There is a widespread notion that actresses set the fashions, and it is an erroneous one. While it may be true that an actress of strong personality and real genius may now and then devise some novelty in feminine toggery that will take the public eye and attain a certain degree of modishness, yet as a rule the actresses of our leading theaters have other things to think of than devising and inventing new costumes.

This reputation which actresses have as the originators of modes comes from the fact that changes in modes first make their appearance on the stage. The actress of to-day courts notoriety and public attention, and what better way than to apply to some well-known designer of costumes for a novelty in apparel when she is about to assume a new

*A Gray Felt Hat.*

role? No, actresses very rarely originate modes, but actresses very frequently are the animated frames upon which designers hang their creations in order to try the effect of them upon the public. And it is a good scheme, too. The ribbons being used now for hat trimming run in every color of the rainbow, and still keep in most delicate tones, forming a very pleasing effect. Nothing could be more stylish than those tiny capotes in colored chenille without any other garniture than a large velvet bow, set in crumpled, crestlike fashion in front, with broad strings in the same color.

A modish bit of headgear is set before you in the illustration. It is a light gray, felt-edged with black velvet, turned sharply up at the back and trimmed with a bow of light gray ribbon brocaded with pink, the ends of which are brought around to the front and hide the crown.

**Full Skirts Are Coming.**

Double skirts are with us, although they are not generally received with enthusiasm. However, some leaders of fashion are adopting them. Skirts are no longer drawn tight, in the trying fashion that they have been worn, across the front of the figure. These looser, fuller skirts are certain to prepare the way for the over dresses that are not yet accepted, but are certain to be a little further on.

With the fuller skirts are beginning to be used, although as yet surreptitiously, little bustle cushions filled with hair. Indeed, those wise in matters fashionable declare that the hoopskirt will be with us within the next 18 months. In fact, an evening dress from Worth recently brought over by a lady who has been sojourning in Paris, which will soon be seen at a fashionable function, is quite full enough as to the skirt to be worn over a farthingale. It is of amethyst velvet and is confined at the waist by a cincture of iridescent jeweled passementerie. The foot of the skirt is finished with a simple frill and the bodice is cut with a V back and front.

**Truly an Economic Gown.**

We saw a very charming dress the other day which we were informed was an actual "economy gown," being composed of two old costumes that were supposed to have seen their best days.

It was a combination of green velvet and drab brocade silk. The velvet had been steamed and the pile raised and really looked as good as new. It formed the long black breadths of the trained skirt. The brocade was used in the waist with a pointed yoke of the velvet, and big sleeves, which were velvet to the elbow. Now for a triumph of art and domestic needle work! The wearer of the dress had outlined the brocaded flowers of the silk for the sleeves and waist with silver beads, making it resemble the old goods now so much coveted. A ruche of the green velvet, lined with a fringed-out pink silk, was used for a footplaiting and a finish at the wrists and neck. A wide waistband of the pink silk, with sash ends, finished this really charming and artistic gown.

**Comme Il Faut.**

LIMP, low-falling loops of red, Oriental-figured silk, backed with pink, appear upon small capotes having crowns of iridescent beads.

RIBBON ruches, representing a string of pansies, grace the corselet, collar and cavalier cuffs of some of the swellest Parisian costumes.

WHITE ribbons entwined with ivy leaves are used to decorate a snowflake tissue dancing robe, mounted upon a water-green silk underslip.

DAHLIA tones run the whole scale of that color, from the deepest and richest of shades, to a pale-die-away tint bearing but a faint suggestion of light-sprinkled ruby.

A HANDSOME plaid which forms the sleeves, twisted corselet, and modish little jacket of an elegant French calling robe exhibits an exquisite mixture of colors, among which are colza yellow, rose, froth and claret.

THE swell young woman of to-day, who in the minutest details of her costuming accepts only the choicest and most original fancies, wears at her throat a Parisian caprice in the form of a large jauntily knotted bow, the long ends falling nearly to the hem of the skirt, while a single quill is run through the center of the bow.

