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THE SPLENDID SPUR OR THE ADVENTURES OF JACK MARVEL.

By ARTHUR T. QUILLER COUCH.

CHAPTER I.

The Bowling Green of the "Crown." He that has jilted the Muse, forsaking her gentle pipe to follow the drum and trumpet, shall fruitlessly besiege her again when the time comes to sit at home and write down his adventures. 'Tis her revenge, as I am extremely sensible, and methinks she is the harder on me, upon reflection how near I came to being her life-long servant, as you are to her.

It must have been an hour after that I awoke with a chill (as was natural), and was stretching out a hand to pull the window close, but suddenly sat down again and fell to watching instead. The window looked down, at the height of ten feet or so, upon a bowling green at the back of the "Crown" Tavern (then by John Davenant, in the Corn Market), and across it to a rambling wing of the same inn, the fourth side—that to my left—being but an old wall, with a broad sycamore growing against it. 'Twas already twilight, and in the darkening house, over the green, was now one casement brightly lit, the curtains withdrawn, and within a company of noisy drinkers round a table. They were gaming, as was easily told by their clicking of the dice and frequent oaths; and among the hellow of some tipsy chorus would come across. 'Twas one of these catches, I dare say, that woke me; only just now my eyes were bent, not toward the singers, but on the still lawn between me.

The sycamore, I have hinted, was a broad tree, and must, in summer, have borne a goodly load of leaves; but now, in November, these were strewn thick over the green, and nothing left but a staff, naked boughs. Beneath it lay a cracked bowl or two on the rank turf, and against the trunk a garden bench rested. I suppose for the convenience of the players. On this a man was now seated.

He was reading a little book; and this first joggled my curiosity; for 'twas unnatural a man should read print at this dim hour, or if he had a mind to try, should choose a cold bowling green for his purpose. Yet he seemed to study his volume very attentively, with a sharp look, now and then, toward the lighted window, as if the readers disturbed him. His back was partly turned to me, and what with this and the growing dusk, I could not make a guess at his face; but a plenty of silver hair fell over his fur collar, and his shoulders were bent a great deal. I judged him between fifty and sixty. For the rest, he wore a dark, simple suit, very straight cut, with an ample furred collar, and a hat rather tall, after the fashion of the last reign.

Now, why the man's behavior so engaged me, I don't know, but at the end of half an hour I was still watching him. By this, 'twas near dark, bitter cold, and his pretense to read mere fondness; yet he persevered—though with longer glances at the casement above, where the din at times was fit to wake the dead.

And now one of the dicees upsets his chair with a curse, and gets on his feet. Looking up, I saw his features for a moment—a slight, pretty boy, scarce above eighteen, with fair curls and flushed cheeks like a girl's. It made me admire to see him in this ring of purple, villainous faces. 'Twas evident he was a young gentleman of quality, as well by his bearing as his handsome cloak of amber satin barred with black. "I think the devil's in these dice!" I heard him cry, and a pretty bubbl about him; but presently the drawer enters with more wine, and he sits down quietly to a fresh game.

shadow of the wall, and besides had a curious trailing motion with his left foot as though the ankle of it had been wrung or badly hurt.

As soon as he was come beneath the window he stopped and called softly: "Hist!"

The bully gave a start and looked down. I could tell by this motion he did not look to find any one in the bowling green at that hour. Indeed, he had been watching the shaft of light thrown past him by the room behind, and now moved so as to let it fall on the man that addressed him.

The other stands close under the window, as if to avoid this, and calls again: "Hist!" says he, and beckons with a finger.

The man at the window still held his tongue (I suppose because those in the room would hear him if he spoke), and so for a while the two men studied one another in silence, as if considering their next move.

After a bit, however, the bully lifted a hand, and turning back into the lighted room, walks up to one of the players, speaks a word or two and disappears.

I sat up on the window seat, where till now I had been crouching for fear the shaft of light should betray me, and presently (as I was expecting) heard the latch of the back porch gently lifted, and spied the heavy form of the bully coming softly over the grass.

The bully must have closed the door behind him but carelessly, for hardly could he take a dozen steps when it opened again with a scuffle, and the large house dog belonging to the "Crown" flew at his heels with a vicious snarl and snap of the teeth.

