



RUTHVEN'S WARD

FLORENCE MARRIAT

CHAPTER XV.

W E had a daughter born to us, and for the first few days all went well, and Mrs. George Flower, having apparently laid aside her unnatural jealousy, congratulated us both on our new happiness, and was a constant visitor at the bedside. One sultry afternoon, however, when my wife had fallen asleep, and the nurse, having deposited the infant in its cradle, had followed her mistress's example, she waked to the terrible knowledge that the child was gone!

Bryant, with faces full of perplexity, and mouths full of apologies; but Sir Frederic cut their excuses short. "Take your patient back to her apartments," he said; "and the next time she leaves them you lose your places." The attendants were doing their best to persuade, or force, the unfortunate creature to quit the room when Carmen and Hamilton Shore were added to the company. "What on earth is this all about?" exclaimed the girl, in a voice of disgust. When she saw what it was about, Ruthven expected she would look distressed or compassionate; but not at all. She colored, it is true, but only with annoyance, as she attempted to conceal the presence of the mad woman from her companion. "Come, let us go into the drawing-room," she said to Hamilton Shore; and she obeyed her mechanically. In a few minutes the room was cleared, and the voice of the poor patient, raised in expostulation, was already dying away in the distance. "I am sorry you should have been frightened and annoyed, my dear," said Sir Frederic to Margaret, "but there really was no danger. That unfortunate lady, though insane, is harmless. She is Carmen's mother. Ah! you may well start; but your guardian shall tell you the whole story by and by. But I can not understand how the poor creature got loose. It must have been great carelessness on the part of the domestics."

IN WOMAN'S CORNER.

UP-TO-DATE READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

The Princess Gown Is Rapidly Growing in Favor Again—Charming Frocks for Young Girls—For the Tired Housewife.

THE princess gown is rapidly growing in favor. It is a style especially adapted to a plump figure, the long, graceful lines going far to give an air of slenderness. It is a poor policy—indeed, almost a hopeless task—for an amateur to attempt the princess gown. It requires skillful fingers to give perfection to the style. When well made there is no gown more satisfactory, but when botched there is no gown so utterly hopeless. A handsome model in prune tinted taffeta is made up in this style, fitting the beautiful figure like a glove, and made most severely plain, save for the rich braiding set around the foot as a finish. The front of the gown buttons diagonally from shoulder to belt, and then follows the outlines of the graceful limb to the foot. Small turquoise set buttons are done in rich shades of prune, turquoise blue and black, and relieve the air of severity about the gown. The stock is plain and high and built of turquoise blue velvet, fastened with the studded buttons. The rather small leg o'mutton sleeves are caught close to the arms below the elbow, and finished at the wrist by a smart flare and a row of the turquoise buttons. Mourning gowns made in this style are especially effective. It forms so good a body for any mode of decoration. A smart princess gown made up

SATIN CAPE WITH RUCHINGS OF LACE AND PERSIAN RIBBON.



In lustreless black silk is enriched with insertions of black silk lace and narrow bands of cut jet. The insertion is let into all the long seams, while each side is edged with the tiny cords of jet, giving an air of exceeding dressiness to the entire gown. The big leg o' mutton sleeves are intersected in rows (running around the sleeves) of the insertion. The entire effect is most novel and decidedly dressy.

Garden Fete Gowns.

Recently a very unique garden party was held in some private grounds on East 37th street, New York. The garden belonged to Governor Morgan, and, though now the property of sev-



eral owners, the grassy lawns and fine old trees are still preserved. The party was given under the auspices of the alumnae of Barnard college, and the gardens were gay with pretty gowns. A white dotted Swiss there was, most appropriate for this festive occasion. It was made over white taffeta, the seams marked with insertions of white Valenciennes lace through which the silk shone prettily. A row

of Valenciennes was set in under the stock collar, and the sleeves were finished with flounces of the lace. A dainty frock of grass linen was made with a plain skirt, with embroidered band about the bottom. The waist was cut blouse fashion with a large embroidered yoke over the shoulders, cut in peculiar squares at the edge. Tiny ruffles of lace traced their way down blouse and sleeves. A large green bow at the nape of the neck and a hat of the same color completed the costume.—The Latest.

Rest for Tired Housewives.

If a vacation is impossible, try rest, advises a writer on women's work. There is no special satisfaction to the tired, overworked housewife at this season to be told that she must try change of scene and moderate exercise. There is no better preventive of nervous exhaustion, we are told, than regular, unhurried muscular exercise. If we could moderate our hurry, lessen our worry and increase our open air exercise a large portion of nervous diseases would be abolished. But the tired housekeeper realizes only too well that it is not exercise she needs half so much as rest. For those who cannot get a holiday the best substitute is an occasional day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily vocation have discovered this for themselves. A Spanish merchant in Barcelona told his medical man that he always went to bed whenever he could be spared from business and laughed at those who spent their holidays on toilsome mountains. One of the most successful working women in England, who had for many years conducted a large wholesale business, retains excellent nerves at an advanced age, owing, it is said, to the habit of spending one entire day of each week in bed. If we cannot avoid frequent agitation we ought, if possible, to give the nervous system time to recover between shocks. If the idea of a holiday in bed seems absurd to the tired

THE JOKER'S CORNER.

WIT HUMOR AND SATIRE FOR SUMMER WEATHER.

