(My mama used Wool Soap) (I wish mine had)

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"HOME SWEET HOME."

A Bit of History About the Author of the World's Most Famous Song.

The writer was called upon a few days ago by an old friend, who expressed the great pleasure he had derived in reading the article in last Sunday's Herald upon "Home, Sweet Home," which embodied an account of John Howard Payne's somewhat unfortunate career. He brought with him a slip cut from a Boston newspaper of 1853, which was at once identified as having been taken from the Boston Atlas. It was a letter written by the Washington correspondent of that paper, and is given below. Some will ask how a piece written 43 years ago could be identified today as having been taken from any one particular newspaper. The writer, to test his own judgment, took it to our worthy city treasurer, Alfred T. Turner, Esq., who was one of the proprietors of the Atlas at that time, and he identified it at once as the Atlas type. Every paper has its only special look.

The late Dr. Thomas M. Brewer, afterward one of the owners of the Atlas, brother of the late Gardner Brewer, of the firm of Merriam, Brewer & Co., who bought and occupied the site of the old Boston Theatre, which stood in former times at the corner of Franklin and Federal streets, was the Washington correspondent of the Atlas, and it is to his pen undoubtedly that we are indebted for the following tribute to the memory of John Howard Payne, the author of the world's most famous song, and to Dr. Brewer should belong the credit.

When, many years ago, the old National Theatre was burned, the firm of Merriam, Brewer & Co. offered the gratuitous use of the Boston Theatre to the management of the unfortunate company of comedians, who were losers by the fire, until the old Boston was torn down to give place to the elegant warehouse which the firm occupied for many years.

BENJ. F. STEVENS.

"As I sit in my garrett (here in Washington), watching the course of great men, and the destiny of party, I meet often with strange contradictions in this eventful life. The most remarkable was that of J. Howard Payne, author of 'Sweet Home.' I knew him personally. He occupied the rooms under me for some time, and his conversation was so captivating that I have often spent whole days in his apartment. He was an applicant for office at the time—consul at Tunis—from which he had been removed. What a sad thing it was to see the poor man subjected to the humiliation of office-seeking. Of evenings we would walk along the streets, looking into the lighted parlors as we passed. Once and awhile we would see some family circle so happy, and forming so beautiful a group, that we would both stop, and then pass silently on. On such occasions he would give me a history of his wanderings, his trials, and all the cares incident to his sensitive nature and poverty. 'How often,' said he, once, 'I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London or some other city, and heard persons singing or the hand organ playing "Sweet Home," without a shilling to buy the next meal or a place to put my head. The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody. Yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly from office, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread. Thus he would complain of his hapless lot. His only wish was to die in a foreign land, to be buried by strangers and sleep in obscurity.

"I met him one day looking unusually sad. 'Have you got your consulate?' said I. 'Yes, and I leave in a week for Tunis: I shall never return.' The last expression was not a political faith. Far from it. Poor Payne—his wish was realized. He died at Tunis. Whether his remains have been brought to his native country I know not. They should be, and, if none others will do it, let the homeless throughout the world give a penny for a monument to Payne. I knew him, and will give my penny, and for an inscription the following:

"'Here lies J. Howard Payne, the author of "Sweet Home." A wanderer in life—he whose song was sung in every tongue, and found an echo in every heart, never had a home. He died in a foreign land.'

"It is a singular fact that very few persons in America know that the author of 'Home' was an American. If you ask nine persons out of ten, even among those who have any knowledge of musical history, they will tell you Sir Henry Bishop or some such person must have the credit. The truth is, this song was almost the only thing that Payne ever did which is entitled to remembrance. The author was a maker of melo-dramas and musical plays. 'Home, Sweet Home' was a song in one of them. Payne did not remain in this country to see the piece performed, and the first time he ever heard his own song sung was in the streets of a great European city. Its pathetic appeal to a sentiment which finds an every human bosom gives it an immediate echo over the whole world, which has not nor ever will die away."

HER HEART AND HAND.

Being the Last Chapter of Unpublished Romance in Punch.

So they two paced up and down the garden path in the moonlight. Their future course (like the garden path), lay clear before them, says the Philadelphia Record. With the death of Edwin's unscrupulous rival by a convenient railway accident in the previous chapter every obstacle at length had been removed. Angelina felt that the denouement was close at hand, but a few more lines were required to complete the volume. She paused beside a rose bush.

"You have something to say to me, Edwin?"

"Angelina," murmured Edwin, "will you give me your hand?"

"Oh!" cried Angelina, "that's really too old-fashioned a proposal. Try again."

"Nonsense, Angelina. I wasn't speaking of marriage. I want you to give me your hand literally—so"—and taking her dainty fingers in his own he bent reverently over her palm. Then neither of them moved for a few moments.

"Do be quick," said Angelina, impatiently. "You can kiss it if you like, and then I'll snatch it away again, while a rosy blush mantles over my cheek. But this is all horribly old-fashioned."

Edwin suddenly dropped her hand with a gesture of dismay.

"Angelina rasped.

"All is over," he said solemnly. "The line of life is fairly well marked, but the line of the heart shows that you are utterly devoid of real affection. Then the abnormal development of the mount below the little finger—"

"That came from rowing you up the river yesterday."

"—betokens obstinacy and bad temper. Nay, 'tis needless to expostulate, Angelina. In chapter 22, if you remember, you found me in the library trifling with a book. That book was the latest manual of palmistry, which declares that it is the height of folly to choose your partner for life without carefully studying the infallible revelation of character recorded by the hand. I have acted on that advice, and our marriage, consequently, is out of the question."

"Just then," cried poor Angelina, "what has been the good of all the previous chapters? And what will the readers say?"

"They will reward it as a striking original determination," said Edwin, with gloomy satisfaction.

"I shall bring an action for breach of promise."

"You cannot," retorted Edwin. "We are on the last page already."

Angelina's composure gave way utterly. "It's too bad!" she sobbed. "I did think we were to be married, and to live happily ever after. Now I suppose we shall appear in a horrid modern series, with a cynical title, 'The Folly of Romance,' perhaps."

Edwin smiled slightly. "No," he replied, "it will be called 'The Wisdom of Caromancy.'"

THE BURIAL OF THE RATS.

BY BRAM STOKER.

I.

Leaving Paris by the Orleans road, cross the Enceinte, and, turning to the right, you find yourself in a somewhat wild and not at all savory district. Right and left, before and behind, on every side rise great heaps of dust and waste accumulated by the process of time.

Paris has its night as well as its day life, and the sojourner who enters his hotel in the rue de Rivoli or the rue St. Honore late at night or leaves it early in the morning, can guess in coming near Montrouge—if he has not done so already—the purpose of those great wagons that look like boilers on wheels which he finds halting everywhere as he passes.

Every city has its peculiar institutions created out of its own needs; and one of the most notable institutions of Paris it its rag-picking population. In the early morning—and Parisian life commences at an early hour—may be seen in most streets standing on the pathway opposite every court and alley and between every few houses, as still in some American cities, even in parts of New York, large wooden boxes into which the domestics or tenement-holders empty the accumulated dust of the past day. Round these boxes gather and pass on when the work is done to fresh fields of labor and pastures new, squalid, hungry-looking men and women, the implements of whose craft consists of a coarse bag or basket slung over the shoulder and a little rake with which they turn over and probe and examine in the minutest manner the dust bins. They pick up and deposit in their baskets by aid of their rakes whatever they may find, with the same facility as a Chinaman uses his chopsticks.

Paris is a city of centralization—and centralization and classification are closely allied. In the early times when centralization is becoming a fact, its forerunner is classification. All things which are similar or analagous become grouped together, and from the grouping of groups rises one whole or central point. We see radiating many long arms with innumerable tentaculae, and in the centre rises a gigantic head with a comprehensive brain and keen eyes to look on every side and ears sensitive to hear—and a voracious mouth to swallow.

Other cities resemble all the birds and beasts and fishes whose appetites and digestions are normal. Paris alone is the analogical apotheosis of the octopus. Product of centralization carried to an ad absurdum it fairly represents the devil fish; and in no respects is the resemblance more curious than in the similarity of the digestive apparatus.

Those intelligent tourists who, having surrendered their individuality into the hands of Messrs. Cook or Gaze and who "do" Paris in three days, are often puzzled to know how it is that the dinner which in London would cost about 6 shillings can be had for 2 francs in a cafe in the Palais Royal. They need have no more wonder if they will but consider the classification which is a theoretic speciality of Parisian life, and adopt all round the fact from which the chiffonnier has his genesis.

The Paris of 1850 was not like the Paris of today, and those who see the Paris of Napoleon and Baron Haussemann can hardly realize the existance of the state of things 45 years ago.

Amongst other things, however, which have not changed are those districts where the waste is gathered. Dust is dust all the world over, in every age, and the family likeness of dustheaps is perfect. The traveller, therefore, who visits the environs of Montrouge can go back in fancy without difficulty to the year 1800. In this year I was making a prolonged stay in Paris. Like all travellers I exhausted the places of most interest in the first month of my stay and was driven in the second month to look for amusement whithersoever I might. Having made sundry journeys to the better known suburbs, I began to see that there was a terra incognita, in so far as the guide book was concerned, in the social wilderness lying between these attractive points. Accordingly I began to systematize my researches and each day took up the thread of my exploration at the place where I had on the previous day dropped it.

In process of time my wanderings led me near Montrouge, and I saw that hereabouts lay the Ultima Thule of official exploration—a country as little known as that round the source of the White Nile. And so I determined to investigate philosophically the chiffonnier—his habitat, his life and his means of life.