'Twas enough to scare the coolest. But the fellow turned as if shot, and before he could snarl again had gripped him fairly by the throat. The struggle that followed I could barely see, but I heard the horrible sounds of it—the hard, short breathing of the man, the hoarse rage working in the dog's throat—and it turned me sick. The dog—a mastiff—was fighting now to pull loose, and the pair swayed this way and that in the dusk, panting and murderous.

I was almost shouting aloud—feeling as though I were my own throat thus gripped—when the end came. The man had his legs planted well apart. I saw his shoulders heave up and bend as he tightened the pressure of his fingers; then came a moment's dead silence, then a hideous gurgle, and the mastiff dropped back, his hind legs trailing limp.

The bully held him so for a full minute, peering close to make sure he was dead, and then without loosening his hold, dragged him across the grass under my window. By the sycamore he halted, but only to shift his hands a little; and so, swaying on his hips, sent the carcass with a heave over the wall. I heard it drop with a thud on the far side.

During this fierce wrestle—which must have lasted about two minutes—the clatter and shouting of the company above had gone on without a break; and all this while the man with the white hair rested quietly on one side, watching. But now he steps up to where the bully stood mopping his face for all the coolness of the evening and, with a finger between the leaves of his book, bows very politely.

"You handled that dog, sir, chiefly well," says he, in a thin voice that seemed to have a chuckle hidden in it somewhere.

The other ceased mopping to get a good look at him.

"But sure," he went on, "'twas hard on the poor cut, that had never heard of Captain Lucius Higgs."

I thought the bully would have had him by the windpipe and pitched him after the mastiff, so fiercely he turned at the sound of this name. But the old gentleman skipped back quite nimbly and held up a finger.

"I'm a man of peace. If another title suits you better—"

"Where, by my troth, got you that name?" growled the bully, and had half a mind to come on again, but the other put in briskly:

"I'm on a plain errand of business. No need, as you hint, to mention names; and therefore let me present myself as Mr. Z. The residue of the alphabet is at your service to pick and choose from."

"My name is Luke Settle," said the big man, hoarsely, "but whether this was his natural voice or no I could not tell.

"With a hey, trolly-lolly! a leg to the devil, and answer him civil, and off with your cap!" Sing—Hey, trolly-lolly! Good morrow, Sir Devil, We've finished the tap, And, saving your worship, we care not a rap!"

While this din continued, the stranger held up one forefinger again, as if beseeching silence, the other remaining still between the pages of his book.

"Pretty boys!" he said, as the noise died away; "pretty boys! 'Tis easily seen they have a bird to pluck."

"He's none of my plucking!" "And if he were, why not? Sure you've picked a feather or two before now in the Low Countries—hey?"

"I'll tell you what," interrupts the big man, "next time you crack me one of your death's-head jokes, over the wall you go after the dog. What's to prevent it?"

"Why, this?" answers the old fellow, cheerfully. "There's money to be made by doing no such thing. And I don't carry it all about with me. So, as 'tis late, we'd best talk business at once."

They moved away toward the seat under the sycamore, and now their words reached me no longer—only the low murmur of their voices or (to be correct) of the elder man's; for the other man only spoke now and then, to put a question, as it seemed. Presently I heard an oath rapped out, and saw the bully start up. "Hush, man!" cried the other, and "hark ye, now—"; so he sat down again. Their very forms were lost within the shadow. I, myself, was cold enough by this time and had a cramp in one leg—but lay still, nevertheless. And after a while they stood up together, and came pacing across the bowling-green, side by side, the older man trailing his foot painfully to keep up. You may be sure I strained my ears.

"—besides the pay," the stranger was saying, "there's all you can win of this young fool, Anthony, all you'll find on the pair, which I'll wager—"

They passed out of hearing, but turned soon and came back again. The big man was speaking this time. "I'll be shot if I know what game you're playing in this."