## SIXTY PEOPLE RESCUED

**From a Fire Wilfully Kindled in a Grocery Store by the Proprietor's Daughter.**

CINCINNATI, Nov. 30.—Early last evening Mrs Solomon Levi left home to attend a ball, leaving her daughter in charge of her husband's store. The young woman left the building about 9 o'clock after having evidently made careful preparation for burning the house. Waste, saturated with coal oil, was found in the drawers and other places about the store, and in each pile of waste was a lighted candle, so placed and timed that the flame would reach the oil-saturated waste about 2 o'clock.

Thus far the plan was successful, and only the vigilance of a police officer in discovering the fire saved the building from destruction and its inhabitants from a terrible death. The daughter cannot be found, but Mrs. Levi has been arrested. She is, however, too hysterical to make a statement, though what she has said confirms the above statements. The firemen rescued 60 people from the burning building.

## MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

**Two Giants Will Be Wedded in This City Next Thursday.**

A remarkable wedding ceremony will be solemnized in this city next week when Miss Emma Bossman becomes the bride of Colonel James Gilbert Unzalo Reedliand. It will be essentially a marriage in high life, the prospective husband and wife being the largest couple in the world. The bride is 19 years of age, rather pretty and stands exactly seven feet high, while the gallant Colonel stops the tape line at exactly 7 feet 2 inches. He is 29 years of age and a native of Chichauhau, Mexico. The bride to be is the daughter of a wealthy grain raiser of Sank Center, Minnesota, and is said to be well educated and refined.

**Special Meeting of Allegheny Councils.**

The special meeting of Allegheny Common Councils called for this evening is for the purpose of finishing up the unfinished business, as a great deal of it has accumulated and it is necessary to clear the desk. The report that the ordinance extending the term of the chiefs of the departments would be acted on is erroneous. Several members of Councils have stated that the ordinance will be laid over until the next regular meeting of Councils.

## LATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Wall street tried yesterday by canards to kill off Jay Gould again.

—Florida oranges will probably be dearer. Only 3,000,000 boxes are in sight.

—A Minister of Trade and Commerce will be added to the Canadian Cabinet.

—The Western window glass makers, in session at Chicago, reaffirmed old prices.

—An Ontario commission has reported that dehorning cattle is not a cruel practice.

—Herbert Gladstone denies any knowledge of the alleged home rule scheme cabled from New York.

—A slate-colored meteoric stone weighing ten pounds fell to the earth near New Castle, Col., Tuesday.

—English ship owners will start a steamship line between Charleston, S. C., and Mediterranean ports.

—The present snow storm on Long Island is the heaviest since the blizzard of 1888. Many trains are stalled.

—Nathan Church, who was interested with Mr. Bills in his Tecumseh and Ithaca banks, which have both failed, has assigned.

—Rumor has it that several Minneapolis banks have been victimized by forgers to the extent of several thousand dollars each.

—Fifteen people are implicated in the confession of R. P. Rooke, of the murder at Alpena, Mich., of Molitor and Sullivan, 17 years ago.

—The South Dakota Legislature will act on a proposition to resubmit to the people the prohibitory clause of the State Constitution.

—A United States express car on the Iowa and Indiana Railroad, near Dwight, Ill., was mysteriously robbed of $2,000 Tuesday. No one saw the deed.

—A new steamship line to run between Newport News and Liverpool has been formed—the Chesapeake and Ohio Steamship Company, limited.

—Miss Virginia Penny, the pioneer in the movement to extend the possibilities of employment for women, is living in New York in pitifully destitute circumstances.

—Governor Tillman and Lieutenant Governor Eugene B. Gary, of South Carolina, were inaugurated at noon yesterday in the hall of the House of Representatives at Columbia.

—Bohemians in Cleveland almost mobbed Mr. Blake, of Philadelphia, a representative of the Order of Fraternal Guardians. He refused to buy up membership certificates, which they alleged he promised to do.

—William Kanagen and his aged wife at Jackson, Mich., have been committed to the insane asylum. Six months ago they began to fast, believing food they had eaten was poisoned. When found by the neighbors they were raving maniacs.

—President Palmer, of the World's Fair National Commission, is preparing estimates to submit to Congress in connection with the appropriation to be made for the National Commission. The Commission is now carrying a deficit of $25,000.

—A fast freight from New London, Conn., crashed into the rear of the Boston express at Noank, resulting in a complete wreck. Engineer Frank Niles stood at his post and attempted to reverse. He was crushed beneath the wreck and will die.