The job was an unsavory one, difficult of accomplishment and with little hope of adequate reward. However, despite reason, obstinacy prevailed, and I entered into my new investigation with a keener energy than I could have summoned to aid me in any investigation leading to any end valuable or worthy.

One day, late in a fine afternoon, toward the end of September, I entered the holy of holies of the city of dust. The place was evidently the recognized abode of a number of chiffoniers for some sort of arrangement was manifested in the formation of the dustheaps near the road. I passed amongst these heaps, which stood like orderly sentries, determined to penetrate further and trace dust to its ultimate location.

As I passed along I saw behind the dust heaps a few forms that flitted to and fro, evidently watching with interest the advent of any stranger to such a place. The district was like a small Switzerland, and as I went forward my tortuous course shut out the path behind me.

Presently I got into what seemed a small city or community of chiffoniers. There were a number of shanties or huts, such as may be met with in the remote parts of the Bois of Allan—rude places with roofs of wide planks, plastered with mud and roofs of rude thatch made from stable refuse—such places as one would not like to enter for any consideration, and which even in water-color could only look picturesque in judicious lly treated. In the midst of these huts was one of the strangest adaptations—I cannot say habitations—I had ever seen. An immense old wardrobe, the colossal remnant of some boudoir of Charles VII. or Henry II., had been converted into a dwelling house. The double doors lay open so that the entire menage was open to public view. In the open half of the wardrobe was a common sitting room or some four feet by six, in which sat smoking their pipes round a charcoal brazier, no less than six old soldiers of the First Republic, with their uniforms torn and worn threadbare. Evidently they were of the mauvais sujet class; their bear eyes and limp jaws told plainly of a common love of absinthe; and their eyes had that haggard, worn look which stamps the drunkard at his worst, and that look of slumbering ferority which follows hard in the wake of drink. The other side stood as of old, with its shelves intact, save that they were cut to half their depth, and in each shelf, of which there were six, was a nest made with rags and straw. The half-dozen of worthies who inhabited this structure looked at me curiously as I passed; and when I looked back after going a little way, their heads were together in a whispered conference. I did not like the look of this at all, for the place was very lonely, and the men looked very, very villainous. However, I did not show any fear, but went on my way, penetrating further and further into the Sahara. The way was tortuous to a degree, and from going round in a series of semi-circles, as one goes in skating with the Dutch roll, I got rather confused with regard to the points of the compass.

When I had penetrated a little way, I saw, as I turned the corner of a half-made heap, sitting on a heap of straw an old soldier with threadbare coat.

"Hullo!" said I to myself, "the First Republic is well represented here in its soldiery."

As I passed him the old man never even looked up at me, but gazed on the ground with stolid persistency. Again I remarked to myself: "See what a life of rude warfare can do! This old man's curiosity is a thing of the past."

When I had gone a few steps, however, I looked back suddenly, and saw that curiosity was not dead, for the veteran had raised his head and was regarding me with a very queer expression. He seemed to me to look very like one of the six worthies in the press. When he saw me looking he dropped his head; and without thinking further of him I went on my way, satisfied that there was a strange likeness between these old warriors.

Presently I met another old soldier in a similar manner. He, too, did not notice me whilst I was passing.

By this time it was getting late in the afternoon, and I began to think of retracing my steps. Accordingly I turned to go back, but could see a number of tracks leading between different mounds and could not ascertain which of them I should take. In my perplexity I wanted to see someone of whom to ask the way, but could see no one. I determined to go on a few mounds further, and so try to see someone—not a veteran.

I gained my object, for after going a couple of hundred yards I saw before me a single shanty such as I had seen before, with, however, the difference that this was not one for living in, but merely a roof with three walls open in front. From the evidences which the neighborhood exhibited I took it to be a place for sorting. Within it was an old woman wrinkled and bent with age; I approached her to ask the way.

She rose as I came close and I asked her my way. She immediately commenced a conversation; and it occurred to me that here in the very centre of the Kingdom of Dust was the place to gather details of the history of Parisian rag-picking—particularly as I could do so from the lips of one who looked like the oldest inhabitant.

I began my inquiries, and the old woman gave me most interesting answers—she had been one of the coteuses who sat daily before the guillotine and had taken an active p t among the women who signalized themselves by their violence in the revolution. While we were talking, she said suddenly: "But M'sieur must be tired standing," and dusted a rickety old stool for me to sit down. I hardly liked to do so for many reasons; but the poor old woman was so civil that I did not like to run the risk of hurting her by refusing, and moreover the conversation of one who had been at the taking of the Bastile was so interesting that I sat down and so our conversation went on.

While we were talking an old man—older and more bent and wrinkled even than the woman—appeared from behind the shanty. "Here is Pierre," said she. "M'sieur can hear stories now if he wishes, for Pierre was in everything from the Bastile to Waterloo." The old man took another stool at my request and we plunged into a sea of revolutionary reminiscences. This old man, albeit clothed like a scare-crow, was like any one of the six veterans.

I was now sitting in the centre of the low hut with the woman on my left hand and the man on my right, each of them being somewhat in front of me. The place was full of all sorts of curious objects of lumber, and of many things that I wished far away. In one corner was a heap of rags which seemed to move from the number of vermin it contained, and in the other a heap of bones whose odor was something shocking. Every now and then, glancing at the heaps, I could see the gleaming eyes of some of the rats which infested the place. These loathsome objects were bad enough, but what looked even more dreadful was an old butchers' axe with an iron handle stained with clots of blood leaning up against the wall on the right hand side. Still these things did not give me much concern. The talk of the two old people was so fascinating that I stayed on and on, till the evening came and the dust heaps threw dark shadows over the vales between them.

After a time I began to grow uneasy. I could not tell how or why, but somehow I did not feel satisfied. Uneasiness is an instinct and means warning. The psychic faculties are often the sentries of the intellect and when they sound alarm, the reason begins to act, although perhaps not consciously.

This was so with me. I began to bethink me where I was and by what surrounded, and to wonder how I should fare in case I should be attacked; and then the thought suddenly burst upon me, although without any overt cause, that I was in danger. Prudence whispered: "Be still and make no sign," and so I was still and made no sign, for I knew that four cunning eyes were on me. "Four eyes—if not more." My God, what a horrible thought! The whole shanty might be surrounded on three sides with villians! I might be in the midst of a band of such desperadoes as only half a century of periodic revolution can produce.

With a sense of danger my intellect and observation quickened and I grew more watchful than was my wont. I noticed that the old woman's eyes were constantly wandering toward my hands. I looked at them too, and saw the cause—my rings. On my left little finger I had a large signet and on the right a good diamond.

I thought that if there was any danger my first care was to avert suspicion. Accordingly I began to work the conversation round to rag-picking—to the drains—of the things found there; and so by easy stages to jewels. Then, seizing a favorable opportunity, I asked the old woman if she knew anything of such things. She answered that she did, a little. I held out my right hand, and, showing her the diamond, asked her what she thought of that. She answered that her eyes were bad, and stooped over my hand. I said as nonchalantly as I could: "Pardon me! You will see it better thus!" and taking it off, handed it to her. An unholy light came into her withered old face, as she touched it. She stole one glance at me swift and keen as a flash of lightning.

She bent over the ring for a moment, her face quite concealed as though examining it. The old man looked straight out of the front of the shanty before him, at the same time fumbling in his pockets and producing a screw of tobacco in a paper and a pipe, which he proceeded to fill. I took advantage of the pause and the momentary relief from the searching eyes on my face to look carefully round the place, now dim and shadowy in the gloaming. There still lay all the heaps of varied reeking foulness; there the terrible blood-stained axe leaning against the wall, the right hand corner, and everywhere, despite the gloom, the baleful glitter of the eyes of the rats. I could see them even through some of the chinks of the boards at the back low down near the ground. But stay! these latter eyes seemed more than usually large and bright and baleful!

For an instant my heart stood still, and I felt in that whirling condition of mind in which one feels a sort of spiritual drunkenness, and as though the body is only maintained erect in that there is no time for it to fall before recovery. Then in another second I was calm. Coldly calm, with all my energies in full vigor, with a self-control which I felt to be perfect and with all my feeling and instincts alert.

Now I knew the full extent of my danger: I was watched and surrounded by desperate people! I could not even guess at how many of them were lying there on the ground behind the shanty, waiting for the moment to strike. I knew that I was big and strong, and they knew it, too. They knew also, as I did, that I was an Englishman and would make a fight for it; and so we waited. I had, I felt, gained an advantage in the last few seconds, for I knew my danger and understood the situation. Now, I thought, is the test of my courage, the enduring test; the fighting test may come later!

The old woman raised her head and said to me in a satisfied kind of way:

"A very fine ring, indeed—a beautiful ring. Oh, me! I once had such rings, plenty of them, and bracelets and earrings! Oh! for in those fine days I led the town a dance! But they've forgotten me now! They've forgotten me! They? why they've never heard of me! Perhaps their grandfathers remember me, some of them!" and she laughed a harsh, croaking laugh. And then I am bound to say that she astonished me, for she handed back the ring with a certain suggestion of old-fashioned grace which was not without its pathos.

The old man eyed her with a sort of sudden ferocity, half rising from his stool, and said to me suddenly and hoarsely:

"Let me see!"

I was about to hand the ring when the old woman said:

"No! no, do not give it to Pierre. Pierre is eccentric. He loses things; and such a pretty ring!"

