THE RED KING.

By GEORGIANA EVANS.

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Father Benoit and I were in the middle of our game of chess—he is good enough to say that I, the Fool, play the best game of all the chateau's company—when came the page of Demoiselle Alys to say that his mistress followed upon him and bade us attend to speak with her.

"Go tell thy mistress, my butterfly, that when sage and holy men are in council—" I began, bravely enough, when the arras parted again behind the stripling, and a rose, flung smartly, struck me on the mouth. Next came Demoiselle Alys herself, carrying a great nosegay of her weapons, it being June and her birth month. She bore the seal of it on her cheeks and in her eyes, which were blue as pansies, and, clad in her green silk frock, she seemed but another rose.

For Demoiselle Alys was the merriest of ladies. When she was no longer than my bauble I held her upon my knee and I remember that she laughed long before she learned to speak—though she learned that early, too.

She burst out laughing now, because we stared at her. "Bauble, salute!" cried she, and flung all her roses at me. I went down on my knees to pick them up and Father Benoit, chancing to smile at me, she turned on him. "Thou, too! Tonsure and Cockscomb together!" And down he had to plump and helped me remake the bunch.

When it was complete Demoiselle Alys made us sit, and stood before us, leaning against the chess table. Seeing Father Benoit peering behind her to see that she did not disarrange the pieces, she swept them all into a heap with her little hand—all except the red king, which she held, and turned 'round and 'round under the thoughtful gaze of her blue eyes.

"Was it thou, Fool, who wast playing with the red?"

"No," quoth I, "'twas the holy man yonder; the innocent whites were mine ever—" She turned to Father Benoit. "Didst ever think upon the red king, father?"

"Only when I castle," replied the priest, wondering at the seriousness of her tone.

"Or when he is sore pressed," she went on slowly. "But 'tis strange how we choose our color and our king, not knowing if he be of stern stuff, to fight well—or of the kind that cowers in a corner. Was the red king winning, father?"

"No, he was losing confoundedly," I broke in, "and hadst thou not come chattering hither I would soon have hung another bell in my cap."

She sighed and tucked the red king in the bosom of her frock. Then her fair little forehead cleared. "Now attend, both of you," she commanded. "I come on an affair of—of state. Be serious at once."

We looked as serious as we could, looking at her. She smiled back at us. Wit, beauty, holiness! "What a council we make! We ought to contain great things."

"So we would, wert thou downstairs again," said Father Benoit. She made a little face at him.

"Monsigneur Motley," demanded she of me, "tell me what is the saddest thing in the world?"

"An honest man looking in vain for his price," I replied.

"Foolish as ever!" chirped Demoiselle Alys. "The saddest thing in the world is a friendless maiden."

"What dost thou know of such?" asked Father Benoit.

She sighed and laid the bunch of roses against her cheek, then held them out and looked at them. "They are faded already," she mused aloud. "'Tis the same with every one I gather; let it but lie a moment on my breast and it is withered. Sometimes I think they hate me."

"But if the flowers are not thy friends," said Father Benoit, "still thou art not friendless. Forget not thy father and mother, and thy kinsmen."

"Well, then—I have friends!" she pouted, "but I can never have aught that I desire."

"I never remember thy failing of thy wish," said Father Benoit, quietly.

"Then thou hast forgot the day I was 5 years old, and the merchant came and opened his packs and I cried for the blue beads and was not let to have them."

"Trumpery things," said the priest, "not fitting for a demoiselle."

"But I did not ask to be born a demoiselle!" cried Demoiselle Alys, "and I cried for them so!"

"Well, what is it now?" I cut in, being out of practice in silence. "More blue beards? Or a puppet dressed in velvet? Or mayhap it is my bauble; it goes equally well with motley or petticoat!"

"Perhaps," she said, saucily, "it is a new fool I would like!"

Having thus vanquished me, she grew serious, and looked at us with strange eyes, soft and shining, and shook her head, then drooping head again.

"Dost wish me to shrive there?" Father Benoit asked kindly, but she shook her little dropping head again.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "it is the advice of worldly wisdom thou needest. Come, I will teach thee retorts to take all the wind out of thy Cousin Isabel's sails."

