

Ten Sweet Caporal Little Cigars for 5 cts. SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

LOCKWOOD'S LIGHT PARCEL and PACKAGE DELIVERY... E. LOCKWOOD.

P. W. BATES' Monumental & Cemetery Work. 42 WATER STREET.

W. H. HAYWARD & CO. Pension Attorneys and Solicitors. 709 East Capitol Street.

All classes of claims prosecuted before the Interior Department. Rejected pension claims a specialty.

BRAUNSCHWEIGER MUMME A PURE MALT EXTRACT. A SUBSTITUTE FOR SOLID FOOD.

PRIVATE BOXING CLASS. Instructions given in boxing at the pupil's home.

DO YOU KNOW That you can save money by buying your Meats and Fish at F. W. SMITH'S.

A TOUCH OF KINDNESS.

The Tramp's Humane Impulse Brought Him No Reward. He sat slouching upon the end of the park bench...

A VALUABLE PEBBLE. The Accidental Good Fortune of a Hunter in India. Precious stones are still numerous in certain districts of India...

A WONDERFUL AUTOMATON. It Took Its Inventor Twenty-Seven Years to Build It. In the year 1770 the most wonderful automaton that has ever been constructed...

Old-Time Football. Football has never been a very gentle game, to judge from what Master Stubbs says about it in his "Anatomie of Abuses..."

The Cayuse as a Pest. The Indian cayuse is the worst pest that inflicts this country. The Indian horses spread all over the ranges...

FOR THE CYCLIST. A cycle cleaning brigade is proposed for London, the boys to be stationed at street corners like the bootblacks.

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BRIEF AND BRIGHT. "So you feel you cannot marry him?" "Yes, I am fully decided." "Why, don't you like him?"

WHEN CORN IS IN SEASON. A delicate but almost forgotten way of preparing corn is to roast it. Open the husks and remove the silk...

FADS, FANCIES AND FASHIONS. Just now the fashion in book production in London is long, narrow, rough-edged, paper covered volumes...

OF TREE AND FLOWER. Forests cover one-third of the land surface of the earth. In the Andes there is a wax tree, the product of which is very similar to beeswax.

THE LABOR UNIONISTS

The Congress at Edinburgh Gets Through With Much Work.

THE RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED.

One Demands Clemency For Political Prisoners—Trades Unions Not to Accept Contributions for Parliamentary Candidates.

To Pension Municipal Employees. The National Municipal Labor union then submitted the following resolution...

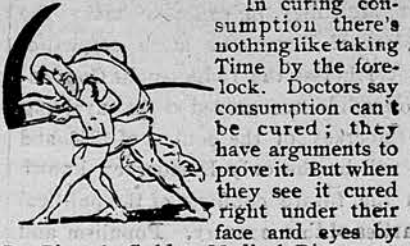
Other Resolutions Defeated. The Dock, Wharf, Riverside and General Laborers' union moved...

There was a lively debate over the resolution of the National Sailors and Firemen's union on the subject of political prisoners.

Another New Orleans Bank Closed. NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 11.—The Mutual National bank, 624 and 626 Canal street...

A Celebration Postponed. PROVIDENCE, Sept. 11.—On account of the prevailing stormy weather the exercises incident to governor's day...

Cardinal Vaughan's Brother Dead. LONDON, Sept. 11.—The Rev. Jerome Vaughan, a brother of Cardinal Vaughan, died today.



Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, they admit that there's something wrong about their arguments and something wonderful about the "Discovery." It isn't miraculous...

Mr. Isaac E. Downs, of Spring Valley, Rockland County, N. Y., writes: "For three years I had suffered from that terrible disease, consumption, and heart-disease..."

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK. 26 WALL ST., NORWALK. CAPITAL \$100,000. DAVID W. RAYMOND Funeral Director and Embalmer.

The GAZETTE JOB PRINTING Department. A WORD TO THE WISE Merchants, Manufacturers, Lodges and Societies will consult their own interests by giving us a call.

Our Reputation Is Put In Our Instruments. Just one mistake and we are hurt. That is the Reason why SCHLEICHER & SONS PIANOS ARE WHAT THEY ARE. HONEST WORK AT AN HONEST PRICE.

"Truth above all things."

Entered in the Post Office as a Newspaper

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1896.

THE WEATHER—Generally fair, warmer and sultry, followed by local rain this evening or to-night.

The Issue—Honesty or Dishonesty.

A standard of monetary value and currency are two vastly different things. In the difference between them lie at once the safety of and the danger to this country according as wisdom or recklessness governs the course of legislation and administration.

"It," in his admirable letter of acceptance, says Hon. Garret A. Hobart, "we are to continue to hold our place among the great commercial nations, we must cease juggling with this question and make our honesty of purpose clear to the world."

In marked contrast with this straightforward declaration for upholding and protecting the nation's honor stands this sentence from the letter of William J. Bryan accepting the Chicago nomination to the Presidency: "Instead of exercising the legal right vested in the United States to redeem its coin in either gold or silver, the Executive branch of the Government has followed a precedent established by a former Administration and surrendered the option to the holder of the obligations."

It is the conviction of Mr. Hobart that the United States can afford to say explicitly what sort of money it will pay its honest debts in. Mr. Bryan would have the nation take advantage of a technicality—a lack of explicitness in a statute—to defraud its creditors out of 47 per cent. of their just claims.

Therein lies the cardinal difference between the two great contending forces in the present campaign. The platform and the candidates of one party stand for honesty, integrity, square dealing, the national honor; the others openly and defiantly declare for dishonesty, disorder, anarchy, national degradation.

All other issues are subordinate to this. There are spots in this country where Bryanism denotes public sentiment. To the everlasting credit of the country be it said that Garret A. Hobart's conception of the nation's obligations and duties is in closest touch with the highest moral sentiment of the masses.

