THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY APRIL 3, 1887 .- TWELVE PAGES.

HUSHED FOR HOLY WEEK.

Social Sounds That Did Not Stir the Leaves of the Lenten Tree.

FISHY FROWNS-FOWL FESTIVITY

The Operatic Mellenium-Kate Field's Reception -- Parties Among the Hetedox-Art in Full Sway -General Gossip.

A Grand Season of Opera.

"Yes, we are going clean across the continent to San Francisco with our whole force and every fragment of our scenery and costumes," said Manager Locke, of the Nationalgopera company. last week. This trip will be made by the largest company ever transported, and will be in that sense historical,

It will carry 300 people and properties enough to fill twelve baggage cars. To move this grand concern will cost \$20,000. The cost for an ordinary company is about \$2,000. There will be two sleeping cars for the principal singers, two for the orchestra, two for the chorus, two for the ballet, and one for the members of the technical department, such as cos-tumers and armorers. The sheet music and instruments of the orchestra alone will occupy a whole baggage car. The organization will be carried in two special trains. These trains, after leaving Omaha, will be separated sufficiently to permit the station eating houses to prepare meals for the second section af-

ter the first section has left. The indications are that we will have an overwhelming reception in San Fran-cisco. Mrs. Thurber and Editor Parke Godwin, who is president of the company, will be present to witness the re-ception accorded by the Californians."

Informal Reception.

A delightful informal reception was tendered to Miss Kate Field Monday afternoon by Mrs. J. J. Dickey. The ladies came and went between the hours of 3 and 5 o'clock. Tea and wafers were gracefully served by Miss Belle Dickey from a table in the dining room. The party from General Crook's were very richly attired in visiting costumes and bonnets. Miss Elliott wore a stylish pearl colored suit with street trimmings, Miss Field wore a chestnut brown vervet with a brocade mixture of old gold and brown; Mrs. Crook was richly attired in black silk jetted, Mrs. Captain King wore a black slik jetted, Mrs. Captain King wore a black jetted cos. tume, Mrs. Reade wore olive green. Among those who called were Mrs. Hitchcock, Miss Almy, Mrs. Poweil, Mrs. Archie Poweil, Mrs. Ramsey, Miss Shears, Mrs. Rustin, Miss Rustin, Mis Stiger, Mrs. Rustin, Miss Rustin, Mis Stiger, Mrs. Lieutenant Kennon.

Euchre and Prizes.

A very pleasant six-handed progressive eachre party was given Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Edholm at their home, Twenty-fifth and Chicago. The favors were most beautiful and entirely novel, being suggested by Dickens' characters. The royal prizes were won by Mrs. William Wallace, Mrs. W. E. Copeland and Dr. Sprague. The booby prizes were taken by Miss Emily Lentz, A. M. Akin and B. F. Burton, who was a. Akin and B. F. Burton, who was made the proud possessor of a solid silver chestnut bell. Miss Lentz's prize was a roll of court plaster in an embroidered case labelled "A Friend to the Wounded." Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Win. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lacey, Mr. and Mrs. Pinto, Colonel and Mrs. H. C. Akin, Mr. and Mrs. Burton, Dr. and Mrs. Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Belden, the Rev. and Mrs. W. E. Copeland, Mr. and Mrs. Keysor, Mr. Mirah, of Lincoln, the Misses Lentz, Chamberlin, Bella Lewis, Hattie McCheane and Edson, and Messrs. A. M. Akin, H. J. Davis, E. A. Leaven-

Doughnut Social. The shadow and doughnut sociable given at the North Presbyterian church last Thursday evening was very enjoyaable. The following ladies were the able. The following faches were the committee: Mrs. O. H. Ballou, Mrs. Willis, Mrs. Cook, Mrs. E. G. Ballou, Mrs. Soule, Mrs. Auls, Mrs. Westerfield, Mrs. De Lee, Mrs. Canan, Mrs. H. C. Ballou, Mrs. Dr. Spaulding, Mrs. John-ston, Mrs. Ocheitree, Mrs. Anderson, assisted by Mr. C. G. Ballou, Mr. G. W. Young, Mr. Will Anderson, Robbie Bal-lou and Tom Willis. lou and Tom Willis.

A Card Party.