"I can make them for myself," she answered, then looked up with brightened cheeks and eyes. "Dost know my bower-woman, Rosalind?" she asked of Father Benoit. He bowed assent. "She is in love, the foolish wench." This time it was I who nodded. "And she wishes to be married," concluded Demoselle Alys gravely.

"Well, it is right to speak to me of it," said Father Benoit. "I will read the bannas on Sunday. Whom doth she wish to marry?"

Our demoiselle looked at us with steady eyes. "The Sieur d'Audilly."

Now this Sieur d'Audilly was newly become the captain of monseigneur's arquebusieus, and was as wild, evil-named, handsome, as good-for-nothing as ever one could find in a year's journey. Tales of his doings had come before him to the castle, for he was indeed but a stranger among us, and though I took note that they more concerned his conquests among the petticoats than victories over men with good weapons in their hands, yet monseigneur, who thinks all that is in any degree a part of his family (and so he counted this young blood) have virtues in their very vices, had said that here was the man to make a valiant fighter. An untried captain in truth he was. Monseigneur would not wish his captain and kinsmen to stoop to his daughter's bower-woman for wife. And yet, being penniless, and as I say, unstable, it would seem that even poor Rosalind was too good for him.

"Truly bower-women are become ambitious since my day, and striplings more modest," said I. Father Benoit puffed out his lower lip and said nothing.

"I suppose it is not a matter of the rack to marry above one's station," snapped Demoiselle Alys.

"No," I returned, "it is good to see an arquebusier with a fine aim." For, as I said, Rosalind was a good girl.

Our demoiselle flushed scarlet, and her blue eyes shone like angry stars. "Who dares say ill of Sieur d'Audilly?"

"All France and the maidens' cheeks," said I. "But I like to see thee defend thy kinsman."

"He is not my kinsman!" she cried. "His father's sister married the brother of my uncle's wife. That is not kindred!"

"No? It is well, perhaps, since he is to marry thy bower-woman!"

She looked angrily at me, and drew in her breath hard, but did not answer me. "Father," said she to the priest, "thou wilt marry them, wilt thou not? That is what I came to ask."

"What! What!" cried Father Benoit, "thou art the maddest maiden! I marry thy father's captain to thy bower-woman? Get thee back to thy roses and let me talk with thy father."

In a minute she was on her knees by his side, his hand in both of hers, and her blue eyes and cooing voice hard at work. "Father, thou cruel! (as if he would consent). And they so—so much in love! Thou hast not the heart to refuse, I know. Didst thou not teach me my letters and my prayers and my catechism and I so good all the while—save, of course, when I wished to play! And I have asked so little of thee, father, dearest, I know thou wilt not refuse! And thou canst marry them in a minute, and they will never tell. And they—they love each other! Father, when have I been troublesome before? O, thou shalt promise me this instant!"

"O, if I must, I must!" groaned the poor priest.

"O, thou art an angel and a dear," she cried. "I always said thou wert indeed a saint! O, I will pray every night for thee to be made a bishop!—and—and promise me though wilt marry them this night!"

We both started. "Of a truth," said I, "thy Rosalind is not more hasty than a cat over the dairy sill."

"Tonight," said Father Benoit, to show how vain it was to try to corrupt him, "is an utterly unsuitable, impossible time."

"O, father! Dost wish me to think thee no better than a beast? And thou so good. I think my heart will break!" And a tear fell upon the good priest's hand, a tear dried directly by a pair of soft lips.

"O, there, there!" cried he, blushing very red. "I promise—I promise to marry the dauphin to the kitchen maid, and thee to the stable boy—only get thee gone out of this quiet place! Thou art the wilfullest, most shameless maid! Get thee gone! I will make thee a discipline my next leisure!"

"I will go straightway!" said Demoiselle Alys, springing up, with dancing eyes, shaking back her brown hair with a ripple of laughter. "O, but thou art a very dear! I will send thee a token tonight, and thou wilt find Rosalind waiting."