The election returns alone will show where the people stand. The enemies of honest government must go on record. Watch the localities that give majorities for Bryan. They will bear the closest kind of watching.

The Surviving Democracy.

The Democratic National Convention of Indianapolis represents what will unquestionably be the surviving Democracy of the nation. The question of candidates, who are to lead a forlorn hope to save the Democratic party from total annihilation, is a matter of secondary moment; but the Indianapolis convention has organized a national Democracy on a patriotic and enlightened platform that will endure when all the vagaries of Populists, Agrarians, Communists and Anarchists shall have been utterly overthrown by the American people.

The candidates are entirely worthy to stand upon the admirable platform adopted by the Indianapolis Convention. Senator John M. Palmer, of Illinois, has been recognized from the very outstart as the logical and most suitable candidate to head the ticket. General Buckner represents a reconstructed South which has put sectionalism behind it. When General Buckner stood beside the bier of General Grant as one of the pall-bearers of the conqueror to whom he had surrendered at Fort Donelson, he proved to the country and the world that the bloody chasm had been closed; that peace had come to the united country, and that it had come to stay.

In Vermont at the election of Tuesday last, in some districts every Democratic voter openly cast his ballot for the Republican candidates, and in many of the districts 50 per cent. of the Democrats did the same thing. This is likely to occur in many places again despite the patriotic ticket put in the field by the Indianapolis Convention, for the reason that large numbers of

the most intelligent democrats will vote for McKinley in order to make the defeat of Bryan the more emphatic. Nevertheless the Indianapolis Convention will be recognized as the surviving Democracy of the contest of 1896, and it will be the only Democracy known in the future conflicts of the political parties of this country.

The Harvest Outlook.

The government Climate and Crop Bulletin for the week ending September 7 states that the week was cooler and drier than usual over the greater part of the country.

But the Bulletin concludes that the week was "very favorable for general farm-work and maturing crops." The ripening of corn has been retarded in Iowa and Missouri by cool weather, but the crop is generally safe and promising a fine yield in the principal corn States.

List of Patents.

List of Patents issued from the U. S. Patent Office, Tuesday, September 8th 1896 for the State of Connecticut, furnished us from the Office of Earle & Seymour, Solicitors of Patents, 868 Chapel St., New Haven, Conn.

E. J. Andrews, Hartford, assignor to Thorne type setting machine Co. type setting and distributing machine.

C. H. Barrows, Willimantic, motor vehicle.

J. A. Butler, assignor one half to S. Robinson, Southington, bottle and stopper.

W. H. Honnies, Hartford, recording fare register.

A. D. Lans, assignor to Eaton Cole & Burnham Co. Bridgeport, machine chie.

P. Nash, assignor to Yale & Towne Mfg. Co. Stamford, transom lifter.

I. E. Palmer, Middletown, hammock supporting book.

D. H. Petrie, Milford, combined air pump and wrench.

C. M. Platt, Waterbury, machine for attaching buttons to cloth.

W. E. Porter, assignor to New Haven clock Co. stem winding and set time watch.

C. W. Stebbins, Hartford, assignor to F. P. Pfeggar, New Haven, device for holding ears of corn.

W. H. Taylor, Stamford, assignor to Yale & Towne Mfg. Co. transom lifter; same padlock.

C. S. Weiler, Waterbury, paper hanger's 23.

F. R. White & Co. M. Platt, Waterbury, button.

DESIGNS.

I. E. Palmer, Middletown, hammock.

NOTICE.

WHEREAS, The Norwalk Tramway Company, a corporation of that name, has presented to the Mayor and Council of the City of Norwalk, its petition and plans for the location of its double tracks on East avenue in said City, from a point about opposite the residence of Charles N. Wood northerly to a point about opposite what is called Springwood avenue; and also, for double tracks from the point first above named westerly on East Wall street to a point about opposite the Bissell Homestead, Now Therefore

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that a hearing upon said petition and plans so presented, will be had in the Council Room, in the City of Norwalk, September 14th, 1896, at 7:30 o'clock in the evening at which time and place all persons interested therein are hereby notified that they may appear and be heard.

Dated at the City of Norwalk, September 10th, 1896

By order of the Mayor and Council of said City.

EDWARD M. LOCKWOOD, City Clerk.

Fairfield County National Bank. 44 Wall Street, Norwalk, Conn.

INCORPORATED, 1824. Capital, \$300,000

EDWIN O. KEELER, President. DAVID H. MILLER, Vice-President. L. C. GREEN, Cashier

DIRECTORS.

EDWIN O. KEELER, MOSES H. GLOVER, DAVID H. MILLER, A. J. MEYER, F. ST. JOHN LOCKWOOD, THEODORE E. SMITH, ISA COLE, CHAS. F. TRISTRAM.

Accounts of Manufacturers Merchants and Individuals solicited.

Safe Deposit Boxes free to Depositors.

Raymond & Son. Successors to George H. Raymond.

Furniture Dealers and General Funeral Directors.

6 and 48 Main Street Norwalk Ct Residence, Berkeley Place.

Telephone No. 774

PLYMOUTH ROCK ICE. Stores and Families Supplied. Lowest Rates.

J. D. Jennings. UNDERTAKER

1 Knight street, opposite Street Railway Depot. NIGHT BELL AT OFFICE.

Piano Lessons, MRS. GEORGE W. BRADLEY, (daughter of the late Wm. E. Nash) gives efficient and satisfactory instructions on the Piano at her home No. 193 Main street.

