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HOW THE BRIGADIER SLEW THE BROTHERS OF AJACCIO.

When I told you some little time ago how it was that I won the special medal for valor, I finished, as you will remember, by repeating the saying of the Emperor that I had the stoutest heart in all his armies. In making that remark, Napoleon was [illegible] the [illegible] for which he was [illegible]. He qualified his sentence by saying something about the thickness of my head. We will pass that over. It is ungenerous [illegible] of a great man. I will only say that [illegible] I was a colonel at 28 and the chief of a brigade at 31, so that I have no reason to be dissatisfied with my career. Had the wars gone on another two or three years I [illegible] and the [illegible] his hand upon it, that was only [illegible] from it. Murat had changed his hussar's cap for a crown, and [illegible] cavalry man could have done as much. However, all these dreams were driven away by [illegible], and though I was not able to write my name upon history, it is sufficiently well known by all who served in the great wars of the empire.

What I want to tell you about now is a very private matter which first set me upon my rapid upward course, and which had the effect of establishing a secret bond between the Emperor and myself. There is only one little word of warning which I must give you before I begin. When you hear me speak you must always bear in mind that you are listening to one who has seen history from the inside. I am talking about what my eyes have seen and my ears have heard, so you must not try to confute me by quoting the opinions of some student or man of the pen who has written a book of history or memoirs. There is much which is unknown by such people and much which never will be known by the world. For my own part, I could tell you some very

"MY BOY, THE EMPEROR WANTS TO SEE YOU."

surprising things were it discreet to do so. The facts which I am about to relate to you tonight were kept secret by me during the Emperor's lifetime [illegible]

You must know, then, that at the time of this [illegible] in the Tenth [illegible] that my [illegible] and my [illegible] in my favor, and that I had already won a reputation as being one of the best swordsmen in the army, but among the host of brave men who surrounded the Emperor it needed more than this to insure a rapid career. I was confident, however, that my chance would come, though I never dreamed that it would take so remarkable a form.

When the Emperor returned to Paris after the declaration of peace in the year 1807 he spent much of his time with the Empress and the court at Fontainebleau. It was the time when he was at the very pinnacle of his career. He had in three successive campaigns humbled Austria, crushed Prussia, and hurled the Russian armies across the Niemen. The old bulldog over the Channel was still growling, but he could not get very far from his kennel. If we could have made a perpetual peace at that moment France would have taken a higher place than any nation since the days of the Romans. So I have heard the wise folks say, though, for my own part, I had other things to think of. All the girls were glad to see the army back after its long absence, and you may be sure that I had my share of any favors which were going. You may judge how

IT MADE ME SMILE AS I WROTE IT.

[illegible] I was a favorite in those days when I say that even now, in my 60th year— But why should I dwell upon that which is already sufficiently well known.

Our regiment of Hussars was quartered with the Horse Chasseurs of the Guard at Fontainebleau. It is, as you know, but a little place buried in the heart of the forest, and it was wonderful at this time to see it crowded with grand dukes and electors and princes who thronged round Napoleon like puppies round their master, each hoping that some bone might be thrown to him. There was more German than French to be heard in the street, for those who had helped us in the late war had come to beg for a reward, and those who had opposed us had come to try and escape their punishment. And all the time our little man, with his pale face and his cold gray eyes, was riding to the hunt every morning, silent and brooding, all of them following in his train in the hope that some word would escape him. And then when the humor seized him he would throw a 100 square miles to that man, or pull as much off the other, round off one kingdom by a river, or curtail another by a chain of mountains. That was how he used to do business, this little artilleryman whom we had raised so high with our sabres and our bayonets. He was very civil to us always, for he knew where his power came from. We knew, also, and showed it by the way in which we carried ourselves. We were agreed, you understand, that he was the finest leader in the world, but we did not forget that he had the finest men to lead.

