WARSHIPS MAKE FOR CHEFOO.

Russia Has Eight There, and More Are Expected.

China Has Positively Ratified—Japan Makes Concessions.

CHEFOO, May 6.—The warships of several of the powers are fast assembling here. Already eight Russian warships, including three torpedo boats, have gathered here, and more are expected.

In addition, another British, French and American and two German warships have arrived.

TIEN-TSIN, May 6.—The Chinese peace envoys have left Taku for Chefoo, where the ratifications of the treaty of peace arranged between China and Japan are to be exchanged.

It is reported that Li Hung Chang has been degraded.

YOKOHAMA, May 6.—No official notification has been received here of the ratification by the Emperor of China of the treaty of peace arranged between China and Japan. But reports from many sources confirm the statements that the treaty has been ratified.

Count Myogi, Secretary-General to the Japanese Council of Ministers, has arrived at Port Arthur, and will proceed to Chefoo, where the ratifications of the treaty of peace are to be exchanged.

Frequent Cabinet meetings, which are attended by all the Japanese Ministers, are being held at Kioto.

The Japanese Privy Council and the head officials of the Government have been hurriedly summoned to Kioto in order to attend a meeting to-morrow at headquarters.

TOULON, May 6.—The French cruisers Sfax and Cecille will accompany the French cruisers Tage and Suchet to China seas to-day. They were loaded yesterday with ammunition and provisions.

PARIS, May 6.—The Japanese Minister here has informed the Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Hanotaux, that, deferring to the friendly advice of France, Russia and Germany, Japan has renounced its claim of the permanent possession of the Liao-Tung peninsula, including Port Arthur.

ST. PETERSBURG, May 6.—The Journal de St. Petersburg says that Japan, in conformity with the advice of Russia, France and Germany, renounces her claims to the possession of Feng-Tien.

BERLIN, May 6.—The Japanese Government has informed the Government of Germany that, in accordance with the advice of the powers, Japan has relinquished her claim to the Liao-Tung peninsula, under the treaty of Shimonoseki.

WASHINGTON, May 6.—The Chinese Foreign Office cables that John W. Foster left Pekin for home, going by way of Tien Tsin and Shanghai. This would take him to Chefoo, which is between the points mentioned, on Wednesday, when the negotiations culminate.

Li Hung Chang remains at Pekin, so that Mr. Foster, who has been in conference with the Emperor and the Foreign Office, will act with Viceroy Li's son in representing China.

Another official cablegram to a different quarter gives information that the Emperor of China has ratified the treaty. The information is so positive as to be beyond question. It clears up many contradictory statements from unofficial sources as to whether the Emperor had or had not ratified.

The ratification of the Chinese Emperor brings China and Japan to a final accord, so that it remains only for Japan to settle with Russia and other protesting powers. It also makes certain that the armistice which runs until Wednesday, the same day fixed for the exchange of ratifications, will not be followed by a Japanese advance on Pekin.

Officials say that the gathering of foreign warships at Chefoo is less belligerent than would appear on the surface. It had been arranged that the diplomats of European countries should hold a conference at Chefoo, and the vessels are said to be a part of this gathering, although the strength of the Russian fleet shows she means to be prepared for emergencies.

Twenty Members of Bravo's Band of Rebels Surrender.

HAVANA, May 6.—Twenty members of the band of rebels at Villas, commanded by Quintin Bravo, have surrendered.

Hovas Lost 300 Men in the Engagement with the French.

PARIS, May 6.—Additional advices received here from Majunga regarding the victory of the French on the Betalboka River on Friday last show that the Hovas lost 300 men, including several important chiefs. The French losses were only one killed and four wounded.

BALFOUR CLOSELY GUARDED.

Crowds Waited for the Prime Mover's Arrival in London.

LONDON, May 6.—Extra precautions were taken upon the arrival at Southampton last night of Jabez Spencer Balfour, the ex-Member of Parliament, whose extradition from the Argentine Republic was obtained after great delay, on the charge of fraud in connection with the collapse of the Liberator Building Society and other concerns connected with it.

The steamer was met off Calshot Castle by a police tug upon which Balfour was taken ashore, surrounded by a crowd of detectives and policemen in uniform. Great precautions were taken in order to prevent the public from discovering where the prisoner was to be landed, as it was feared that an attempt might be made on his life. Balfour was smuggled into a first-class railroad carriage, the shades of which were drawn.

At Waterloo Railroad Station here an enormous crowd of people was waiting in expectation of seeing the prisoner, but Balfour and his escort were landed at Vauxhall Railroad Station, and were driven to Bow Street Police Court.