THE EVENING GAZETTE CHECKER-BOARD BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Advertisement for The Evening Gazette Checker-Board Business Directory. Includes sections for NORWALK Fire Insurance Co., Safes For Rent, EMBOSSING, GAZETTE ADS, BRING GOOD RESULTS, G. Ward Selleck, BEST GOODS, TEAS and COFFEES, 18 WALL ST., Frank T. Hyatt, DENTIST, 8 West Avenue, ENTERPRISE Bottling Works, 7 Wall Street, FINE ALES AND LAGER EXPRESSLY FOR FAMILY USE, Mail orders receive prompt attention, TREES! TREES! TREES! Call at 33 Belden Avenue, if you are going to set out trees this fall. All stock warranted to live. Edger Buttery, 58 Belden Ave. 25 years foreman of Hoyts Nurseries, PARLOR BARBER-SHOP, E. S. LEGBOLD, 47 Main Street, TRY WEED'S SODA WATER 38 Wall St., Job Printing OF EVERY DESCRIPTION EXECUTED AT THE GAZETTE OFFICE

New York and Norwalk Freight Line COMMENCING MONDAY, JUNE 22. PROPELLERS City of Norwalk, Eagle and Vulcan Will Leave Pier 23, E. R., N. Y. (Beekman St.). For South Norwalk Daily at 10.30 A. M. Extra Boat Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5 P. M. For Norwalk Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5 P. M. For New York Leave South Norwalk Daily at 6 P. M. Leave Norwalk Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5 P. M.

Just Received A Lot of WOODEN BICYCLE HANDLE BARS, Which I will sell, for the next week, at \$2.50 per pair. Also have a look at my line of CARRIAGES, WAGONS, BICYCLES, HARNESS AND HORSE GOODS. NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS, EVEN THOUGH YOU DO NOT PURCHASE. Repairing Done at Short Notice. LUTHER M. WRIGHT, Carriage Factory and Repository, Franklin & Madison Sts., So. Norwalk.

THE BEST RESULTS -IN- Life, Term and Endowment Insurance ARE GIVEN BY THE Aetna Life Insurance Company, Of Hartford, Conn. Examples taken from Company's Records. No. 69,945. \$5,000 Thirty Year Endowment. Issued in 1870 (due in 1900). Total premiums to date, \$2,735.63. A paid-up policy due in four years would now be issued for \$4,487. Cash dividend in 1896, \$95.53 cash payment required, \$59.12 (only about 40 per cent of the original premium). No. 70,116. \$5,000 Twenty-Five Year Endowment. Issued in 1870 (matured in 1895). Total premiums paid, less dividends, \$2,932.56 making a net gain to the insured of \$2,067.44. Had death occurred during the twenty-five years, the full \$5,000 would have been paid. No. 111,660. \$5,000 Twenty Year Endowment. Issued in 1875 (matured in 1895). Total premiums paid, less dividends, \$3,534.69. Had the insured died during the term of the policy, the whole \$5,000 would have been paid. Having survived the twenty years, he receives for \$3,534.69 paid out, \$5,000—a gain of \$1,465.31. No. 128,041. \$10,000 Fifteen Year Endowment. Issued in 1880 (matured in 1895). Total premiums paid, less dividends, \$7,331.82. The insured was furnished fifteen years' insurance for \$10,000 under this policy without cost and was given a net gain in return of \$2,668.18—or \$136.39 for each \$100 paid out. No. 147,544. \$5,000 Ten Year Endowment. Issued in 1885 (matured in 1895). Total premiums paid, less dividends, \$4,175.87. Ten years' insurance, and a gain of \$824.13 on the investment. No. 54,495. \$5,000 Renewable Term. Originally issued in 1868. Total premiums paid in twenty-eight years, \$1,675.52. Net value of paid-up policy entitled, to \$831.90. Deduct this from cash paid, leaves net cost for whole term, \$843.62. Average cost per year, per \$1,000, \$6.02. Limited Payment and Annual Life Policies Upon Equally as Favorable Terms. The Aetna Life Issues every desirable form of Life, Term, Endowment and Accident Insurance. MORGAN G. BULKELEY, President. J. C. WEBSTER, Vice President. H. W. ST. JOHN, Actuary. J. L. ENGLISH, Secretary. C. E. GILBERT, Asst. Secretary. W. C. FAXON, Asst. Secretary. GURDON W. RUSSELL, M. D., Medical Director. JAMES CAMPBELL, M. D., Medical Examiner. E. E. HALLOCK, General Agent. J. Hubinger Bldg., New Haven. JOHN I. HUTCHINSON, General Accident Agent

HAVE YOU ANY?

If there is any value in trying to make the history both local and personal of the country, the present with its broad interests should be utilized.

About two years ago the Mail and Express, (New York) started a "Genealogical and Historical Department," edited by Mrs. Milton Haxtun. It struck the need of the times, and has grown beyond the most sanguine expectations of those concerned.

There must be many records that have not yet been reached, perhaps for want of thought, or from a careless disregard of the subject.

Then too, Brewster records are very desirable, embracing as they do, all sections of Connecticut, and connecting with the descent of those who as yet have no authentic knowledge that they are entitled to membership in most if not all of those patriotic families.

Will not any Norwalk or other family with old and perhaps long forgotten documents of "ye olden time," stored in out of the way places, look all such ancient papers over, to the end that important and invaluable ancient historical and biographical facts may be brought to light and authenticated, as undoubtedly much such matter could be.

The Stickle's Quadruplets in Stratford Doing Well.

Mrs. O. H. Stickle's, the mother of the famous quadruplets in Stratford, died Tuesday afternoon at her home on Strawberry Hill, Stratford.

Death of Charles Bessey.

Word was received here Wednesday of the death at his home on St. Nicholas avenue, New York, of Charles Bessey.

BOUND AND GAGGED.