The elder chuckled softly. "I'll be shot if I mean you to," said he. And this was the last I heard. For now there came a clattering at the door behind me, and Mr. Robert Drury recled in, hitching a maudlin ballad about "Tib and young Colin, one fine day, beneath the haystack shade-"; etc., etc., and cursing to find his fire gone out, and all in the darkness. Liquor was ever his master, and to-day the King's health had been a fair excuse. He did not spy me, but the roar of his ballad had started the two men outside, and so, while he was stumbling over chairs and groping for a tinder box, I slipped out in the darkness, and downstairs into the street.

CHAPTER II.

The Young Man in the Cloak of Amber Satin.

Guess, any of you, if these events disturbed my rest that night. 'Twas a o'clock before I dropped asleep in my bed in Trinity, and my last thoughts were still busy in the words I had heard. Nor, on the morning, did I fare any better with me; so that, at the rustic lecture, our president—the Right Kettle-book—by the ears before the whole class. He was the fiercer upon me as being older than the gross of my fellow-scholars, and (as he thought) the more restless under discipline. "A tutor's adolescence," he would say, "is a fair game before meat," and had his hour-glass enlarged to point the moral for us. But even a rhetoric lecture must have an end, and so, tossing my gown to the bridle, I set off at last for Magdalen Bridge, where the new barriade was building, along the Physic Garden, in front of East Gate.

The day was dull and lowering, though my wits were too busy to heed the sky; but scarcely was I past the small gate in the city wall when a brisk shower of hail and sleet—drove me to shelter to the "Pig Market" (or "Proscholium") before the Divinity School. 'Tis an ample vaulted passage, as I dare say you know, and here I found a great company of people already driven by the same cause, among them a fellow impudently puffing his specific against the morbus caepestrius, which already had begun to invade us.

I was standing before the jackanapes when I heard a stir in the crowd behind me and another calling: "Who'll buy? Who'll buy?"

Turning, I saw a young man, very gayly dressed, moving quickly about at the far end of the Pig Market, and behind him an old lackey, bent double with the weight of two baskets that he carried. The baskets were piled with books, clothes and gewgaws of all kinds, and 'twas the young gentleman that hawked his wares himself.

"What 'ye lack?" he kept shouting, and would stop to unfold his merchandise, holding up now a book, now a silk doublet, and running over their merits like any buckster—but with the merriest conceit in the world.

And yet 'twas not this that sent my heart flying into my mouth at the sight of him. For by his curls and womanish face, no less than the amber cloak with the black bars, I knew him at once for the same I had seen yesterday among the diggers.

As I stood there, drawn this way and that by many reflections, he worked his way through the press, selling here and there a trifle from his baskets, and at length came to a halt in front of me.

(To be continued.)

Just Saved From Starvation.

When, in 1891, Miss Ballou was visiting the West of Ireland and studying the condition of the people, she asked one of them how they were getting on in a particular village. "Arrah, miss, sure and if it wasn't for the famine we'd be starving!"—John Bull.

Woman's Realm

Turban of Spanish Lace. An evening turban of old Spanish lace is all in white, save for the tips of the tails of two ermines. These two little animals are actually tied in a knot on the crown of the turban, it is beautiful rather than bizarre.

Early Morning Call. A Fort Fairfield lady living in the country says that a short time ago she was awakened at about 3 o'clock in the morning by a furious ring of the telephone in her house. Feeling from the wildness of the ring that somebody's house must be on fire or that somebody was bleeding to death, she scampered down stairs and nervously seized the receiver, only to hear a shrill soprano voice shriek: "Got your washin' done yet? Had mine out half an hour ago."—Lewistown Journal.

A Suit For the Links. A brown and white check in a loosely woven tweed has been successfully converted into a stunning golfing costume by a famous tailor. The skirt is plain and graceful in its ankle length lines, and a russet brown cloth makes the chic banded coat, which is trifely negligee, blousing just a little all round over a brown leather belt. The fronts are turned back and faced with the plaid, while material also fashions the smart little waistcoat that buttons over a shirt of white linen. The neck arrangement with the now decreed turnover linen collar and small bow tie.