In spite of the precautions of the police, the news of the arrival at Vauxhall of the notorious prime mover quickly spread, and when he was driven from the railroad station to Bow street the carriage in which he was placed was followed by a big crowd of people, who shouted, "Here's Jabez," &c.

At Bow street the prisoner was formally charged, the papers in the case were examined and he was remanded until May 9 in order to enable the prosecution to complete their case against him.

GROANS GREETED BURNS.

The Labor Leader Was Told that He Is No Workman.

LONDON, May 6.—John Burns, the member of Parliament and labor leader, during the course of his speech at the Labor Day demonstration in Hyde Park, was greeted with groans and cries of "Why didn't you support Keir Hardie?" "Traitor!"

Replying to this outbreak of disapproval, Mr. Burns said: "If you don't want to hear me I will go home."

This was followed by cries of: "Go home. You are no workingman."

Mr. Gladstone Severely Criticises the Sultan of Turkey.

LONDON, May 6.—The Right Hon. William E. Gladstone, in a letter to Mr. Francis Seymour Stevenson, chairman of the Anglo-Armenian Association, says that the conduct of the Sultan and the Turkish Government in the Armenian question has been worse than their conduct regarding Bulgaria in 1876.

SAMUEL AUERBACH BETTER.

His Mates to Testify to the Alleged Assault by His Teacher.

Samuel Auerbach, the twelve-year-old boy who says Edgar Nicherbicher, his teacher, assaulted him, was feeling much better to-day.

School Inspector Benjamin Blumenthal will go to the school to-day to request the boys who testified last week to be present at the next hearing. He says he is afraid that many of them will not appear through fear of their teacher.

Children Peddlers Arrested.

One girl and fourteen boys, arrested for selling lozenges in Central Park yesterday, spent the night in the Gerry's Society's room, and this morning were in Yorkville Police Court. The prisoners were Nellie Thomas, ten years old; Joseph Galvin, twelve; Samuel Oken, twelve; Philip Helper, twelve; Isador Gerrick, fourteen, and his brother, Jacob, thirteen; John Brown, fourteen, and his brother, Michael, twelve; Aaron Lustig, thirteen; Jacob Bernan, eleven; Harry Newman, twelve; Harry Suider, fifteen; Harry Stolzer, eleven, and Samuel Alter, fourteen. Justice Deuel placed them in the care of Agent Wilson.

Horse, Wagon and Child Overboard

Builder Timothy Mahoney, of 127 East Eighty-seventh street, while driving along One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street yesterday, was thrown into the road by his horse shying, and dislocated his shoulder. The horse ran towards the Harlem River. Teresa McCoy, a child, standing on the pier at the foot of One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street, was struck by the animal and thrown into the water. The horse also plunged into the stream, dragging the wagon after him. Albert Greenabeck swam after and rescued the child. Horse and wagon were finally fished out.

"It will all come out in the wash," if you use Pearline.

A Great Sale of
Silverware.
Table and Toilet Articles of All Kinds, Spoons, Forks, &c.

We are the largest silverware manufacturers in the world. We make a special grade of heavy plate on hard metal, entirely different from the thin silver plate of the market.

July 1 we consolidate our New York retail business into one store, 208 5th ave.

TEA SETS, &c.

Tea Sets of five, six and eight pieces	$10.00 to $25.00
These are beautiful goods; genuine bargain.	
Water Pitchers	$5 to $7.50
Ice Water Sets, some tilting, some with tray and goblets	$12 to $20
Coffee Sets	$7.50 to $10
Waiters and Trays.	different sizes
Ice Pitchers	$6 to $10
Fruit Dishes	many prices
Salad Bowls, richly engraved, ornaments to any table	$5 to $15
Cake Baskets	$3.00 to $5.00
Butter Dishes, Spoon Holders, Syrup Cups	$2.50 to $4.00
Bake Dishes	$5 to $8
Tureens	$6 to $10
Children's Cups	$1 to $2
Napkin Rings	25c. up
Card Receivers	$1.50 to $2.50

Prices good for this sale ONLY.

Goods in our old store, 46 East 14th st., have been marked down for a limited period to the lowest price in twenty years. First, to save removal. Second, to advertise our silverware.

We want people to learn the difference between ordinary quality and Meriden Britannia Co. "Silver Plate that Wears." Now is the chance.

For the Toilet.