A bold daylight burglary occurred at Winsted, Tuesday afternoon, at the home of Robert Hoffman, corner Oak and Beach streets.

After dinner the Hoffman family, with the exception of Mary and Francis, left home. Mr. Hoffman going to work, Mrs. Hoffman to visit a sick neighbor and the children to school.

Commissioner Seymour Gives Some Interesting Statistics.

Commissioner of Patents John S. Seymour has submitted to the secretary of the interior his report on the business of the patent office for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1896.

At the end of the fiscal year all but four of the examiners had their work within one month from date, two were between one and two months and the other two between two and three months in arrears.

James Sexton Dead.

James Sexton, Sr., died suddenly at noon Tuesday while chatting with the Rev. Father Lawlor, of St. Mary's church, at his home in Bridgeport.

Carey Will Resign.

Melbert B. Carey, of Ridgefield, one of the most influential members of the Democratic state central committee stated Tuesday that he is in favor of the gold standard and that he will resign from the committee.

Wants to go to Holland.

Gold Men to Resign.

Officer Sullivan Dead.

WHO IS SHE?

Greenwich has a mystery. Whether it is a case of murder or suicide is not known. Medical Examiner Jones and the authorities are puzzled.

Walter L. Main's circus exhibited in the town Saturday, which leads the authorities to believe that she was a circus follower.

PROHIBITION TICKET.

State Officers Nominated and a Woman Suffrage Measure Tabled.

The Connecticut Prohibitionists met in Convention at New Haven Tuesday. Nearly 400 delegates, many of them women, properly accredited, were in Warner Hall when the body organized.

W. P. Bradley was nominated for congressman from the Second congressional district and F. L. Wooster of Winsted, from the Fourth district.

Edward Mansfield, the candidate for governor, is a farmer, fruit grower and dairyman living at West Winsted.

Charles E. Steale is a native of New Britain, and is 50 years old.

Wilbur L. Chamberlain is connected with the Storrs agricultural school.

Colonel Graves of the Democratic state central committee has received a letter from the Democratic national committee stating that William J. Bryan will come to Connecticut on or about September thirtieth.

It is reported that when the Democratic State convention, called for the Hyperion theatre, New Haven, next week Wednesday, would meet, every gold member of the State Central committee, numbering about 20 of the 24 on the committee would resign in a body.

The Pope Manufacturing Company has decided to put a chainless bicycle on the market next year.

THE BARN DANCE.

Miss Eva L. Ferris, daughter of Senator John H. Ferris, gave a most delightful as well as novel "barn dance," Tuesday evening, to her many friends, in the spacious barn at the rear of their magnificent residence on West street, South Norwalk.

The grounds about the barn were brilliantly illuminated with Weisbach lights, while from the apex of the barn to a point within the grounds were strung at equal distances apart, lanterns which with the background of clouds, twinkled like a myriad of stars.

Among those present were, the Misses Amy Ferris, Emma Lockwood, Helena Hill, Ethel Ferris, Ethel Keep, Louise B. Woodward, Grace R. Byington, Alice Oram, Marie Newcomb, Maud Wheeler, Clara Betts, Emilie Jennings, Ethel Slater, Helen Swartz, May Higgins, Mai Curtis, Vera Wood, Naomi Smith, Daisy Scudder, Beula Jarvis, Charlotte Boseh, Adelaide Moss, and the Misses Hoyt, and Laurie, of New York city, Nettie O'Strander, of Lasele, and Grace Adams and Jennie Ferris.

The Messrs. Edward Partridge, Charles Rodgers, Willard Comstock, Charles Swartz, Ward Gregory, Howard Mosman, Ben F. Andrews, Eben Hill, Jr., Albert Mossman, Robert Van Buren, Louis Leonard, Harvey Betts, Frank Ferris, Clarence Oram, George E. Oram, Frank Sherman, A. Dwight Keer, Samuel Hoyt, Stephen Jarvis, George Woodward, Homer Byington, H. W. Bodwell, Elbert Fitch, Fred Hill and Mr. Sturtevant, of Wesleyan.

The Bridgeport News says that H. C. Baker, the young man who secured money under false pretenses in this city, and later tried the same caper in Stamford and was arrested and sent to jail for eight months.

Ex Congressman Frederick Miles, who lies critically ill at his residence at Twin Lakes, is suffering from an organic disease and there is no hope of recovery.

PREPARATIONS FOR

The Great Battle

Of November 3 are already well under way. A New

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES is to be Elected, and the THE NEW YORK Weekly Tribune.

will, as always, be found in the thickest of the fight, battling vigorously for sound business principles, which will bring prosperity to the nation.

ONE YEAR FOR ONLY \$1.00, CASH IN ADVANCE.

G. A. FRANKE, THE HAIR CUTTER

THE NORWALK FIRE INSURANCE Co

HE IS JUST AWAY.

I cannot say, and I will not say That he is dead—he is just away.

Think of him still the same, I say: He is not dead—he is just away!

RIDING FOR A FALL.

It was a perfect day for wheeling. Even the slightest breeze that took the curl out of their bangs, as they sat on the piazza of the O'Shun House, seemed to invite Florence and her chaperoning aunt to go for a spin.

"Perfectly charming," said her aunt in the twinkling tone that reminds one of the chink of the ice in a glass of frappe tea.

"So kind of you, I am sure," said the dear aunt. I am so glad—for your sake, Fred—that you have this position, for I think a young man should begin his life as soon after leaving college as possible.

"Really, Fred, I am glad you have come down, for I have been planning for several days to take a party from here to the little casino they have at Clam Shell on the Sea, about fifteen miles down the coast.

"They will be along with the other young people," she thought to herself, "and will be kept moving so that they can't have a long chat, and, anyway, if they can pedal and propose at the same time," she remarked to herself.