Well, one day I was seated in my quarters playing cards with young [illegible] of the Horse Chasseurs, when the door opened and in walked Lasalle, who was our colonel. You know what a fine swaggering fellow he was, and the sky blue uniform of the Tenth suited him to a marvel. My faith, we youngsters were so taken by him that we all swore and diced and drank and played the deuce, whether we liked it or no, just that we might resemble our colonel! We forgot that it was not because he drank or gambled that the Emperor was going to make him the head of the light cavalry, but because he had the surest eye for the nature of a position or for the strength of a column, and the best judgment as to when infantry could be broken, or whether guns were exposed, of any man in the army. We were too young to understand all that, however, so we waxed our moustaches and clinked our spurs and let the ferrules of our scabbards wear out by trailing them along the pavement in the hope that we should all become Lasalles. When he came clanking into my quarters, both Regnier and I sprang to our feet.

"My boy," said he, clapping me on the shoulder, "the Emperor wants to see you at 4 o'clock."

The room whirled round me at the words, and I had to lean my hands upon the edge of the card table.

"What?" cried I. "The Emperor?"

"Precisely," said he, smiling at my astonishment.

"But the Emperor does not know of my existence, Colonel," I protested. "Why should he send for me?"

"Well, that's just what puzzles me," cried Lasalle, twirling his moustache. "If he wanted the help of a brave man, why should he descend to one of my lieutenants, when he might have found all that he needed at the head of the regiment? However," he added, clapping me upon the shoulder again in his hearty fashion, "every man has his chance. I have had mine, otherwise I should not be colonel of the Tenth. I must not grudge you yours. Forward, my boy, and may it be the first step toward changing your busby for a cocked hat."

It was but 2 o'clock, so he left me, promising to come back and to accompany me to the palace. My faith, what a time I passed, and how many conjectures did I make as to what it was which the Emperor could want of me! I paced up and down my little room, in a fever of anticipation. Sometimes I thought that perhaps he had heard of the guns which we had taken at Austerlitz, but then there were so many who had taken guns at Austerlitz, and two years had passed since the battle. Or it might be that he wished to reward me for my affair with the aide-de-camp of the Russian Emperor. But then, again, a cold fit would seize me, and I would fancy that he had sent for me to reprimand me. There were a few duels which he might have taken in ill part, and there were one or two little jokes in Paris since the peace.

But no! I considered the words of Lasalle. "If he had need of a brave man," said Lasalle. It was obvious that my colonel had some idea of what was in the wind. If he had not known that it was to my advantage he would not have been so cruel as to congratulate me. My heart glowed with joy as this conviction grew upon me, and I sat down to write to my mother and to tell her that the Emperor was waiting at that very moment to have my opinion upon a matter of importance. It made me smile as I wrote it to think that, wonderful as it appeared to me, it would probably only confirm my mother in her opinion of the Emperor's good sense.

At half past three I heard a sabre come clanking against every step of my wooden stair. It was Lasalle, and with him was a little gentleman very neatly dressed in black, with dapper ruffles and cuffs. We did not know many civilians, we of the army, but my word, this was one whom we could not afford to ignore! I had only to glance at those twinkling eyes, the comical upturned nose, and the straight precise mouth to know that I was in the presence of the one man in France whom even the Emperor had to consider.

CHAPTER II.

[illegible]

"This is Monsieur Etienne Gerard, Monsieur de Talleyrand," said Lasalle.

I saluted, and the statesman took me in from the top of my panache to the rowel of my spur with a glance that played over me like a rapier point.

"Have you explained to the Lieutenant the circumstances under which he is summoned to the Emperor's presence?" he asked in his dry, creaking voice.

WHEN HE HEARD MY NAME SHOWED ME STRAIGHT IN.

They were such a contrast, these two men, that I could not help glancing from one to the other of them, the little, black, sly politician and the big, sky-blue Hussar, with one fist on his hip and the other on the hilt of his sabre. They both took their seats as I looked, Talleyrand without a sound and Lasalle with a clash and jingle like a prancing charger.