A very enjoyable card party was given Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs A. Haas at 924 Park avenue. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. S. New, Mr. present were Mr. and Mrs. S. New, Mr. and Mrs. D. Kauffman, Mr. and Mrs. S. Bergman, Mr. and Mrs. Heyn, Mr. and Mrs. Katz, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Cahn, Mr. and Mrs. Mendels-sohn, Miss Bendit, Miss Rosenfeld, J. Schiff, S. Oberfelder, S. J. Fisher, J. Mayer. Mever.

In Mrs. Mumaugh's Studio.

Miss Pelton is painting a graveyard scene in sepulchral tones. Mrs. Balbach has nearly completed a fine crayon portrait of her daughter Emma.

Miss Preston is decorating a delicate green Verona scarf with a conventional lesign of lillies in rich terra cotta colors. Mrs. Traynor has decorated a pretty silvered shield with a design of apple lossoms and birds.

Mrs Mumaugh has finished a crayon ortrait of Miss Annie Traynor that is true to the original. A pupil is painting a beautiful study of touble roses on a ground-glass panel.

Futurities. April 6-Knights of Honor ball at Masonie hall.

April 9-The Platt-Deutsche at Ger-

mania hall. April 11-Masonie party. April 12-Harmonie Social club at Masonic hall

April 12-Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Squires give a reception at the Millard. April 14-The Metropolitan club give a

fancy dress ball.

Art Gossip. The wife of the editor of the New York Graphic, who writes over the name of "Eliza Orchard," is the author of a most cleverly written story, "Shirley Car-stone," to begin next week in the col-umps of The Excelsior. The Excelsior is making a great success of its serial sto-

ries. Mr. Collins will shortly exhibit a collection of his own sketches that are quite a new departure from anything hitherto seen here, and suggest the work of the far famed Cadoza. Some vignette sketches are especially soft, giving no suggestion of pencil marks. Only the center of the face is in focus and the next seems gradually to recede in mist, no visible outline showing.

This is an era of utility in art. Dust pans, butter bowls, soup ladies and nearly every other species of kitchen utensil have been dignified by means of a daub or so of misplaced decoration into a parlor ornament. And now some complacent genius with more veneration for "schooner" than for art undertakes to transform this saloon regalia into a choice bric-a-brac and ingenuously invades the sanctum of art with this beery reminiscence which is now descerat-ing the windows of an art dealer on Dodge street. The mug is sugges-tively stained a brilliant carmine, the only indication of a regard for the appropriate, that the perpetrator has man fested. On the outside is painted a land-scape with a sunset "to match." A ribscape with a sunset "to match." A rib-bon bow on the handle puts the finish-

Misses Sarah McGavock, Alice Lowery, Loretto Cushing, Kate Perkius, Jennie McCleiland Lulu Miller. Colonel Jefferson Clay. It was a large plantation, and was al-

most entirely worked by a force of chaingang convicts, leased to Colonel Clay by the state authorities. As the sun reached the meridian its rays came down so pitilessly, and with such scorehing fervor, that the four

guards, who kept watch over the miserable convicts were compelled to seek shelter under the few scattered pines which dotted little knolls in different parts of the field.

Lazily reclining on the grass, the guards played with their battered mus-kets, and, kept a keen lookout for the slightest lagging work or insubordina-tion on the part of the eighty prisoners were engaged in hoeing cotton.

There was little danger of the convicts escaping. A heavy ball and chain were attached to each man and it was difficult to make much headway. The guards were always vigilant and when it was necessary they had a pack of trained blood hounds in reserve for the pursuit and capture of fugitives. Suddenly one of the guards looked at

his watch "Dinner time!" he exclaimed, and raisng a whistle to his lips he blew a keen blast which was heard all over the deld,

The effect was magical. Every hoe fell to the ground and four squads of convicts were soon sitting in the shade devouring their scanty rations of corn-bread, bacon and greens. Forgetting their miseries for a time, these unfortunates revealed in the enjoyment of their rude repast. The clinking of their chains was interspersed with bursts of hoarse laughter over an occasional joke, such jokes as are never heard outside of chain gaug camp.

During the progress of the meal one of the guards was attracted by the peculiar conduct of a prisoner in one of the

squads. Approaching him the guard said in surly tone: "See here, Joe, no shamming now; it won't do, you know. No sickness al-

lowed in this camp!' The convict looked up with a start, looked into the cruel eyes of a cruel face, and saw no mercy there.