"Hello!" exclaimed the inevitable idiot; "have we scorched with us? Well, I feel like doing a little scorching myself."

"After a slight hesitation, for she did not wish everyone to see what her feelings were, Florence slowed up, and soon she and Fred were abreast of the dear, good aunt, who had noticed their ruse, and was following panting but triumphant.

"Really it is kind of you," she panted. "I am so glad you were thoughtful enough to wait for me. I am willing to go along just as slowly as you please, or I love to look at the scenery."

It was then that an idea occurred to Fred that proved that he has engineering skill that will enable him to rise in the world some day.

"I'll tell you what let's do," he called out. "Let's scorch from here to the casino, and have the last man who gets there pay for the refreshment, and let the first lady to arrive be given a prize of her own choosing."

Florence didn't understand exactly what his plan was, but she kept the pace along with the foremost. She appeared to advantage on the wheel, and, as her color rose with the exertion, he thought he had never seen a lovelier sight.

"Up hill and down they went, without abating their speed, until the chaperone was probably three or four miles behind. Presently they coasted down a hill into a little valley where the road was wooded on both sides, and Fred saw that the opportune moment had come.

"We have both lost the wagers, anyhow," he argued.

"Her only notice of his remarks was a slight heightening of color. "And there is something I want very much to say to you."

"The truth was that Florence's maiden modesty was beginning to assert itself, and she had been thinking that in attempting to rush ahead with Fred, and then to fall behind, she had been too forward. Poor Fred! In his college course he had been taught to deal with the laws of nature, but not with the whims of woman, and he was almost unplusped.

Without looking to see how much he had damaged himself, smarting inwardly and outwardly, he sat down on the log, buried his face in his hands, and felt utterly miserable. He was beginning to hate himself, Florence, her aunt and the whole world, when suddenly he felt a light hand laid on his shoulder.

"Oh, Fred, are you really hurt? I saw that you really intended to take that tumble, but it was horrid of me to go along without asking if you were hurt—when I knew you had done it for my sake."

"It was his chance to sulk, and what man can resist sulking when he has the most charming girl in the world to coax him into good humor?"

"Are you hurt?"

"Florence, you know why I wanted to be alone with you. I love you—have loved you for months! And now that I am going away, I want to know if there is any hope for me. Will you be my wife?"

"She looked down the road at the approaching Nemesis. "Will you be my wife? I know I don't deserve you, but I will work; I will work. Some day you may love me a little."

"When you do love me?"

A SONG OF LIFE.

Rolls the old world ever right, dear Sun by day and stars by night, dear Here is rhyme, and here is reason: Still the red rose comes in season: In the fields the toilers sowing, Hear the harvest bugles blowing, Life, my dear, is joy and weeping— Sowing time, and time for reaping. Take thy task—if joy or sorrow, Still the dark will bring the morrow, In the storm the birds are singing, And the bells of heaven are ringing! —Atlanta Constitution.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

The hot summer sun was beating down on the long white streets, and making the flowers on the balconies droop, and even the leaves of the lime trees hang listless and motionless in the great heat. Not a single soul was to be seen in the usually so crowded Andrasz street in Buda-Pesth, and the old porter of the Hotel Esterhazy sat half asleep, his chair well drawn back into the shade; he knew very well that no one could disturb him at that hour.

Esme St. Maur lay down on the sofa, lamenting that her fate had made her spend this grilling afternoon in Buda-Pesth. "However, I shall stand three weeks of it. What time is it, Klimija?" "Half past four, milady; but the gentleman mademoiselle expected is waiting downstairs, and wants to know if you will receive him."

"Certainly," said Esme, lazily, fastening a pink rose into her belt.

A few seconds later a tall, sunburnt man came into the room.

"So sorry, Arthur," said the lady; "I am positively too tired to move; this heat is killing! I'm so glad to see you," she went on, looking up at him. "Let me see, it is nearly three years since we saw each other; what are you doing here?"

The man hesitated a moment, and then became pale, and his mouth twitched.

"I was hurrying to England, Esme," he said, "because I heard a report about you that I could not credit, that you were going to be married."

"Well," said the girl, nervously picking off the leaves of her rose, "it is quite true. No, no, Arthur, it's no use," she continued, sitting up and putting her hand on his arm; "sit where you are and listen. You see, dear, it had to come to this some day, and I may as well tell you here as anywhere else; we cannot fight against fate, and the fates are against us. Look! It would be ten years at least before you could marry me, and then I should be a middle-aged woman. And, even if I could wait, what am I to do during those ten years? Grandmamma, you know," she went on, turning her face, now appalling in its pallor, toward him, "only left me £50 a year; and since her death I have been living, yes, living on my sister's husband! Think! The proud Esme St. Maur actually living on charity!"

"But surely," Arthur broke in, surely—

"Of course they don't say so, but I know, I know. They have three children to educate, and look at the position they have to keep up! I know Frank's income is by no means large, and I feel I've no right to be a burden to them when I've a good offer."

"Who is the man?" he said drily.

"Lord Hillsborough," she answered, her eyes down.

"A man almost old enough to be your grandfather," he said.

Then, in a thoughtful tone, he asked: "Do you care for him?"

"No," she answered, "but I respect him more than—than any one but yourself."

"Esme," said Arthur hotly, "how different you are! How calculating and worldly you have become! I remember my little Esme holding forth fiercely that love was the one thing in all the world; that to marry a man without love was the greatest wrong a woman could do him."

"Arthur," she said, "what can I do? I intend, if I marry Lord Hillsborough, to be a good wife to him; I cannot be that with another man's image in my heart. I must live it down; I must force myself to forget it."

Arthur walked away to the balcony.