Not For the Dumpy Woman. The trimming of the new skirt covers the entire area of the skirt, reserving a slight bit of unclaimed surface at the top. When the material is adaptable a pretty conceit is represented by a skirt flounced with three frills—to wit, a broad one at the bottom, a narrower one half way up, and the third and last hardly a quarter of a yard from the waist line. Lots of sartorial solecisms will be spared us if the fat, dumpy woman will relinquish all claims to this particular effect, leaving these frills to her tall, slight sister, and adopt the equally smart detachable skirt, which, with its changing, long lines, will accommodate a height at least several inches.

With Sling Sleeves. A striking feature of a white cloth evening pelisse is the sling sleeve. This peculiar sleeve is very full and shirred up onto a shallow yoke. It is edged along the open part (the sling) with satin. From the front this opening is quite like some very old-fashioned garments. Along the back the sleeves look like huge sagging puffs. In addition to being edged around the neck and down the fronts with the fur it is adorned with two puffs of the cloth. The lowest one is four inches above the edge. One goes around in a line with the bust. The sleeve, to return to the very novel feature, does not fall far below the elbow, which gives opportunity to show the dress sleeve.

Day of Rest. The day of rest is a terrible snare and delusion for the wife and mother, and she is glad when Monday comes and she has seven workdays of relaxation before her.

Verily for the busy housekeeper there is no rest, for housework, be it done ever so well-to-day, hobs up serenely on the morrow, to be done all over again, and children's appetites are of a fierce and terrible monotony, never satisfied, and clothes wear out and dust gathers, and many a poor woman says with the prophet:

"Vanity, vanity, all is vanity." If no one else deserves it the faithful house-mothers of this and past generations deserve an especially choice slice of the good things of the next world, for their reward in this is small and of little renown.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Employment of Women. Our Government has never been very generous in the employment of women for clerks, as the records of the various bureaus show.

But Consul Monaghan, of Chemnitz, says that women have become an indispensable factor in the German postal telegraph and telephone service, in spite of the conservatism which prevented the utilization of feminine activities in public work in Germany until nearly half a century later than in France and England.

Some 4000 women in Germany are now engaged in the Government telephone service. The pay is not high and the conditions are rigid, but the hours are light and the salary (\$357 a year) offers a comfortable living.

But the most satisfying feature of female employment in Germany is the Government insurance policy against old age, and it is not to be forgotten that the woman of faithful work are awarded a government pension on the same plane with men.—Boston Globe.

Coral and Its Imitations. "If you wish to buy coral beads," remarked the jewel enthusiast, "you must go to a reliable dealer. Why, even celluloid may be so shaped and tinted that the average person would not know the difference. There's one way to tell, however, if the chain is cheap. In this case the very perfection of the beads will convince the would-be purchaser of their spuriousness. A string of small beads at, say \$8 or \$10,

WHEN HE WAS SATISFIED.

A Story of the Early Western Stage Coach Days.

Otto Mears is known in Colorado as the "Pathfinder of the San Juan" because of the stage and toll roads he built through the mountains. One of his stage lines was over Marshall Pass. He was constantly censuring his drivers for being slow. The result was that every man was anxious to get him alone in a stage and demonstrate that they could go fast enough to please him.

One morning he waited at the summit of Marshall Pass for the stage driven by Henry Burns, a reckless driver, to leave for the foot. He was dressed in a black suit that was molded to him, and on his head was a new silk hat, and his linen was spotlessly white. He was the only passenger.

"I'll give him the ride of his life," remarked Burns to the station men. Four of the best horses on the line were hooked up, Mears stepped into the stage with a fresh cigar in his mouth, and Burns clambered on the box. He cracked his whip with a volley of curses, and the leaders nearly jumped out of the harness. He sent the four down the serpentine road in record time, the stage banging against the side of the mountain, grazing the edges of precipices, whirling around sharp curves on two wheels, and bounding over rocks with jars that raised the heavy vehicle three feet and lunged it forward with a bump that started every bolt and nail. The horses were white with lather, but still Burns urged them on.

At the foot pass Burns pulled up his foaming and well-nigh spent horses, and Mears climbed out. His silk hat was a battered wreck, his clothes were torn in a dozen of places, and his hands and face were scratched and bleeding, for he had been tossed about in the stage like a pea in a can; but his cigar was still gripped in his teeth. He said nothing, however, until the stage was driven up to continue on its way, when he remarked to Burns: "Henry, I think I will ride on to outside mid you. I was so lonesome inside I couldn't keep awake."—Sunday Magazine.