"It's this way, youngster," said he, in his brusque fashion. "I was with the Emperor in his private Cabinet this morning when a note was brought in to him. He opened it, and as he did so he gave such a start that it fluttered down onto the floor. I handed it up to him again, but he was staring at the wall in front of him, as if he had seen a ghost. 'Fratelli dell' Ajaccio,' he muttered, and then again 'Fratelli dell' Ajaccio.' I don't pretend to know more Italian than a man can pick up in two campaigns, but I could make nothing of this. It seemed to me that he had gone out of his mind, and you would have said so also, Monsieur de Talleyrand, if you had seen the look in his eyes. He read the note, and then he sat for half an hour or more without moving."

"And you?" asked Talleyrand.

"Why, I stood there not knowing what I ought to do. Presently he seemed to come back to his senses. 'I suppose, Lasalle,' said he, 'that you have some gallant young officers in the Tenth?' 'They are all that, sire,' I answered. 'If you had to pick one who was to be depended upon for action, but who would not think too much—you understand me, Lasalle—which would you select?' he asked. I saw that he needed an agent who would not penetrate too deeply into his plans. 'I have one,' said I, 'who is all spurs and moustaches, with never a thought beyond women and horses.' 'That is the man I want,' said Napoleon. 'Bring him to my private Cabinet at 4 o'clock.' So, youngster, I came straight away to you at once, and mind that you do credit to the Tenth Hussars."

I was by no means flattered by the reasons which had led to my colonel's choice, and I must have shown as much in my face, for he roared with laughter, and Talleyrand gave a dry chuckle also.

"Just one word of advice before you go, Monsieur Gerard," said he, "you are now coming into troubled waters, and you might find a worse pilot than myself. We have none of us any idea as to what this little affair means, and, between ourselves, it is very important for us, who have the destinies of France upon our shoulders, to keep ourselves in touch with all that goes on. You understand me, Monsieur Gerard?"

I had not the least idea what he was driving at, but I bowed and tried to look as if it were clear to me.

"Act very guardedly, then, and say nothing to anybody," said Talleyrand. "Col. Lasalle and I will not show our-

I THINK THAT MY APPEARANCE GAVE HIM PLEASURE.

selves in public with you, but we will await you here, and we will give you our advice when you have told us what has passed between the Emperor and yourself. It is time that you started now, for the Emperor never forgives unpunctuality."

Off I went on foot to the palace, which was only a hundred paces off. I made my way to the antechamber, where Duroc, with his grand new scarlet-and-gold coat, was fussing about among the crowd of people who were waiting. I heard him whisper to Monsieur de Caulaincourt that half of them were German dukes who expected to be made kings and the other half German dukes who expected to be made paupers. Duroc, when he heard my name, showed me straight in, and I found myself in the Emperor's presence. I had, of course, seen him in camp a hundred times, but I had never been face to face with him before. I have no doubt that if you had met him without knowing in the least who he was you would simply have said that he was a sallow little fellow with a good forehead and fairly well-turned calves. His tight white cashmere breeches and white stockings showed off his legs to advantage. But even a stranger must have been struck by the singular look of his eyes, which could melt into tenderest sympathy or harden into an expression which would frighten a grenadier. It is said that even Augereau, who was a man who had never known what fear was, quailed before Napoleon's gaze, at a time, too, when the Emperor was but an unknown soldier. He looked mildly enough at me, however, and motioned me to remain by the door. De Meneval was writing to his dictation, looking up at him between each sentence with his spaniel eyes.

"That will do; you can go," said the Emperor abruptly. Then, when the secretary had left the room, he strode across with his hands behind his back, and he looked me up and down without a word. Though he was a small man himself, he was very fond of having fine-looking fellows about him, and so, I think, that my appearance gave him pleasure. For my own part I raised one hand to the salute and held the other upon the hilt of my sabre, looking straight ahead of me, as a soldier should.

"Well, Monsieur Gerard," said he at last, tapping his forefinger upon one of the brandebourgs of gold braid upon the front of my pelisse. "I am informed that you are a very deserving young officer. Your colonel gives me an excellent account of you."

