THE OMAHA BEE.

COUNCIL BLUFFS

OFFICE, NO. 12 PEARL STREET.

Delivered by carrier in any part of the City.
H. W. TILTON ..... MANAGER

TELEPHONES:
BUSINESS OFFICE No. 43.
NIGHT EDITOR, No. 23.

MINOR MENTION.

N. Y. P. Co.

Council Bluffs Lumber Co., coal.

Thatcher coal, 114 Main street.

Spring goods, Reiter, tailor, 310 B'way.

Carbon Coal Co. wholesale, retail, 10 Pearl

Has taken five premiums—Angelina flour. Try a sack.

Marshal Guaelna was out yesterday afternoon serving notices on the various aldermen of a special meeting of the council called for this afternoon at 5 o'clock.

Regular meeting of Fidelity council, No. 156, R. A., this evening. All members are earnestly requested to be present. Uniform rank and other important business to be transacted.

A musical entertainment will be given this evening under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid society of the Methodist church at their building, on the corner of Twenty-fifth street and Avenue B.

The regular meeting of Unity guild will be held this afternoon at 3 o'clock with Mrs. Harris, South First street. All members requested to be present, as there will be business of importance.

C. E. Osborn of Hazel Dell township and Miss Mary Munson of this city were married at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon at the residence of Jacob Munson, No. 1716 High street, Rev. D. C. Franklin officiating.

Elder W. W. Blair will preach this evening at the Latter Day Saints' church, on Pierce street near Glen avenue. His subject will be "Utah Mormonism, Its Origin, Progress and Prospects." Seats are free, and all are invited to be present.

The communication of Council Bluffs Lodge of Perfection, A. A. S. R., called for this evening, is hereby postponed until Friday evening, February 28, to permit members to attend the A. F. and A. M. school of instruction. By order T. P. G. M.

The city jail was empty yesterday for the first time in three months, Judge Aylesworth indulging in a general cleaning out process at the morning session of police court, in order to give the jailers an opportunity to thoroughly fumigate and ventilate the loud-smelling cages.

Special communication of Bluff City lodge, No. 71, and Excelsior lodge, No. 250, A. F. & A. M., this afternoon at 2 o'clock; also this evening at 7:30, for the purpose of holding a school of instruction. It is ordered that the officers of both lodges be present. By order of the W. M. of both lodges.

J. H. Goodwin was the only victim in police court yesterday morning. He was found in a state of helpless intoxication Wednesday night and was endeavoring to find his way out to the paper mill. Owing to the sickness of one of the patrol horses, the boozy individual had to be brought in by hand, and he was nearly frozen when he reached the station. He would undoubtedly have frozen to death if he had not been discovered by a passer-by.

Don't be deceived. The finest, cleanest, best meat market in the twin cities is Meschendorf's.

Drs. Woodbury have removed their dental office to 101 Pearl street, up stairs.

The Leaders

of fine watches and jewelry in the city, and the place to buy the best goods at the lowest prices is the establishment without rivals, the most reliable firm of

C. B. JACQUEMIN & CO.

A Big Smash Up.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 17.—[Special Telegram.]—A car load of beautiful plain and painted flower pots, something entirely new and very handsome, left here a week ago, consigned to Lund Bros., Council Bluffs, with shippers' orders to smash the fancy prices hitherto charged for plain and decorated work. The goods were the first of the kind ever sent west.

The above cargo has been received and will be sold at once. They are the best wares ever brought to the city and will be sold from 15 cents a dozen up. Lund Bros., 23 Main street.

Personal Paragraphs.

H. L. Shepherd is home from a two weeks' business trip to Chicago.

Bertie, the twin son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Dunn, is very sick with la grippe.

Everybody should attend the drama of "A Social Glass," to be given at Hughes' hall, Friday and Saturday evenings. This is a splendid play of five acts and five beautiful tableaux. Admission 25 cents, children 15 cents, reserved seats 35 cents.

City Steam Laundry, 34 Main. Tel. 141.

Kelley & Younkerman have a nice supply of smoked, salt and fresh fish.