"Am I to give away the bride?" I asked. "It will go hard if I may not attend the wedding of my very child?"

She drew her brows together, but did not answer me. "Thou needst not fear, father; there will be horses waiting, and the next day who will know if they have been married or not?"

"Truly, a fine plan!" I could not help saying.

"And—and she will be very grateful to thee, father, all her life—and—and—that is all I came to say." Demoiselle Alys left us without another word, careless of the roses she had let fall beside the chess table. Only, as I held back the arras for her, and unlatched the door, she looked up at me, not unkindly, but in silence. I watched her little figure out of sight down the winding stair before I came into the room again, and then Father Benoit had gathered up all the fading roses and put them on the table beside the huddled chessmen.

"Shall we finish the game, father?"

"I have forgot how the pieces stood."

"Besides, she hath taken the red king."

"Very true," and he began to fumble his book of hours for the office of Tierce.

"Rosalind," quoth I, "is a comely maid to look upon."

"I am not a fool to hear such things," replied Father Benoit, very quickly for one intent upon Tierce.

"But it can do thee no harm to hear that she is a well-conducted maid, but quiet." He made no answer.

"Well, father—a man can die but once—but he can be often whipped."

"I do not see how that concerns me," returned Father Benoit, his eyes on his book.

"Indeed, father," said I, taking up my bauble, "I wish with all my heart that Motley may have a wider wisdom than gown and scapular. And though a cockscomb in esse sits more lightly than a miter in posse, methinks one catches less cold on leaving it off—"

Father Benoit fidgeted in his chair and turned over two leaves at once. "Fool," said he, "thou hast thy belly full because thy head is empty, but I am not thy paymaster. Here in this turret thou art at liberty to rest thy tongue gratis."

"Father," I replied, "it is a pleasure to me to enlighten so apt a scholar. God send thee a life as long as thy sermons, and somewhat more cheerful." And I went singing down the stairs to rally monsigneur and get him in good trim for his next week's visit from the king.

Beside his chair stood the Sieur d'Audilly, teasing a great hound. As I came up the hair was beginning to rise along the creature's back and the low thunder to rumble in his throat and the gallant captain pushed him away with a look of relief that he had me to turn on. "Well, Cockscomb, where hast been crowing now?"

"Over a strange nest, Peacock!"

He drew his brows together. "True, it is midsummer!" he sneered.

"In midsummer, gossip," said I to monsigneur, "peacocks mate with doves; didst know that?"

"Eh? How?" asked he, smiling. But I saw by the captain's angry eyes that I was too careless.

"The reason of that riddle we will lay before the king next week," I answered, lamely enough. But he was silent, while Sieur d'Audilly talked of a new project he had for lightening his men's gear.

It was with a beating heart that, as soon as the great hall was dark and quiet that night, up Father Benoit's stair I sped to find him pacing to and fro like a bear in a pit. He looked up sharply as I entered, but spoke no word, and I flung myself into his great chair, stretched out my legs and sighed. "Heigho! with such a chair as this to wait in, no wonder thy soul is stored with patience."

"Fool!" said he sharply, "is it quiet below?"

"As quiet as thy conscience."

He ceased walking, and came to me and stood before me, opening and closing his lips as if he wished to speak; his fair face was pale, and his lips dry.

Before he could find a word there was a light rap at the door. I sprang to fling it open, but no one was to be seen. A small object lay upon the threshold, and I brought it to the taper's flame and held it for Father Benoit to see. It was the chessman's red king. He put it away from his so hastily that it fell and bounded on the floor and rolled away into a corner.

"We had best go down now," said he. I took the taper and went before, winding my bauble's head in my mantle that the bells might not sound.

At the chapel door a woman's figure stood peering for our light. She was wrapped in a long cloak, but the hood was pushed back, and the taper's flame lit up, clear and full, the comely features of Rosalind.

My heart leaped up, and Father Benoit drew a long breath.

"Let me light thee, good fool," said Rosalind, taking the taper from my hand. I began a smart speech, out of my new learning, about a fair Psyche lighting a sorry pair of antique Cupids—but all confused because my heart was so light.