I wished to make a brilliant reply, but I could think of nothing save Lasalle's phrase that I was all spurs and moustaches, so it ended in my saying nothing at all. The Emperor watched the struggle, which must have shown itself upon my features, and when finally no answer came he did not appear to be displeased.

"I believe that you are the very man that I want," said he. "Brave and clever men surround me upon every side. But a brave man who"— He did not finish his sentence, and, for my own part, I could not understand what he was driving at. I contented myself with assuring him that he could count upon me to the death.

"You are, as I understand, a good swordsman," said he.

"Tolerable, sire," I answered.

"You were chosen by your regiment to fight the champion of the Hussars of Chamborant," said he.

I was not sorry to find that he knew so much of my exploits.

"My comrades, sire, did me that honor," said I.

"And for the sake of practice you insulted six fencing masters in the week before your duel?"

"I had the privilege of being out seven times in as many days, sire," said I.

"And escaped without a scratch?"

"The fencing master of the 23d Light Infantry touched me on the left elbow, sire."

"Let us have no more child's play of the sort, monsieur!" he cried, [illegible] "Do you think that I place veteran [illegible] in these positions that you may practice [illegible] upon them? How can I face Europe if my soldiers turn their points upon each other? Another word of your dueling and I break you between these fingers." I saw his plump white hands flash before my eyes as he spoke, and his voice had turned to the most discordant hissing and growling. My word, my skin [illegible] all over as I listened to him, and I would gladly have changed my position for that of the first man in the steepest and narrowest breach that ever swallowed up a storming party. He turned to the table, drank off a cup of coffee, and then, when he faced me again every trace of this storm had vanished, and he wore that pleasant smile with which he had won so many a heart.

CHAPTER III.

[illegible]

"I have need of your services, Monsieur Gerard," said he. [illegible] But first of all, I must bind you to secrecy. Whilst I live what passes between us today must be known to no one but ourselves."

I thought of Talleyrand and of Lasalle, but I promised.

"In the next place, I do not want your opinions or conjectures, and I wish you to do exactly what you are told."

I bowed.

"It is your sword that I need, and not your brains. I will do the thinking. Is that clear to you?"

"Yes, sire."

"You know the Chancellor's Grove in the forest?"

I bowed.

"You know also the large double fir-tree where the hounds assembled on Tuesday?"

Had he known that I met a girl under it three times a week he would not have

"I HAVE BEEN FENCING, SIRE."

asked me. I bowed once more without remark.

"Very good. You will meet me there at 10 o'clock tonight."

I had got past being surprised at anything which could happen. If he had asked me to take his place upon the imperial throne I could only have nodded my busby.

"We shall then proceed into the wood together," said the Emperor. "You will be armed with a sword, but not with pistols. You must address no remark to me, and I shall say nothing to you. We shall advance in silence. You understand?"

"I understand, sire."

"After a time we shall see a man, or more probably two men, under a certain tree. We shall approach them together. If I signal to you to defend me, you will be prepared to do so. If, on the other hand, I speak to these men, you will wait and listen. If you are called upon to draw, you must see that neither of them, in the event of our being attacked, escapes from us. I shall myself assist you."

"But, sire," I cried, "I have no doubt that two would not be too many for my sword; but would it not be better that I should bring a comrade than that you should be compelled to join in such a scuffle?"

"Ta, ta, ta," said he. "I was a soldier before I was an Emperor. Do you think, then, that artillerymen have not swords as well as the Hussars? But I ordered you not to argue with me. You will do exactly what I tell you. If swords are once out, neither of these men is to get away alive."

"They shall not, sire," said I.

"Very good. I have no more instructions for you. You can go."

I turned to the door, and then an idea occurring to me I turned.

"I have been thinking, sire," said I—

He sprang at me with the ferocity of a wild beast. I really thought that he would have struck me.

"Thinking!" he cried. "You, you! Do you imagine I chose you out because you could think? Let me hear of your doing such a thing again! You, the one man—! You meet me at the fir tree at 10 o'clock."