Brushes, Hair Cloth, &c.	$2.50 to $4
Puff Boxes	
Hand Mirrors	$2.50 to $4
Shoe Horns	
Jewel Caskets	
Trinket Trays, very dainty	75c. ea
Tea Spoons, Coffee Spoons, Orange Spoons, Oyster Forks, Nut Picks,	$1.00 per set.
Table Spoons, Table Forks, Dessert Spoons, Dessert Forks	$1.75 per set
Berry Spoons	75c. each
Salad Spoons, Salad Fords, Fish Knives, Fish Forks, Pie Knives, Soup Ladles	$2.00 each

MAIL ORDERS ACCEPTED.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY,
Reduced Prices at 46 East 14th St. ONLY.

We Beg a Word with You in Regard to Your Shoes.

W.L.Douglas Shoes

ARE STYLISH, EASY FITTING AND WELL MADE.

THEY EQUAL SHOES THAT USUALLY SELL FROM $4 TO $6.

They Cost THREE Dollars

You can see them at our exclusive stores, and select from the latest styles of Russet, Patent Leather or the Best Calf. 19

WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.

For sale at 1211 Broadway, 114 Fulton st., 2210 Third ave., 345 Eighth ave., 65 Barclay st., 264 West 125th st.
BROOKLYN—82, 1307 Broadway, 431, 1181 Fulton st.
JERSEY CITY—10 Newark ave.

We lost a great many customers on Saturday because we didn't have salesmen enough to wait on them.

Our apology to you, sir, if you didn't receive attention. We hope you'll come again.

HAMMERSLOUGH BROS.,
Makers. Wholesalers. Retailers.
Bleecker St., cor. Greene
(Bet. Broadway & 6th ave. L RR.), also
Broadway, cor. Rector St.

Real Estate.

A VACANT LOT (25x100) to rent, 410 East 60th st. Inquire of A. Disbecker, The Aristum, Broadway and 55th st.

Instruction.

EXCELSIOR Bicycle Riding School, 55th st. & 3d ave., bank building; bicycles for sale, rent, repaired, exchanged.

Flats and Apartments to Let.

RENTS $25 TO $32—Flats of 6 rooms & bath; tastefully decorated; sanitary plumbing; steam heated; half a block from L station & half a block from park. Janitor, 46 W. 66th st.

Lost, Found and Rewards.

$10 REWARD for pug dog answering name Bob, lost April 27 on 5d ave., near 28th st. Owner, Mrs. McDonald, 146 E. 26th st.

ABRAHAM AND STRAUS
Fulton St., Brooklyn.

Complete lines of Spalding's, Schoverling, Daly and Gale's, and Horsman's

Sporting Goods

at close Dry-Goods Profits—in every instance a most appreciable saving from Specialists' prices.

Lawn Tennis.

Wright & Ditson's celebrated "Leara" Racket, regular price $4.98	$3.75
Wright & Ditson's Tennis Balls—3 for	$1.00
The New Inverite Racket "Brownie"	74c.
Horsman's "Berkeley" Racket	$1.98
Ladies' Special Racket, Horsman's	$2.98
Horsman's Newport Racket	$1.48

Poles, Nets, Guy Ropes, Markers, Tapes and all requisites at correspondingly low prices.

Croquet.

200 Sets Full Size Croquet—painted and striped—in dovetail box ..... 69c.
Others at 75c., $1.00, 1.25, 1.95, 2.50, 3.00 and 4.75 set.

Roller Skates 39c.

1,000 Pairs Best Make Steel Extension Roller Skates—while they last ..... 39c. pair

Bicycles, &c.

Bicycles, Bicycle Sundries, Tricycles, Velocipedes, Baseball Outfits, Fishing Tackle. Every kind and cost, but always at a great price saving.

Battledore and Shuttlecock 45c.

Grace Hoops 25c.

Sporting Goods—4th Floor.

ABRAHAM AND STRAUS
Fulton St., Brooklyn.

RUPTURE CURED.

The Improved Elastic Truss is the only truss in existence that is worn with absolute comfort night and day, as it retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest strain and will effect a permanent and speedy cure without regard to age of the patient; examination free; lady in attendance for ladies. Send for pamphlet.
IMPROVED ELASTIC TRUSS CO.,
822 and 824 Broadway, cor 12th st., New York.

Alizarine Dyed

ROYAL
Serge Suits.

This is the first lot of Alizarine dyed cloth ever put on the American market. It has entirely superseded the old indigo dyed stuffs in Europe.

We have imported 18,000 yards for Spring suits. We have made the price $12.50 a suit, silk lined, $15.

A fine clean wool and a better color than any other serge made.