The popular wall paper and decorative establishment of P. C. Miller has been reopened with Mr. Miller as manager. The entire stock has been purchased by Jacob L. Jensen, and largely increased by the addition of all the latest styles and designs by the best manufacturers. The old establishment is ready for business again, a fact the public will note with interest.

Chautauqua Stock.

Now that the success of the Council Bluffs and Omaha Chautauqua assembly is assured, certificates of stock are eagerly sought and are obtainable by sending to the undersigned the receipts held for moneys paid account of stock subscriptions.

J. M. OURSLER, Secretary.

A good girl can secure a good situation to do general housework by calling on Mrs. P. M. Pryor, 616 Bluff st.

Kelley & Younkerman, headquarters for family groceries. Cheapest place in town.

Dr. H. S. West, porcelain crown and bridge work, No. 12 Pearl.

W. C. Dickey, successor to C. M. Fulton, groceries, 741 B'way. Call and see us.

Wadsworth Declines.

S. B. Wadsworth requests THE BEE to say that his business is such that he cannot find time to be mayor of Council Bluffs, should the citizens feel disposed to elect him. He is authority for the statement that he is thankful for the interest his friends have taken in him, but that he will in no event accept any nomination for the office.

S. B. Wadsworth & Co., 207 Pearl street, loan money for Lombard Inv. Co.

The Manhattan sporting headq'rs 418 B-way.

S. M. Williamson sells the Standard and Domestic sewing machines. 106 Main st.

The water runs when Bixby plumbs.

C. H. steamdye works, 1013 Broadway

A Spring Running Meeting.

Some of the stockholders of the Union driving park are very much in favor of holding a spring running meeting. It has heretofore proved a rather expensive luxury, but it is believed that it will pay this year. The last running meeting was held in May, 1888, and it came out about $1,400 behind. There was a fine field of horses brought in here and the races given were first class, but for some reason it failed to take and the patronage was less than half that is usually accorded a third rate sparring match. For this reason the stockholders became disgusted and last year none of them were willing to repeat the experiment. Now, however, Mr. Lacy states that he wants to give another meeting, and he has reason to believe that it would result differently from any of the others and the association would make something out of it.

Said he yesterday: "We have almost invariably held our meetings at a loss and sometimes we have come out several thousand dollars behind. Last summer we gave as fine a trotting meeting as is often seen, but it didn't amount to anything. There was a very small attendance every day of the meeting, although there was no reason why it should be so. We had every horse but two that was in the Marshaltown circuit, and before they came here they drew immense crowds. When they came here they gave us some splendid races, and several of them lowered their records, but our people wouldn't enthuse worth a cent. We offered them nearly twice as much for their money as other cities were giving, but it wouldn't work, and we were left in the hole. Now then, I want to try it just once more, and see if it can't be made a success. I can take these grounds and give meetings, and I would make money out of it, but the other members of the association are rather ticklish about putting in any more than they have already. We propose to give a fair this fall, and I suppose that the result will have a good deal to do with the moves of the association in the future. If we can give one or two good meetings and a successful fair this fall, we will be all right, but if the folks won't patronize us we can't do business. It seems to me that this city and Omaha ought to be able to support a jockey club in good style. Minneapolis and St. Paul are fixed in good shape, and have one of the strongest clubs in this section of the country, and it seems to me that we ought to work up one here on about the same basis."

Removal.

George Metcalf has removed his real estate office from No. 10 Pearl street to room 240 Merriam block.

Full line of homeopathic medicines at Ellis'.

The Ross Investment and Trust company.

Dempsey Bros., candy manufacturers and wholesale dealers. Send for prices.

Desirable dwellings for rent at reduced prices by E. H. Sheafe & Co., rental agents, Broadway and Main st., up stairs.

The Real Estate Exchange.

It was a cold day and a large number of members and visitors blew into the real estate exchange at the 11 o'clock session yesterday. They took part or listened with a great deal of interest to the various schemes and projects that were advanced and discussed for the city's welfare.