—James G. Woodward, who was defeated a few days ago at the primaries for Mayor, at Atlanta, and Joel Hart, President of the Atlanta Street Railway Company, had a rough and tumble fight in the State House Tuesday. A duel is looked for.

—Two farmers, at Cold Springs, Texas, M. F. Jones and R. T. Bryant, between whom an old feud has existed met. Bryant challenged Jones to a duel. Jones accepted, and the two fought with knives. Jones stabbed Bryant to death. He was badly cut himself and was arrested.

—Agent Tingle, in his report of the operations of the division of special agents of the Treasury Department during the last fiscal year, says that smuggling of dutiable merchandise across the Canadian and Mexican frontier has largely increased since the passage of the tariff act of 1890 imposing high duties on all agricultural products.

—Lucille Henning and Frankie Jaynes, two Cincinnati 17-year-old girls, became so infatuated with one another as to make it necessary to separate them. They were sent away, one of them to a convent. A week ago they disappeared. They were seen on the streets together, but can't be found. They belong to respectable, well-to-do families, and have several hundred dollars with them.

—The odd and unexplained absence of Rev. George S. Sykes, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church at Long Branch, is causing considerable talk. His most intimate friends have not the slightest idea where he is, and his wife is just as much in the dark concerning him. She declares that she has not seen or heard of him for four weeks, and is completely broken down with anxiety.

**A Bright Corson Street Baby.**

A mother on Corson street says her little girl was so quiet the other morning she knew mischief must be on foot. Going to the door of the room where the child was, the mother saw her dipping her doll into a kettle of dye, and heard her say: "Do you s'pose dollie will be pretty when she gets dyed? Mamma colored her old silk dress in this, and it's beautiful. Mamma says everybody thinks she's awful extravagant 'cause we have so many new clothes, but then they didn't know she spends only ten cents and makes 'em out of Diamond Dyes."

*The difference in women.*

Some women are tireless in their home work. Some are tireless in their work for the church. They laugh, they sing, and are happy.

You remain at home broken-hearted, for you are utterly unable to make any effort whatever.

The horror of "Female Complaints" is upon you; you have that distressing "bearing-down" feeling, your back aches, you are nervous and despondent, don't care to move, want to be left alone, your digestion is bad, and you are wholly prostrated.

Ah! dear sister, don't you know that Lydia E. Pinkham's *Vegetable Compound* will reach the cause of all this trouble, and you will surely be well.

Don't hesitate. Get the remedy at once. It will cure you sure.

All druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICAL CO., LYNN, MASS. Liver Pills, 25c.

UMBRELLAS and SHOES

Splendid Bargains in Each Wednesday and Thursday.

$2 will buy the finest Ladies' Cloth Top, Patent Leather Tip Goodyear Welt Blucher.

$3 also buys a fine Dongola, Goodyear Welt, patent Tip, Common Sense and Opera, Low Heel, Button.

Both the above are worth $4, and are not matchable in the city to-day.

Misses' Grain Boots, spring heel, button, 89c.
Misses' Dongola, spring heel, button, patent tip, 99c.
Misses' Dongola, spring heel, button, $1.25.
Misses' Dongola, heeled, button, 89c.
Misses' Pebble Goat, heeled, button, 89c.
Ask to see our Misses' $2 and $2.50 school shoe, the best in the world for the money.

Child's Grain, spring heel, button, 8 to 11, 79c.
Child's Dongola, spring heel, button, patent tip, 4 to 8, 50c.
Child's Dongola, spring heel, button, patent tip, 6 to 8, 79c.
Child's Dongola, spring heel, button, patent, 8 to 10, $1.
Infants' soft sole, button, 10c.
Infants' Dongola, button, 25c.
Infants' Dongola, patent tip, button, 48c.

It is foolish to have wet feet when you can get rubbers at the following prices:

Men's Imitation Sandles, 34c.
Men's Self-Acting Sandles, 39c.
Women's Plain Vamp Croquet Sandles, 14c.
Misses' Plain Vamp Spring Heel Sandles, 14c.
Child's Plain Vamp Spring Heel Sandles, 14c.

BE SURE YOU SEE THESE:

49 Cents — Only for fine grade Fast Black Sateen Umbrellas, mounted with plain, natural sticks or silverene handles, ACTUAL VALUE $1.