E. O. THOMPSON,
Tailor, Clothier and Importer.
245 Broadway,
Bet. Park Place and Murray St. 501

WEST 14TH ST.
ESTBD 1807.
COWPERTHWAIT'S "RELIABLE" CARPETS
TRADE MARK

You will thank us for these suggestions of home beauty.

The best quality CHENILLE CURTAINS, plain color, handsomely fringed, at

$3.50 per PAIR.

As bright and fresh as Spring flowers, and will bear comparison with the finest productions. Come and see them, and they will tell you a story of cheapness you do not often hear.

Furniture in great variety and at lowest rates.

CASH OR CREDIT.

COWPERTHWAIT & CO.,
104, 106 & 108 WEST 14TH ST.,
Near 6th Ave.
BROOKLYN STORES:
FLATBUSH AVE., NEAR FULTON ST.

Latest and Best.
SONNETTE CORSETS.
The C. P. Importers Make Them.
FOR SALE BY LEADING RETAILERS.

J. BAUMANN & BRO.

Have received the praise of hundreds of satisfied customers during the past week, and no wonder, as they not only give credit at cash prices, but on their new

REFUNDING CREDIT SYSTEM

actually return you interest on every dollar paid them. Here's a glimpse of what they do:

Parlor Suits -	16.50
Folding-Beds	7.50
Chiffoniers -	5.50
Chamber Suits	12.50
Pier Mirrors -	10.50

These, and many other bargains.

$1. per week

Buys anything.

Furniture, Bedding, Carpets, Refrigerators, Curtains.
Also Crockery, Tin are, Clocks, Pictures, Baby Carriages, &c.

1313 to 1315 Third Ave.,
Between 75th and 76th Sts.
76TH ST. ELEVATED RR. OR CABLE CARS. Open Saturdays until 10 P. M.

JORDAN & MORIARTY,
207, 209, 211 and 213 PARK ROW, NEAR CHATHAM SQUARE, NEW YORK.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, &c.
FREE ONE WEEK MORE.
Six Solid Oak Cane-Seat Dining-Room Chairs given away FREE with every purchase of $50.00.
EASY CREDIT TERMS.
$1.00 Week on $65.00 Worth
$1.50 Week on $100.00 Worth
Special attention given to all Out-of-Town Orders. Price List Mailed on Application.

Furnished Rooms to Let.

Brooklyn.

TO LET—Parlor floor; first-class location for doctor's office. Address 38 Lee ave., Brooklyn.

Amusements.

HUBER'S 14TH ST. MUSEUM.

FEMALE BARBERS. Free Show Big Show

AMERICAN THEATRE. 42d st. and 8th ave. Matinee Saturday. RESERVED SEATS, Orchestra Circle and Balcony, 50c.
TO-NIGHT, PIQUANT MARIE JANSEN in Glen McDonough's Sparkling Farce, DELMONICO'S AT 6.
Next Week—Hoyt's "A Temperance Town."

PALMER'S THEATRE. Mr. A. M. Palmer, sole mgr. Mat. Wed. Sat. TO-NIGHT, 250TH TIME. LITTLE CHRISTOPHER. BESSIE BONEHILL AS LITTLE CHRISTOPHER. 250th performance, Monday, May 6. Souvenirs.

GARDEN THEATRE. Mr. A. M. Palmer, sole Manager. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Evenings at 8.15. TRILBY

KEITH'S New Union Square. Original Continuous Performance. Noon to 11 P. M. 25c., 50c., $1.00. LOTTIE GILSON, McIntyre and Heath, John C. Rice, and Sally Cohen, Le Clair and Leslie, 40 others.

THE FOOD SHOW. GRAND CENTRAL PALACE, Lex. Ave. & 43d St. Concerts Afternoon and Evening. Cooking lectures, 3.30. ADMISSION, 25 CENTS. OPEN 2 P. M. TO 10.30 P. M.

WHALE DAY AND NIGHT, FULTON FERRY, Pier 22 E. R. Adm., 10c. Children 10c.

PASTOR'S. VESTA TILLEY. GREAT SUCCESS. WARFIELD, MIMIC—SAM BERNARD. Matinee Tuesday and Friday.

EMPIRE THEATRE. Broadway & 40th St. SOWING THE WIND. Evenings 8.15 Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

COLUMBUS THEATRE. Evgs 8.15. Wed. & SAT. Mts. HOYT'S A TRIP TO CHINATOWN.

BROADWAY THEATRE. Ev'gs 8. Mat. Sat. 2. 404th TIME. ALADDIN, JR. Last Nights. See the Unique, Dramatic, Startling TRILBY PANTOMIME QUADRILLE.