The question of inducing Uncle Sam to purchase the fifty foot lot adjoining the government building on the west for the purpose of enlarging grounds, was discussed. The secretary was instructed to have a talk with Postmaster Treynor, and ascertain what in his opinion was the best means of inducing the department to look favorably upon the matter. He was also instructed to correspond with Congressman Reed and Senator Allison, urging them to use all means in their power to secure the necessary appropriation.

W. A. Wood, J. E. F. Magee and H. C. Cook were appointed a committee to act in conjunction with a committee of the board of trade to formulate propositions and draft bills to present to the legislature looking toward the establishment in Council Bluffs of a state normal school and the proposed asylum for adult blind.

A committee consisting of McGee, Judson and Rice was appointed to wait upon the waterworks company and the city council and secure the erection of stand-pipes in those new additions of the city where the elevation is too great to give any water pressure from the Fairmount reservoir.

The committees appointed to solicit subscriptions for the Christian home reported $800 as secured. To secure the remaining $700 the secretary was instructed to confer with Manager Lemen and ascertain where it would be possible to raise the amount by a series of entertainments here and in Omaha by the children of the home.

J. G. Tipton, real estate, 527 Broadway.

We want you to list your rental property with us and we will secure you good, reliable tenants. Rents collected and special attention given to care of property. E. H. Sheafe & Co., Broadway and Main st., up stairs.

Iowa lump coal, spot cash, $3.50 per ton. Council Bluffs Fuel Co.

The handsomest and cleanest market, best meats and lowest prices at J. M. Scanlan's.

BRAT.

How Words Get Diverted from Their Original Signification.

If Prof. Muller had been in Carlisle police court last Friday, says the Carlisle (England) Patriot, he would have heard a witness let fall a single small word, which, in its meaning and connection, would have filled him with the pleasure which a naturalist feels on discovering some rare and exceptionally fine specimen. In his new work "The Science of Language" he has a chapter on the degration or deterioration of words. Thus the word "idiot" originally meant only a private person, or one who was not engaged in public business; then it came to be applied to an outsider, one who was ill-informed on and indifferent to state affairs; and lastly to the most hopeless of all the mentally afflicted. "Villain," again, simply meant a villager; "knave," in its origin, signified a young man, and on the German court cards the knave is merely the page or night attending the king or queen. Then "pagan" and "heathen" come from words which signify countrymen, because it was in the rural districts, outside towns, that the worship of the ancient deities was allowed to continue longest.

The word "brat" is now a word of contempt, but it was not always so, as we may see by the expression in ancient sacred poetry, "O Abraham's brats! O broode of blessed seede!" "This," remarks Prof. Muller, "is said to be a Welsh word, and to signify a rag." It is a very common word in Cumberland, signifying an apron, but especially a dirty, torn, unvalued apron. "The prisoner," as the Carlisle witness deposed last Friday, "took three of my dresses, a brat, a jacket, and a pair of boots." How a word which at first was applied to children in good sense got fixed upon the tawdriest article of apparel is a matter for speculation; no doubt the change will be explained by the same circumstances, or current of thought, which led to the conversion of the word into a term of disparagement as regards children.

Save 80 per cent on tombstones and monuments. Design sheet and price list free. L. Kelley, 203 Broadway, Council Bluffs.

The Council Bluffs insurance companys' average annual income since organization has been $120,000.00. Disbursements since organization for losses and other expenditures now exceeds $1,000,000.00. Risks written since organization, $42,770,545.00. Every property owner should patronize this home institution, and in that way encourage and build up our city. J. H. Allen is the city agent of this company, and a more honorable, reliable and trustworthy man can not be found. The directors of the company are Hon. W. F. Sapp, E. L. Shugart, F. M. Gault, John Renners, M. C. Brainerd and J. Q. Anderson.

THE MADSTONE POWER.

It Afforded Relief to a Georgia Victim of Hydrophobia.

The madstone stock.

And Mr. Hubert Cochrane experienced some relief from the agonies of hydrophobia.