Just as our hands met someone jostled me from behind and I stumbled against Rosalind, so awkwardly that my bauble jingled sulkily under my cloak and the girl, to save herself from falling, dropped the taper and started back. A foot was set on the light and it went out; we were all in the dark till I groped for the chapel door and flung it open. Even then the light was dim and I could barely distinguish Rosalind's figure; she had meekly covered her head with her hood on entering the chapel and she did not fling it back, although the Sieur d'Audilly stepped forth to meet us. So straight and tall and fine a gallant he showed, even in the faint light of the chapel, that I could not but wonder again, though I loved him not, why he should have stooped for wife to Rosalind. But then I, being but a fool, had no business with that, or aught else that concerns other men. For a fool, look you, is but a caged fox, who pays for his scanty share of the kennel's leavings by yelping strange praises of his trap.

The two went up to the altar rail and knelt and Father Benoit came out in surplice and stoke and motioned me forward. Never was so strange a wedding. No feasting, no flowers, no gay company, no witness but one, and that a fool; the groom a soldier of fortune and the bride—O, may God forgive us for that night's work!

They were soon married and we four were again outside the chapel door and stealing through the passages of the chateau that led to the courtyard. For neither Father Benoit nor I were minded to let the young couple, however ill-mated, go forth into the great world without a word of godspeed nor a hand to wave adieu.

The great door was guarded by a drowsy man-at-arms, but I thrust the other back in the darkness and clapped the guard on the shoulder with a shout, "Hola, Loys! Break tryst and let me out!"

He sprang up with a howl of dismay, but, recognizing me, sank down again with a grunt. "Thy place is in bed, lucky fool!"

"Cats, owls and likewise birds need no sleep, my dormouse. And look you, there is a maid in the village keeping vigil for want of a song under her window."

"O, O! And this a sober household!"

"Leave homilies to the fat shaveling in the turret," said I, relishing this prick at Father Benoit, which for once he dared not return. "Thy business is to open doors."

"Or to keep them shut!"

"Eh?"

"I tell thee, I will not!"

"O!"

"Why should I, fool?"

"Because doors are made to open, carrions' meat, and because bauble is as good a switch as the flat of thy lord's sword!" And I rattled the bells of my bauble in his face with a shrill laugh, for I heard whispering in the shadow and wished not that it should reach his ears. He began to argue—that is, to curse—and I was at a loss what to do when something small hit me on the cheek and jingled on the floor. It was a piece of money, flung by Father Benoit I was certain, and I began to grumble. "There, I have lost the shining fellow that was to keep watch with thee till his brother flew to meet him on my return!"

Loys caught the bait at once and flung the door wide, letting in the moonlight, which fell in a great square on the stone floor and showed me the gold piece lying just below me. I put my foot on it as Loys went on his knees to peer about, and began to talk loud and rattle my bells and point out nothing in the shadows, so that under cover of my noise and his abstraction my three might slip out. This they did while Loys' back was turned and as soon as I saw them well across the court yard I kicked the coin into Loys' face, sprang out, dragged the door shut with a great noise and sped after them.

I was almost at their heels—thinking all safe, for I knew that the Sieur d'Audilly had the key of the postern in his pouch—when a shout behind stopped me and I saw the door standing open and Loys running after me, shouting at the top of his lungs: "Treachery, treachery! A' moi, a' moi! Halt there!"

The others had stopped short at the sound of his voice, but it was out of sheer bewilderment. For one moment their shapes stood out clear and sharp in the moonlight, then they turned and began to run again, the girl between the other two, each with a hand in hers. Seeing that they would not stay, Loys, hurriedly adjusting his arquebuse, fired upon them. Now, whether it was that his aim, being without a staff on which to rest his heavy arquebuse, was unsteady, or whether he did this horrible thing with full intent I do not know—but the bolt sped straight at the slender, muffled, woman-shape between the two men. She flung out her two hands, and fell without a cry.