BIJOU MATINEES WED & SAT. THE NEW 20TH CENTURY GIRL.

HERALD Sq. Theatre, B'way & 35th st. Evgs. 8.15. MARK TWAIN'S Pudd'nhead Wilson.

GERMANIA THEATRE. EVERY NIGHT. THE BUTCHER OF FIRST AVENUE.

Amusements.

ABBEY'S THEATRE, Broadway, cor. 39th. LILLIAN RUSSELL OPERA CO. POSITIVELY LAST WEEK OF OFFENBACH'S LA PERICHOLE, which opera must be withdrawn, owing to previous arrangements for the production next week of the new Russian Comic Opera, THE TZIGANE. Seat Sale opens next Thursday.

PROCTOR'S CONTINUOUS VAUDEVILLE. Always the best and unsurpassed. From 10 A. M. to 10.30 P. M. No waits. 25c & 50c. HURLEY AND WILTON—PETRESCU. James F. Hoey, Bonnie Thornton, Harris and Walton, Daisy Mayer's Pickaninnies, Manand and Marbo, Maud Raymond, Laporte Sisters, Majilions; 24 others. Sun. Concerts Continuous, 2 to 10.30 P.M.

KOSTER & BIAL'S TO-NIGHT. THE CRAGGS. The WORLD'S GREATEST ACROBATS. "PATHE" SERIES LIVING PICTURES. NEXT WEEK—HARRIET VERNON.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. NO ADVANCE IN PRICES. PAVARY GRAND OPERA CO. To-night, Rigoletto & Cavalleria Rusticana; Tues., Il Trovatore; Wed. (Mat.), Martha; Wed. (night), Carmen; Thurs., Bohemian Girl; Fri., Cavalleria Rusticana & I Pagliacci; Sat. (Mat.), Carmen; Sat. (night), Il Trovatore. PAVARY sings every night.

CASINO. Broadway and 39th st. TRILBY, in Song and Silhouette. The Milons, athletic marvels, first appearance in America; Papinta, Yoscarys, Forrest Bros., and other variety artists. Reserved seats, 50c. & $1.

IMPERIAL MUSIC HALL. MATINEE TO-DAY. Sukimota's Troupe of Japs. Little Robin Hood.

ATLANTIC GARDEN, Bowery near Canal st. Wed. Eve'g, May 8, 37th anniversary. Monster Concert and Vaudeville Performance; 2 Bands, 50 Musicians; 25 the best Specialty Stars.

HOYT'S THEATRE. Hoyt & McKee, Props. CISSY FITZGERALD'S GREAT DANCE AT 9.45. Evenings at 8.30. Matinee Saturday at 2.15. THE FOUNDLING. Preceded by "THE MAN UPSTAIRS."

STANDARD Theatre. Eve. 8, at Mat. Sat. 2. 7TH MONTH JOYFUL PROSPERITY. TOO MUCH JOHNSON. WITH WM. GILLETTE AND COMPANY.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. 14th st. & Irving pl. Prices, $1.00, 75c., 50c., 25c. THE FATAL CARD. MATS. WED. & SAT. AT 2. Eve., 8.15.

GARRICK THEATER. Lessee MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD. To-Night at 8.30, "Prince Karl." Tues. & Wed., two public dress rehearsals of The King of Peru.

HARLEM OPERA-HOUSE. Eve., 8.15. Mat. Sat. 2. CAMILLE D'ARVILLE IN MADELINE.

14TH STREET THEATRE. Near 6th ave. Big SUCCESS. CAPTAIN PAUL. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

CAT SHOW. May 8th till 11th. Madison Square Garden; open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Admission, 50 cents.

Personal.

A.—SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, moles, &c., destroyed forever; electricity; sittings only $1. Prof. MIXER, 37 West 42d st.

A.—A.—BEST QUALITY OF COAL, all sizes, $4.50 per ton of 2,000 pounds, delivered, at Theffer's, cor. 27th st. and 9th ave., 8th st. and Boulevard. Telephone 286A 18th st., 125 Columbus.

CIVIL or criminal cases, confidential; investigations secretly conducted. Citizens' Secret Service Co., 13 W. 42d st.

FINE SAMPLE CLOTHING from leading makers at less than half manufacturers' prices. Manheim's, 59 Nassau st.

FOR ADOPTION—Lovely new-born baby boy; full surrender. Inquire 228 East 53d st.

HAVE YOU SEEN IT? "Art Studies from the Nude;" monthly portfolio for lovers of high art; superb reproduction of paintings by renowned artists; May number ready; price 25c. Mailed by Artists' Pub. Co., Dept. 10, St. Louis, Mo.

