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VIOLETS BLUE.

He sent her dainty violets
Tied up with ribbon white,
And in between the silver stems
He hid a note from sight.
"With these," he wrote in many phrase,
"I send my heart to you,
And if you care to keep it, love,
Then wear the violets blue."

Before the gilded cheval glass
She donned her satin gown;
From shoulders white and slender waist
Its richness rippled down.
In folds of flame along the floor
She trailed its crimson hue;
"I cannot wear his flowers to-night,
Alas! that they are blue."

Behind the little withered stems
With silken ribbon tied,
Too well the velvet blossoms kept
Their secret till they died.
Two colors more the spinsters Fate
Into her shuttle threw,
The crimson of a satin gown,
The violets' tender blue.
—Truth.

THE MIDNIGHT WATCH

It was during the time of my connection with the Blankfort police force that the incident related in the following lines occurred. Although there is nothing startling in the details, and the unraveling of the mystery with which they deal required no great amount of sagacity on my part, still I am inclined to think that there is sufficient interest about the affair to warrant making it public.

I was engaged with the superintendent one morning on some routine business when a note was handed in from Mr. Bridgnorth, a well-known solicitor practicing in the town. The superintendent read the missive and then turned to me.

"It is a case of pilfering, Sampson," he said, "and the thief, of course, cannot be discovered. There is nothing requiring your services this morning—go and see what you can do in the matter."

I put on my hat and went, as directed. Mr. Bridgnorth's place was well known to me and I was soon the occupant of a seat in the private room at his office.

"I have been a good deal concerned of late," said the solicitor, turning to the business at once, "about the abstraction of certain sums of money from my cash box in my desk, and as I fear that I am being robbed by someone in the office, and cannot put my hand on the actual offender, I am compelled to seek the aid of the police."

"Quite so, sir," said I, "and it will be both the duty and the pleasure of the force, and of myself, to give you every possible assistance in the matter. How long have the pilferings been going on?" I asked.

"About a week or ten days," was the reply; "and the robberies always take place at night, after the office is closed."

"How do you know that?"
"Because I count the cash in my desk every evening before locking up, when everybody has left, and again the next morning, before anyone arrives," said Mr. Bridgnorth.

"What are the sums you have missed?"
"They have varied. One night \$5 was taken, another \$7, and a third \$3 and so on. Altogether I have been robbed of \$5 sovereigns, and I don't know where it is going to end."

"Have you any suspicion as to whom the thief may be?"
"None whatever—unless—" Mr. Bridgnorth hesitated.

"Go on, sir," I said. "Give expression to your thoughts; they may furnish a clue."
"I was going to say," continued the solicitor, with some apparent reluctance, "unless it be Hartley, but I cannot believe him guilty of such a thing," he added.

"Who is Hartley?" I asked.
"My confidential clerk," replied Mr. Bridgnorth. "He has been with me ever since he was a boy and his character has always been above suspicion."

"Then why should his name occur to you in connection with these thefts?" I queried.
"Well, it is like this," said the solicitor. "Hartley and I are the only persons who sleep on the premises, and as there are no signs of burglarious entry and the thefts always take place in the night, I am, in spite of myself, driven to a certain conclusion."

"The natural one, in the circumstances," I ventured. "But tell me, you keep several clerks in addition to Hartley?"
"Yes; four others."
"At what time do they leave?"
"Six o'clock."
"When do you lock up?"
"About 6:30 or seven."
"You lock your desk and the office door?"
"Yes."

"Does anyone besides yourself possess keys of either?"
"Hartley does, of both."
"And you say he sleeps on the premises?"
"Yes."
"No one else?"
"Myself."
"But you do not live here, Mr. Bridgnorth?"

"In order to catch the thief?" I queried.
"Indeed, that was not my motive, at all," said the lawyer, quickly. "And as a matter of fact the robberies have only occurred since my sojourn in the place; they never once happened before."

"Very likely. But, assuming that Hartley is the thief, can you suggest a motive for his pilferings?" I asked.
"None whatever," was the reply.
"What kind of a life does he lead? Steady?"