The blood hot in me, I ran back to Loys, and sprang upon him, forcing him to the ground under my knee, while I felt for my dagger. Excited as I was, I could not find it, so I had to strangle him with my hands, he gurgled horribly, and jerking out his arms vainly to reach his sword. But I am a wiry man, and it did not take long. He caught at my arms once or twice—then I shook him off and went to Father Benoit, who knelt alone, bending over the girl's body. Without a word, but shivering like a man in an ague, he drew back her hood, and the moonlight streamed full upon her face. It was Demoiselle Alys.

She was not quite dead. Her heart moved feebly and her eyelids fluttered, but there was a dark wet stain upon the broideries of her dress, where the mantle fell back, and it grew larger as we gazed.

"Water," said Father Benoit. I went to where, just inside the postern-gate, played a little fountain with a cup and a statue of our lady. I wrenched the cup free, filled it, and began to mutter prayers and curses, all mingled together in my falling tears. The gate was open and through it I saw a figure scudding down the hill like a scared rabbit. It was Sieur d'Audilly. So we had married her to a craven and killed her into the bargain; the one deed balanced the other. The tears dried on my hot face as I hurried back with the brimming cup.

The alarm of Loys had wakened no one, and the court was as still as death as we bathed her white face and forced a little of the water between her lips. Down in the valley a horse neighed as it parted company with its fellow. In a moment she opened her eyes and said clearly, seeming to recall everything at once: "I am dying. Where is he?"

Father Benoit's fat face was working, and the tears chased each other down his round cheeks. He looked at me in an agony.

It was no time to count words. I took her hand and kissed it. "He is dead, madame."

She never doubted me. A bright smile shone on her little face, and her slender limbs relaxed. I lifted her in my arms, and Father Benoit began the short absolution through his tears. As he lifted his hand she raised her head on my arm, and looked straight up between us, and beyond. She closed her eyes again, and we thought her dead, but she opened them once more and smiled upon us, just as she had smiled over her roses that very day.

"I hope you have not lost the red king," said she, quite in her old voice. "You are both so careless—but lost or found, he is still the red king—was it not a brave token?" Perhaps she wandered, for all at once, before we knew, her blue eyes grew misty, her body became heavy in my arms, and it was over.

So died the Demoiselle Alys, who was the brightest, merriest woman, and whom I held on my knee before ever she was so long as my bauble.

Father Benoit rose, his wet face shining in the moonlight, and motioned me to follow him—we were both past speech—and I carried her back, through the great door, along the passages of the great silent house, groping our way, for we had no light, and sometimes stumbling in the darkness. Once I felt something touch me, and heard a dog's sniffing at my burden; the creature seemed to understand, and whined, very softly, and followed us, pattering along behind us to the very chapel door, where, as no one had the heart to thrust him back, he came in, whining as we laid Demoiselle Alys upon the step before the altar rail, where she had knelt as a bride not half an hour before.

We fell on our knees, Father Benoit and I, and prayed while the moonlight crept round the pillars, and grew faint in the western windows, and the eastern window brightened and flushed, and the birds began to twitter in the eaves. I, the fool, and Father Benoit, and the dog—well, there were three hearts of us, unlike as all three were, while Sieur d'Audilly was saving himself at the rate of five leagues an hour.

So was mourned Demoiselle Alys, who, as I said, was the merriest woman, and even when she was the length of my bauble her eyes were as blue as pansies—only some pansies are purple, but her eyes were like the kind that are blue.

"BAUBLE, SALUTE!" CRIED SHE, AND FLUNG THE ROSES AT ME.

Yellow Jaundice Cured.

Suffering humanity should be supplied with every means possible for its relief. It is with pleasure we publish the following: "This is to certify that I was a terrible sufferer with yellow jaundice for over six months, and was treated by some of the best physicians in our city and all to no avail. Dr. Bell, our druggist, recommended Electric Bitters; and after taking two bottles, I was entirely cured. I now take great pleasure in recommending them to any person suffering from this terrible malady. I am gratefully yours, M. A. Hogarty, Lexington, Ky." Sold by Kuhn & Co., druggists.