HILL'S RHEUMATISM AND GOUT CURE—The greatest of all remedies; one bottle will cure you. Hill Medicine Co., 36 East 19th st. Send for circular.

I. T. Same address.

KNOW YOUR FATE and fortune. Consult Nibla, scientific palmist, 20 East 17th st.; fee $1.

SITUATIONS IN THE WORLD.

20 WORDS 10 CENTS

THE WORLD PRINTED 18,061 "HELP WANTED" ADVERTISEMENTS IN APRIL, AGAINST 13,565 IN THE 15 OTHER NEW YORK PAPERS COMBINED.

THE STROKE OF RUIN.

Boyle Harding Kept His Promise and Showed It to Francois Rapin.

It was moonlight and rather late in the balmy evening, with a breeze fluttering along Royal street, and the sound of a guitar coming from an indefinite distance. No street cars were running and but few strollers—these mostly creoles in high-heeled shoes tapping lightly on the banquettes—went up and down the narrow way.

Boyle Harding leaned back in an easy chair on the iron-railed balcony, or gallery, which overhung the sidewalk, and smoked slowly, with half-closed eyes. He was awaiting the arrival of his young friend, Francois Rapin, who had lately interested him to a singular degree.

Even at the moment, up the uncarpeted stairway came the active creole's feet, two steps at a time, along with a lively tune sung almost breathlessly through a curving black mustache.

"Ah, but here I am!" he cried, issuing through the doorway and tripping a gay step along the floor towards Harding.

"Well, and what is it?" demanded the New Yorker. "What have you found out?"

"Bah!" He produced a cigarette and asked for a light by an inimitable pantomime with head and shoulders. "Maybe she went to the French opera. Go with me; I have a box; come."

"But haven't you yet seen her?"

"Seen her—how should I know? Mon cher Harding, forgets the conditions." He laughed in his atrociously frivolous French way.

"I beg pardon," said Harding, quickly. "I had, indeed, forgotten that I did not know her name, nor place of residence nor yet even the color of her eyes. Yes I will go with you to the opera. Every body goes, eh?"

"Not everybody, but everybody of the best. It is the distinction; we draw the line in front of the boxes."

"Not the head line, I hope."

"Even that sometimes, yes. I have known a glance of sweet eyes to cost much more than a bloody sunder the oaks. Are you a good fencer?"

Boyle Harding made no answer, but fleng his cigar stump over the iron railings down into the street, where it corusated on the cobble-stones, and then he rose and shook himself lightly as one does who forms an imperfect plan or feels vaguely impatient over delayed expectations.

The sky above New Orleans was as blue as sapphire, and the irregular old houses along Royal street caught many a stray glint from the splendid moon. Harding was in a mood to feel all the force of such a scene. He had come South a fortnight past with letters of introduction to influential people, but he was not seeking society; a quiet sojourn in New Orleans with his eyes and ears open suited him better. He was young, however, brimful of blood and surcharged with a poet's imagination.

What was, perhaps, just the thing he would have most desired came to him unexpectedly one day. It was a twinkle of romance in the gloom of Royal street. He suddenly met a beautiful young woman face to face at the door of Garein's old book store, a dingy hole where you find the contents of French libraries that have been sold at successive sales or picked up at auction. Warm eyes exchanged an involuntary look which seemed to have a glow of inquiry struck out of iron and flint. Harding was electrified, and impulsively lifted his hat. She passed him with a half smile, leaving a breath of violets and the rustle of a gown quietly elegant in the air round about.

The color of her hair, her height, the tint of her eyes, her complexion—he could not fix one of these in his mind, or he knew that she was the loveliest of all women, endowing her, that very instant. The Harding was entered into consciousness so suddenly and yet itself a deep and with such a thrill of romantic pleasure, that he stopped short in the hot and silent noon-tide, and, in the reminiscently sweet stir of the air, felt his own blood sweetly quickening along his veins.

A lover is a great fool; but he is the only man who knows what song it was that the stars sang, and to him you must go if you would learn the secret of heavenly happiness and the value of dreams as nourishment for the imagination. A lover's soul will ir his stature [illegible] the moment he a some [illegible] feet; Boyle Harding felt this sudden growth within him as it had quickened, ennobled and sweetened his spiritual vision, while affording a fine and richly mysterious increment to his enjoyment of his new surroundings.