This is a piece of news that comes from Clarkston, and is attested by Patrolman Lansford, who went to that town yesterday to try the virtues of a madstone on Mr. Cochrane, his brother-in-law, says the Atlantic Constitution.

On Friday last a rabid dog ran amuck in the little town of Clarkston. The dog was not known to be mad, but he bit Mr. Cochrane through the hand, and his actions were so queer that he was killed as quickly as possible.

Monday Mr. Cochrane began to show unmistakable symptoms of hydrophobia and his sufferings were terrible. A search was begun for a madstone, and word sent to Patrolman Lansford, among others, to secure one of those curious stones that its virtue might be tested as a last resort.

Yesterday Lansford, having secured a madstone, went down to Clarkston, and as soon as he arrived the stone was applied. It stuck to the wound and remained about ten minutes before it relaxed. Mr. Cochrane appeared to exhibit considerable benefit from its effects, and when Mr. Lansford left was doing as well as could be expected.

Last night some lady, who did not give her name, telephoned to the station house, offering the use of a madstone in her possession if it was needed.

It appears that quite a number of people in the city keep madstones for use in such emergencies, and several of them have been called into requisition before. There is something wonderful in the virtues of these little stones, and from the early settlement of the country they have been highly treasured by those who are fortunate enough to possess them.

Butter from Cocoanut Milk.

Within the last few months a new trade has arisen in India and has attained extraordinary dimensions, writes an India correspondent of the London Times. About two years ago a German chemist, Dr. Schlunk, discovered that excellent butter could be made from cocoanut milk. It is, according to a Bombay newspaper, pleasant to taste and smell, of a clear, whitish, color, singularly free from acids, easily digestible and an incomparably healthier and better article of diet, than the cheap poor butters and oleomargarines of European markets. The manufacture is carried on in Germany, where one firm turns out from 3,000 to 4,000 kilogrammes daily. The cocoanuts required are imported from India, chiefly Bombay, in large and increasing numbers, and the trade seems likely to attain still greater importance.

British Meat Eaters.

A gentleman having a thorough knowledge of the British cattle market, in writing from Liverpool, furnishes some interesting facts as to the Britain's food supply, says an Ottawa correspondent of the New York Sun. He says:

"In a recent address given before the Croydon Farmers' club, Major Craigie, who is invariably well informed upon these matters, said that of every 100 pounds of butchers' meet consumed in the United Kingdom nearly seventy-four pounds are produced from home-grown stock, while only seven pounds are produced from live cattle which enter this country, the balance being imported in the form of dead meat. The dead meat trade is extremely expansive as shown by the fact that that twenty years ago the whole dead meat trade amounted to only 62,000 tons, whereas last year it had risen to 336,000 tons, or nearly six times the former amount. On the other hand, in 1869 the live stock from abroad furnished only 77,000 tons of meat, and last year the supply from the same source was only 137,000 tons. Speaking of the production of meat in this country, Major Craigie calculates that for every thousand head of cattle produced by the British farmer, 67 tons of beef or veal is placed on the market. In a similar way every 1,000 sheep produce 12½ tons of meat, and every 1,000 pigs produce notfar short of 70 tons in one form or another. Upon this basis Major Craigie assumes that the total home made trade would amount to 1,315,000 tons, of which 688,000 would be beef. We have already seen that the foreign live-meat trade is represented by 137,000 tons, and the dead-meat trade by 336,000 tons, so that the nation consumes from all sources 1,788,000 tons of meat in the year. And yet these figures may not represent the entire consumption."

Inherited Mental Peculiarity.

The following curious instance of inheritance of an acquired mental peculiarity is given by Pastor Handtmann of Seederf by Lenzen on the Elbe, in the Korrespondenzblatt of the German Anthropological society: When acting as substitute for a few months in 1868 in the parish of Groben, in Brandenburg, he there met a farmer named Lowendorf, who, when he signed his name officially in connection with the school, always wrote his Christian name "Auztog" instead of "August." Some years later the writer was inspecting this school and heard a little girl read "Leneb" for "Leben," "Naled" for "Nadel," and so on. On inquiry he found her name was Lowendorf and she was a daughter of this farmer. The father (then dead) had, in talk with his neighbors, occasioned much amusement by the peculiar habit, which appeared to be the result of a fall from upper story of a barn some time before the birth of this girl. She wrote as well as spoke in the peculiar way referred to.