99 Cents — Only for Ladies' or Gents' finest grade English Gloria Umbrellas, mounted with fine oxidized silver handles, inlaid with pearl. The handle alone is worth more than we ask for the Umbrella.

$1.25 at $2. Only for Ladies' finest Gloria Silk Umbrellas, made with finest grade of silver handles. These would be cheap

$1.49 Only for fine grade Union Silk Ladies' Umbrellas, mounted with imported French Celluloid or finest oxidized silver handles. You would willingly pay $2.50 for these.

$1.98 Only for Gents' finest quality silk Umbrellas, mounted with Weichsel and other plain natural sticks. These would be a bargain at $3.

$2.25, $3 and up to $30 we show the largest and best line of Umbrellas suitable for Ladies or Gents to be found anywhere.

The largest and finest line of Mackintoshes in the city at lowest prices. . .

GUSKY'S

Holiday Goods now ready. Come in and make your selection while the line is complete.

Special Gifts for the Boys all this week. With every sale of $5 and over in Boys' or Children's Clothing we give all this week your choice of a Fine Banjo or a Large Tool Chest.

LIQUORS FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES.

PURE OLD RYE WHISKIES
From $1 to $1 50 per quart.
CALIFORNIA PORTS, SHERRIES, Etc.,
At 50c a quart.
The Only Licensed Drugstore in the City.
G. EISENBEIS,
Successor to H. P. Schwartz & Co.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGIST,
118 FEDERAL ST., ALLEGHENY, PA.
Tel. 3016. Established 1838.
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Our 5c paper is the best.
Our 7c paper is the finest.
Our 10c paper is good enough for the best of parlors.
Send for samples of these papers, sent free to any address.

G. G. O'BRIEN'S
PAINT AND WALL PAPER STORE.
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BALS, LACE OR CONGRESS.

Tips or Plain Toes,
All Solid Leather,
Seamless Vamps,
Soles Sewed,
Splendid Style,
All Sizes.
Every pair warranted.
1,200 pairs at 99c.
THIS WEEK ONLY.

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USE FRAGRANT TRI-PHOSA
In place of Ammonia
For the BATH, WASH and HOUSE CLEANING.
Softens Water.
Grocers and Druggists Sell It.

For all affections of the Urinary Organs, such as Gravel, Chronic Catarrh of the Bladder, Chronic Rheumatism, Dropsy, Backache, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, and Female Complaints, a

SURE CURE

can be effected by using the best and most efficacious Kidney Medicine ever compounded.

BLACK GIN

has never failed in a single instance, and the testimonials received from cases of long duration which have resisted the treatment of the most eminent physicians, enables us to guarantee it a perfect cure

FOR THE KIDNEYS.

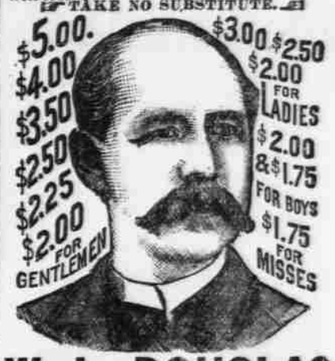
Price, $1.00 a bottle or six bottles for $5.00. For Sale by all Druggists. Every bottle guaranteed.

WM. F. ZOELLER, Sole Prop'r.
PITTSBURGH, PA.

O. D. LEVIS, SOLICITOR OF
PATENTS
131 Fifth ave., next Leader, Pittsburg

IT IS A DUTY you owe yourself and family to get the best value for your money. Economize in your footwear by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes, which represent the best value for prices asked, as thousands will testify.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.




W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.
THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY.

A genuine sewed shoe, *that will not rip*, fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Equals custom-made shoes costing from $4 to $5.

$4 and $3 Hand-sewed, fine calf shoes. The most stylish, easy and durable shoes ever sold at the price. They equal *fine* imported shoes costing from $6 to $12.

All other grades of the same high standard of excellence.