The materials are a heavy Scotch wool mixture, silk mohair, wash flannel, light Scotch flannel, taffeta, silk and wool voile and straight cotton stuffs. If you want to be most fashionable you will have a wash flannel suit in some tartan color, a design that has been fought under, sung to, and that has been an inspiration to the bagpipers on many a battlefield.

The wool or silk shirt waist suits all have a pleated skirt, wide box pleats or narrow knife pleats, cut circular or accordion pleated. And the blouses are pleated to match, full over the chest for perfect comfort, loose in the armhole, moderately full sleeves, with the comfortable elbow spring. They are very tailor made, all the pleats stitched and double stitched and flatly pressed, and the silk suits sometimes trimmed with bands, collar and cuffs of suede leather.

An excellent plan for washing these linings to prevent fading or the haggard look of well rubbed fabric is to wash in hot suds of castile soap and borax powder. It saves boiling, the use of a board and any possibility of shrinking. Have a tub half full of water that has boiled, add four tablespoonfuls of borax and half a cake of shaved soap. When this is prepared it is a good plan before putting in your linings to first rinse out any laces or ribbons or veils that you want to clean quickly without injury.

Your linings will come clean in a few minutes light hand rubbing, and should be rinsed in clear warm and then in clear cold water. This is also a good method for doing up the plaid suits of wash flannel, which should never have permanent linings if there is any intention of submitting them to laundry worries. You simply can't wash two different sorts of materials out in different ways so that they will agree afterwards, and it is simpler to plan them separate from the start. It also makes ironing easier.

The effort to iron a loose blouse with a fitted lining on the wrong side might easily, if women were not so patient, imperil household peace for a week. Fancy if mere man had to accomplish such feats in his daily office routine. The world would ring with the achievement.

God has the best place for the best man, although men cannot always see this until the work is finished.—H. J. Stevart. Many a man who prays for power to lift a world shuts his eyes when he sees a poor woman struggling with a heavy satchel. The craving for sympathy is natural enough, and it ought never to be treated harshly, nor thought of as a fault, but it easily becomes ignoble and very morbid, because very selfish.—Charles G. Ames. I believe that there is no away, that no love, no life, goes ever from us; it goes as He went, that it may come again, deeper and closer and surer, to be with us always even to the end of the world.—George Macdonald.

A New "Tramp Eliminator." The following communication is self-explanatory: "Max Pracht has completed the details and will apply for patent No. 4,11-44 on an invention which he calls 'Pacht's Patent Steam Tramp Eliminator.' Manager Calvin thinks it is great, and he may offer a million or more for the control of the patent. With this invention in use, it will not be necessary for the engineer to dump his clinkers and live coals on the tracks at Oregon City, and then slowly pull the train over it, causing the trains to lose their hold on the hog chains and drop off on the brier, creating a bad smell. In short, Pacht's invention consists of a series of rotary diaphragms, similar to some in use on hose nozzles for watering lawns. These are attached to a pipe running along the underside of the coaches, baggage, and express cars, coupled to a series of airbrake valves, similar to the airbrake pipes, and connected with the boiler of the engine, so arranged that any one of the train crew can by operating a simple device in the coaches, etc., turn on the steam, thus causing the sputter mechanism under the train to revolve and scald off the clinging tramp, without causing an offensive smell; and also give the tramps the ever-needed bath.—Portland Oregonian.

Honors Were Even. It was at the Republican State Convention in Trenton, N. J., that several of the delegates became interested in a discussion on the ethics of bill-collecting in the professions of law and medicine.

"Let's see," said a prominent lawyer to a well known physician, "are you not the medicine man who is so particular about his fee that he always inquires whether or not a patient carries life insurance before accepting the case?"

"Yes, I'm the man," replied the disciple of Hippocrates with a genial smile, "and unless I'm mistaken you are the lawyer that told a young fellow, who asked you if he might sue for the hand of your daughter, that he could if he'd permit you to draw up the papers in the case and give you a retainer of twenty-five dollars."

The others in the crowd agreed that honors were even.—Sunday Magazine.