This was midsummer in the fifties, when New Orleans had reached the splendid zenith of her wealth, and when the peculiar color of her social life was most dazzling and romantic. As an American city she stood apart, a hot, almost tropical heart of passion, luxury, pleasure and abounding hospitality. And with it all went the old freedom of chivalric personal courage, and the love of specious results in matters of honor.

Harding and his young creole friend set out on foot; it was but a short step to the Opera-House, and as they went along Rapin was prattling on the subject of fencing, always a great vogue with the jeunesse doree of New Orleans. He was himself a rich orphan, living upon an almost unlimited income, and had long been a confirmed habitue of the fencing halls. Having seen some papers and folio in Harding's rooms he was saying:

"But you must be interested in sword play—in fencing. It is the noblest of all exercises for athletics, and your physique is precisely made up for it. You must be a master, or you could be."

"I have had good masters," Harding replied in an evasive tone, "but I am leaving interest in it."

"Your masters were in New York?"

"No; Paris. I had M. Duval for three years."

"M. Duval! You had M. Charles Duval for three years?"

"Yes."

"Ah, what fortune! He, and he only, teaches the 'stroke of ruin,' the pass which pierces across from shoulder to shoulder, disabling the victim for life, yet never killing him." Rapin spoke enthusiastically, and after a moment's pause added almost breathlessly.

"And you learned his stroke! Oh, but I am overjoyed, and you will teach me to be a master, Monsieur, I shall be your lifelong debtor. I have dreamed of that incomparable thrust; I have made two journeys to Paris to learn it; but, you must know, M. Duval is an ancient enemy of my father. I could not go to him, and his pupils are so few and so, so distinguished and exclusive that I could not reach one of them."

Harding laughed at the youth's frankness and told him pleasantly that he should be glad to give him the secret instruction. Thereupon Rapin almost hugged him, and they were just entering the Opera-House.

A great curve of splendor, a flash of faces, throats, bosoms, jewels, laces, eyes, fans—a bewildering horizon of corsages, coiffures, necklaces, bracelets, rings; a foam of airy gowns sinking and swelling gently, like surf froth against a beach of fairy land. Harding gazed in half-blinded stupidity, so he felt, and could see no details, could make out no individual face distinctly. It all struck him as some vast spectacle of barbarous gewgaw splendor, and yet nothing that he had ever seen could compare with it in unity of effect. The boxes were all full, and full of beauty and queenly costume, so accentuated that nowhere else could such insistences upon decoration have been tolerable. There, however, it was the perfection of color, grace, brilliance and condensed, passionate beauty of expression such as the Greeks of Alexandria dreamed of in their luxurious exotic dreams.

Harding and Rapin were the only persons in their box, which was well to one side of the great curve, so the stage a celebrated ballet favorite was kicking briskly through one of her captivating passages.

"We will begin the lessons to-morrow," murmured Rapin. "I shall be an apt scholar, monsieur."

"Yes," said Harding absently. He was gazing along the great sweep of beauty and light.

"But excuse me for a moment or two," the creole added after a while, when the curtain was down. "I am going to call at the box of a friend."

He went, and Harding continued his survey, which, now that his eyes had somewhat accustomed themselves to the glamor, became more real and absorbing in interest.

Presently he saw Rapin in a box, a marvellous one, near the centre, talking with a tall, young woman and it was she. There could be no doubt for a moment. The thrill through Harding's nerves told as much; she was the queen, yet, in a way, subdued beauty.

Harding's eyes were fixed the trance of that old-time love which man used to acknowledge was upon him. His strong, healthy blood, nature, plunged into the think of a passion-romance as fervid as it was pure and sincere. And at the very central moment she turned from Rapin and looked straight at him. Moreover, he could see a flight of quick interest come into her face, they were speaking of him.

The pressy fact was that Rapin, in his enthusiastic way, had been telling Mlle. Marie de Montmartin—that was her name—about his good fortune in finding a master to teach him the "stroke of ruin," and he had directed her attention to the young man in his box. But for Mlle. Marie de Montmartin we may as well say that she glanced mechanically, then looked again. Harding was a superbly handsome young athlete, a flower of perfect manhood with a face never to be forgotten by any woman.

Rapin presently returned to the box, bringing with him, or at least Harding fancied it, a breath of that exquisite violet perfume which had been haunting Harding's memory for days and nights together.

"Who is she—the young lady in the box where you've been?"

The abrupt inquiry and a certain timbre of Harding's voice betrayed his emotion to the quick creole.

"Oh, she—that is Mlle. Marie de Montmartin. Lovely, isn't she? You might envy me, M. Harding. She is my betrothed."