"Curse you?" he snarled; "I wonder if you have a heart." "Think I have," replied the other non-chalantly, "but that has nothing to do with your case, my friend. Our worthy heart Colored Carries of the originan that host, Colonel Clay, is of the opinion that a convict never gets sick-he only shams

-and as his instructions are to punish every case of shamming with thirty-nine ashes, well laid on, I have nothing to do but to obey orders. You understand?" The convict looked up into the face of

his guard. The guard looked down into the face of the convict. Tall and erect, youthful and handsome

making allowance for the cruel eyes and face, the guard, despite his rough jeans suit, looked like a man who had seen better days. And his history did not run counter to his appearance. Five years before Dick Macon had been one of the spoiled darlings of society. The gaming table and the winecup had sent him down at headlong speed to his present level; had reduced him to the necessity of accepting the position of chaingang guard on Jefferson Clay's convict planta-tion

The prisoner, whose keen, black eyes were scanning the relentless face above him, was a middle-aged man whose slight frame showed that he was ill-fitted to bear the hardships of his situation. His bear the hardships of his situation. His restless eyes, haggard face, trembling hands and husky voice would have awakened pity as well as contempt in the breast of almost any observer. There was nothing novel in the specta-cle to Dick Macon, however, and bring-ing his mustat down with a vicious

ing his musket down with a vicious

"You'd better take care, Joe-you'll get a licking before night, if you don't get about your work quicker." Joe bowed his head and muttered:

Twenty thousand dollars, and I was ing touch to this inspiration, which leaves fool enough to think of giving him half of it. I'll bide my time." "What's that?" asked Dick Macon one with the impression that the stork

eraze wasn't so crazy after all, as later quickly.

boundless cotton field that belonged to of the muskets quieted them, and after a brief consultation a trusty was disnatched to the house to inform Colonel Clay of the occurrence.

The wealthy convict lessee swore at first, but after a little reflection he said "By jove! I'm glad the fellow's gone. He was a heap of trouble-pow ful sight of trouble-couldn't do a fair day's work and always stirring up the other men to mutiny-it's the best thing that could have happened."

The trusty returned to the field bearing from Colonel Clay, the message, "It's all right," and the work of the day went on as usual.

When the prisoners knocked off work at sundown they were marched to the stockade, in which they were always penned up at night and two men were sent out with a guard to bury the dead man

No coroner's inquest was held. It was not likely that anybody would raise a stir over so trilling an event as the shooting of a chaingang malefactor. A grave was hastily dug near the place where the body lay, and the carcass was dumped into the hole and covered over with dirt.

In a week the affair was forgotion. Matters at the camp moved on as usual, with the exception of the illness of Dick Macon. This young man fell ill without any warning, and after a few days re-signed his position, saying that he would have to seek some lighter employment. The great convict lessee swore at Dick, but finally parted with him in a tolerably good humor. The thought never crossed his mind that the shooting of Joe had anything to do with the illness of the guard and his desire for a change of scene and occupation. So Dick Macon drew what wages were

due him, and flitted away one morning, whither no one knew or cared to know.

The season at Bagatelle Springs was at its height. Visitors who had not missed a season for twenty years declared with ontagious enthusiasm that had never appeared to better advantage. The hotel was filled with guests, and the cottages were well patronized. Fairer women and braver men were never assembled together to trifle away the days and engage in midnight revelry.

The gayest of all gay and high-spirited gallants who were the acknowledged lady-killers of Bagatelle was unquestionably Mr. Richard Macon.

This young man was a riddle to the few students of human nature who occasionly made him a special study. Young, handsome, possessed of abundant means, and regarded with undisguised favor by more than one of the reigning belles, there appeared to be every reason why young Macon should be a thoroughly happy man. That he was not happy, in spite of his bright sallies, was plain to all who cared to see. The days passed and Macon was engaged in a continuous round of pleasure. Athletic and profi-cient in every manly sport and pastime, from a rowing match to a game of croquet, it was not surprising that his time should be fully occupied.