FASHIONS OF THE DAY

Velvet hats are worn with velvet costumes. Sleeves are moderate in size, ending at the elbow. Thin velvet crests are chosen. The quality is usually chiffon. Barbaric necklaces complete the finish of some stockless bodies. That old favorite, the palm pattern, is worked out in a velvet-piped silk puff on the fronts of a novel waist.

Fur ties complete the collarless coat on a cold day. Ermine is first for dress wear and chinchilla is next. Broadtail is smart. A velvet wrap—the darker the better—may be immensely brightened and enriched by placing over the shoulders to the length of a deep yoke strips of bronzy gold galon.

Feather boas, or rather stoles, are worn by very many fashionable. At a little distance white mar'ont is often taken for fox, while brown marabout looks almost as much like some of the rich brown furs.

Some of the most magnificent velvet dresses show corded shoulder shirrings in epaulette effect. These shirrings extend out over and take in the sleeve tops. The cut of many a creation is so involved as to be a mystery. Shoulder trimmings are for the most part in the form of extensions of other trimming. A cut-and-dried collar, such as one of deep lace, is practically unheard of. And caps are so cut up and disguised as to be hardly recognizable.

WIT and HUMOR of THE DAY

Conserving the Type. "Ah, yes, we blondes are getting scarce," The flower of the beauty flock sighed; And further scarceness to prevent, She went and blew in her last cent For one more bottle of peroxide.

Doing and Telling to Order. "Henpeck tells his wife everything that he does." "Yes, and he does everything that she tells him."—Illustrated Bits.

Two Questions. She—"Are you sure you love me for myself alone?" He—"Did you think I loved you for your mother?"—Somerville Journal.

Gathers None. Tortoise—"There is no moss on my back!" The Hare—"That's because you're a species of rolling stone."—Detroit Free Press.

Where He Got Them. "His nose is like his father's, but where did he get those black eyes?" "He called me a name yesterday and I gave them to him."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Don't Use One. "The trustee of the company has flown with the cash." "Did he use a flying machine?" "I said he had down, didn't I?"—Fort Worth Record.

The End. Upon—"Is love a disease?" Down—"The worst in the world. Pickleson nearly died with it." Upon—"What cured him?" Down—"Marriage."—Detroit Free Press.

Flying Leap.



Ida—"Where did you first meet Harold?" May—"Down at the beach. He proposed to me while we were on the springing board."

Ida—"And you accepted him on the jump, eh?"—Chicago News.

Just Their Size. Ensign of the Pacific Fleet—"Your Excellency, I am informed that there are dangerous rumors afloat." Admiral (excitedly)—"Where are they? I'll tackle 'em, no matter how dangerous they are. I'll blow 'em out of the water, I will!"

Careless Man. Mr. Nooritch—"Our friend Jiggins has made a lot of money off a shoeing start, but he still talks like a roustabout."

Mr. Sturckle—"Yes, I notice so. Now that he's made his pile, why don't he hire a tooter and learn to talk proper, like I do?"

Too Much Work to Do. Village Postmaster—"We ought to have another clerk here." Inspector—"More than she can do, eh?"

Village Postmaster—"Yes; why, sometimes she don't get through reading all the post cards before 10 o'clock at night."—Tit-Bits.

A Definition. "Teacher," asked little Johnny, "what's an Amazon?" "A woman who fights," replied the teacher kindly.

"Gee! I guess maw must be a Amazon, then," softly murmured Johnny, with vivid recollections of certain combats under the parental roof.

Exciting Game. "Tag!" exclaimed the big policeman on Washington Boulevard.

"Is this a game of tag?" asked the chauffeur of the unnumbered racing machine.

"Yes, and you are it." And then the policeman walked the chauffeur off to the station.—Chicago News.

Very Lifelike. "I see you have a photograph of my wife—Mrs. Pyle Onstyle—in your show case. It's very like her," said the elderly caller.

"Yes," replied the photographer, somewhat bitterly, "and she hasn't paid me for it yet." "Ah! that's still more like her."—Philadelphia Press.

The Question of the Hour. "Join," said his wife, in a firm tone. "What is it, dear?" responded the husband.