My faith, I was right glad to get out of the room. If I have a good horse under me, and a sword clanking against my stirrup iron, I know where I am. And in all that relates to green fodder or dry, barley and oats and rye, and the handling of squadrons upon the march, there is no one who can teach me very much. But when I meet a chamberlain and a marshal of the palace, and have to pick my words with an Emperor, and find that everybody hints instead of talking straight out, I feel like a trooper horse who has been put in a lady's caleche. It is not my trade, all this mincing and pretending. I [illegible] it, and I never like those who can. So I was right glad to get into the fresh air again, and I ran away up to my quarters like a schoolboy who has just escaped from the seminary master.

But as I opened the door the very first thing that my eyes rested upon was a long pair of sky-blue legs with hussar boots, and a short pair of black ones with knee breeches and buckles. They both sprang up together to greet me.

"Well, what news?" they cried, the two of them.

"None," I answered.

"The Emperor refused to see you?"

"No, I have seen him."

"And what did he say?"

"Monsieur de Talleyrand," I answered, "I regret to say that it is quite impossible for me to tell you anything about it. I have promised the Emperor."

"Pooh, pooh, my dear young man," said he, sidling up to me as a cat does when it is about to rub itself against you. "This is all among friends, you understand, and goes no farther than these four walls. Besides, the Emperor never meant to include me in this promise."

"It is but a minute's walk to the palace, Monsieur de Talleyrand," I answered. "If it would not be troubling you too much to ask you to step up to it, and to bring back the Emperor's written statement that he did not mean to include you in this promise, I shall be happy to tell you every word that passed."

He showed his teeth at me then like the sly old fox that he was.

"Monsieur Gerard appears to be a little puffed up," said he. "He is too young to see things in their just proportion. As he grows older he may understand that it is not always very discreet for a subaltern of cavalry to give such very abrupt refusals."

I did not know what to say to this, but Lasalle came to my aid in his downright fashion.

"The lad is quite right," said he. "If I had known that there was a promise, I should not have questioned him. You know very well, Monsieur de Talleyrand, that if he had answered you, you would have [illegible] the burgundy

SO I THOUGHT HE WAS TRYING TO MAKE HIS PEACE WITH [illegible]

[illegible] to you that the Tenth would have had no room for him, and that we should have lost our best swordsman if I had heard him [illegible] the Emperor's secret."

But the minister became only the more [illegible] when he saw that I had the support of my colonel.

"I have heard, Col. Lasalle," said he, [illegible] "that your opinion is of great weight upon the subject of light cavalry. [illegible] I shall be very [illegible] At present, however, the matter concerns diplomacy, and you will permit me to form my own views upon that question. As long as the welfare of France and the safety of the Emperor's person are committed to my care, I will use every means in my power to secure them, even if it should be against the Emperor's own temporary wishes. I have the honor, Col. Lasalle, to wish you a very good day!" He shot a most [illegible] glance in my direction, and, turning [illegible], he walked with little, quick, noiseless steps out of the room.

I could see from Lasalle's face that he did not at all relish finding himself at enmity with the powerful minister. He rapped out an oath or two, and then catching up his sabre and his cap he clattered away down the stairs. As I looked out of the window, I saw the two of them, the big blue man and the little black one, going up the street together. Talleyrand was walking very rigidly, and Lasalle was waving his hands and talking, so I supposed that he was trying to make his peace.

The Emperor had told me not to think, and I endeavored to obey him. I took up the cards from the table where Regnier had left them, and I tried to work out a few combinations at [illegible], but I could not remember which were trumps, and I threw them under the table in despair. Then I drew my sabre and practised giving point until I was weary, but it was of no use at all. My mind would work, in spite of myself. At 10 o'clock I was to meet the Emperor in the forest. [illegible] It made me cold all over. Often as I have faced death upon the battlefield, I have never known what real fear was until that moment. But then I considered that after all I could but do my best like a brave and honorable gentleman, and above all obey the orders which I had received to the very letter. And, if all went well, this would surely be the foundation of my fortunes. Thus, swinging between my fears and my hopes, I spent the long, long evening until it was time for me to keep my appointment.