KATE USED HER FIST.

The Janitor Couldn't Put Chicago's Lady Lawyer Out.

"You git outen heah; an't no business behin' de railin'."

"I'll not do it, sir. You insult me; go away."

"No, you git out. I'm de janitor heah. Come on, now; no women is lowed inside."

As he spoke the colored man attempted to lay hold of the indignant woman, who, quick as a flash, dashed her first hold an overshoe into the face of the janitor, says the Chicago Times. Before he could recover he had received another blow which staggered him. Attorney, policemen and reporters rushed to the assistance of the woman and separated the combatants. The scene was the armory police court, in Justice Bradwell's room, during the hearing of a disorderly case. The parties to the impromptu "mill" were Miss Kate Kane, the woman attorney, and George Smith, the janitor of the station.

"Bring that man up here," commanded the justice. "Arrest him, Officer Stark." The trembling little darky was taken into the dock and assessed $5 and costs, and at the same time received a lecture he will never forget. Miss Kane, it appears, was sitting inside the railing partitioned off for the use of attorneys, and because she would not take a seat in the main court room Smith proceeded to forcibly eject her.

"Why, I never knowed dat deh wuz eany woman lawyer," said Smith, "or I would nevvah tell her to git out."

Miss Kane afterward resumed her chair and awaited the calling of her case later, in which she defended an Italian charged with stabbing a fellow-countryman.

Didn't Hit Her.

One of the big ships of the British navy recently ran across a derelict lumber ship in the channel, and after failing to get in tow determined to blow it up with shells to get it out of the way of commerce. The great guns were fired at her for a long time, but the vessel refused to be torn to pieces by the terrible missiles in a fashion that was truly mysterious until the next day, when the derelict went ashore of its own accord, and it was found that not one of the shells had struck her.

PIERRETTE.

Louisville Courier-Journal: "Surely I ought to know every girl in the house by this time," thinks Tom Stanton as he stands in a perplexed soliloquy, with his eyes fixed upon a charming little figure dancing a quadrille a few yards away from him and getting into the most graceful attitudes with the aid of her little fan. "But, of course, she might easily be an outsider, although the rule was that only the boarders should be invited to this affair."

A gay and beautiful panorama was passing before Tom Stanton's eyes, for a masquerade ball is in full progress at Gratton's hotel, and the large billiard room and parlors are thronged with a crowd of merry, bright dressed maskers. But the scene is unnoticed by the young man who, for the last hour, has only had his eyes for the dainty little Pierrette, who is doing such remarkable execution with her big fan. Her costume is eminently suited to her petite and perfect figure, and on her coquettish blonde head rests the most taking of caps. All that can be seen under the fall of lace that finishes her mask is the end of a rounded chin that sinks in the prettiest of curves into the loveliest neck that Tom thinks he has ever seen.

The quadrille comes to an end, and he rushes forward to secure, if possible, the next dance from the girl who has so charmed him.

"What, monsier, another dance?" she asks in a pretty French accent, which is so perfect that Tom cannot tell if it is assumed or not. "Eh bien! I cannot refuse you."

She slipped one white arm through his, and Tom leads his prize off to a secluded part of the conservatory, to which she seemed nothing loath to go.

This is their first tete-a-tete, but to Tom's disappointment she is very silent and answers all his remarks only by monosyllables.

"I must acknowledge that I am puzzled," he exclaimed at last in despair. "I thought I would be able to discover you. Tell me if you live here. Do give me some clew."

"Non, non. It is for you to find out," answers Pierrette, with a shake of her curly little head.

"Do I know you well?" he asks.

"Just as well as I know you, Monsieur Staunton," she replies, and Tom, for the fifth time, mentally runs over his list of young lady friends, but rejects each one as impossible.

"Do tell me some place I have met or seen you," he pleads.