"Do not make it harder for me," said Esme, her voice full of sobs; "what am I to do? I cannot do anything to earn my living. Look at me," she said, bitterly, drawing herself up to her full height; "a perfect woman, strong and healthy, with a fortune spent on my education; and yet, now that I am thrown on my own resources—why, a shop girl could make a better living than I could! Bear it, dear!" she said, going over to him, "you know that this must be the end!"

"Dearest," he said, in a broken voice, "it is only the beginning. You love me and yet you marry this man! It is the beginning of wretchedness for you, and sad him, and me, for all our lives."

"Arthur," she said slowly, "I have made up my mind, and I will carry it through. I am engaged to Lord Hillsborough and shall marry him in October. I cannot bear another scene like this. Bid me good by and go now—forever," she added, shivering slightly.

The man looked at her for a second and then took both her hands in his. "Yes, sweetheart, I will bid you good by and leave you forever. But let me come in and spend this last evening with you. It is not much to ask, and I promise not to speak one word you would not like. We will have our coffee on this balcony among the flowers, with the light—quite as in those dear old days when we first met at Ostend. Say I may come, Esme, for auld lang syne—the last evening I shall ever spend with you."

Three hours afterward the witchery of the summer night had fallen upon the city. Esme, sitting on her balcony, moved her fan slowly to and fro, and let the mystic beauty of the night steep itself into her feelings. "On such a night as this," she thought, as the old words of the immortal dramatist came into her mind; "I wonder if such a

night as this has played as weighty a part in any one's love story as in mine. And this is to be the last—ah!" as a shiver of remembrance came over her, "how I shall hate the summer nights after this!"

"All in the dark," said a voice at Esme's elbow, and Arthur sat down at the other side of the tiny table, where the waiter was putting down the coffee tray.

"Why not, Arthur," she said. "Who could be barbarian enough to have lights brought now? Look at that queen up there!" pointing to the moon. The man opened his lips as if to speak, but shut them determinedly again.

"I do not give allegiance to two queens."

"Don't you?" she said laughingly, as she handed him a cup of coffee; "but you are a faithful soldier, all the same. I hope."

"It pleases you to be merry to-night," he answered quietly. "Have you ever read Mrs. Browning's 'Mask, Arthur?' she said. 'How little men understand women, after all! You should know that the thing we seem to be is often only a cloak to hide what we are really feeling. But there—we taboored feelings for to-night.'"

"Did we! I only remember promising to say nothing to reproach you, and I shall keep my word." He leaned back and went on dreamily: "I suppose every man has some particular way in which he pictures the woman he loves. I always thought of you on a balcony, in a white dress, surrounded by flowers, and looking—well—as you look to-night. I shall remember you always so."

"Arthur, your experience as a man of the world must tell you that in a few years your feelings will calm down; you will come to London, and we shall meet as friends."

He looked across at her curiously. "You speak to me as a man of the world. I know I am speaking to a woman of the world, not to the Esme of three years ago. But even from your calm standpoint of woman of the world you are wrong. You believe that my love will calm down. I know now that it never will, and I prefer to end it at its height, not to see it die a slow death by the stages of affection—regard—indifference."

"End it?" said Esme, "what do you mean?"

"I mean that after to-night I shall never see you again—according to your own wish."

"Arthur," she said, "you misunderstand me. I meant only till you could see me without—without loving me."

"That will be never, dear," he said, "and as I am never to see you again, I am glad to have seen you for the last time as I liked to see you best—as I have always pictured you in my own heart."

"You are getting sentimental," she said, with a forced laugh. "Your coffee will be cold."

Arthur took the cup and poured a few drops from a small green bottle into it. "Excuse me," he said, "I had a nasty touch of fever a few days ago, and take my drops in my tea or coffee like an old woman."

"Fever, Arthur?" She bent forward and looked at him. "Yes; you look haggard and ill. I did not notice it this afternoon. I wish you would not go back to that horrid India! Why don't you take more care of yourself? Are you going on to London now?"

"Oh, do not talk of me," the man said hurriedly; "tell me about yourself. What have you been doing all these years? Have you been in Ostend again?"

"No," she answered gently; "I never cared to go back there."

"Then you really remembered and cared, Esme?" The pain in his voice was terrible to hear; but he suddenly recovered himself. "This is quite like one of those evenings. We only want the music," he added in a different tone.

A silence fell between them for a few minutes. They seemed unable to talk except on the subject they both wished to avoid. Suddenly, as though in answer to Arthur's wish for music, the curtain on the lower balcony was again drawn back, and Paul de Jaerschky stepped out.

"Ah," he said, gently, "on such a night there is but one song, mia cara; and his glorious voice burst forth with passionate feeling into that song—the wonderful love song that has touched so many hearts: 'Have you forgotten, love, so soon, that night that lovely night in June, When down the tide, so idly dreaming, we floated where the moon lay gleaming? My heart was weary and oppressed with some sweet longing, half confessed, When, like an answer to my sighing, you hand in mine was gently lying, O, love, that last long look that met! Can you forget? Can you forget?'"

Esme bent forward with a sudden expression of agony, and buried her face in her hands. "My God, not that, not that!" she murmured. A great trembling shook the man opposite her, but he restrained himself, and drinking down his coffee with one gulp, he leaned back in his chair with closed eyes. Meanwhile the great singer went on: "Oh! night of Love, charmed night of June! that night we vowed by heaven's own moon, That night of nights our troth we plighted, for all eternity united! Then first I knew your heart, my heart, one life, one soul, no more to part! Ah! then I said, whatever betide us, no death itself shall not divide us! Ah, lovely, lovely night of June! Can you forget, so soon—so soon?"