"Ah!" — Harding hesitated and a pallish change passed over his face, like a fleece cloud over some glorified space of sky. Then he coolly added, "I do envy you. Yes, she is the most beautiful girl that I have ever seen. She is the one I met in the old book store door. You are quick to find."

Rapin colored.

"Thank you," he said, as the curtain went up and the prima donna strode forth with a superb swing.

The next day Rapin came to Harding's rooms for his initial lesson; but the young man begged a postponement; he was not feeling in good form, he said; and was averse to exercise.

And now Harding's powerful letters of introduction came into play. The only son of Gen. Stanhope Harding had the key to open even the exclusive gate of the massive Grecian, the ancient family traditions of Montmartin were kept in an atmosphere of their own. Here the young man found Mlle. Marie even more fascinating than his imagination had pictured her.

We must acquit him; he did not deliberately seek to gain her affections; indeed, there was no need to seek, she claimed him at sight, and the way was love's sweetest path. Rapin was forgotten as a merely conventional lover must always be when the true one comes rushing in all aglow and all powerful.

Marie's parents were delighted. There was no obstacle, religious or other, and an alliance with the Harding family was something to be proud of. So, in due course of time, the engagement was announced and the wedding day approached.

Harding had been to New York; he returned late in November, radiant with happy aspirations, and took rooms as before, but now in the St. Charles. He brought some friends with him, and his parents would come a little later.

I have said that a lover is a fool. His vanity, moreover, cannot be overestimated, and the sublime of his possession plays him small pitfalls to go down to the grave. Harding has a mind to go again to the old book store of Garcan, on Royal street, and have his great meeting with Marie ever once more in his imagination. He slipped away from the hotel (lively) and with a foolish air in his blood.

The morning was like a Summer's dream, bathing the old city in alms of chastened splendor. Up and down the narrow streets stacked the high-heeled boots of the little creoles. Fruit stands heaped with luscious oranges, bananas, apples, dashed the air with a rich bouquet, and there were roses everywhere. Harding held his head high and walked swiftly.

When we go to seek an idealism we are pretty sure to find a reality. It is not the scheme of nature to humor us in luxuries. Harding's door Harding came abruptly face to face with Francois Rapin, whom he had not seen since the announcement of the coming nuptials. Somehow it was a surprise, but Rapin's face showed a quiet smile.

Harding stopped short in his tracks, and would have probably put forth his hand in a friendly offer of salutation; but just then his hat was lightly tapped from his head by Rapin, who immediately picked it up and handed it to him, saying:

"Monsieur Harding will now remember his promise to teach me the mysterious stroke of M. Duval."

He bowed low and was gone, while a card fluttered down at Harding's feet; it bore Rapin's address.

At first Harding's heat of temper was great, but reflection led him to consult his friends, who ridiculed the thought that he was glad to escape, for, although a born fighter, this was no time to be risking his life or to be killing a man.

He had, however, consulted but one side of that advisory board which always exists in such cases. His Northern friends were unanimously opposed to the duel, but now he must be frank and lay the matter before his fiancee's family.

"You must fight him, sir," said Montmartin.

"Of course, there is but one way open to a gentleman," signed Marie, "you must challenge him."

The Montmartin household and all the Monmartin circle were as a unit on this point. No evasion was to be considered, since Rapin smilingly refused to apologize, and so Harding sent the challenge, which was promptly accepted.

They met at sunrise under the "oaks" so well known in duelling history. Merrily clinked their rapiers for honor's sake and Marie's. That was but about forty years ago; and yet what a distance! What a far spin the world has made down the "groove of change" since then! Farragut and Butler have been in the city; the reconstruction terror has come and gone; the reassertion of State authority followed the victory of the citizens over the alien soldiers; the lottery has gone; the city is rich once more; see the bales of cotton, the hogsheads, the barrels, the bags on the levee! And there are no more duels.

Yesterday a white-haired man, whose shoulders drooped strangely, and whose two arms hung almost paralyzed beside him, walked down Royal street.

"That is Francis Rapin," said a creole to some friends. "He got that wound in the celebrated duel with Harding."

"Ye-e-s," drawled another of the group, with a queer little shrug. "Y-e-e-s, Mr. Harding taught him the 'stroke of ruin,' ha! ha! ha! c'est vrai, n'est ce pas?"

I followed with curious gaze the retreating form of Rapin, recalling at the same time that Boyle Harding and his wife were now living in Nice, where, in most comfortable circumstances and well loaded with fame, Harding writes his novels and plays with his grandchildren. His wife is said to be still beautiful and very domestic.—Maurice Thompson in Vanity.