Nobody knew anything against Mr. Richard Macon, and yet there was a feeling of unpleasant surprise in the gay circle at Bagatelle when it was known that the young man had won the heart and a promise of the hand of Irene Murray, the prettiest little blonde beauty at the springs. Still in was difficult to give

the springs. Such a was dimensioned to give a reason for this. Miss Murray was an heiress, the only child of a widowed mother who had come to Bagatelle in reality for her health and not to set her bet Marson cap for a second husband. But Macon was a handsome, generous fellow, a little moody and queer at times, but in the main genual and clever, and better than all, the owner of certain mining stocks which paid him fabulous dividends. His antecedents were not known, but he claimed kinship with highly respectable families well known to the social world,

and no one questioned his story. It was the last mght of Irene Murray's stay at Bagatelle. On the morrow she and her mother were to return home. The two lovers had much to say to each other, and they preferred to say it away from the glare of the ball room and away

Lies just south Of Hanscom Park.only 2 miles from the court house, on high and sightly ground. 176 beautiful residence lots.

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Events are shaping that will make these lots an investment of SURE PROFIT.

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Ten months ago we told you there was big money in SOUTH OMAHA property. You were skeptical and waited, and what did you miss? Some people say, "Oh! its all luck, this making money." Luck to the dogs. Its

Foresight, Judgment and Sand.

These are the elements that go to make up the sum of prosperity. Tak a square look at the case of Thomason & Goos' addition, who own

the 600 acres adjoining it on the south.

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Who, without any further effort, could peddle it out in the next two years for ONE MILLION DOLLARS. Do you suppose they are Idiots enough to do this?. No! They will either build or subscribe to A CABLE LINE and realize three millions from it.

TUMBLE TAKE A

to yourselves, do a little investigating and figuring and you will see that there are the "Greatest Bargains on Earth, in lots in this "Key to Omaha and South Omaha. Remember, that this is no washings of the Missouri River, nor farm lands diverted from their natural uses, years too soon, but choice suburban residence property, situated on the everlasting Hills, midway between two cities, that are fast closing in to one solid mighty metropolis.

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tom tailors and for which you would have to pay at least \$35 for.

Our large assortment of Spring Overcoats surpasses anything ever

Our offerings in Spring Suitings, of which we have an enormous as-

Commencing to-day and continuing the coming week we will offer

We mean to give you all the details regarding the clothing we sell

All goods are marked in plain figures and at strictly one

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200 Pleated Suits for Children from 4 to 13 years for \$2.95. Also 400

worth, E. A. Sherrill and G. Williams.

A "Donkey" Party.

Mrs. W. F. Allen gave an enjoyable party Monday evening in honor of her guests, Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, of Quincy, Ill. The affair was wholly informal and proved to be a most delightful one to those present. Cards were indulged in the fore part of the evening and the comparatively novel mode of entertainment. known as a "Donkey," made a mirthful finale to the occasion. The refreshments served in the course of the evening made a feature worthy of mention. The guests Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Smith. Mrs. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Coutant, Mr. Squires, Mrs. Ramsey, Mr. and Mrs. Garrabrant, Mr. and Mrs. Pease, Mrs. lexander, Mrs. Dr. Matthewson, Mr Matthewson, Mr. and Mrs. Sargent, Mr and Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Emma Homan Thayer, Mrs. Dr. Moore, Mrs. Charles Morton, Mr. and Mrs. Dietz, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. J. J Burns. The "Donkey" prize, a hand-some lamp, was won by Mrs. Morton.

Some Pointers About Dinners.

In Paris dinner-giving is the fashionable mode of entertaining. The guests are limited to fourteen or eighteen at most. The bill of fare is not crowded with outlandish dishes the half of which are only placed on the table to be instantly removed. A few well known dishes faultlessly prepared suffice. Flowers continue to be the favorite table decoration but only of one kind, either The Russians violets, roses, pinks, etc. have a pretty custom that might be an nequisition to our country. Their New Year's day is twelve days later than ours: a supper takes place on the evening of the old year; immediately at the first stroke of twelve the freshest of flowers are rained on the guests-a symbol of best wishes for the ensuing year.

Society in Lent.

Society is patiently containing itself until the period of probation shall have reached the limit. Lent has been more rigorously observed this year than ever before, but the fact that all denominations have alike abstained from worldly dissipations, makes it doubtful whether the object is physical or spiritual recu-peration. Now that the long resting peration. spell has renewed exhausted forces there is a general bubbing up of oid Adam, and the tendency to kick over the traces is only checked by the reflection that but five days more of sackcloth and ashes remain before the current of pleasure will resolve itself into as maddening a vortex as ever enguifed the accumu lated seriousness of six successive weeks of abstinence.