"Arthur, Arthur," cried Esme, kneeling down beside him, "I have been mad! I have been foolish! I cannot forget! Love is the one thing in this world! Rank—money are nothing. I do love you! I will wait! Why do you not speak, love?" she cried, as the man sat motionless. "Will you not take me in your arms, kiss me, say you forgive me!" His hand fell from her grasp. The truth dawned upon her.—St. Paul's.

Mr. Gladstone's father owned an extensive sugar plantation in British Guiana, and was a large slave owner there.

YOURS TRULY.

CONCERT GALOP.

HARRY MARTIN.

Musical score for 'Yours Truly' Concert Galop. Includes piano (p), mezzo-forte (mf), and forte (f) markings. Features a Trio section and a final section with first and second endings.

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Musical score for 'Yours Truly' Trio. Includes piano (p) and forte (f) markings. Features first and second endings.

Yours Truly—Concert Galop.

WOMAN'S ADORNMENT.

Fancies of the Moment in the Domain of Fashion.

(By Special Arrangement with the N. Y. Sun.) Everything seems to point to a short life for the perfectly plain skirt. Checks are so much in favor that the idea is carried out in trimmings. The plain materials are made to look checked by carrying insertion or ribbon down and across at regular intervals, thus forming squares, either large or small, as may be required.



Some pretty capes we have seen show how elaborately such garments are made this season. The first one is made of citron-colored silk, lined with the faintest pink. The trimming all around is of white guipure lace embroidery, running up in deep graduated points, and over it is a narrow trimming of citron-colored jeweled embroidery in shorter points. A thick ruche of chiffon and narrow lace finishes the cape.



The home gown we noticed is of mauve silk and has a bodice of darker tone. This bodice is very richly embroidered down each side of the front in gold and pearl shades. It opens over a full waistcoat of lisse of a very delicate shade of mauve and is studded all over thickly with crystal trimming. The sleeves are gauffered perpendicularly from waist to elbow and finished with a moderate puff at the top. The bottom of the skirt is finished with a puff of the darker silk.



To be fashionable a woman must be bedecked with feathers. This is the latest announcement of the Parisian couturieres. But this does not mean that feathers will appear in the old, conventional ways. Not a bit of it. They will be used to adorn the fashionable woman in a manner never dreamed of before.

Not only are they to be all the vogue in millinery, but they are to be a general accessory to dress. And it is in the odd combinations of wings, feathers and aigrettes that the dictators of fashion are reveling.

Ostrich plumes are no longer used singly, but combined with a tuft of cock's feathers or a cluster of wings. Groups of feathers are the fashion and the day of the stately Prince of Wales plume, used by itself, is over.

MADE IN A HURRY.

Record for Converting Growing Wheat into Bread and Trees into Newspapers.

Our readers no doubt remember the trial, some years ago, on one of the large wheat farms of South Dakota, to determine the quickest time in which growing wheat could be cut, threshed, ground into flour, and prepared for the table. It was something less than an hour from the starting of the reaper until the steaming hot biscuit were upon the table. This was before the days of the quick conversion of the standing trees into paper. A similar test of the power of invention has recently been made in Austria—that of determining in how short a space of time living trees could be converted into newspapers. At Eisenthal, on April 17, at 7:35 in the morning, three trees were sawed down; at 9:34 the wood had been stripped of bark, cut up and converted into pulp, became paper and passed from the mill to the press, from whence the first printed and folded copy was issued at 10 o'clock, so that in one hour and forty-five minutes trees had become newspapers. The poetic declaration, "sermons in stones," becomes an actual reality as to trees, and made so by the wand of the inventor.

JUDGE NOT.

Oh, men, who are good, who are honored and great. Be kind to your brothers of lowly estate.

TRIAL BY FIRE.

The Major was one of the many well-born Englishmen who came to California with a younger son's portion and a small monthly allowance.

The Major was going the way of many of his English friends. The £1,000 legacy was gone, and the monthly allowance of £20 (which viewed from a distance, seemed large) always grew painfully small as it neared California.

It may be that the Major's failure to succeed in the grape business was not the fault of the country, but that his genial, unpractical nature was the true obstacle to success.

When the Major married Ellie Smith, a pretty San Francisco girl, he promoted Pete to be manager of the ranch.

But this was not without protest from one individual. Not that he was disturbed from lack of work, but poor Pete was oftener than not the unwilling model for Ellie's clever studies.

Though he had scudded through the back yard and climbed the rear fence, he had not counted on meeting his mistress in the barnyard.

"Stop, stop, Pete, right there. Don't move an inch," called the sweet voice that drove him to madness.

"Well, well," gasped Pete, who had stumbled up the hill with a bundle of wet sacks. "I never was so plagued scared in my life.

Pete had reconsidered his ninety and ninth vow. Indeed it was only a week later when he was speculating if there was ever a happier couple than the Major and his Ellie.

Without actually straying from the path of duty, Ellie was treading on dangerously uncertain territory.

She quite frankly admitted to herself that she was pretty and charming, and, being of that mind, she did not repress comparisons between her husband and the younger man.

Matters had arrived at a state when a warm hearted, but vain young woman needed a friend with the strength to hold up a good, powerful, unrelenting mirror for her to gaze into.

The long grass on the hills was burned and crisp, and Ellie was daubing yellow ochre and burnt umber over her canvas with vicious strokes.

Over on the mountain side, a half a mile away, Pete leaned on his horse and watched a thread of fire crawling, like a red snake, through the underbrush.

Ellie glanced quickly backward, and saw the fire licking up the grass as it bore down upon her and the smoke rolling heavenward in dense, sooty clouds.

When she was fairly on the plowed ground and gasping for breath, she saw the young Englishman tearing along the hill at a frantic rate.

"Brompton!" she screamed; "dear Brompton, I am here, safe!"