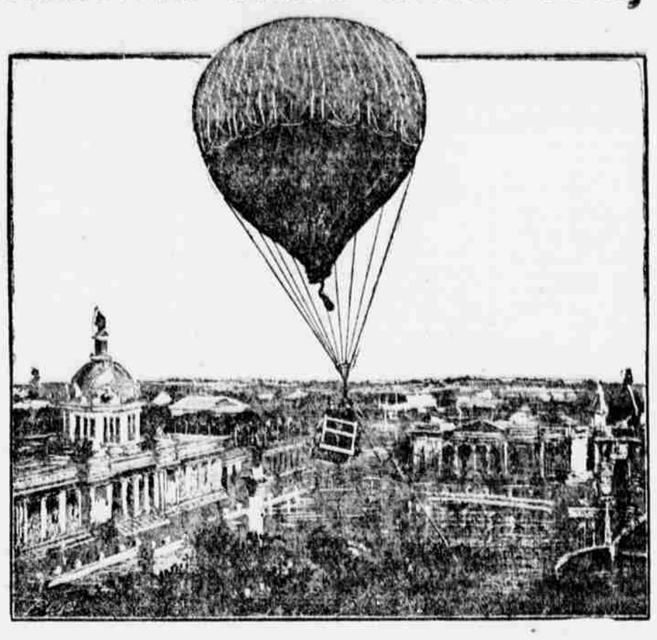
Carpet Yarn Mills Shut Down.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 23.—At a meeting of ingrain carpet yarn spinners, held in this city, an absolute shutdown of the mills represented was decided upon. This action is taken because of the over-production of yarn. At the present time, owing to unusual conditions in the carpet business, a large portion of the ingrain looms are not running. While the looms have been shutting down the production of yarns has kept up, with the result that there has been over-production and a consequent tendency towards lower prices. The shutdown will be indefinite.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION
OMAHA.

Daily Ascensions United States Army Balloon

Daily Ascension Santiago War Balloon.



Last Week Mexican National Band.

Monday Afternoon, Sept. 26, First Ascension of the Balloon Used in the Advance Upon Santiago de Cuba.

LAST WEEK OF MEXICAN NATIONAL BAND.

The First Appearance of Innes' Celebrated Band, Sunday Afternoon. Admission 25c.

Sham Battle Nearly Every Afternoon, Participated in by Fully 500 Indians in Paint and Feathers.

Go to the Twentieth Street Gate and Avoid the Crowd.

STATISTICAL CURIOSITIES.

Interesting Facts Culled from a Census Atlas.

Rene Bache, a Washington correspondent, with a penchant for statistics, delved into the census atlas recently issued by the government and brought to light many quaint facts about the American people. In a recent letter he gives from its pages the facts which overturned a popular notion and showed that the males of the country far outnumbered the females. From the same department of the book it is learned that the women of our country do not bring forth as many children as they formerly did. In 1850 the average American family numbered five and one-half persons. It is now a little more than four and one-half. In the southern states the families are the largest, while in the New England states they are the smallest. The difference is strongly marked. Louisiana has double as many children under 5 years of age as Maine, in proportion to population.

Thirteen out of every 1,000 people in the United States are in prison, and seventeen out of the same number are insane. The sexes show an equal per cent of insanity, but females form a small proportion of the prison population. Nineteen out of every 10,000 white persons are deranged, while only nine out of every 10,000 colored people are so afflicted. Of our native whites fourteen out of every 10,000 are crazy, while among the foreigners the proportion is thirty-nine. No attempt is made to show the causes which make so many foreigners go mad. The tendency to insanity is greatest among the Irish and least among the British and Germans.

Fifteen out of every 10,000 people are idiots, and here again the colored people show a less per cent. The tendency toward idiocy appears to be greatest among those of Hungarian stock and least among those of Italian origin. Seven out of every 10,000 people are deaf and dumb and eight out of every 10,000 are blind. In idiocy, deafness and blindness the sexes are divided in this proportion: Males, 55 per cent; females, 45 per cent.