"Cat!" said the old man, savagely. Suddenly the old woman said rather more loudly than was necessary:

"Wait! I shall tell you something about a ring." There was something in the sound of her voice that jarred upon me. Perhaps it was my hypersensitiveness, wrought up as I was to such a pitch of nervous excitement, but I seemed to think that she was not addressing me. As I stole a glance round the place I saw the eyes of the rats in the bone heaps, but missed the eyes along the back. But even as I looked I saw them again appear. The old woman's "Wait" had given me a respite from attack, and the men had sunk back to their reclining attitudes.

"I once lost a ring—a beautiful diamond hoop that had belonged to a queen, and which was given to me by a farmer of the taxes, who afterward cut his throat because I sent him away. I thought it must have been stolen, and taxed my people; but I could get no trace. The police came and suggested that it had found its way to the drain. We descended—I in my fine clothes, for I would not trust them with my beautiful ring! I know more of the drains since then, and of rats, too; but I shall never forget the horror of that place—alive with blazing eyes, a wall of them against the light of our torches. Well, we got beneath my house. We searched the outlet of the drain, and there in the filth found my ring, and we came out."

"But we found something else also before we came! As we were coming toward the opening a lot of sewer rats—human ones this time—came toward us. They told the police that one of their number had gone into the drain, but had not returned. He had gone in only shortly before we had, and, if lost, could hardly be far off. They asked help to seek him, so we turned back. They tried to prevent me going, but I insisted. It was a new excitement, and had I not recovered my ring? Not far did we go till we came on something. There was but little water, and the bottom of the drain was raised with brick, rubbish and much matter of the kind. He had made a fight for it, even when his torch had gone out. But they were too many for him! They had not been long about it! The bones were still warm; but they were picked clean. They had even eaten their own dead ones, and there were bones of rats as well as of the man. They took it cool enough those other—the human ones—and joked of their comrade when they found him dead, though they would have helped him living. Bah! what matters it—life or death."

"And had you no fear?" asked her.

"Fear!" she said, with a laugh. "Me have fear? Ask Pierre! But I was younger then, and, as I came through that horrible drain with its wall of greedy eyes, always moving with the circle of the light from the torches, I did not feel easy. I kept on before the men, though! It is a way I have—I never let the men get it before me. All I want is a chance and a means! And they ate him up—took every trace away, except the bones; and no one knew it, for no sound of him was ever heard!" Here she broke into a chuckling fit of the ghastliest merriment which it was ever my lot to hear or see. A great poetess describes her heroine singing:

"Oh! to see or hear her singing, scarce I know which is the divinest."

And I can apply the same idea to the old crone—in all save the divinity, for I scarce could tell which was the most hellish—the harsh, malicious, satisfied, cruel laugh, or the leering grin, and the horrible square opening of the mouth like a tragic mask, and the yellow gleam of the few discolored teeth in the shapeless gums. In that laugh and with that grin and the chuckling satisfaction, I knew as well as if it had been spoken to me in words of thunder that my murder was settled, and the murderers only bided the proper time for its accomplishment. I could read between the lines of her grewsome story the commands to her accomplices. "Wait!" she seemed to say: "bide your time. I shall strike the first blow. Find the weapon for me, and I shall make the opportunity! He shall not escape! Keep him quiet, and then no one will be wiser. There will be no outcry, and the rats will do their work!"

It was now growing darker and darker; the night was coming, I stole a glance round the shanty, still all the same! The bloody axe in the corner, the heaps of filth, and the eyes on the bone heaps and in the crannies of the floor.

Pierre had been still ostensibly filling his pipe; he now struck a light and began to puff away at it. The old woman said:

"Dear heart, how dark it is, Pierre, like a good lad light the lamp!"

Pierre got up and with the lighted match in his hand touched the wick of a lamp which hung at one side of the entrance to the shanty, and which had a reflector that threw the light all over the place. It was evidently that which was used for their sorting at night.

"Not that, stupid! No that! The lantern!" she called out to him.

He immediately blew it out, saying: "All right, mother, I'll find it," and he hustled about the left corner of the room—the old woman saying through the darkness:

"The lantern! The lantern! Oh! That is the light that is most useful to us, poor folks. The lantern was the friend of the revolution! It is the friend of the chiffonnier! It helps us when all else fails!"

Hardly had she said the word when there was a kind of creaking of the whole place, and something was steadily dragged over the roof.

Again I seemd to read between the lines of her words. I knew the lesson of the lantern:

"One of you get on the roof with a noose and strangle him as he passes out if we fail within."

As I looked out of the opening I saw the loop of a rope outlined black against the lurid sky. I was now, indeed, beset!

Pierre was not long in finding the lantern. I kept my eyes fixed through the darkness on the old woman. Pierre struck his light and by its flash I saw the old woman raise from beside her where it had mysteriously appeared, and then hide in the folds of her gown a long sharp knife or dagger. It seemed to be like a butcher's sharpening iron fined to a keen point.

The lantern was lit.

"Bring it here, Pierre," she said. Place it in the doorway where we can see it. See how nice it is! It shuts out the darkness from us; it is just right!"

Just right for her and her purposes! It threw all its light on my face, leaving in gloom the faces of both Pierre and the woman, who sat outside of me on each side.

I felt that the time of action was approaching; but I knew now that the first signal and movement would come from the woman, and so watched her.

I was all unarmed, but I had made up my mind what to do. At the first movement I would seize the butcher's axe in the right hand corner and fight my way out. At least, I would die hard! I stole a glance round to fix its exact locality so that I could not fail to seize it at the first effort, for then, if ever, time and accuracy would be precious.

Good God! It was gone!

I think I did not betray myself. The old woman was watching me as a cat does a mouse; she had her right hand hidden in the folds of her gown, clutching, I knew, that long cruel looking dagger. Had she seen any disappointment in my face she would, I felt, have known that the moment had come, and would have sprung on me like a tigress, certain of taking me unprepared.

I looked out into the night, and there I saw new cause for danger! Before and around the hut were at a little distance some shadowy forms; they were quite still, but I knew that they were all alert and on guard. Small chance for me now in that direction!

Again I stole a glance round the place. In moments of great excitement and of great danger, which is excitement, the mind works very quickly, and the keenness of the faculties which depend on the mind grows in proportion. I now felt this. In an instant I took in the whole situation. I knew that the axe had been taken through a small hole made in one of the rotten boards. How rotten they must be to allow of such a thing being done without a particle of noise!

The hut was a regular murder-trap, and was guarded all round. A garrotter lay on the roof ready to entangle me with his noose, if I should escape the dagger of the old hag. In front the way was guarded by I knew not how many watchers. And at the back was a row of desperate men—I had seen their eyes still through the crack in the boards of the floor, when last I looked—as they lay prone waiting for the signal to start even that should be no more for me!

As nonchalantly as I could I turned slightly on my stool so as to get my right leg well under me. Then with a sudden jump, turning my head, and guarding it with my hands, I hurled myself against the back wall of the hut.

[CONCLUDED NEXT SUNDAY.

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"Your Money or Your Life," Edith Carpenter's story, which won the New York Herald $1000 prize, will be begun in The Herald the day after the conclusion of "The Black Hand," and be continued in daily instalments in the Daily and Sunday Herald until finished.

QUEER PET.

Empress Eugenie is reported to be developing tastes of such an eccentric character as to give rise to serious doubts about her mental equilibrium. Thus she is lavishing the most extravagant care and attention upon a little hedgehog, which she picked up in her wanderings about her English country place at Farnborough. The velvet and satin-lined basket in which its nest has been arranged is of silver gilt, studded with jewels, while every day the widowed empress changes the dainty ribbon with which it is adorned. She talks to the little animal by the hour, and insists on taking it about everywhere with her in her walks, her drives, and even at table, while at night it sleeps on a little console beside her bed.

THE LOVE OF THE ENGINEER.

[From Judge.]

There's a gleam of red on the road's rough bed,
And a clamor of flying wheels,
As I give old "Flyaway Bess" her head
And, swift as a shot from a ride sped,
She sweeps o'er the singing steels.
Light a star at night shines a faint, far light,
And the faint, far light draws near,
Where to see us pass she waits, dear lass,
The love of the engineer.

With a rattle and din along we spin,
And the house runs blithely by;
And shadowed against the light within,
Is the girl it has been my luck to win
And the girl for whom I'd die!
For a sight of the train, at the window pane
She snatches, my Nell, my dear,
And rollicking past my heart beats fast—
She's the love of the engineer!

I hold your lives, oh, husbands and wives,
In the palm of my grimy hand!
But you need not fear, whatever arrives,
While the stanch old engine onward drives,
For here at my post I stand;
And well I know she would have me go
To my death unknowing fear,
Asleep or awake, you are safe for the sake
Of the love of the engineer!

AROUND THE YEAR IN PARIS.

A Mixture of Diversion, Devotion and Diablerie.

Pictures from the French Almanacs, and a Description of the Pleasures of the French Holidays—From Christmas to Christmas—The Flower Festival, Tricks of Students, Etc.

Our one short week of Christmas and New Year holidays is the only one we have when everyone joins in the fun. The Fourth of July is given over to the populace on the Common, and the small boys in the back yard. Thanksgiving is a purely family affair. But on the 25th of December we begin to lavish our Merry Christmases and Happy New Year's, and anything else we are lucky enough to have to lavish, on friends and acquaintances, on the rich and proud, and the poor but pious, alike.

It is very jolly as far as it goes, but it lasts only a week—not even "pendant huit jours," as the French so cleverly lengthen a week out.

The French are a great nation. I was looking over a handful of the new French almanacs last week, and almost every month is marked for a holiday or two—most of them are religious, but that does not lessen their hilarity. It is a peculiarly French trait—and one which seems very irreverent to New England blood—to leaven their piety in this comfortable way.