A great wave of smoke and flame swept around the edges of the plowed ground, and for a minute nothing could be seen or heard.

When Ellie, choked and frightened, lifted her head, she saw the thin, long, scantily clad legs of her husband bounding over the blackened earth toward her.

"Hello, there, Major," he called; "I had a very narrow squeak of it. My hammock and books are burned to timbers by this time.

"Well, well," gasped Pete, who had stumbled up the hill with a bundle of wet sacks. "I never was so plagued scared in my life.

For Pete had reconsidered his ninety and ninth vow. Indeed it was only a week later when he was speculating if there was ever a happier couple than the Major and his Ellie.

THE CHILD'S FACE.

There's nothing more pure in Heaven. And nothing on earth more mild. More full of the light that is all divine.

Character—Gladys Thornton, Major Garforth and Lady Rayncleere. Scene—A boudoir in the dusk; on an inlaid table in a corner letters and letters.

Gladys (to herself)—Let me see, what's the time? Five o'clock, and I don't dress till seven. What a long time! I wonder if my guardian will come.

Gladys—So unnecessary. Did no one announce you? Major Garforth—Your senses had a hurried air. I announced myself.

Gladys—Not half bad! Look at them. (Goes down on her knees by the fire.) See the light playing in the big stone, Charlie—red, blue and green, like a fairy tale.

Gladys—Worthy of me? Major Garforth—Vla une autre paire de manches. Gladys—Oh, thank you! Come, that's an improvement.

Gladys—But you have never congratulated me. Major Garforth—Is it usual to congratulate the lady?

Gladys—And I that I am sick of expression. Come and see this bracelet. It has just come. Diamonds too! Gerald's last gift. He gave me my choice between this and a necklace.

Gladys—Go on; I am resigned. Major Garforth—A jewel should be a point of light in the whole, a touch of smoldering fire—smoldering, observed half hidden by fine lace.

Gladys—Allow me. (Examines bracelet.) Thirteen large stones. Thirteen lives, Gladys; a man's life-blood to the cutting of each, perchance.

Gladys—How dare you! Gladys—How dare you! Gladys—How dare you!

count out there. And men don't tell women what the stones cost, or else, perhaps, they would not be worn.

Major Garforth—Age and gout, Gladys. Gladys—Age? Let me look at you. (Puts her hands on his shoulders and draws him to the firelight.) Why, you aren't old; there isn't a streak of gray in your hair.

Gladys—Oh, I see; how dull and opaque. I'm not dull and opaque. Look again. Major Garforth—I am no expert.

Major Garforth—Far from it. Only a little counsel up to the moment when it will be my proud privilege to surrender my ward to you.

Major Garforth—I am no expert. Gladys—How dare you! Gladys—How dare you!

Major Garforth—Far from it. Only a little counsel up to the moment when it will be my proud privilege to surrender my ward to you.

Major Garforth—My dear girl, heaven forbid you should attempt anything so hopeless. I have the very highest opinion of Lord Rayncleere; he is a worthy fellow.

Major Garforth—Indeed I do. Gladys—All the same, these stones do not suit me; they are too hard.

Major Garforth—Still, Badysfote expects its women to do their— Gladys—You mean the lords of Badysfote have been wont to wear their wives in like fashion.

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BLANDO SURPRISED.

A YANKEE HUSTLER SHOCKS THE DICTATOR OF VENEZUELA.

An Amusing Story of an American's Diplomacy. Showing How He Got a Valuable Concession from President Guzman Blanco.

A gentleman who went to Venezuela some years ago to secure a contract from the Government tells an interesting story of his experience with Guzman Blanco, who was the autocrat of that country.

The next morning he was called at four, galloped out to Antimino, and was at the Dictator's residence before the clock in the parish church struck six.

Major Garforth—Fare from it. Only a little counsel up to the moment when it will be my proud privilege to surrender my ward to you.

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DOLLY ON WORDS.

She Cheerfully Enlightens McAllister McIlhenny.

McAllister McIlhenny was plunged in thought, but he was safe, for it wasn't over his head.

Only over his heart. He was revolving in his mind what to say to the beautiful Brooklyn belle he had loved last and was still loving.

"Miss Dolly," he said after the usual meteorological references had been mutually cited, as is the custom when two persons meet, "I love you with a love that passes understanding."

"Why, Mr. McIlhenny," she exclaimed twitteringly as a bird twitters. "Yes, Miss Dolly—dear Miss Dolly—dear Dolly—darling dolly," he went on in a succession of emotional explosions.

It was very sudden and Dolly was scarcely expecting it, but she didn't lose her head. She merely dropped it, as maidens do when they are proposed to.

"Only one little word, darling," he whispered, as he slipped his hand over to take hers, "but there must be three letters in it."

"My secretary will write this out to-morrow we will sign it." "I would prefer to have the document signed now," replied the Yankee.

"You have just said that the fault of your people was procrastination, and I propose that we avoid it this time."

"That is a neat way of applying my philosophy to your own interest. We will wait until the document is finished and sign it here."

"You will have to wait until I am through with the Yankee," was the Dictator's reply; "he is teaching me the way they do business in the United States."—Chicago Record.

Another of Lincoln's Jokes. This is a brand new Lincoln story and true like all of this series: President Lincoln reached Meade Station, near Petersburg soon after a serious battle in which about 2,000 Confederates were made prisoners.

Mr. Lincoln checked his horse, deliberately surveyed the field full of Gordon's disabled men and the contreforts and said: "Yes, General, the number is there in black and white."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Queen Getting Good. Ex-Queen Liliuokalani has been baptized and confirmed by Bishop Willis, the Anglican bishop. She has not hitherto been a member of any church, although a regular attendant.

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