There is a moment's pause, while Tom gazes eagerly at her. Then she softly says:

"Ah, Monsieur, if you did care you would be able to penetrate my feeble attempt at masquerading. I would know monsieur in any costume."

"But I am more stupid than you. It is not that I don't care, but that your disguise is so good," protests Tom earnestly; "just raise your mask a little, and let me at least see your mouth;" he adds.

"Non vraiment," she says, hastily drawing the lace closer to her chin. "I must not be discovered." She seems almost frightened at the idea.

"But I will see you at 12 o'clock, when everybody will have to unmask; why not anticipate by an hour or so?"

"At 12 o'clock I may drop my characacter of 'Pierrette,' and become Cinderella, but it is not my slippers I will leave behind in my flight." She puts one hand on her heart, and casts a coquettish look at Tom.

"I shall follow you too closely to allow you to escape," he exclaimed, leaning forward and gazing into her eyes as if he would draw from their shining depths a knowledge of her identity.

"You know not what you say. I promise you that at tomorrow's dawn you will be as mystified as you are now. Alas! It cannot be otherwise."

"But tell me why," persists Tom, while all sorts of wild ideas floated through his head.

"Listen, monsieur, do you really wish to continue this—er—friendship?"

Her voice is softly seductive.

"Can you ask!" exclaims Tom, impetuously seizing her hand.

"But how do you know I am not ugly and old without my mask? Monsieur may be disappointed when he sees my face," she says, allowing her hand to rest on his, and faintly returning his pressure as she leans toward him.

"Impossible for you to be anything but—"

"Never mind," she interrupts. "You may tell me what you wish later. Now it is no compliment. You have not seen me."

"But it is not long until midnight now," says Tom, gleefully.

"Ah, you do not believe that at midnight there will be nothing left to remind you of Pierrette but this rose." She takes a flower from her corsage and, kissing it, hands it to him with a flash of her dark eyes. Tom presses it to his lips.

"You shall not escape me undiscovered," he says firmly.

"But if I should," she perseveres, "what will you do?"

"I should rely upon your kindness of heart not to let this interview be the last of what promises to be so much to me," he says, raising her hand and bestowing a passionate kiss upon the small fingers.

"Monsier," she protests, half drawing her hand away, "ah, you do not mean all you say, you men.

"But I will prove to you that I am in earnest, if you will only let me, by my future devotion," cries Tom, fairly infatuated with his companion by this time.

"Very well; I will put you to the proof."

"I will go through fire and water for you."

"It is not deed of valor that I require. And, in fact, what I am about to propose is out of regard for you. Return to town the day after tomorrow, and you shall spend the evening of that day with me."

There is a moment's pause.

"Well?" questions Pierrette, drawing away her hand. "Have I asked too much of you?"

Tom still hesitates. "Can I see you here?" he asks.

"Impossible, monsieur. But do not put yourself out of the way. I thought I was conferring a great favor upon you, but I see you have had enough of my society." She rises and draws her small figure up to its full height. "I bid monsieur bon soir," she continues, turning away.

"O, stop!" exclaims Tom, jumping up and catching her hand in his. "Let me explain. My hesitation seems inexcusable, I know; but when you understand my position you will no longer blame me. If my sister Sue had a mother or father I would be free to follow the dictates of my heart, but as it is I am the only one to guard and to guide her, and I cannot leave her here alone?"

"So your sister is here? What costume does she wear?"

"She is one of the flower girls. She would not show me her dress, but she accidentally let slip what she was going to wear, and of course I recognized her at once.

"And why cannot you persuade her to return to town with you? Is she co epris with this place?

"No, indeed. On the contrary, she is most anxious to go home, but we have only been here three weeks, and it is really a matter of conscience with me to keep her away for at least two months."

"But why should you want your sister to stay here for two long months? Your excuse, monsieur, does not satisfy me."