These almanacs are somewhat different from the "Old Farmer's"—cleverer, more interesting, just as instructive, and—a trifle wickeder. "Guillaume's" is the best, full of his very snappy drawings—some of which are reproduced here—many new jokes, and petits contes, some naughty,

New Year's Day—The Only One on Which the Postman Is Never Late.

and some nice, by such well-known journalistic names as Severine and Pierre de Lano.

The "Paris-Almanach" is a neat little book, illustrated by Georges Meunier. For each month there is a crisp essay and a drawing on "Visiter," "Au Theatre," "Au Bois," "du Bains de Mer," "Fin d'ete," etc.

Two others, "Almanach pour Rire" and "Almanach du Charivari," illustrated by Mars and others, are less elegant, and therefore more shocking. And there was one which Monsieur in the booksellers would not let me have at all.

These almanacs all agree that the first holiday in France is the New Year's day, and all who have lived the calendar through in Paris agree that it is the most important if not the most hilarious. Important to the concierge, the postman, the chimney-sweep, to the whole tribe of underlings who gauge their devotion for the year by the first day's pourboire. It is no "trifling fee," either. We are trifled with every other day of the year. On this they make a business of it, and 1.5 is the least one dares offer for their voluble blague, their cheerful indifference—nay, ignorance of the feeling of money, their sleight-of-hand deftness in getting it out of sight should an awkward giver protrude it too brazenly upon their friendship. The facteur is the only modest one. He brings with the

January—At the Opera Ball.

morning's mail a two-sou calendar, and his respectful compliments, for which you pay as little as you dare.

January is enlivened by the masked balls at the Opera, to which two worlds go—those in one say they do, those in the other say they don't. These balls commence the mad whirl of gayety that has its last fling before Lent on Mardi Gras. Bare-necked, tulle-skirted grisettes masquerading as opera danseuses, and ballet dancers masquerading as grisettes—the coquettish grisette a la Kaemmerer—with arms thrown about the shoulders of a pierrot or a priest, are as familiar sights these days about the squares of the Opera and of the Red Mill on Montmartre, as are those famous temples themselves.

Then there is a report—we read it in the almanacs—that Parisiens fast for 40 days, and repent of their sins. They do it very well with the help of a vacation in the middle of Lent. Mi-Careme is even madder than Mardi Gras. All day long the battle of confetti rages on the grand Boulevard. The bourgeoisie and les etrangers are the principal combatants. By night the sidewalks are ankle deep with the paper pellets, the air all agitter with a silvery green shower, and the trees and balconies thickly entwined with a network of paper streamers thrown

March—A Storm of Confetti.

from every window and roof. But it is in the Latin Quarter, along the Boul' Mich', that the merry monarch of the carnival rules unrestrained. At night the crowd of masqueraders surges up and down from d'Harcourt to Bullier, laughing, shouting, romping with Bacchanalian abandon. The street is lighted more by the glare from the cafe windows than from the street lamps—in cafe Francois Premier, at that time, Verlaine and his satellites spent their absinthe evenings—and the gallant students take

April—On the Way to the Salon.

advantage of this to pinch feminine curves or seize a little woman with a whirl that discloses more than a "wink of an ankle." Seated with a bock in front of d'Harcourt, you can watch the fun in comparative peace, if you cover your glass with a saucer to keep the confetti out. The row of students at the tables edging the sidewalk seize every girl that passes with more or less ardor, according to her prettiness, agility and means of defence—attentions which are taken as a chivalrous recognition of her charms. Some big etudiants are dancing about a young American girl clinging to her escort's arm in affright. They flap the long white sleeves of their Pierrot costumes about her head, but good naturedly only "make believe" to snatch her from her escort's protection in excellent pantomime.

An American woman there "just to see" is running a risk of insults that her escort cannot resent outwardly. She knows beforehand the spirit of the day, especially in that quarter, with its rowdy revellers and boisterous models, and she must take what she gets if she ventures into the melee. If the sergent de ville is complained to, he shrugs his shoulders, implying, "Why was she there." If her protector follows the good old American fashion and knocks the offender down—he himself becomes the offender.

This municipal law—that the first to strike a blow is the culprit regardless of provocation—leads to very amusing incidents. It is a common sight to see two Frenchmen jabbering excitedly, with noses together, and hands stretched back of them out of temptation's way, each daring the other to strike, with a string of "imbeciles," "cochons," and worse. I have even seen an infuriated cocher

May Day—The Fete des Fleurs.

spending his wrath by lashing with his whip his confrere's fiacre.

Moreover, a Frenchman loves a row better than an Irishman. He is sure to join any squabble he may happen to be near and waggish American students love to take advantage of this weakness. A party of them one night on a boulevard cafe terrace raised some objection to the service. The garcon appealed to the other cafe habitues. So did the boys. The passers-by joined in the dispute, the last one to come being always the most vehement in espousing one side or the other. One by one the students crept softly away, unnoticed by the gesticulating crowd, gesticulating there, perhaps, to this day. It is very good fun, too, they tell me, to stop on the boulevard and search for a 2-franc piece which they tell the first inquirer they have dropped. The inquirer is gradually multiplied, the rumor of a lost 2-franc piece grows to a lost 5, 10, 20-franc piece. And in a few minutes the students can slip away and watch from the opposite corner the crowd of chattering Frenchmen, with their noses to the ground.

This apparent digression brings us to the next great day, though one not officially marked on the almanacs. That is, the day on which pictures are admitted to the jury for acceptance for the Salon. Everything is sent, of course, at the last moment, and the whole student quarter is in front of the Palais de l'Industrie to watch and guy the pictures going in. Some of them are in the arms of their auteurs, some pushed along in hand carts, some in or on top of cabs, some on the back of a frame maker. There is always one or two to run the gauntlet of this hypercritical and very outspoken crowd, just before the doors are closed for good—Guillaume draws one still at work on his canvas as it is carried to the concour on the back of the commissionaire. But that isn't all the fun. When the pictures have each received a "mention" and its bearer sufficiently humbled, a party of the students, headed by a six foot six Boston student, start Indian file, their hands on the shoulders of the man in front, tramping down the Champs Elysees, breaking through the ranks of fashionable afternoon promenaders, and shouting in gay derision: "J'ai perdu mon innocence." At the Place de la Concorde they form a huge ring and dance about the obelisk, temporarily blocking the stream of Victorias that sweeps through the square every afternoon to the Bois. Then on to the Tuileries' garden, scattering the pretty children and the picturesque nurses in alarm, taking possession of the Punch and Judy show, and aiming sous at the puppets—their only diversion that has pleased any but themselves.

A certain sandy-floored little restaurant on the boulevard St. Germain, famous for its literary habitues, from Thackeray to Zangwill, was their next destination in search for dinner. They playfully enlivened the way by sending their sprinter ahead, the rest following at break-neck speed, shouting: "Arretez le voleur! Arretez le voleur!"—just to see how many Frenchmen could run, you know.

This is the loveliest part of the year in Paris—the spring. The sky is clear and of a fathomless blue. The air balmy, almost every street is veiled with leafy boughs, and fountains are playing in every square. The buildings are freshly painted white, the streets are clean, and all the world is sitting on the sidewalk cafes, lunching in bosquets in the environs or under the trees of the Champs Elysees. The fashionable world is in the midst of its social season. The world en Boheme is intoxicated with the joy of the spring, and studios and ateliers are deserted for the boulevard, for the Bois, for the river Marne.

The first Sunday in May is red-lettered on the almanac, as the Fete des Fleurs. It is a charming idea, that of a battle of flowers in the Bois, the parade of carriages and the flower-strewn roads, the graceful shower of blossoms upon friends or strangers. The price of admission to the roads reserved is prohibitive in the masses that disport on the boulevard on Mardi Gras. But of late years it has got to be a procession of pretty children crying with delight

October.

Quelle saison preferez-vous a la campagne? L'automne, sans contredit! Et pourquoi? Parce qu'on rentre a Paris!

the first hours of Christmas day very gay. All the cafes, especially at such more exclusive midnight supper rooms as Maxime's and Maiers', prepare with orchestras and especial menus for the parties that straggle in from their Christmas morn devotions.

Noel itself is almost exclusively the children's fete day. They are the only ones who give or receive presents. After the "Reveillon" the grown-up folks wait to celebrate le jour de l'an, and then commence again the round of spring festivities, always the same, but always freshly intoxicating.

And so ends the Parisien calendar.

A STARVED MIND.

Why a Girl Shook Her Head When Dickens Was Mentioned.

It is a fact that the children who have had in abundance the old nursery tales, who have worn out numerous copies of Mother Goose, to whom Christmas and birthdays mean new books of rhyme and story, being led thence by gradual steps to the uplands of history, poetry, and romance, seldom go down before the malignancy of the "blood and thunder" so freely offered them. It is the starved childhood that seizes and feeds upon these.

A girl of 12 years old had occasion to call at the home of a lady who had befriended her, says a writer in Lippincott's for February. Scattered about the floor of the sitting room were the books of a small nephew, among them a copy of "Little Riding Hood." Her life had been barren and hard, had known nothing of literature save her few school books. She picked up the volume and was soon absorbed in the story. When the lady came in, she extended it to her, saying eagerly: "Is it true?"

It was her first step in the realm of enchantment, but it came too late. She had experienced the reality, it was bitter. The same girl a few years later awaited her turn at the library, and begged the attendant

(My mama used Wool Soap) (I wish mine had)

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VERY NOTABLE HERBARIUM.

Possibilities of Systematic Work Aptly Illustrated.