CAUTION.—Beware of dealers substituting shoes without W. L. Douglas name and the price stamped on bottom. Such substitutions are fraudulent and subject to prosecution by law for obtaining money under false pretences.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by

Carter, 71 Fifth avenue; J. N. Frohring, 33 Fifth avenue; H. J. & G. M. Lang, 430 Butler street, Pittsburg; Henry Rosser, 108 Federal street; E. G. Hollman, No. 72 Rebecca street, Allegheny; Hutchinson Bros., No. 280 Beaver avenue, Allegheny; James Shilliday, No. 506 Fifth avenue; Wolf Bros., No. 2658 Carson street, Pittsburg. TTS

# A BACHELOR'S BREACH OF PROMISE.

BY WALTER BRUCE,

Author of "A Transvaal Tragedy," "A Dark Night on the Rand," etc.

[Copyright, 1892, by the Author.]

It may be better to have loved and missed
The lips some other one since fondly kissed,
So the poet sings;
For if the other had the earlier gains,
Perchance he suffers now some extra pains
Wedlock so often brings.

Falling in love seems awfully like falling down stairs. Nobody knows exactly how it happened, though a man may get sorely hurt over either affair. Many a bachelor could no doubt a tale unfold in this connection, and demonstrate once more how the tragedy of youth often becomes the comedy of middle age.

This is, however, my narrative:

Very pleasant, indeed, are my memories and reminiscences of Southport. A dozen years ago it was, as it probably is still, one of the most charming winter residences in the United Kingdom. Its salubrious climate, its pleasant resorts and its generally superior attractions had made it in a way famous.

There fate, or something else, had located me. There I came in contact with what seems to have influenced my career in a very important respect. To relate all the details would be discursive, and would savor of the story manufacturer. The reader must permit his imagination to have exercise, and fill in the thread of the narrative.

I was just about the age when Cupid usually has his full opportunity. I became acquainted with two sisters bearing—well, different names. One was to me the most charming creature I ever beheld. This abrupt description must suffice, because I hold it unnecessary to portray in detail her individual feminine charms. The other sister was the exact opposite. To me she was positively repulsive. Personal appearance, manners, voice and qualities of head and heart marked her a veritable dragon, and she was endowed with everything characterizing the genuinely disagreeable old maid.

The one I loved—at a distance, as the story books say; and at the time I felt certain that the tender feeling was returned.

Just at this period of my life other matters induced—indeed, almost compelled—me to take up my abode in Natal, South Africa. Tastes, inclinations, surroundings and circumstances led me to select as my occupation and business that of a colonial farmer. Land was easily obtainable in the Umvoti country, then one of the best parts of the colony; and I resolved that if diligence in execution is the mistress of success I would attain it.

I believed then, as I believe now, that nearly everything of the nature of good or bad luck—or fate, or whatever it may be called—is closely influenced by the number of hours of genuine honest work the individual puts into each day of his life.

I was successful. I could in truth say veni, vidi, vici. My sheep farming pursuits were pre-eminently successful. The sun shone, the rains descended, my flocks increased, and—what was of the greatest consequence—my wool realized always a good price in Maritzburg or in England, where I often sent in direct. Redwater, lung-sickness and scab, the betes noires of the South African farmer, were to me almost unknown. The life, monotonous and unattractive as it may seem to some dwellers in towns, was fraught with many interesting and pleasant experiences. It brought me in contact with many sorts and conditions of men, and furnished more of what Cowper says is "the very spice of life"—viz., variety—than many people may suppose.

There is not much that is outwardly romantic about the life of the Natal farmer; nevertheless, few old colonists but have had strange, exciting, if not wonderful experiences, in some shape or other. The Kaffirs around seemed to like me from the first, and I must confess a greater regard for the qualities of the Natal Zulu than most colonists care to hear expressed. I learnt their language and became sufficiently acquainted with their manners and traditions to enable me to understand their ways. I treated them as they should be treated—very firmly but very justly, and as a result, and a reward, I obtained from most of them a gratitude and a fidelity colonists often complain they are incapable of.

Of course there were difficulties to overcome. The earlier wattle-and-daub residence was not a palace. At times, also, there was much more mealie and pumpkin than would suit me now. But good digestion waited on appetite, and health on both. I experienced plenty of physical weariness, but ennui never. Commanding, as I do now, a menu that many bon vivants would envy, I can still recall these days with feelings of intense pleasure. I doubt if ever I enjoyed food so much.