Consumption kills 12 per cent of the people of the United States, sooner or later, and the greatest mortality from it is on the Pacific coast and in the upper portion of the eastern Mississippi valley. Pneumonia is the complaint next most fatal, carrying off 9 per cent of the population, and its most fatal fields are in the Rocky mountain region and in eastern Texas. Diarrheal diseases carry off 8.5 per cent, diphtheria and croup, 5 per cent; enteric fever, 3 per cent; cancer and tumors, 2.4 per cent; malarial fever, 2.2 per cent; child birth, 1.3 per cent; measles, 1.2 per cent; whooping cough, 1 per cent, and scarlet fever, three-fourths of 1 per cent.

"Diphtheria," says our correspondent, "is worst in the Rocky mountain region, on the plains and prairies and near the great lakes. Cancer and tumor appear to increase with density of population, their victims being more numerous proportionately in New England and the northern part of the Mississippi valley than elsewhere. Malarial fever is most destructive in eastern Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, southeastern Missouri and the cotton belt. Measles rages most persistently in the southern mountain regions and whooping cough is particularly fatal in the southern Appalachians. The danger from scarlet fever is greatest among the Rocky mountains and in the plains region. Heart disease and dropsy kill most people in the upland country of New England and on the south Atlantic coast.

From the causes which lead to death it is natural to turn to the statistics of those who have prepared for death. But 31 per cent of the American people are churchgoers and of these one-third are Roman Catholics. One in five is a Methodist, one in six a Baptist, one in sixteen a Presbyterian, one in seventeen a Lutheran, one in thirty-nine a Congregationalist and one in thirty-nine an Episcopalian. New Mexico is the most pious section of the union, with 68 per cent of its population church communicants, mostly Catholics. Utah has 62 per cent, mostly Mormons, and Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Connecticut are a tie with 40 per cent. Vermont has 35 per cent, New Hampshire 27 per cent and Maine less than 25 per cent. The far western states show less than 10 per cent.

In gathered wealth New York stands first with $8,500,000,000. This is more than the whole nation in 1850. The states then come in this order: Pennsylvania, $7,000,000,000; Illinois, $5,000,000,000; Ohio, $4,000,000,000; Massachusetts, more than $3,000,000,000; Missouri, $3,000,000,000, and then California, Iowa, Texas, Indiana, Kansas. Kansas has more wealth than any southern or New England state not named here. The total wealth of the country is placed at $65,000,000,000. The richest people in proportion to population are those of the far west and the poorest are those of the far south. In Nevada the average human owns $2,220 worth of real estate and improvements and in Washington, Montana, Wyoming and Arizona the average is $1,600. In New York the average is $1,000, in Massachusetts $800, in Missouri $500, in the Carolinas and gulf states $100. In Kansas the average is $720.

The Best Remedy for Flux.

Mr. John Mathias, a well known stock dealer of Pulaski, Ky., says: "After suffering for over a week with flux, and my physician having failed to relieve me, I was advised to try Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and have the pleasure of stating that the half of one bottle cured me."

FRENCH FALL TAILOR GOWN FROM HARPER'S BAZAR

A gown of light weight mixed wool in a small checked pattern of fawn, very fashionable for tailor gowns this autumn, is trimmed with velvet bands strapped again in the center with lady's cloth of a paler tint, so closely that very little of the velvet shows between. The illustration which is reproduced from Harper's Bazar, and for which cut paper patterns may be secured, gives an idea of the cut of the gown.

The circular skirt is attached in the back without any visible fullness just at the waist line, hanging lower down in easy graceful fold and perfectly straight in front, where the band trimming is curved apron-fashion in double rows. The width of the skirt at the hem is four and a half yards; the lining and outside are cut the same form, and are seamed and faced in the usual manner.

The jacket in the style of a zouave is cut away sharply in front, just above the waist line. The double revers, rather wide and pointed, roll back over a chemisette of cream-colored silk muslin, pleated and finished with a great soft bow at the neck. The jacket, in the back, is fitted closely to the figure and finished with double basques open behind and curving to the front, the belt of black velvet with gilt buckle concealing the seams.

A high flaring medici collar is the finish at the neck, and the decorations of the jacket are bands similar to those of the skirt, with groups of cameo buttons that appear also on the skirt front.