A Collection of the Wild Flowers, Trees and Shrubs Named in Gray's Manual—The Development of Seedlings Shown—A Hobby Fruitful in Valuable Results.

The following out of scientific pursuits by men whose ordinary occupation is in other channels of life is far more general than is realized by the public at large. Business and professional men frequently turn to these scientific studies as a relaxation from their usual occupation, and the fact that their work is looked upon as a recreation often enables them to give to the world results which they would not secure under other circumstances.

One of the best illustrations of the truth of this statement was met with a few evenings ago by a Boston Herald man in a pleasant residence on a quiet street in Cambridge. He had called upon Mr. Walter Deane, a gentleman whose professional occupation during the last 20 years has been in the educational line, but who has, despite the demands made upon his time and strength in his usual work, gone far toward completing a collection of the plants of the section of the United States treated in Gray's Manual. This district reaches from Canada on the north to the North Carolina line on the south, and from the Atlantic east to the 100th meridian west. He also has many specimens from the far West and from Europe. This vast territory, with its almost innumerable wild flowers, trees and shrubs, would seem to be a sufficient field for a thoroughly organized institution devoted to botany, but in some ways Mr. Deane has exhausted its possibilities, and included in his selection complete examples of certain genera which have been the object of persistent study by the most eminent botanists.

The labor incidental to making such a collection as he possesses seems almost beyond the possibilities of a man so constantly engaged as he has been for the last 20 years. His collection includes over 4000 species and varieties of plants, and its preparation has involved the poisoning, mounting and distributing of from twenty to twenty-five thousand botanical specimens, as well as the work incidental to making collections in the fields for many years.

This collection is in general arranged upon the plan followed in all botanical museums, but the neatness, care and taste shown in the arrangement of the specimens all give evidence that this has been a labor of love on the part of the gentleman who has prepared them. To those unfamiliar with such matters the ability to transform a floating weed from the oozy bed of a pond to the leaves of a collection such as this and maintain the integrity so that the smallest root and feeler is distinctly shown against the white paper and permanently fixed to it, is with difficulty understood.

Mr. Deane's particular pride in this collection is in his almost complete exhibition of the genus Carex, within the limits of the Gray manual, including about 133 specimens and 75 varieties, all duly authenticated by Prof. L. H. Bailey of Cornell University, the well known authority in regard to this genus. He also possesses a complete fern collection of the district in which he has worked, and the whole collection had been made with a view not only to securing a single specimen of a species, but rather to show it in all its varying forms and its geographical distribution. It is very gratifying to know that Mr. Deane has been the recipient of many courtesies from the heads of the agricultural department at Washington, and if the vast resources of the government in this direction could always be as judiciously used as they have been by Mr. Deane, the public's money would be wisely expended.

With the intelligence of such men and the devotion which they show in their pursuit (even if it be in the nature of a hobby), science is advanced and the people benefited. The extended correspondence conducted by Mr. Deane in this pursuit has brought him in contact with all the leading botanists of the country, and his collection has been greatly enriched by the constant exchange of specimens through this acquaintance.

One branch of the collection has a peculiar fascination, even to those most unfamiliar with botanical subjects. This is devoted to an exhibiton of some 60 species of seedlings. This line of work has occupied much of Mr. Deane's leisure during the past summer, and 100 individual sheets in the folios belonging to this department of his collection will be found the seedling shown in specimens from the time it first puts its head above the ground until it is fully developed in fruit or flower. These illustrations, as indeed all of the collection, are mounted with the greatest nicety, so that the minutest root is shown even in the smallest specimen, and the development of the species can be accurately traced throughout its entire growth.

Mr. Deane has not been content in accepting specimens which are not thoroughly authenticated, and the well known names of Gray, Watson, Bebb, Bailey, Robinson, Coulter, Canby, Greene and the like, which are found as authorities on the descriptive cards attached to each sheet of the collection, bear evidence of the pains he has taken to insure the accuracy of his nomenclature.

As a study of scientific effect, it was quite interesting to note the neatly prepared specimens and the tools used in their preparation. The glue pot and brush might have been used by a cabinet maker in repairing large pieces of furniture, but Mr. Deane has assured that the paste and other conveniences used could not be better, and the evidence they bore of old acquaintance gave a substantial indorsement to his statement.

Mr. Deane has not confined himself entirely to the collection of botanical specimens, but has extended his hobby to include photographs of the distinguished botanists of the world as well as autograph letters from the same. His photograph collection is numbered by hundreds, and each is labeled with an account of its origin, by whom and where taken, and any other interesting facts calculated to add to its interest. These photographs include pictures of botanists of world-wide fame, and the inducements show that Mr. Deane has enjoyed the acquaintance and friendship of many of the master minds of the day in the science which he loves so well. The autographs collected by Mr. Deane are worthy of especial mention, and their personal indicates that he has enjoyed exceptional advantages in his correspondence.

It will be seen from all these facts that, while Mr. Deane has been a busy man during his life, he has made his efforts of value to himself as well as of future profit to the public.

The things they say and the things they do in the suburbs. Reported every day in The Boston Evening Herald.

AN ILLUSTRIOUS NAME.

John Alden the 9th is living in John Alden's house at Duxbury, which was built in 1650, and in which the great John Alden lived during the latter part of his life. The ninth John Alden is in direct descent from the famous magistrate of Plymouth colony.

THE BURIAL OF THE RATS.

BY BRAM STOKER.

II.

Watchful as they were, the suddenness of my movement surprised both Pierre and the old woman. As I crashed through the rotten timbers I saw the old woman rise with a leap like a tiger and heard her low gasp of baffled rage. My feet lit on something that moved, and as I jumped away I knew that I had stepped on the back of one of the row of men lying on their faces outside the hut. I was torn with nails and splinters, but otherwise unhurt. Breathless I rushed up the mound in front of me, hearing as I went the dull crash of the shanty as it collapsed into a mass.

It was a nightmare climb! The mound, though but low, was awfully steep, and with each step I took the mass of dust and cinders tore down with me and gave way under my feet. The dust arose and choked me; it was sickening, foetid, awful; but my climb was, I felt, for life or death, and I struggled on. The seconds seemed hours; but the few moments I had in starting, combined with my youth and strength, gave me a great advantage, and, though several forms struggled after me in deadly silence which was more dreadful than any sound, I easily reached the top. Since then I have climbed the cone of Vesuvius, and as I struggled up that dreary steep amid the sulphurous fumes, the memory of that awful night at Montrouge came back to me so vividly that I almost grew faint.

The mound was one of the tallest in the region of dust, and as I struggled to the top, panting for breath and with my heart beating like a sledgehammer, I saw away to my left the dull red gleam of the sky, and nearer still the flashing of lights. Thank God! I knew where I was now, and where lay the road to Paris!

For two or three seconds I paused and looked back. My pursuers were still well behind me, but struggling up resolutely, and still in deadly silence. Beyond, the shanty was a wreck—a mass of timber and moving forms. I could see it well, for flames were already bursting out; the rags and straw had evidently caught fire from the lantern. Still isilence there! Not a sound! These old wretches could die game, anyhow.

I had no time for more than a passing glance for as I cast an eye round the mound preparatory to making my descent I saw several dark forms rushing round on either side to cut me off on my way. It was now a race for life. They were trying to head me on my way to Paris, and with the instinct of the moment I dashed down to the right-hand side. I was just in time, for, though I came as it seemed to me down the steep in a few steps, the wary old men who were watching me turned back, and one, as I rushed by into the opening between the two mounds in front, almost struck me a blow with that terrible bloody butcher's axe. There could surely not be two such weapons about!

Then began a really horrible chase. I easily ran ahead of the old men, and even when some younger ones and a few women joined in the hunt I easily distanced them. But I did not know the way, and I could not even guide myself by the light in the sky, for I was running away from it. What my pursuers lacked in strength and speed they more than equalled by their knowledge of the locality. I dared not again attempt crossing the mounds lest they should cut me off; and so I ran on blindly in a series of circles, getting more and more confused and dazed with many turnings and windings, and exhausted not only with my physical efforts but with the horrible uncertainty. I had heard that, unless of conscious purpose, hunted men turn always to the left, and so I found it now; and so, I suppose, knew also my pursuers, who were more animals than men, and with cunning or instinct had found out such secrets for themselves; for on finishing a quick spurt, after which I intended to take a moment's breathing space, I suddenly saw ahead of me two or three forms swiftly passing behind a mound to the right.

I was in the spider's web now indeed! But with the thought of this new danger came the resource of the hunted, and so I darted down the next turning to the right. I continued in this direction for some hundred yards, and then, making a turn to the left again, felt certain that I had, at any rate, avoided the danger of being surrounded.

But not of pursuit, for on came the rabble after me, steady, dogged, relentless, and still in that grim silence. I marvelled that men of such age could follow so fast, although I knew from old experience as a runner that there is a tremendous advantage to the hunter over the hunted; and, besides, I knew that they were keeping persistently on the inside of the short curves.

But now I was beginning to feel done up. The horror and uncertainty of the end were getting too much for me. If I could have got hold of any kind of weapon—even a stick or a stone—I would have felt better; but to be done to death in such a way and in such a place, hopeless, helpless, alone! What could I do? Yet I did not mean to give in! Still, the end must come soon, if nothing happened, when I should be surrounded by that grim, silent crew! I ground my teeth and ran on!

In the greater darkness the mounds seemed now to be somewhat smaller than before, although—for the night was closing—they looked bigger in proportion. I was now well ahead of my pursuers. I could see them well behind me; so I made a dart up the mound in front.

Oh joy of joys! I was close to the edge of this inferno of dust heaps. Away behind me the red light of Paris in the sky, and towering up behind rose the heights of Nord, Montmartre—all in light, with here and there brilliant points like stars.