Walnut Hill Social Club.

This is a new organization which promises to control the reins of social activity in the suburbs. It has recently been organized with G. P. Felton. as president; E. G. Soloman, as vice president and Gus. F. Epeneter as secre tary and treasurer. The club is cle-gantly equipped with a dance room, card room, billiard and pool room. The club holds a meeting on Monday to com-plete arrangements for the first party.

At St. Catherine's Academy.

Last Monday the monthly examination of the pupils at the academy was con-ducted very successfully.

Wednesday preparations for the May pole dance and festivities were inaug-urated. Miss Clara Creighton was elected May queen and Miss Clara Van Camp laivy oucen. The maids of henor are the

Brevities. Mrs. Emma Homan Thayer has returned to Colorado Mrs. Willard Scott is expected home from Chicago Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Tower are home from a trip to the Pacific coast. Mrs. C. B. Havens has returned from a pleasure trip through the west. Miss Grace Buchanan, of Crete, is visiting her uncle, J. M. Buchanan. S. G. Joyce has returned from an ex tensive buying trip in New York. Mrs. J. H. Millard has reached Chicago and will be in Omaha Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Whitmore have taken rooms at 1617 Capitol avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Hall, the parents of Mrs. Dr. Jones have returned to Boston Major Gook, formerly of Omaha, has gone with his family to Fort Bayard. Miss Lizzie Isaacs, the St. Louis planist, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Law. Miss Bomgardner and Miss Nichols have been spending the week in Kansas City.

Mrs. McCord and Miss McCord, of St. Joe, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McCord. Mrs. Lewis Reed and children and

Miss Balcombe have returned from San Antonio. Mrs. N. Merriman has returned from the east and will leave shortly for a trip

to California. Major Darling and Lieutenant Park. of the Twenty-first infantry, Fort Sidney, are in Omaha.

The Misses Emma and Mamie Fitch are spending vacation in Council Blnffs with Mrs. H. F. Chambers.

Mrs, H. Burnham, of Lincoln, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Alexander has returned home. Judge and Mrs. Dundy, Mr. and Mrs.

E. S. Dundy, jr., and the Misses Dundy have returned from a visit to the south. Mrs. Smith nee Rounds, has re-turned to Denver after a day's visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Rounds. The Misses Bertie and May Black, who have been visiting Miss Emma Howell, have returned to their home in Day enport.

Mrs. Samuel Burns is home from Chicago and is entertaining Mrs. John Fair-banks, of Chicago, and Mrs. E. McKitterick, of Burlington.

Mrs. Charles Dewey went to Chicago last week to join Miss Belle Dewey, who is attending Miss Grant's school. They will spend a vacation in Ohio.

Miss Emma Balbach is expected home next week to spend Easter holidays with her parents. Miss Balbach, is attending Miss Grant's school in Chicago.

Cotonel and Mrs. Brownson arrived here from California last week and are at the Paxton. Mrs. Morgan and Miss Daisy Brownson will follow them later in the summer.

Mrs. Herman Kountze left for the east last night to visit her daughter at Poughkepsie. Miss Poppieton also went east to visit Miss Mary Poppleton at Miss Kepsie Aiken's school at Stamford, Conn.

The Philemon social club will give the farewell party of its series 1886-7 at Masonic Hall on Wednesday evening, April 20th. The members are putting forth every effort to make this one of the brilliant social events of the closing

THE CHAINGANG GUARD.

season.

By Wallace P. Reed in Atlantic Constitution: The noon-tide sun of a hot summer day beat fiercely down upon the convicts at work in the apparently

"Nothing," answered Joe with his head still bent down. Joe!" said the guard.

"Well," was the snappish response. "I want to know, you rascal, what you meant by your allusion to \$20,000? "Oh, it was nothing," replied the other

"It was mere madness on my part. meant that I would give half of the \$20,000 that I have securely hidden away f I could once get out of this blasted "You lying scoundrel," laughed the

guard, "do you think you can make me fumble to that sort of racket? You never had \$20,000 in your life." "Liar, yourself!" shouted Joe, with sud-den fire in his wolfish eyes. "What am I here for, Dick Macon?"

"Humph!" said Dick, "murder, I be-

"Correct," returned the convict. Murder it is. I was convicted on circumstantial evidence, and owing to that fact I saved my neck, and was sent up for life But with that murder was connected a robbery. When old Henderson was killed he had on his person money and valuable jewels amounting to a small

fortue. The guard looked at the other convicts. were a little distance off, quar-They relling over their rations.