The Wreath of Fame—The Origin of It—Her First Affair—Original and Selected Jokelets—Looked Like Ma—A Point in Question.

ROUDLY the youth left the old homestead. His fame and fortune to seek, And said to his mother in confident tone, As he kissed her w r i n k l e d cheek; Fear not, dear mother, I shall succeed, And win renown and gold; On the blazoned banner of deathless fame You shall see my name enrolled.

Long years he tarried out in the world But at last he homeward turned, And he spread before his mother's gaze The honor he had earned; "I've reached the goal," he cried to her, "I have won the wreath of fame, I am captain of a foot-ball team, And a cigar bears my name." —L. F. GERHART.

Looked Like Ma.

He left the main traveled road and walked up to the farm-house door, one of the raggedest, dirtiest specimens of the tramping fraternity. A quiet-looking little woman came to the door and he immediately began to weep and wail bitterly. "What in creation ails ye?" she asked. "Sure, me lady, but I can't help it. You do remind me so of my poor mother!"

"Your mother, ye miserable critter! You're ten years older'n I am if you're a day!"

"I mean, lady, that you remind me of my poor sainted mother when she was your age. The livin' immdige of 'er! Oh ma! ma! boo-hoo-hoo! ma! ma!"

"Well, I'll carry the illusion a little further, mister, an' I'll tell ye that if ye shut up your bawlin' an' go an' wash your hands an' face an' comb your hair—the tramp groaned—"an' chop an' bring in a wood-box full of wood!" he went in dead earnest now—"I'll give you a piece o' bread an' meelasses, same as yer dear sainted ma used to do for the same service."

"Ah! jist out o' the hospital, eh? I reckoned so. Well, you'd better skeep up stren'th enough to run at the rate of 'bout ten mille an' hour, fer I'm goin' to set the dogs on ye! Here, Lion! Here, Jack! Take 'em, Nero! Tige! Here, Bull! Here, Rove! Here, See 'im sprint! Look like his ma, do! I bet he won't try that dodge ag'in soon!"

Accented Catastrophe.

"Did you —" The stern old merchant eyed his clerk critically. "Did you render Mr. Skinemgood his bill?"

The clerk quailed perceptibly beneath that penetrating glance, but presently he regained sufficient self-composure to make answer, saying: "No, sir, he rendered it himself, for he—"

A nervous twitching about the eyelids was all that betrayed the clerk's emotion. "He tore it into infinitesimal portions, sir."

The entrance of a stranger at that moment probably saved the clerk from serious, if not mortal, injury.

The Origin of It.



She—I wonder where the custom of mothers taking their daughters to watering places originated? He—in the days of Abraham. Rebekah got her husband at one.

A Roomer.

Real Estate Agent—I tell you, we've been raising some great old wheat crops up in North Dakota. "I expect so. So big, weren't they, that they crowded the mortgages right off the land into the rivers?"

Real Estate Agent—Well, I'll tell you one thing. Two years ago we had such a heavy crop that county lines bulged over until some of the counties looked as round as a full moon, and you couldn't tell where one township ended and another began.

Bankrupt.

Dyer—What is your business, may I ask? Boorish Stranger—I'm a gentleman, sir. That's my business. Dyer—Ah! You have failed, I see.

Gutty.

Wragged Whiskers—Lemme go, Judge; I didn't do nothin'. Judge Quick—Thirty days. "Wot fer?" "Vagrancy."

Enasperating. Stranger (to one-armed man)—"Been in the army, I take it." Complacent One-Armed Man—"Never in my life." "Machinery, maybe?" "No." "Wreck?" "Never was in a wreck." Five minutes silence. "Blood poisoning made it necessary to amputate, maybe?" "No." "Ever fight a duel?" "Never." Ten minutes' silence. Finally the one-armed man spoke. "I see you are naturally curious to know how I lost my arm. Well, I will tell you on one condition—viz., if you will ask no further questions." The assent was readily given. "Well, sir, it was bit off."—Washington Evening Times.

Crushing Sarcasm. "Our esteemed contemporary—we have to esteem him because the Lord made him, doubtless in a moment of abstraction—winds up his latest editorial," says the Plunkville Bugle, "with 'we think not.' It is the first bit of truth that has appeared in his lying sheet since it started."—Indianapolis Journal.

The question often asked—"Why are pupils of the New England Conservatory so uniformly successful as teachers or performers?"—is readily answered by those who have been fortunate enough to become acquainted with the institution. With an equipment superior to that of any other school, with both American and foreign teachers of the highest rank, with Boston, the art centre of America, to furnish the best operas and concerts, it is easy to see why one year of study there is better than two elsewhere. Its prospectus is sent free.

Convict's Cash Was in the Prison. William W. Baird died in the Columbus, Ohio, prison a few days ago. Just before he died he told where he had hidden \$500 just after being admitted to the prison in 1890. The money was found and will be sent to his son at Columbus, Ga.

A Child Enjoys.

The pleasant flavor, gentle action, and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be constive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

A Valuable Man.

"Vat? You paidt seven tollar for dot suit?" asked Mr. Acheimer of the farmer. "I would like to know der name of der rubber dot shtit it is you. Dot man in yort' twenty-five tollar a week in any clothing house on eart'."—Indianapolis Journal.

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