I overcame many apparent difficulties. I learnt to ride a bucking horse, to manage a span of oxen (not so easy a matter), to design and construct a bridge—in brief, I became a colonist in the real sense of the word. I achieved progress from the mild morning cigarette of my salad days to the short pipe and Transvaal tobacco—best of all smokes. I think I was temperate in all things. Occasionally we had characteristic bachelor parties, when square-face, then a popular drink, went round in quantities that would have staggered a well-principled Good Templar. But none of us suffered much—the climate is so glorious. Some of my Dutch neighbors have swallowed enough of this liquor to qualify them as judges, and still, at the age of 75, can appreciate the morning "horn." All this time I endeavored to keep my sympathies awake, and, I think, succeeded. I exacted servility from none of my race, and very little from the natives. I fulfilled the requirements of law, and felt little obligation to those above me. I was practically independent, and that in a fashion one can only attain in a well-governed colony like Natal. As nearly as possible, I could realize the sentiment of that dear old writer—

How happy is he born or taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.

I thought then, and think now, that there is no more honorable occupation than agricultural or stock farming, conscientiously followed. Nature was bounteous, and sun and soil contributed lavishly to my enrichment. The Zulu war brought me, as it did many others, a golden harvest. The Imperial coffers were opened, and Imperial money was freely distributed among all who faithfully fulfilled their contracts and obligations. Transport was properly "up," and forage and mealies realized prices they had never done before. Altogether these were pleasant times. I learned to love that place in Umvoti country, and to regard it as worthy of the name of home.

I fancy many a man will support me in the statement that there is as much pleasure in the acquisition of wealth as in its distribution. It was so in my experience, at any rate. However, in the most commonplace, as in the most eventful, life there is often a Waterloo, and sometimes a St. Helena. I had everything a reasonable mortal could wish—except a wife. This was the one thing that seemed needful, and it was lacking in the household.

Many a benedict will no doubt sneer at this admission, and be ready to say it was well for me that I lacked such a possession. I am of opinion, however, that to every well-balanced mental and physical organization a wife is a necessity, and that the man who is denied or denies himself the privilege suffers in some form or another.

Well, I wanted a wife, and sometimes became restless with the desire. There are some splendid girls in Natal, but my imagination had long centered upon the dear creature I had met in Southport. I had never corresponded with her, or, indeed, with any of the family; but I had learnt that they made frequent inquiries regarding me. Of course I thought, indeed felt, that she had tender recollections of me. Ah! our thoughts are often sad traitors in love as in other matters.

For years scarcely a day had elapsed but my adored was present to my mind. At last, however, I determined to put an end to my state of suspense and write direct to the being who had enthralled me, explaining my feelings and offering her my hand, my heart and as much of my property as she could stipulate. The resolve made me proud enough, but uneasiness as to the results somewhat tempered my joyous anticipations.

It took me two full days to satisfy myself regarding the composition of that precious letter, and never did messenger feel of greater consequence than the writer as he rode into the nearest town to post the missive. I will not inflict the details of the contents, but simply state that the dear one was told that if she accepted the offer she should come out in charge of the captain of one of the Castle steamers, who had been a close acquaintance of mine for many years.

It would require the pen and the diction of a novelist to adequately portray the mingled feelings I experienced during the passage of this letter to England. The usual time was then about a month. At moments I was the happiest of mortals; and the thought of acceptance, and the presence of the charmer by my side filled me with rapture. But then, what if, after all, I should be indifferent to her, or she should be engaged or married?

And what if that dragon of a sister, whom I felt hated me, should prejudice the decision of my dear Caroline? How I did detest the name even of that female demon, Constance!

With unexpected alacrity the recipient of the letter replied, and the contents of the epistle overwhelmed me with joy. I was staggered, though, at some of her effusive phrases, and her protestations of undying regard for me. Perhaps I need not have made myself so cheap to her after all.

Acceptance of my offer was testified in most felicitous terms, and intimation was given that the dear one was coming out by the very next steamer. She must have loved me all the time, I thought.

I really think I must have been, for a time, the happiest man in the whole universe. The congratulations of my friends, whom I speedily apprised of my good fortune, were fervid and hearty. Her beauty, charms and accomplishments were dilated upon until people must either have been convinced I had gained a genuine treasure, or have become heartily tired of enumerations long drawn out.