(To be continued.)

His Memory Plays Him a Trick.

Mr. Chugwater entered the store with the confident air of a man who knew exactly what he wanted and was prepared to pay the cash for it.

"I want a [illegible] with pattern No. 99," he said, "just 28 inch waist."

"[illegible] that the right size?" asked the young woman behind the counter.

"Yes, that's the size my wife told me to get."

"Is it for her?" said the young woman, with [illegible] hesitation of manner.

"I don't see that that makes any difference," replied Mr. Chugwater, slightly raising his voice, "but I have no objection to saying that it is."

"[illegible] but—but would you mind telling me how much she weighs?"

"She weighs about 175 pounds."

"I thought so," said the young woman, reaching promptly for something in one of the pigeonholes behind her. "It's a 38 inch size the lady wants. A 28 inch would be about the right size for a 75 pound person, and we don't keep it in stock. Twenty-five cents, please."

Mr. Chugwater paid the money, put the pattern in his pocket and walked out of the store with a curious feeling that he had grown about three or four sizes too small, and that the giggling girls had seen him shrink.—Chicago Tribune.

Revised, If Not Improved.

At 20, when a man is young, he thinks he knows it all. [illegible] his active tongue and [illegible] his gall. He struts around in [illegible], the world is all his own. He [illegible] the world of age [illegible] to let alone. He wears a window in his eye to see his whiskers grow. He thinks the ladies pine and die because they love him so. At 40, as you may suppose, he's kinder toned down to this: 'Tis not till then that he knows how big a chump he is.—[illegible] Sun.

A JEALOUS HUSBAND.

[Copyright, 1895.]

Mr. Belcher was inordinately jealous. He thought the best way to curb his wife in some indiscretion was to send her to the country. This he did, and then appeared suddenly on various occasions, but without finding any one especially devoted to Mrs. Belcher.

As he sat at breakfast one morning and unfolded the daily journal his gaze fell upon a paragraph and he became as a pointer that beholds the prey. The paragraph was in a society letter written from the resort at which his wife was resting in the fullest sense of the word and ran as follows:

"One of the most popular ladies here this season is the charming Mrs. Jonas Belcher, who, both by her coquettish manner and pretty face, has won hosts of admirers."

Mr. Belcher's state of mind was something awful. "Hosts of admirers!" he fairly howled. "Coquettish manner! Pretty face! How dare they write such stuff? How dare they print it? Oh, that dog of a reporter! Let me get at him once. There won't be, sir," glaring around the room and addressing an invisible fellow man, "I tell you, sir, there won't be a whole bone left in his body!"

His first step was to telegraph his erring Maria to come home immediately, his next to seek the office of the morning paper and make a date for the settling of a terrible score. He was ushered into the sanctum of the editor, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, and was cordially greeted by the thin, wiry man with quizzical, laughing eyes. But Mr. Belcher was in no mood for the amenities of life.

"Where can I see the whippersnapper that had the audacity to write this about my wife?" he demanded, giving the paper a [illegible] thump. The editor ran his eye over the paragraph.

"My dear sir, I don't see anything objectionable in that. Simply a compliment paid to a well known and respected lady"—

"Sir," interrupted Mr. Belcher, frowning darkly, "the press has too much liberty in these days. It is not seemly to speak with such flippant publicity of the wife of a private citizen, and this young man must account for it to me!"

The editor looked at him for a minute with a curious expression.

"Very well," he said calmly. "Our society reporter comes in from Lakeview tonight, and will be here early tomorrow morning, and will no doubt be happy to see you."

"I don't think he will," returned Belcher grimly.

The next morning Belcher set out on his errand of vengeance. He strode down the street with the air of a conqueror, turned into a saddler's shop, selected a strong, well made horsewhip, then with a wicked gleam in his eye proceeded to the office of The Morning Trumpet.