"Wait until you hear all. Before we came here I had been away on a business trip which had detained me, unfortunately, long enough for a good deal of mischief to be effected in my absence. After I had been home a few days Sue confided to me the unexpected and startling news that she was very much in love, and wanted my blessing on the match she was going to make. What was I to do? I did not know whether it was Sue's money or herself that had attracted Hugh Ryland, although I liked the little I had seen of him. On the other hand, she is very young, and I was not sure she knew her own mind—er—did you speak?"

He pauses for an answer, but she only shakes her head, and he continues:

"Situated thus I decided to bring Sue away to a gay place where her mind would be diverted, and in the meantime I have been making inquiries about Ryland."

"And poor Mlle. Sue? Two months away from her fiancee in the beginning of their engagement, and all for a whim. Ah, monsieur, you are cruel! And let me tell you, if your sister is steadfast in her determination at the end of three weeks, she will be so toujours, what you call always. It is is only men who are fickle. In a week you will have forgotten Pierrette."

Her voice quivers.

"I will never forget you," he cried.

"No; the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose."

"Why not apply that to your sister? No more protestations, monsieur. 'Action speaks louder than words.' If you care to see me again I will be at home and alone Friday evening. Come at half-past 8, to 74 Blank street. Celeste, my maid, will receive you. Ask for Mademoiselle Pierrette, and she will bring you to me. Shall I expect you?" She leans toward him, until her head almost rests upon his shoulder, and one faintly perfumed curl brushes his cheek. With a sudden movement Tom draws her to him and presses kiss after kiss upon her round throat. She does not struggle.

"Will you come, cher ami?" she whispers.

"I will be there," answers Tom, huskily.

With an abrupt, quick twitch she slips from his arms, and in an instant he is at the door which leads from the conservatory into the hall.

"Shades of musk and patchouli, rose-colored lights and negligee, I dispel thee," she cries, reading Tom's half-formed thoughts, which perhaps she had done her utmost to conjure up.

She disappeared through the portier, and Tom, collecting himself, dashes after her in hot pursuit. Down the hall they go. Pierrette has a good start, but Tom has the advantage of long legs, and he is gaining upon her. In another moment she will be caught—but no, she turns to her left and vanishes into a convenient room, and just as Tom reaches the spot he hears the key turn in the lock. He stares at the blank, expressionless door helplessly, but just then a flock of maskers come along, and seizing hold of him, draw him with a merry jest and laughter back to the scene of revelry.

As soon as Tom can make his escape he seeks the office and eagerly asks:

"Who has room twenty-seven on this floor?"

"Miss Grey," responded the clerk, and Tom utters a half suppressed but distinctly naughty exclamation as Miss Grey, a friend of his sister's, but not a girl to enhance a man's fancy, rises before his mind's eye with her tall, lanky figure, small light eyes, generally covered with glasses, and remarkably large hands and feet.

"Well Tom, have you had enough of this deathly dull affair yet?" asks Sue Staunton, entering the office with her mask in her hand.

"Yes, too much," answers Tom gloomily. "Suppose we leave," he suggests. It is inexpressibly dull and wearisome to him now.

"I am only too glad to go. Gaiety can never be interesting to me when I am not with Hugh," she responded with a sigh.

Tom feels a sensation of pity stealing over him.

"Come, little one," he says, caressingly stroking her glossy, dark hair as they mount the stairs. "Cheer up. We will go home if you say so."

"Really, Tom! O, you darling brother. You are always so good to me that my conscience reproaches me for ever having an impatient thought towards you."

Tom flushes uncomfortably. "I did not know you were in a domino," he says, to change the subject and to escape her gratitude, which he feels he does not deserve. "I thought you were the flower girl in red and blue, and I kept away from you so you would not be known through me."

"O, no; it was so much easier to wear this than to get up a costume," she says, "and I was thoroughly disguised. See!" She holds up a small, half mask as she speaks.

"Any one who knows you well would discover you by your mouth," says Tom critically. "You should have lace falling below your chin."

"Have you been flirting with a lace-bordered mask, sir, or how do you come to know so much about these things?"

"Everybody knows that much," responds Tom. "By the way, Sue, has Miss Gray got any one stopping with her tonight?"

"No, Tom; why do you ask?"