Well do I remember that journey to Durban to meet my bride, and the joyous anticipations experienced! All possible preparation had been made for the nuptials, which was to be an event that the district should remember. But, ah! I have to repeat that our hopes and our fears are sad traitors. I went out with the first tug to the steamer. I was anxious to get the earliest glimpse of my dearest Carrie. As we approached the ocean steamer I saw a female form in an ulster vigorously waving a white handkerchief. Vigorously I waved in response.

"'Tis she!" I murmured, and felt supremely happy.

At last I was to be blessed! But as we approached the face became more easily distinguishable, and the features clearly recognizable.

"Great Scot!——!"

Had I mistaken the name and addressed the offer to the wrong party—to the sister, the one I detested so much? Alas, that I should have to admit it—I had. It was the dragon, the demon, in all her natural ugliness, increased by a month's seasickness! She stood at the head of the gangway to receive me with outstretched arms. Satan himself could scarcely have been more repulsive at that moment. I found I had mixed up the names of Caroline and Constance!

Sick at heart, I made a few, a very few inquiries of the captain of the steamer. As he was leaving me he added, apparently in some sort of sympathy: "She's not much to look at; but perhaps she will be a good 'un to go."

I speedily resolved that she should go.

And she went.

For the sum of £1,500 she agreed not to sue me for "breach." She returned to England, where she lives in prim old maidenhood, and no doubt sometimes regales her friends with her version of the affair. Probably she thinks she was ill-used.

Caroline, I learnt, had been happily married for many years, and had probably never once given more than a passing thought to her Southport acquaintance.

I care very little about girls now.

[THE END.]

If reasonable prices, courteous treatment and pure, reliable goods are any inducement to the public, call on Max Klein, where you will find this combination.

**Special Sale of Winter Dress Goods.**

Extraordinary value in black and colored cashmeres, serges, poplins, velours, crepons, fancy plaids, cloth suitings and French pattern suits. Great bargains in every department for the holidays at H. J. Lynch's, 438-440 Market street.

YOU'LL SAVE MONEY HERE!—Priestley's elegant black silk warp Henrietta; superior goods in every way; regular price $1 25; will be sold at $1 per yard.

Choice French Cashmeres in black and all colors; good value in these; will be sold at 50c per yard.

KAUFMANNS'
New Dry goods Department.

Go to Mellor & Hoene for the most reliable and durable pianos and organs, 77 Fifth avenue.

## HIS MOTHER MELTED HIM.

**Charley Allen Refuses to Recognize His Parent but Finally Breaks Down.**

It required a great deal of coaxing and pleading to get Charley Raft, the 14-year-old boy who was picked up by the Southside police and turned over to the Anti-Cruelty Society, to acknowledge that he was Charley Allen and it was his dear, kind mother who stood before him. Mrs. Allen has been making constant search for her boy ever since he left last May. She read the description of Charley Raft and was led to believe it was her son. Her visit Tuesday to the Anti-Cruelty Society was described exclusively in yesterday's DISPATCH, and this morning according to the promise made by Secretary Dorente to her, she was allowed to see the boy. When Charley saw his mother he looked sullen and indifferent, not giving the least sign that he had ever seen the woman before.

The mother broke into tears and pleaded with the boy to come and kiss her. Still Charley maintained a stolid indifference. At last by referring to his home life on the farm and his sisters and brothers, Mrs. Allen melted his heart and Charley burst out crying. He refused to give any explanation why he did not return home, but promised never again to leave the old farm. The mother and her boy left for their home in the afternoon. Mrs. Allen was weeping for joy at the return of her long lost son.

The other lady, who thought Raft was her son, who had been lost for 12 years, could not be persuaded that she was mistaken. She insisted that it must be he. At last she left the office with a sad, disappointed face to resume her search for that boy she last saw as a 2-year-old babe.

A HARD cough distresses the patient, and racks both lungs and throat. Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant is the remedy wanted to cure your cough, and relieve both the pulmonary and bronchical organs.

**A 3-Hour Sale of Men's Fine Underwear for 33c.**

This forenoon between the hours of 9 and 12 o'clock we will sell 150 dozen men's fine camel's hair undershirts and drawers, regular $1 goods, for 33c a garment. Not more than two garments sold to one person. Please bear this in mind. Remember the hours—from 9 until 12 o'clock noon, to day.

P. C. C. C., Clothiers, corner Grant and Diamond streets.