"Nobody more so."
"Doesn't bet nor gamble?"
"Neither, to my knowledge. He is engaged to a very respectable girl, and I know, as a fact, that he shortly contemplates housekeeping."

"Ah! there is a motive for pilfering," I said, with a shrug of the shoulders.
"How so?" asked the solicitor.
"Why, a house requires furniture and furniture costs money," I said.

"Then you think that Hartley is helping himself to my cash in order to fit up his house?" said Mr. Bridgnorth, sadly.
"It looks remarkably like it," I replied. "But we shall probably see. Of course, you have not charged him with the thefts?"

"No, for I cannot persuade myself of his guilt."
"And he has no knowledge of the object of my visit?"
"None, so far as I am aware."

"Very well, let him keep in the dark for the present. Meanwhile, can you tell me your object in sleeping on these premises the last few nights?"
"Well," said Mr. Bridgnorth, slowly; "it is this. For some little time I have found myself out of sorts. There is nothing really the matter with me, that I know of, but I have been spending a lot of restless nights, either getting no sleep at all, or only sufficient to do me little good. Under the impression that a change of apartments is sometimes a remedy for insomnia, I decided, as I am a bachelor and have only myself to sleep here, that for a night or two I would sleep here, where there is plenty of room and ample accommodation."

"I see."
"Well," went on the solicitor, "the change answered admirably. From the very first night I slept soundly, save for some persistent dreaming, which nightly haunts me and leaves me somewhat unrefreshed in the morning. The old woman who comes in to do for Hartley finds it little extra work to prepare a dormitory for me, so I have remained for the present. This is the explanation."

"Thank you, sir. We will now try and run this thief to earth. What I propose is very simple. Find me a hiding place here to-night—a screen or a cupboard will do, for I am used to cramped quarters—and I will see what is to be seen. Lock your desk and door as usual, but provide me with a key of the latter for use if needful."

Mr. Bridgnorth agreed, and shortly after I took my departure. As I passed through the outer room I got a look at the clerks, and in particular at Hartley, which I was enabled to do without exciting suspicion. Judging from appearances the fellow looked like anything but a thief, having a frank, open countenance, and lacking altogether that shiftness of vision characteristic of almost every rogue. Aware, however, that there is nothing more deceptive than externals, I went away little doubting that Hartley was my man.

Late that evening I presented myself at Mr. Bridgnorth's door and was received by that gentleman in person. The office was closed, the clerks had all gone home, and Hartley was out, presumably love-making. Mr. Bridgnorth found little difficulty in securing me a retreat behind a cabinet which stood in one corner of the office, and here I encased myself with as much comfort as the circumstances permitted.

At 10:30 the solicitor retired, locking both his desk and the office door before going upstairs, and providing me with a duplicate key of the latter, as I had desired. Hartley would be home he informed me, about 11 o'clock, and would doubtless go straight to his room.

The lawyer's estimate proved correct, for almost exactly on the stroke of the hour a key turned in the lock of the outer door and the confidential clerk entered. He had no occasion to come into the office in order to reach his apartment, but on his way past he paused a moment and tried the handle of the door, and finding it fastened went on his way. A minute later I heard the closing of his chamber door and my watch began.

The time passed slowly away. Twelve o'clock struck, then 1 and 2, and I had begun to think that my vigil would be in vain, when in the stillness of the night I heard a door softly opened above and a cautious footstep slowly descended the stairs. It paused at the foot of them, close to the door of the room in which I lay hid, and I next heard the jingling of a bunch of keys, as if the possessor of them were selecting the right one to fit the lock. A moment later the portal opened and the pilferer entered.

The place was in darkness and I had to strain my eyes to watch his movements. The lantern I had with me I did not desire to use until the right moment, for it was my hope to capture the thief in the very act of his larceny. I had not very long to wait. Wrapped in a long gown and without shoes on his feet, the pilferer glided stealthily to the desk, and firing a key into the lock

lifted the lid. He then open the cash box and took out some of the coins. Now was my time. Slipping from my hiding place I turned on my lantern and confronted the culprit. As I did so I gave a stare of surprise, for the man I encountered was Mr. Bridgnorth himself, and I could tell by his closed eyes that he was fast asleep, and, of course, quite unaware of what he was doing.