"Go on," said he. "Did you ever hear that the plunder was found?" asked Joe, with a cunning

leer. 'Don't know that I ever did," said Dick, "but still it may have been found." "Not by — sight!" answered Joe with great energy, "The booty is safe enough, and I could lay my hand on it in forty-eight hours if I could just get out of this

cursed camp." "What will you give for freedom? "What will you give to grin, asked Dickwith a provoking grin, "Ten "Half" cried the prisoner, "Ten thousand dollars to the man who releases me from this infernal place, and places me beyond pursuit?' and he and he

ooked eagerly into the guard's inserutable face. Dick Macon whistled a lively tune, turned as if to walk off, and then wheeled abruptly about. "Take a couple of buckets, you lazy slouch" he shouted to the convict. "I

must have some fresh water here, and we must go to the spring to get it. I say, Bill," he called to one of the other Bill

guards, "just bring your gang over here, and watch my pets while I go for some Bill did as directed, and Joe, laden with two empty buckets, hmped along in the direction of the spring, closely followed by Dick Macon, with his musket thrown carelessly over his arm.

The spring was about three hundred yards from the other convicts and their guards, and was concealed from their view by intervening trees. The guard and the convict remained at the spring sometime, so long in fact, that

their thirsty comrades left behind began to cast wistful glances in their direction. The loud report of a musket in the neighborhood of the spring, plunged the chaingang and the guards into the greatest excitement.

What was the matter? Had Dick Macon fired upon Joe in the act of escaping? Had Joe wrested the musket from Dick and shot him? These were the questions asked among the convicts. The affair was explained in a moment.

Dick Macon made his appearance, running at full speed. He was almost breath ess when he came into the gang of pris-

"I had to kill him!" he gasped. "I was sorry enough to have to do it, but he turned on me all of a sudden with a big stone in his hand, and if I had been a stone in his hand, and if I had been a second later he would have killed me?" Some of the prisoners murmured at this statement, but the ominous click private mark, placed there by my father

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nying leet and the watering place band. As they promenaded on the spacious piazza of the hotel. Irene said as her low ng eyes rested upon the handsome face

of her escort: 'Now, Richard, dear, you will follow us soon?

exhibited in Omaha. We call special attention to our \$5.75 and \$7.75 "In ten days at farthest, my darling," answered Richard. "I am waiting for a business letter which may call me to New line. The latter is trimmed with silk facings and satin sleevelinings. York, but even in that case my stay will be short, and you will see me before you The prices of these will surely surprise everybody. The better grades have begun to miss me. "Richard," said the fair girl with a which do not exceed \$15.75 in price are as good as you get at the custinge of melancholy in her tone, "there

is only one thing needed to make me perfectly happy." "Ha! ha?" laughed Richard, "you would have the old lady view me with

more favorable eyes." "That is just it," was the earnest an-swer. "Mamma is all I have left and I

do so desire to please her, and yet her prejudices are so unreasonable." "Of course, I think so, as they are leveled at me," said Richard, "but never

mind, dear, her prejudices will vanish when she sees how devoted 1 am to you, and how we love each other." "I hope to," I te te replied, seriously and with a tremor of her rose-bud

mouth. "Of course they will," answered the

lover cheerily, "no prejudice will be proof against such love as mine! The two continued their promenade,

Children's Knee Pants at the nominal price of 25c per pair. but finally paused when the light from the ball room windows fell upon them.

"I have a little present for you," said Richard Macon with a strange, intense ring in his voice. "It is an heirloom in Those who traded with us last fall have long since become convinced our family and has been for a couple of centuries, I suppose. I have always that we are not misrepresentatives as to styles, qualities and prices. kept it concealed from profane eyes, with

the intention of giving it to my proposed wife The girl's face grew radiant as she

clumsily and with singular awkward-ness for one so graceful and self-pos-sessed, Richard drew from his breast pocket a jewel case. Silently opening t he exposed to the astonished vision of the beautiful girl a quaint and rare neck lace of glittering diamonds in just such an antique setting as would have delighted a Florentine jeweler in the middle

ages. "Richard!" the cry escaped Irene's lips in an agonized tone, as she grasped the necklace and held it to the light.

of mine, in Paris, I think."

in her hand.

senses, Irene.