Restored to vigor in a moment, I ran over the few remaining mounds of decreasing size, and found myself on the level land beyond. Even then, however, the prospect was not inviting. All before me was dark and dismal, and I had evidently come on one of those dank, low lying waste places which are found here and there in the neighborhood of great cities. Patches of weed and desolation, where the space is required for the ultimate agglomeration of all that is noxious, and where the ground is so poor as to create no desire of occupancy even in the lowest squatter. Such places have an interest of their own, as Herodotus felt on his visit to Thebes.

It was now pretty dark, though not so dark as it had been. Darkness, as we understand it, after all, a relative matter, and when our eyes have got accustomed to the gloom, even a lesser amount of light than before satisfies us. So it was now with me. With eyes accustomed to the gloom of the evening, and away now from the shadows of those dreadful dust heaps, I could see much more easily than I could a little while ago. It might have been, of course, that the glare in the sky of the lights of Paris, though the city was some miles away, was reflected here. However it was, I saw well enough to take bearings for certainly some little distance around me.

In front was a bleak, flat waste that seemed almost dead level, with here and there the dark shimmering of stagnant pools. Seemingly far off on the right, amid a small cluster of scattered lights, rose the dark mass of Fort Montrouge, and away to the left in the dim distance, pointed with stray gleams from cottage windows, the lights in the sky showed the locality of Bicetre. A moment's thought decided me to take to the right and try to reach Montrouge. There at least would be some sort of safety, and I might possibly long before come on some of the regular roads which I knew. Somewhere, not far off, must lie the strategic road made to connect the outlying chain of forts circling the city.

Then I looked back. Coming over the mounds, and outlined black against the glare of the Parisian horizon, I saw several moving figures, and still away to the right several more deploying out between me and my destination. They evidently meant to cut me off in this direction, and so my choice became constricted; it lay now between going straight ahead or turning to the left. Stooping to the ground, so as to get the advantage of the horizon as a line of sight, I looked carefully in this direction, but could detect no sign of my enemies. I argued that as they had not guarded or were not trying to guard that point, there was evidently danger to me there already, so I made up my mind to go on straight before me.

It was not an inviting prospect, and as I went on the reality grew worse. The ground became soft and oozy, and now and again gave way beneath me in a sickening kind of way. I seemed somehow to be going down, for I saw round me places seemingly more elevated than where I was, and this in a place which from a little way back seemed dead level. I looked around, but could see none of my pursuers. This was strange, for all along these birds of the night had followed me through the darkness as well as though it was broad daylight. How I blamed myself for coming out in my light-colored tourist suit of tweed! The silence, and my not being able to see my enemies, whilst I felt that they were watching me, grew appalling, and in the hope of some one not of this ghastly crew hearing me I raised my voice and shouted several times. There was not the slightest response; not even an echo rewarded my efforts. For awhile I stood stock still and kept my eyes in one direction. On one of the rising places around me I saw something dark move along. Then another, and another. This was to my left, and seemingly moving to head me off.

I thought that again I might with my skill as a runner elude my enemies at this game, and so with all my speed darted forward.

Splash!

My feet had given away in a mass of slimy rubbish, and I had fallen headlong into a reeking, stagnant pool. The water and the mud in which my arms sank up to the elbows was filthy and nauseous beyond description, and in the suddenness of my fall I had actually swallowed some of the filthy stuff, which nearly choked me, and made me gasp for breath. Never shall I forget the moments during which I stood trying to recover myself almost fainting from the foetid odor of the filthy pool, whose white mist rose ghostlike around. Worst of all, with the acute despair of the hunted animal when he sees the pursuing pack closing on him, I saw before my eyes whilst I stood helpless, the dark forms of my pursuers moving swiftly to surround me.

It is curious how our minds work on odd matters even when the energies of thought are seemingly concentrated on some terrible and pressing need! I was in momentary peril of my life; my safety depended on my action, and my choice of alternatives coming now with almost every step I took, and yet I could not but think of the strange dogged persistency of these old men. Their silent resolution, their steadfast, grim, persistency even in such a cause commanded as well as fear even a measure of respect. What must they have been in the vigor of their youth! I could understand now that whirlwind rush on the bridge of Arcole, that scornful exclamation of the Old Guard at Waterloo! Unconscious cerebration has its own pleasures, even at such moments; but fortunately it does not in any way clash with the thought from which action springs.

I realized a glance that so far I was defeated in my object; my enemies as yet had won. They had succeeded in surrounding me on three sides, and were bent on driving me off to the left-hand, where there was already some danger of me, for they had left no guard. I resented the alternative: it was a case of Hobson's choice, and ran. I had to keep the lower ground, for my pursuers were on the higher places. However, though the ooze and broken ground impeded me, my youth and training made me able to keep my ground, and by keeping a diagonal line I not only kept them from gaining on me, but even began to distance them. This gave me new heart and strength, and by this time habitual training was beginning to tell, and my second wind has come. Before me the ground rose slightly. I rushed up the slope and found before me a waste of watery slime, with a low dike or bank, looking black and grim beyond. I felt that if I could but reach that dyke in safety I could there, with solid ground under my feet and some kind of path to guide me, find with comparative ease a way out of my troubles. After a glance right and left and seeing no one near, I kept my eyes for a few minutes to their right work of aiding my feet whilst I crossed the swamp. It was rough, hard work, but there was little danger, merely toil; and a short time took me to the dyke. I rushed up the slope exulting; but here again I met a new shock. On either side of me rose a number of crouching figures. From right and left they rushed at me. Each body held a rope.

The cordon was nearly complete. I could pass on neither side, and the end was near.

There was only one chance, and I took it. I hurled myself across the dyke, and escaping out of the very clutches of my foes, threw myself into the stream.

At any other time I should have thought that water foul and filthy, but now it was as welcome as the most crystal stream to the parched traveller. It was a highway of safety!

My pursuers rushed after me. Had only one of them held the rope it would have been all up with me, for he could have entangled me before I had time to swim a stroke; but the many hands holding it embarrassed and delayed them, and when the rope struck the water I heard the splash well behind me. A few minutes' hard swimming took me across the stream. Refreshed with the immersion and encouraged by the escape, I climbed the dyke in comparatively galety of spirits.

From the top I looked back. Through the darkness I saw my assailants scattering up and down along the dike. The pursuit was evidently not ended, and again I had to choose my course. Beyond the dyke where I stood was a wild, swampy space very similar to that which I had crossed. I determined to shun such a place, and thought for a moment whether I would take up or down the dyke. I thought I heard a sound, the muffled sound of oars, so I listened, and then shouted.

No response! but the sound ceased. My enemies had evidently got a boat of some kind. As they were on the up side of me I took the down stream course. As I passed to the left of where I had entered the water I heard several splashes, soft and stealthy, like the sound a rat makes as he plunges in the stream, but vastly greater; and as I looked I saw the dark sheen of the water broken by the ripples of several advancing heads. Some of my enemies were swimming the stream also.

And now behind me, up the stream, the silence was broken by the quick rattle and creak of oars; my enemies were in hot pursuit. I put my best leg foremost and ran on. After a break of a couple of minutes I looked back, and by a gleam of light through the rugged clouds I saw several dark forms climbing the bank behind me. The wind had now begun to rise and the water beside me was ruffled and beginning to break in tiny waves on the bank. I had to keep my eyes pretty well on the ground before me, lest I should stumble, for I knew that a stumble was death. After a few minutes I looked back behind me. On the dyke were only a few dark figures, but crossing the waste swampy ground were many more. What new danger this portended I did not know; could not guess. Then on I ran; it seemed to me that my track kept ever sloping away to the right. I looked up ahead and saw that the river was much wider than before, and that the dyke on which I stood split at the quick, as, perhaps, it was another stream on whose near bank I saw some of the dark forms now across the marsh. I was on an island of some kind.

My situation was now indeed terrible, for my enemies had hemmed me in on every side. Behind came the quickening roll of the oars as though my pursuers knew that the end was close. Around me on every side was desolation; there was not a roof or light as far as I could see. Far off to the right rose those awful dust masses, but what it was I knew not. For a moment I paused to think what I should do, not for more, for my persuers were drawing closer. Then my mind was made up. I slipped down the bank and took to the water. I struck out straight ahead, so as to gain the current by clearing the backwater of the island, for such I presume it was, when I had passed into the stream. I waited till a cloud came driving across the moon and leaving all in darkness. Then I let myself softly on the water floating with the stream, and a second after dived to the right and struck out under water with all my might. I was, I suppose, half a minute under water, and when I rose came up as softly as I could, and turning, looked back. There went my light brown hat floating merrily away. Close behind it came a rickety old boat driven furiously by a pair of oars. The moon was still partly obscured by the drifting clouds, but in the partial light I could see a man in the bows holding aloft ready to strike what appeared to me to be that same dreadful pole axe which I had before escaped. As I looked the boat drew closer, closer, and the man struck savagely. The hat disappeared. The man fell forward, almost out of the boat. His comrades dragged him in, but without the axe, and then as I turned with all my energies, bent on reaching the further bank, I heard the fierce whirr of the muttered "Sacre," which marked the anger of my baffled pursuers.

That was the first sound I had heard from human lips during all this dreadful chase, and full as it was of menace and danger to me it was a welcome sound, for it broke that awful silence which shrouded and appalled me. It was as though an overt sign that my opponents were men and not ghosts, and that with them I had, at least, the chance of a man, though but one against many.