Seeing that the light from my lantern bothered him somewhat (for he passed his hand several times dreamily across his face), I replaced the shade and the somnambulist at once closed and fastened the desk, and then walked out of the office, locking the door behind him. Noiselessly I reopened it, and followed him.

He retraced his steps up the stairs, and, going to a cupboard on the landing, stooped down, rummaging a second or two among some old rubbish at the bottom, and seeming to deposit his coins there. He entered a chamber adjoining. Peering cautiously into this, I saw the sleeper divest himself of his gown and get unconsciously into the bed he had a few minutes before left.

Well, Sampson," said Mr. Bridgnorth, when he came down the next morning, "what is the result of your watching? Have you discovered the thief?"

"I think I have, sir," was the reply.
"And it is—is it—Hartley?" inquired the solicitor, anxiously.
"No, sir, it is not Hartley," I said.
"Thank God for that!" ejaculated the lawyer, fervently, as if the statement of the fact relieved him. "But, then," he asked with some surprise, "who is the culprit?"

"Before I tell you that," I replied, "kindly see how much you have been robbed of during the night."
He went to his desk, counted over the coins, and said:
"Four pounds."
"That makes in all—?" I queried.
"Fifty-nine."

"Come with me, Mr. Bridgnorth," I said. "I should not be surprised if I can put you in possession of your money!"

With a puzzled air the lawyer followed me up the stairs to the cupboard I have mentioned, the door of which I opened. A pained expression came over the man's face as he watched me.

"How strange!" he murmured, half to himself, half to me. "I have been dreaming every night of this recess in connection with these pilferings, and the things inside it all seem familiar to me, though I have never once seen them before!"

"Stoop down, sir, and feel in that corner," I said.
He did as I bade, and drew out sovereign after sovereign.
"Count them," I said, when he had got all that he could find.
"Fifty-nine!" he exclaimed, going over the pieces one by one. "The exact amount of my losses!"

"Just so," I said, "and now, if you will come back to the office, I will tell you who is the thief before Hartley comes down."

We returned to his room and there I informed him, to his intense astonishment, of what I had witnessed. "If you will pardon the liberty, sir," I said, at the conclusion of the narration, "I should advise you to see a doctor. You are evidently suffering from some mental affection which, if neglected, may develop into a disease the effect of which you cannot foresee."

The lawyer acted upon my suggestion and called in a specialist, who ordered him a prolonged rest. A trying and complicated case in which he has been recently engaged had apparently proved too much for him and brought on this peculiar form of brain trouble. When last I heard of him he had returned, seemingly quite restored, and Hartley, his confidential clerk, married to a charming wife, was about to be taken into partnership with him.—Tit-Bits.

Druggists Up to Date.

Druggists keep about as close watch of the season as any people in the world. When the spring days appear and ladies are thinking of putting away their furs the drug store windows suddenly fill with moth balls, powders and preparations warranted to knock the spots off a moth at forty rods. When the sun gets up a little higher the moth balls disappear and fan and freckle lotions and preventives for mosquito and fly annoyances take the public eye. When the blazing heat of summer is with us, cool soda with pure fruit syrup signs nestle up against corn remedies and root beer packages. The fall comes on and then the cough lozenges is hatched. Alongside it are sure cures for la grippe, colds, influenza and toothache, while hot soda steams and sizzles at your asking.

Burning Meteors.

It is supposed that meteors begin to burn when they are within about 125 miles of the earth, and that combustion is completed and they disappear at from thirty-five to fifty miles above the earth. When we see a falling star, therefore, we may consider that we have watched it through a night of about 100 miles before it finally burns out and disappears from view.

India Ink.

India ink is made by some secret process which is closely guarded by its inventors, the Chinese.

STYLES IN SLEEVES

NOW MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER BEFORE.