A horsewhip naturally creates something of a sensation in a newspaper office, and this occasion was no exception, though the interest was manifested in an unusual way. Mr. Belcher was prepared to encounter opposition, but found a singular lack of it. On demanding the whereabouts of the society reporter, there was readiness of response and there actually seemed a disposition on the part of everybody to smooth his path to revenge. As he mounted the stairs a telephone message went from the editor's sanctum to an upper room:

"He's coming with a horsewhip; are you afraid?"

The answer was lightly laughed back, "Not in the least in the world."

Mr. Belcher rushed up stairs like an infuriated bull, tore his way through the corridor, banged open the door and found himself in the presence of—a tall young woman, with handsome, clear cut features and a mocking smile.

"Good morning," she said sweetly.

"Good—good morning," he gasped. "I want to see the society reporter."

"Yes. I am the society reporter. What can I do for you?"

"I think I've made a mistake," stammered Jonas Belcher—"that is—er—er—my name is Belcher, and I called —"

"Belcher," said this tall young woman, who seemed in a way to grow taller every minute in Belcher's disorganized sight, "Belcher—you the husband of charming Mrs. Belcher of Chestnut street."

"The same," said the unhappy wretch.

"Is it possible?" she drawled, looking him over as he stood there, flushed, excited, perspiring, and then added maliciously, "I never should have thought it. But sit down, Mr. Belcher. You don't seem well. You are nervous, feverish. Here, take this chair. There, calm yourself. Would you like a glass of water? Allow me. Let me relieve you of this whip." And gently, deftly, she drew it from his trembling hand, stood it against her desk and seated herself in the big swinging chair before it.

Belcher did not speak. He stared at her with dilated eyes. He had a dim idea that he was going into an epileptic fit.

"I saw your wife last evening just before leaving Lakeview, and she told me she had been hastily summoned home, and no doubt that is your errand here this morning. I will make a note of it, and it shall have a prominent place in the fashionable intelligence."

"But"—choked the unfortunate creature.

"Don't distress yourself, sir; I am really grieved to see you suffering so," she went on, jotting down some notes. "You really should see a physician. So fortunate your wife is coming. Very kind of you to take the trouble to call and give me this item. It shall appear as you wish."

"Thank you. Ah—but—ah—thank you!" spluttered Belcher as he rose and sneaked toward the door.

"Not at all. Don't mention it. So kind of you to call, especially when you are not feeling well. My regards to your wife. Good morning!"

Then, just as he was bowing himself out and congratulating himself that the worst was over, she called mercilessly, "Oh, Mr. Belcher, you have forgotten your whip!"

He turned, looked once at those handsome eyes, sparkling with malicious fun, gave a groan and fled.

Then from all quarters of the dark hall down which he sped, from the business office below, from the open door of the sanctum, past which he dashed, there arose to heaven a chorus of jeering laughter. Nay, more. At the foot of the stairs a little imp of an office boy put his tow head out of a door, and with a grin of ghoulish glee screamed, "Well, did yer thrash her?"

The break, as Belcher's friends called it, cured him of his insanity. Thenceforward his Maria had some peace, while the handsome society reporter of The Morning Trumpet had an extraordinary souvenir to exhibit to her friends.

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

The number of police in England is as 1 to every 750 inhabitants, 1 to 923 in Scotland and 1 to every 341 in Ireland.

POPULAR STYLES.

A Practical Bicycling Gown—The Hanging Pouch Front—A Pretty Cadet Costume.

New prominence on the question of suitability when bicycling dress is under consideration. Fashionable folks, judging by their practice, desire that it shall approach as near as possible to ordinary attire and, moreover, be becoming. All these requirements are fulfilled in a pretty, sensible and smart looking bloomer suit of diagonal gray tweed exactly adapted to the purpose, being light of weight. The skirt is full and just short enough to meet the top of the shoe or boot. It fastens at the side, and inside the skirt at either side is a strap covered with gathered ribbon, through which the foot passes, so that it cannot ride up. There are full knickerbockers to match, [illegible] by gaiters, also of the tweed, ten button length. The bodice takes the form of a norfolk coat, with box plaits back and front, through which the waist belt passes. It has a large lapel collar, and the sleeves are cut as a big puff to the elbow, whence they are box plaited and closely stitched down to the wrist. Every point in this suit, as connected with cycling, has been considered and cleverly met.