But now that the spell of silence was broken the sounds came thick and fast. From boat to shore and back from shore to boat came quick question and answer, all in the fiercest whispers. I looked back—a fatal thing to do—for in the instant some one caught sight of my face, which showed white on the dark water, and shouted. Hands pointed to me, and in a moment or two the boat was under weigh, and following hard after me. I had but a little way to go, but quicker and quicker came the boat after me. A few more strokes and I would be on the shore, but I felt the oncoming of the boat, and expected each second to feel the crash of an oar or other weapon on my head. Had I not seen that dreadful axe disappear in the water I do not think that I could have won the shore. I heard the muttered curses of those not rowing and the labored breath of the rowers. With one supreme effort for life or liberty I touched the bank and sprang up it. There was not a single second to spare, for hard behind me the boat grounded and several dark forms sprang after me. I gained the top of the dyke, and keeping to the left ran on again. The boat put off and followed down the stream. Seeing this I feared danger in this direction, and quickly turning, ran down the dyke on the other side, and after passing a short stretch of marshy ground gained a wild, open flat country and sped on.

Still behind me came on my relentless pursuers, never swerving except where their superior knowledge of the ground gave them some advantage over me, of which they never failed to avail themselves. I began to feel exhausted, more so than ever before in my life. Hitherto I had a dark time in my life to look back upon, an hour of pain and struggle, of weariness and danger, which ever came before my mind's eye when in distress. A dark, wild night on the Liskam, when one of my guides was lost in a crevasse, and when the other and I, lost in a blinding snow storm, groped our way blindly on, afraid to stop lest we should be overcome with cold and sleep, and yet dreading that each moment should launch us over an abyss, till the coming of the cold, gray light of morning showed us that we were in safety on a moraine leading to the great glacier. I had felt then that endurance had been taxed to the full; but now that night of dread and struggle seemed like a blissful dream. There was no such horror in the Alpine depths or in the roar of the avalanche, or in the white terror of the silent, eternal snow, as in the pursuit of these grim, relentless shadows. Still, I was young, and the wind was blowing fresh on me, and on I ran.

Far away, below me, I saw the same dark mass as before, but now grown closer and greater. My heart gave a great thrill of delight, for I knew that it must be the fortress of Bicetre, and with new courage I ran on. I had heard that between each and all of the protecting forts of Paris there are strategic ways, deep sunk roads, where soldiers marching should be sheltered from an enemy. I knew that if I could gain this road I would be safe, but in the darkness I could not see any sign of it, so, in blind hope of striking it, I ran on.

Presently I looked back and my heart leaped. My pursuers had thinned away all except a few. I had then distanced my hunters at last, and escape seemed certain if I could only hold out. There is so much help as a prospect of success, and with renewed energy I ran on. I got well ahead of my pursuers, but the ground was harsh and broken, and it was terribly hard work. Even on they came, never wavering or halting! On! On! And then it began to dawn upon me that those others whom I missed had not been distanced, but had found some better road, and were gaining some advantage still.

Perhaps they had found the strategic road! The thought nearly paralyzed me, for in such case they could cut me off with certainty this time. I noticed that my pursuers kept a little to the left; and to baffle them I took a turn in that direction, and ran on still faster. Then presently I came to the edge of a deep cut, and found that down below me ran a road guarded on each side by a ditch of water fenced on either side by a straight, high wall. There was certainly safety from one form of attack to any one passing along this road. I saw, also, what chilled my heart. A little way back on this road some dark forms moved softly along! My enemies had scaled the walls and passed the ditch, and headed me in the strategic way! I saw them point to me as they ran, as they saw me from their lower level outlined against the sky.

Still, there was no pause; my enemies were coming up behind and I knew that in this route there was no safety. So, striking away to the right at a good angle, I aimed at reaching a point on the other side of the fort, which now took distincter outline.

The change seemed to baffle my pursuers. They halted to consult; then I heard a low, peculiar cry, something like the squeak of a rat, intensely magnified. It was answered out of the darkness of the strategic way. In some strange pattern, cry for cry, fierce whisper, which seemed to carry further and quicker than a shout, some directions were given, and my pursuers, turning after me, came straight on. When the moon broke for an instant through a cloud I could see the long white mustache of one of them.

Getting fainter and dizzier, I ran on, the ground got more broken—more and more still; till I staggered and fell, and rose again, and ran on in the blind anguish of the hunted. When I looked back I saw my enemies, who knew how to take advantage of every point and way of the road, closer behind me.

At length I fell into a broken ditch, and struggled across it, slipping, staggering blindly. Straight before me rose a brick wall. With the energy of despair—for, with a mad rush, my pursuers, now swelled in numbers to their old proportions, as the younger men had again joined them, hurled themselves on—I sprang up the wall, caught the top. As, scrambling like a catamount, I drew myself up, I actually felt a hand touch the sole of my foot. I was now on a sort of causeway, and before me I saw a dim, lumbering, and clumsy. I ran on, staggered, and fell, rising, covered with dust and blood.

"Halt la!"

The words sounded like a voice from heaven. A blaze of light seemed to enwrap me, and I shouted with joy.

"Qui va la?" The rattle of musketry, the flash of steel before my eyes. Instinctively I stopped, though close behind me came a rush of my pursuers.

Another word or two, and out from a gateway poured, as it seemed to me, a tide of red and blue, as the guard turned out. All around seemed blazing with light, and flash of steel, the clink and rattle of arms and the loud, harsh voices of command. As I fell forward, utterly exhausted, a soldier caught me. I looked back in dreadful expectation, and saw the mass of dark forms disappearing into the night. Then I must have fainted. When I recovered my senses I was in the guard room. They gave me brandy, and after a while I was able to tell them something of what had passed. Then a commissary of police appeared, apparently out of the empty air, as is the way of the Parisian police officer. He listened attentively, and then had a moment's consultation with the officer in command. Apparently they were agreed, for they asked me if I were ready now to come with them.

"Where to?" I asked, rising to go.

"Back to the dust heaps. We shall, perhaps, find them yet."

"I shall try," said I.

He eyed me for a moment keenly, and said suddenly:

"Would you like to wait a while or till tomorrow, young Englishman?" This touched me to the quick, as, perhaps, he intended, and I jumped to my feet.

"Come now," I said: "now! now! An Englishman is always ready for his duty!"

The commissary was a good fellow, as well as a shrewd one; he slapped my shoulder kindly. "Brave garcon!" he said. "Forgive me, but I knew what would do you most good. The guard is ready. Come!"

And so, passing right through the guard room, and through a long vaulted passage, we went out into the night. A few of the men in front had powerful lanterns. Through courtyards and down a sloping way we went, passing through a low archway to a sunken road, the same that I had seen in my flight. The order was given to go at the double, and with a quick, springing stride, half run, half walk, the soldiers went swiftly along. As I felt my strength renewed again—such is the difference between hunter and hunted. A very short distance took us to a low lying pontoon bridge across the stream, and evidently very little lighter up than I had struck it. Some effort had evidently been made to damage it, for the ropes had all been cut, and one of the chains had been broken. I heard the officer say to the commissary:

"We came just in time! A few more minutes and they would have destroyed the bridge. Forward, quicker still!" and on we went. Again we reached a pontoon on the winding stream; as we came up we heard the hollow boom of the metal drums as the efforts to destroy the bridge was again renewed. A word of command was given, and several men raised their rifles.

"Fire!" A volley rang out. There was a muffled cry, and the dark forms dispersed. But the evil was done, and we saw the far end of the pontoon swing into the stream. This was a serious delay, and it was nearly an hour before we had renewed ropes and restored the bridge sufficiently to allow us to cross.

We renewed the chase. Quicker, quicker we went toward the dust heaps. The soldiers seemed to have taken all the ardor of battle, and hurried so fast that their officers had to call to order lest the force should become scattered. We now began to reach abreast of the swampy region lying without the dust heaps. A word of command was given, and we crossed a dyke, and we turned short to the left, and I saw before us the dust hills beginning to rise.

Again orders were given and the men deployed out on each side and we advanced.

There was not a sound; not a sign of moving or living thing. On we went, the lanterns turned on every side, as over and between the mounds which now formed a vantage ground of safety seemed to have shrunken swept the files of men.

Presently we came to a place that I knew. There were the remains of a fire—a few smouldering wood ashes still cast a red glow, but the bulk of the ashes were cold. I knew the side of the hut and the hill behind it up which I had rushed, and in the flickering glow the eyes of the rats still shone with a sort of phosphorescence. The commissary spoke a word to the officer, and he cried:

"Halt!"

The soldiers were ordered to spread around and watch and then we commenced to examine the ruins. The commissary himself began to lift away the charred boards and rubbish. These the soldiers took and piled together. Presently he started back, then bent down and, rising, beckoned me.

"See!" he said.

It was a gruesome sight. There lay a skeleton face downwards, a woman by the lines—an old woman by the coarse fibre of the bone. Between the ribs rose a long spike-like dagger made from a butcher's sharpening knife, its keen point buried in the spine.

"You will observe," said the commissary to the officer and to me as he took out his note book, "that the woman must have fallen on her dagger. The rats are many here—see their eyes glistening among that heap of bones—and you will also notice"—I shuddered as he placed his hand on the skeleton—"that but little time was lost by them, for the bones are scarcely cold."

There was no other sign of any one near, living or dead; and so deploying again into line the soldiers passed on. Presently we came to the hut made of the old wardrobe. We approached. In five of the six compartments was an old man sleeping, sleeping so soundly that even the glare of the lanterns did not wake them. Old and grim and grizzled they looked, with their gaunt, wrinkled, bronzed faces and their white mustaches.