Yards and Yards of Material Are Used in Draping—Elaboration Is Ornate at the Hand-Laces, Frills, Loops and Funnel-Shaped Cuffs.

Weekly Fashion Letter. New York correspondence.

LL that art has ever done toward beautifying dress sleeves is now drawn upon, and the result of this draft upon many years of past fashions is that sleeves are now more beautiful than ever before. The contour of the arm is suggested from wrist to shoulder, and no ugly and preposterous outline is made by stiffened protuberances. Yet yards and yards of material are used in the draping of the arm's natural taper from shoulder to wrist. At the hand the elaboration of the sleeve is ornate. The most beautiful laces, frilling, loops, funnel shaping of the cuff, slashing and so on, appear here, anything to add to the apparent length of the arm and to emphasize the grace of the hand, whether it has any grace of itself or not.

Sleeves, as a rule, from the house gown to the street garment, are fashioned by stiffened protuberances. Yet yards and yards of material are used in the draping of the arm's natural taper from shoulder to wrist. At the hand the elaboration of the sleeve is ornate. The most beautiful laces, frilling, loops, funnel shaping of the cuff, slashing and so on, appear here, anything to add to the apparent length of the arm and to emphasize the grace of the hand, whether it has any grace of itself or not.

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mousseline de sole, which was slightly bagged and was threaded with narrow black velvet ribbon.

More according to set rules as to outline and wrist finish were the sleeves of the next gown to have the artist's attention, but with those points passed, all conventionally ended. Their material was that of the dress skirt—black satin, but wide slashes that began just above the elbow, were filled with full puffs of white chiffon. White chiffon covered the white satin bodice, its stock collar being to match and



TRIMMED SOLELY FOR THE HAND'S SAKE

black velvet giving its peasant girle. The ornate bolero was white satin or naneamed with silk embroidery and edged with rich lace.

Similar slits to these are frequently made for purposes of elaboration, but even though they should have the exact size and location of those just described it would not bring close resemblance between the two patterns, proving this was a velvet sleeve slit from the top of the shoulder to the elbow, the edges falling away to show close fitting under sleeve of satin. At the elbow the velvet sleeve was close to the wrist, where it spread in a funnel cuff, the satin inner sleeve being here suggested by a close wrist band.

Now and then slashes come below the elbow, and it was an ingenious pretense of this that was used on a satin sleeve made to fit skin tight except for a little lengthwise puff of the material that ran on the inside of the arm from under the shoulder to the wrist. Under this puff was a bit of delicate elastic which allowed the sleeve to give to the arm and yet hold the skin fit. This model adapts itself charmingly to chiffon sleeves, the elastic being concealed under satin ribbon. Thus the chiffon may be held in many folds from wrist to shoulder and fit around the arm very closely, yet not tear out at the elbow and under the muscle of the upper arm at every move. Another lovely sleeve for the chiffon bodice still so popular is made on a tight foundation of satin. The

chiffon is arranged in a series of fluffy frills, tapering from considerable width at the shoulder to a mere edge at the wrist, and spreading again over the hand.

Elbow sleeves are still seen, and would be more worn were they easier to prepare in a novel manner. On the theater waist of this third sketch there were puffs that now count as large—think of that and then recall what we wore two years ago! These puffs ended half way from shoulder to elbow, where a fitted section was made by shirtings that ended in a ruffle. But you'll see a great many sleeves that are entirely plain but for a tiny bit of ornamentation for the hand's sake. In the next picture are sleeves of this sort, and while the dress seems simplicity itself, it was planned to do service as a reception and calling rig. Of all these pictured sleeves the final two are the ones that make the least concession to the new styles. Yet though they are full, they conform to the correct outlines.

Copyright, 1897.

A Prodigious Memory. Spinster of Uncertain Years (to young debutante)—I remember well, my dear, what a sensation I produced when I made my debut in society. Why, I seem only yesterday.

Young Debutante (innocently)—Ah, what a conquest of memory over years! Did you know Gen. Putnam of the revolution?—Texas Siftings.