"Isn't it pretty?" said Richard with an "Oh, merciful heavens!" exclaimed Irene, "I can't be mistaken' No, it is too evideat—how did you come by this neck-lace, Richard? Did you say it was an

necklace if it should ever be lost, It is the same, and now, Richard Macon, how came you by this precious heirloom?' heirloom in your family?" "What a racket?" said Richard, turn

"Your question is an insult," was the hot answer. "Give me the necklace," "Never! This matter must be exing pale and speaking very rapidly. "Yes, "Never! it is an ancient heirloom in our family-my great-great grandmother used to

price at the

plained. I must know if your hands are stained with my father's blood. wear it; it has never been out of the famly since it was purchased by an ancestor

dered. Your talk is the maddest mystery in the world to me.

said the girl sternly. "He was murdered and robbed in a lonely place among the mountains of Georgia. He had with him large sum of money and this jewelry poor devil was tried for the murder, found guilty and sent to the chaingang The money and jewels were not for life. found on him, and he always protested his innocence-perhaps he told the

"You said your father's name was Hensemble it, but of course it cannot be the same. Don't I know that it has always dersont

"Yes. After his death a wealthy bache been in our family?" You are losing your lor brother of my mother died and left her a large fortune on condition that she should resume the family name of Murray, and the condition was exacted of myself. We accepted the terms, but when a foul murder is to be avenged,

one day in my presence. 1 well recollect that he said at the time that the mark might some day aid in identifying the necklace if it should ever be lost. It is Henderson. Richard Macon looked dumbfounded.

in the country to compete with us in price.

loom-you will lie on to the end of the chapter if I permit it ! If you have any

than any house in the United States.

statement to make explaining how the

"I shall leave you now, Irene-you are of to night and will beg my pardon. I shall leave you here. Au revoir!" and with a mocking smile he kissed his hand and walked rapidly away, leaving Irene standing like a statute, with the necklace clutched tightly in her hand.

When morning came, just as the gray light was chasing the darkness away, a pistol shot rang through the hotel. There was a rushing to and fro, and finally a crowd of servants and boarders stood in Richard Macon's room, gazing upon the dead body of the suicide as it lay stretched upon the bed, with a pistol firmly grasped in the right hand. Richard Macon had taken his own life.

Irene Murray remembers that she is Irene | It was not fear of the law that impelled him to this rash step-he felt able to hold his own against the world. But the knew that no deceit, however artfdf;

would clear him in the eyes of irene Murray, and death was a thousand times preferable to life with the ever-present sense of her loathing and confident sus picion of his guilt.

The miserable man left a sealed letter for Irene Murry. In it was a true recital of the facts of the case. The proposition

place of Henderson's money and jewels, and how, when he had ascertained what in no mood to listen to reason. In the and how, when he had recertained what morning you will laugh at your conduct the wanted, he had treacherously and coolly shot the victim down like a dog, and afterward's made use of the scoundrel's hidden plunder. The letter was written with devilish coolness, but at the close the writer expressed his undying affection for Irene, and begged her to for-

give his madness, folly and guilt.

The butterfies of the social world at Bagatelle could not fathom the mystery of Macon's suicide. They did not know the contents of his letter to Irene, and it was not until Irene was happily married, a couple of years later, that anyone knew it. She told her husband all about it one day, and he for an answer, merely folded her in his arms and kissed her.

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"I swear —," he began. "I will not hear you," exclaimed Irene, her eyes flashing fire. "You began with a lie—you called the necklace an heir-

of the convict Joe was stated, and the writer told how he yielded to tempation -how he induced the p isoner, by prom-ising him freedom, to disclose the hiding

necklace came into your possession you For a moment Richard Macon looked

may proceed.' like some wild animal at bay. Then, rec-ollecting himself, he made a profound bow and said:

"Confound it!" said Richard, "I never even heard that Mr. Murray was mur-

Irene gave another searching glance at the necklace, and then clutched it tightly "My father's name was Henderson," "Richard Macon," she said in calm,

clear tones, "this was never an heirloom in your family." "What can you mean-you are beside yourself!" gasped Richard. "I mean," returned Irene, with a piereing glance, "that this necklace is one of

the articles my poor murdered father had with him when he was killed and robbed in Georgia four years ago." "Pshaw!" cried Richard, "it may re-