hats this week.

Untrimmed Hats of every description for less than you'll pay elsewhere.

A handsome line of Bicycle Caps, Tam O'Shanters, etc., for school.

The largest line of Flowers ever shown here.

Lovely Flowers at 25c, 39c, 50c, 65c, 75c and $1 a bunch.

Flowers for Collarettes. Just look at the display.

Gloves CENTER AISLE.

More Gloves and better Gloves—better in quality, and, for you, better in price than you will find anywhere.

Those Tan and Brown Gloves at 63c a pair are great favorites. Better take a look at them.

Any shade you want in 4-button or 5-hook Gloves at $1 a pair, and a great quality.

Taffeta Gloves, colored and black, 25c and 50c a pair.

Parasols

Just to start, right here is an offer exceptional.

Colored Coaching Parasols, all the leading shades, 98c each.

White Satin Coaching Parasols, white ribs and sticks, for $1.39.

The new China Silk at $1.75.

White China Silk Coaching Parasols, white ribs and sticks, Dresden Ball Handles, at $1.89; a better grade at $2.50.

Lace and Chiffon Parasols from $4 to $14.

To-Morrow Will Be LACE MONDAY

Those Black Laces for trimming Capes proved so popular a few weeks since we got more. Here they are:

5 to 7 inches wide at 19c a yard.
7½ to 10 inches wide at 25c a yard.

Ecru Net Top Laces

6, 8 and 10 inches wide, at 15c, 25c and 35c a yard.

Cream Valenciennes

And Point de Paris Lace, 7 to 12 inches wide, 25c a yard.

These two lots were purchased from an overstocked importer at about one-third the usual price.

New Valenciennes Laces and Insertions, our own importation.

Some narrow ones for trimming Ruffles, from 1c to 7c a yard.

A pretty new Lace for 12c a dozen yards. Think of that!

Wash Goods WEST AISLE

We have done all that can be done to make ours the greatest Wash Goods section in Indiana. That is why we want you all to see the stock. Anything you want we have, and rest assured the prices are right.

A splendid line of Piques, small, neat effects, such as you would most fancy for Outing Suits; the price, 12½c.

Or, if you rather have Pongees or Sateens, just say the word. Light ones and dark ones. These also at 12½c.

At 15c an array of Dimities, Crepes and extra fine Sateen that will fairly captivitate you. Chic designs, designs which the French are famous for. Remember, at 15c a yard.

The three newest Wash Fabrics—
Turraine Silks,
Plisse Ginghams,
Jaconet Plisse,
17c a yard.

The medium priced Wash Goods Department will be found to be fully up to the demands of the times.

Crepon Plisse at 8c a yard. Entirely new this season.

Organdie de Elysee (30 inches wide); also Toil du Noie Ginghams, pretty effects in the lighter shades; 10c a yard.

Attractive Dimities at 12½c.

Percales—You will like them for Waists. Light and dark effects; 12½c a yard. Yard wide and new this week.

Printed India Lawns, designs delicate and tasteful, 17c a yard. Also a new idea that has been named Harlequin Checks.

A correct imitation of the new Plaid Silks, now so popular for ladies' waists; also 17c a yard. The colors are fast.

Cottons EAST AISLE

9-4 Unbleached Sheeting, a good quality, at 12½c a yard.

A small lot of 10c Shirting Cheviots, good styles, at 5c a yard.

Full line of Ticks that will hold feathers, 15c up.

Straw Ticking, good quality, from 8c up.

New Cheviot Suitings.

Flannels and Blankets EAST AISLE

Outing and Wrapper Flannels. More to choose from than ever before. The prices 5c a yard and up.

Also Embroidered Flannels in white and colors.

Many new effects in Scotch Cheviots.

Bedspreads, an exceptionally good line, 59c up.

New line of Summer Carriage Robes now ready.

Odorless Down Pillows, 39c and up.

Odorless Geese Feathers, 49c a pound and up.

New Spring Cassimeres for Boys' Suits, and Plain and Double-faced Cloakings, the latest effects for Ladies' Capes.

Cotton Blankets, white and gray, 48c a pair. Better ones, of course.

Linens CENTER AISLE

These were bought at the great Jaffray sale. That's why they are such exceptional values.

20 pieces Brown Twill Crash, 5c a yard.
20 pieces Cheek Glass Cloth, 5c a yard.
50 dozen Hemstitched Huck Towels, the 18c quality, for 12½c.
50 dozen 3-4 Bleached Napkins, $1.50 quality, for $1.15 a dozen.
20 dozen Hemstitched Huck Towels, the 20c quality, 15c.
5 pieces 72-inch Cream Damask, the 65c quality, 49c a yard.
5 pieces 54-inch at 21c a yard.

Muslin Underwear SECOND FLOOR

Unnecessary to tell you now where the best Underwear for the least money is to be found. Most everybody has learned by experience to come to the New York Store.

Those Gowns at 75c, with Balloon Sleeves, 58 inches long, trimmed yoke—have you seen them?

Those 98c Gowns, Empire style, acknowledged by all to be the best value they have ever seen, are going rapidly.

Don't you want a couple of 75c White Skirts at 50c each?

Better ones up to $4.50.

Hosiery and Underwear

Children's Plain Ingrain Cotton Hose, white, high spliced heels, white toes, double soles; have been selling at 50c a pair; now 19c.

Ladies' Fast Black Cotton Hose, 4c a pair; were 10c.

Children's Fast Black Cotton Hose, fine ribbed, 6c a pair; usual price, 10c.

Ladies' Forty Gauge Hermsdorf Black Full Fashioned Cotton Hose, high spliced heels, double sole, at 19c a pair; good 25c value.

Another 100 dozen of our Boys' Bicycle Hose, the 25c quality, at 17c a pair.

Ladies' Superfine Combed Egyptian Jersey Ribbed