Misery may love company, but people do not.

KUBLAI KHAN.

The Revolt of Nayan, a Great Chief, Against His Nephew.

Now this Kublay Khan is of the right Imperial lineage, being descended from Chingis Khan, the first sovereign of all the Tartars. And he is the sixth Lord in that succession, as I have already told you in this book. He came to the throne in the year 1260, and the Empire fell to him because of his ability and valor and great worth, as was right and reason. His brothers, indeed, and other kinsmen disputed his claim, but his it remained, both because maintained by his great valor, and because it was in law and right his, as being directly sprung of the Imperial line.

Up to the year now running, to wit, 1298, he hath reigned two and forty years, and his age is about 85, so that he must have been about 43 years of age when he first came to the throne. Before that time he had often been to the wars, and had shown himself a gallant soldier and an excellent captain. But after coming to the throne he never went to the wars in person, save once. That befell in the year 1286, and I will tell you how he went.

There was a great Tartar Chief, whose name was Nayan, a young man of 30, Lord over many lands and many provinces, and he was Uncle to the Emperor Kublay Khan, of whom we are speaking. And when he found himself in authority this Nayan waxed proud in the insolence of his youth and his great power; for indeed he could bring into the field 300,000 horsemen, though all the time he was liegeman to his nephew, the Great Khan Kublay, as was right and reason. Seeing, then, what great power he had, he took it into his head that he would be the Great Khan's vassal no longer; nay, more, he would fain wrest his empire from him if he could. So this Nayan sent envoys to another Tartar Prince called Caidu, who was a great and potent Lord, and who was a kinsman of his, and who was a nephew of the Great Khan and his lawful liegeman also, though he was in rebellion and bitter enmity with his sovereign Lord and Uncle.

Now the message that Nayan sent was this: That he himself was making ready to march against the Great Khan with all his forces (which were great), and he begged Caidu to do likewise from his side, so that by attacking Kublay on two sides at once with such great forces they would be able to wrest his dominion from him.

And when Caidu heard the message of Nayan, he was right glad thereof, and thought the time was come at last to gain his object. So he sent back answer that he would do as requested; and got ready his host, which numbered a good hundred thousand horsemen.—The True Story of Marco Polo. St. Nicholas.

The Capture of an Orchid. Among the flowers of tropical lands none are more prized for their beautiful and curious forms and fragrant scent than the orchids, which grow in all sorts of odd places, but mostly on the ground, or perched high up among the branches of the trees.

The orchids of the Guiana forests provide a home for the black ants—"free, gratis and for nothing."

Why? Because they prey upon the cockroaches, which would otherwise destroy the plant by eating up its juiciest portions.

So that when a human orchid-hunter tries to capture a plant, he has to reckon with thousands of tiny foes that fight to the very end.

After the plant has been dislodged from the tree—no easy task—it is usual to attach it to a long bamboo pole and throw it into the river, until the ants are thoroughly washed out of it.

And all the time the boat has to be kept up stream and the pole carefully watched lest the ants come aboard.

By-and-by the insects confess themselves beaten, and the orchid-seeker retires with his dearly won prize.

Mind and Health.

The mental condition has far more influence upon the bodily health than is generally supposed. It is no doubt true that ailments of the body cause depressing and morbid conditions of the mind, but it is no less true that sorrowful and disagreeable emotions produce disease in persons who, untroubled by them, would be in sound health; or, if disease is not produced, the functions are disordered.

Agreeable emotions set in motion nervous currents which stimulate blood, brain, and every part of the system into healthful activity; while grief, disappointment of feeling, and brooding over present sorrows or past mistakes depress all the vital forces. To be physically well one must, in general, be happy. The reverse is not always true; one may be happy and cheerful, and yet be a constant sufferer in body.

The Turtle.

Formerly the turtle was taken by means of harpoons or spears; but this process injured the creature. It is now taken in nets or captured upon the beach. Certain fishermen prefer to dive and take the animal by hand, but when the reptile is powerful this is not accomplished without some difficulty.

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