The officer called out harshly and loudly a word of command, and in an instant each one of them was on his feet before us and standing at "attention!"

"What do you here?"

"We sleep," was the answer.

"Where are the other Chiffoniers?" asked the commissary.

"Gone to work."

"And you?"

"We are on guard!"

"Peste!" laughed the officer grimly as he looked at the old men one after the other in the face and added with cool, diliberate cruelty, "Asleep, on duty!" Is this the manner of the Old Guard? No wonder then a Waterloo!"

By the gleam of the lantern I saw the grim old faces grow suddenly pale and almost shuddered at the look in the eyes of the old men as the laugh of the soldiers echoed the grim pleasantry of the officer.

I felt in that moment that I was in some measure avenged.

For the moment they looked as if they would throw themselves on the taunter, but the years of their life had schooled them and they remained still.

"You are but five," said the commissary. "Where is the sixth?" The answer came with a grim chuckle.

"He is there!" and the speaker pointed to the bottom of the wardrobe. "He died last night. You won't find much of him. The burial of the rats is quick!"

The commissary stooped and looked in. There he turned to the officer and said calmly:

"We may as well go back. No trace here now; nothing to prove that man was the one wounded by your soldiers' bullets! Probably they murdered him to cover up the trace. See!" again he stooped and placed his hands on the bones of the skeleton. "The rats work quickly and they are many. These bones are warm!"

I shuddered, and so did many more of those around me.

"Form!" said the officer; and so in marching order, with the lanterns swinging in front and the manacled veterans in the midst, with steady tramp we took ourselves out of the dust-heaps and turned backward to the fortress of Bicetre.

THE END.

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SOUTH AFRICAN IMMIGRATION.

The influx of immigrants into South Africa is continuing at such a rapid rate that the Cape Times fears that before many months have passed they shall once more be face to face with the unemployed difficulty.

44 & 46 Winter Street.

GIGANTIC SALE —OF— LADIES' JACKETS AND CAPES.

We have had 4631 High Grade Jackets and Capes consigned to us by one of the leading New York Houses, with instructions to sell at any price.

Ladies' **Shirt Waists,** laundered collars and cuffs, large sleeves, slightly soiled, all styles. Regular price $1.25 ..... **25c.**

Century Cloth House Cowns, also all odds and ends in **Flannelettes,** made with full bretelles. Regular price $1.00 ..... **39c.**

All odd linen and summer suits, **Children's Reefers** and **Coats** ..... **98c.**

Black Figured Brilliantine **Dress Skirts,** stiffened and lined with Percaline, regular price $3.00 .. **98c.**

Eider Down Lounging Robes, extra full sleeve and girdle, handsome colorings. Regular price $2.75 ..... **1.29**

Handsome Imported **Persian Tea Cowns,** handsome colorings, pointed epaulettes, trimmed with ribbon, Bishop Sleeves, regular price $2.75 .... **1.49**

28 Odd **Silk Waists,** in black and colors, regular price from $5 to $7 ..... **1.98**

961 **Blk. Boucle Capes,** embroidered or double capes trimmed with furs, regular price from $8.50 to $12.00 ..... **3.49**

1000 High Grade **Jackets,** in every style, regular price $12 to $18 ..... **3.98 to 4.98**

1200 High Cost **Garments,** lined with silk, regular price from $15 to $25 ..... **5.98 to 7.98**

321 **Velour Capes,** with elegantly embroidered Persian Bands, regular price $18.00 ... **6.98**

Our entire stock of **Opera Wraps,** handsomely trimmed with Fur and lined with Quilted Silks, regular price $25.00 ..... **7.98**

Black Boucle Capes, 40 inches long, trimmed with Thibet lamb, lined throughout with silk, regular price $22.50 ..... **9.98**

RIBBONS.

50,000 yards high grade ribbon almost given away.

Lot 1—850 Pieces **Pure Silk, Black Satin and Moire Ribbon.**

	Per Piece.	Per Yard.	Former Price.
No. 3—¾ of an inch	23c.	2½c.	62c.
No. 5—1 1-8 inches	41c.	5c.	90c.

Lot 2—225 Pieces Odd Shades, best quality **Satin Back Velvet Ribbon,** from 1 to 2 inches wide—

Per Piece.	Per Yard.	Former Price.
69c.	8c.	$1.50 to $2

Lot 3—5000 yards **Fancy Silk Ribbon,** 1½ to 2 inches wide, former price 15c. ..... **5c.** A Yard.

Lot 4—3000 yards **Fancy Silk Ribbon,** consisting of double face, gauze and plaid ribbons, 4 to 5 inches wide, former price 50c. ..... **17c.** A Yard.

GROSS & STRAUSS.

ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE.

A SALE WITHOUT A PARALLEL OR PRECEDENT.

We have just completed stock-taking, and in every department we have taken all duplicates and broken lots of merchandise, and shall offer the same Monday, Feb. 3, at ridiculously low prices.

THEY MUST BE SOLD.

A Chance to Buy High-Grade Merchandise at 1/3 Their Cost.

Owing to the low price at which these goods are to be offered, and the crowds which will evidently attend this sale, we will be prepared with **100 extra salespeople.**

HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR.

Ladies' Fast Black Hermsdorf Dye **Cotton Hose,** full regular made, reg. price 20c. ..... **9c.** A Pair.

Children's heavy **Egyptian Ribbed Vests,** fine quality, regular price 25c. ..... **9c.** Each.

3000 Pair **Ladies' Hose,** including opera length, boot patterns, Richelieu ribbed, lisle thread, 40 gauge Blk. cotton, also fine quality Maco Foot **Blk. Cotton,** reg. price 38c. to 50c. **19c.** A Pair.

Balance of our winter stock of heavy **Egyptian Ribbed Vests,** regular price 38c. ..... **19c.** Each.

Ladies' Fine Quality **Lisle Thread Hose,** in fancy ribbed, including Rembrandt and cluster ribbed. Regular price 52c ..... **29c.** A Pair.

Ladies' Fast Black **Silk Hose,** fine quality. Regular price 75c ..... **39c.** A Pair.

Ladies' Pure **Silk Ribbed Vests** (bodice), in Pink, Blue, Lavender and Black, regular price $1.00 ..... **59c.**

Ladies' Medium Weight **Pure Silk Vests,** High Neck and Long High Neck and Short Sleeves, black and white, regular price $2.00 ..... **98c.**

Ladies' All-Wool **Union Suits,** fine quality, perfect fitting, regular price $2.50, each **1.19**

COLORED SKIRTS.

157 Doz. **Flannelette Underskirts,** all shades, sold all season at 39c. For this sale .... **18c.**

10 Doz. Fast Black **Cotton Surah Skirts,** deep embroidered ruffle, full width, well made and worth $2.25 ..... **98c.**

10 doz. Fast Black **Moreen Skirts,** our own make, full width, velveteen bound, best skirt in Boston **1.59**

GLOVES.

741 Pair Misses' and Children's Fine **Kid Gloves,** in colors and White, Mousquetaires, regular price $1.00 ..... **25c.**

640 Pair Best Quality and makes of well-known **Kid Gloves,** in street and evening shades, all styles, slightly damaged, regular price $1.50 ..... **49c.**

100 Doz. 2-Clasp Pique **Dogskin Gloves,** always sold for $1.25 **79c.**

831 pair 12 and 16 Button Length Long Evening **Suede Gloves,** regular price $2.50 .. **59c.**

INFANTS' WEAR.

Having just completed our Annual Stock-Taking in this Department, we find ourselves with a year's collections of odds and ends, some slightly soiled goods, samples, etc. Rather than carry them into next season, we propose to sacrifice them at prices that will make our Boston and New England patronage respond at once. Note some:

300 Doz. **Children's Wool Shirts,** sizes 1 to 6, slightly soiled, worth 50c., for this sale .. **11c.** Each.
Not more than 4 to each customer.

15 Doz. more of those **Pinning Blankets** that caused such a sensation last week, at ..... **19c.**

150 White **Silk Caps,** regularly sold for $1.25 to $4.00, to be closed out at ..... **49c.**

159 sample **Long Dresses** and **Christening Robes,** regularly sold from $2.50 to $5.00, to make room for 1896 styles, we will close out the lot at **1.49**

17 **Serge** and **Cashmere Dresses,** reds, blues and browns, sizes 1 to 4, sold all season at $4.00, for Monday, only .. **1.49**

We have about 4 doz. **Soiled Short White Dresses,** goods worth from $3.00 to $8.00, all 1895 styles, elegantly trimmed. Some Nunnery made dresses in this lot. We will close them all out regardless at ..... **1.50** Each.

Every **Colored Coat** in our stock, sizes 1 to 6 years, former prices from $7.00 to $25.00, reduced to **4.98**

CORSETS.

An immediate Clearance Sale of all remaining lots of most Popular Corsets, **C. P., P. D., R. & G.** and **W. B.,** slightly soiled. Regular prices $1.50, $1.75, $2.00 and $2.50, at the reduced price of **1.13**

As quantities are limited, we will fill no mail orders.

We also propose to clean out stock of **Drab and White Corsets,** slightly soiled, worth $1.25 and $1.50, at ..... **49c.**

HANDKERCHIEFS.

3000 doz. Ladies' **Pure Linen Hdkfs.,** including plain hemstitched, fine embroidered, drawn work, etc., consisting of all our odd lots, worth from 17c. to 25c., each ..... **7c.**

Fancy and Plain Silk Dress Shields, size 3, worth 25c. a pair ..... **16c.**

WASH DRESS GOODS.

Our entire stock of **Dimities, Lawns, White Dotted Muslins** and **Organdies,** worth from