"Ah, I just wondered if there were some strangers here."

Sue's thoughts are evidently far away and she does not answer.

"And you are really going to take me home, Tom?" she asks at last.

"If you want to go," he responds nobly.

"Oh Tom," she says earnestly, "if you only knew what this separation has been to me?" Her eyes fill with tears, and she kisses her brother good night and enters her room, leaving Tom to a low whistle and his own reflections.

* * * * * * *

"What can be the matter with you? You do not seem to have any appetite, Tom," says Sue Staunton to her brother two nights later, as they are finishing dinner in their pretty home in town. "I think he must be in love, Hugh," she adds, turning with a laugh to her lover, who seems very much amused at her remark.

"A late lunch would explain my slim dinner better, I think," responds Tom, "but I suppose you think everybody must be in love because you are," he adds teasingly.

She colors, and casts a very shy look at her lover, who is gazing at her adoringly.

"No, not at all; but you act like a man in love," she cries in defense. "What else would bring you home at 5 o'clock to begin your toilet, and at ten minutes past 6 see you still before the glass, adding the finishing touches, and letting your soup grow cold?"

"What has made you consult me so anxiously as to the cravat you should wear? What has made you choose your boutoniere, with an eye to the harmony of colors, to which you never gave a thought before? I could go on for some time, but I will merely add that a lover's impatience will not make the hands of the clock move faster, even if he looks at it every minute or so."

With a mock tragic gesture Tom falls back in his chair and weakly says:

"Ryland, my boy, take her. She is yours! She has such wonderful, such truly remarkable penetration that she is not safe to have around."

They all laughed.

"Well, Hugh and I are going to the theater. I must go and get ready," says Sue, jumping up abruptly, "I hate to leave you alone, Tom. Will you not come with us?"

"Well—er—no, I don't think I feel like it tonight," answers Tom with careful deliberation.

"But are you going to be here entirely by yourself all the evening? Then we will stay with you and wait until some time when we can all go together."

"No indeed," protests Tom hastily, "I—er—that—is—well, thought I take a walk around the corner. I won't be lonely. The fact is I have a call to make and—er."

He paused to light a cigarette, and Sue, with a mischievous laugh, says:

"Poor boy. Get engaged and then you want be in such demand, hey Hugh?"

She runs off and Tom is left wondering if she can suspect his appointment.

But no, it is impossible. It seems as if the hands of the clock never moved so slowly. Will it ever be light and time for him to start for 1074 Blank street. He sees the pretty, coquettish figure of Pierrette as plainly as though she stood before him. He remembers the sparkle of her dark eyes and the beauty of the contrast between them, and her blonde hair. He notes the golden sheen of her short, pretty curls, and feels one soft tress brush his cheek. A whiff of the faint perfume that clung to her and reminded him of freshly-cut violets, reaches him. He thrills as, in imagination, he presses a kiss on her round, white throat——

"What! Did you speak? I beg your pardon, old boy."

Hugh Ryland laughs. He has spoken three times, but his remarks were all lost on Tom. Hardly has the door closed after his sister and Hugh Ryland, and Tom is alone, than he runs lightly up stairs, three steps at a time. He enters and lights the gas, and his eyes fall at once on the bed. In one glance he sees spread upon it a pointed cap, a little, fair, curly wig, a lace-trimmed mask, a white dress and a big fan.

Near these things lie a domino and a half-mask.

Pinned to the bedpost is a sheet of paper, upon which is written in large characters:

"Shades of musk and patchouli, I dispel thee!"

And further down on the page:

"All is fair in love and war. So thinks your sister Sue—viz., Pierrette."

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Nearly every man in the streets of Lisbon has a cigarette in his mouth. Two gentlemen, strangers, each with a lady on his arm, will meet each other on the sidewalk. One has an unlighted cigarette and the other a lighted cigarette. The former withdraws his arm from the lady's, removes his hat and bows to the gentleman with the lighted cigarette, takes the lighted cigarette from between its owner's lips, lights his own, replaces the other, bows again, gives his companion his arm, and passes on without a word being spoken on either side.

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