GOWN WITH SHORT CAPE.

The hanging "pouch" in front of the bodice is a feature of many of the new gowns. A toilet of gray has a crepon waist which is perfectly tight fitting, with a bib like front of black satin hanging in a narrow pouch over the belt. A jet passementerie trimming forms epaulets over the shoulders and then extends around in points, which extend over the pouch. The sleeves are elbow length, and the skirt, which is perfectly tight fitting, has a passementerie trimming on the right hip.

Black, cream and gray alpaca are built a la mode for costumes, even for large entertainments, the fall of the skirt and the general style telling to practiced eyes the head and hands that turned it out. The skirts all measure 4½ yards round, and most of them 6 yards. They are stiffly lined, sometimes wired round the edge and put into large folds at the back. A few have fullness on the hips, but closely sewed to the figure by three or four rows of gauging, set about an inch apart. This looks well on a slight figure.

A pretty gown is made with a cadet cape and skirt. The cape has a white scalloped yoke and is lined with white satin. The blouse is in turquoise blue embroidered muslin. The bodice has white accordion plaited chiffon put loosely over the muslin and tied at throat and waist with white china ribbon dotted with forget-me-nots.

Novelties In Shoes.

Fashions of this season are nothing if not daring, and there are some innovations on recognized styles that are decidedly chic. White buckskin blended either with brown kid or black patent leather is a most effective English combination. The boots have the uppers of brown glace kid with a [illegible] of white buckskin. The brown is of a particularly rich tone. Some models have the uppers of the black patent leather and the contrast of this against the pure soft white of the buckskin is charming.

Very pretty is a soulier of palest gray suede with fittings of black patent and another of pale biscuit kid similarly treat-

FINE FOOTWEAR.

ed. A pair of bronze kid shoes have the vamps and the heels of gold, the former being striped in a V shape, with narrow lines of brown satin ribbon.

For evening wear the satin shoes are most exquisite, matching in every instance the gown in color and frequently in design. Blue, pale green, lilac, black, a pink, an old rose shade and [illegible] are among the chosen colors.

The cut shows an old white shoe and a shoe and boot of brown glace uppers with white vamps.

Fashion Brevities.

White gloves are generally worn with white dresses, and a novelty is in the form of a white suede, which is worked throughout with black—not merely on the back of the hand, but all the necessary sewing of fingers, etc., is carried out in the contrasting color.

There has never been a more economical fashion than the muslin and lace collars, which may transform even an ill made bodice into something presentable.

Some of the short round sleeves of evening gowns are said to measure 1½ yards in circumference. Other sleeves are not much less in size and with the stiff lining stand out determinedly.

The bishop sleeve now promises to rival the gigot.

Pretty accessories of dress are black, gold or silver spangled waistbands, shimmering like the scales of a fish, some wide and pointed, others straight and narrow, to be worn with shirts and blouses.

Now.

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

He's never procrastinatin
  An tellin yo "why" an "how,"
When the doin one's what he's hatin,
  He jest goes an does it now.

Ef the cordwood calls for a tussle
  That'll bring the sweat ter his brow,
He gits out his saw with a hustle,
  An tackles the job right now.

The chap that talks of termorrer
  Is crooked somewheres, I 'low,
In payin what he may borrer,
  He never gits round ter now.

But the feller that starts on the minute—
  The crows don't roost on his plow—
Ef 't rains he ain't workin out in it,
  'Cause he gits his hay in now.

Ef yer lookin for what'll suit yer,
  Yer kin take off yer hat an bow
Ter the chap that's short on the future
  An ekerly long on now.

—Life.