

A SIREN'S VICTIMS

By Frances Warner Walker.

CHAPTER XIX. (Continued.)

Helen had seen Harvey Barclay but once. He had made no opposition to her scheme, but had deemed the plan wise, he said, though he should miss her every hour.

"Don't worry about the note," he added. "I think I can arrange that, Helen; but if the worst comes to the worst, and the exposure must fall on your husband or me, you will not hesitate my girl, which way to direct the blow? I may trust you?"

"Yes," she answered.

But her lips were white, and involuntarily she felt that in all her past no page was so black as yet might be inserted in the unbound volume of her future.

She had given the reins of her passion into this man's hands, and though she knew them black, unscrupulous and relentless, she would not have taken them into her own guidance though she could.

On this last day he came to add his good wishes with the rest. One moment only could she see him alone.

"To-morrow!" she whispered.

"I could not renew the note," he answered. "The blow must fall. But," he added, with a smile, "I scarcely think, Helen, that we shall be the victims. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies, ma chere, and this disease is very virulent. We won't hesitate at the means of cure?"

Before she could reply to him Grace had entered the room.

She greeted him coldly; but as he left he took her unwilling hand and held it a moment in his warm grasp, as he said, in a tone so low that only her ear could catch the words:

"You may stand in need of the friendship, I fear, Miss Hawthorne, that I have rudely forfeited. If time should prove me right, I shall count upon your remembrance of me as the highest pledge of forgiveness for a fault I never can forgive myself."

Before she had realized that his sentences were concluded, he bowed and was gone.

But the memory of his words remained and left a heaviness and depression, a sense of uneasiness, and a dim presentiment of coming evil, which had weighed upon her all the day.

As Helen left the room she rose from where she had been sitting, and, crossing to the fire, stood for a moment looking into its flame-pictures; then, resting her folded arms upon the mantel, she bowed her head upon them with a weary sob.

She did not hear the step upon the soft carpet behind her, though its tread was manly and firm, until an arm encircled her waist, and a voice which made every pulse in her leap into life, spoke her own name in tender questioning.

"Grace, dear," said Harry, "what is troubling you? I have seen its signs, Fannie, though I dare not speak. You have shut me out of late from your confidence, dear—almost, I have sometimes fancied, from your heart—so faint in the cold and darkness that I have had to look back on the light of the past to guide me through the present darkness. Won't you believe me when I say that I have never willingly sinned against you? and that never, in all your child-life, dear, were you so dear to me as when to-day, before I leave you, I must risk still further your anger and estrangement by asking you to give me one promise—that you will in no way pledge yourself to Harvey Barclay before my return?"

Before his utterance of this name his words, his caress, had been to her like the sweet echo of a strain of music from the long ago.

The tears she had so rarely let escape their source had fallen thick and fast; but now she dashed them back, and, lifting her head, looked full into his eyes.

"Why do you ask me that?" she said. "How has Harvey Barclay sinned against you?"

"He is not worthy of you, Grace," he answered, earnestly. "It is your fortune, not yourself, he craves. He is a gambler, my child; and, believe me, I am not speaking without proof and knowledge. The former, on my return, I will put in your own hands. I am to be away but a little while. Surely, he has not grown so dear to you that you cannot brook this delay before pledging yourself for life?"

A shrill laugh, as much unlike her merry laughter as the cry of the night-bark to the thanksgiving of the lark for the dawn, burst from the girl's lips, white and drawn with pain.

"So he is a gambler?" she said, scornfully. "And this makes him unfit to aspire to the hand of an honest woman? And you have proof—conclusive proof—of his guilt? Perhaps you saw him play. Once before, you remember, you hinted at this. But I do not take advice kindly, Harry. See to it that the gaming tables abroad hold no attraction for you. See to it that the fault you so pitilessly condemn in others may not wreck a woman's happiness!"

"Grace"—his voice, in its note of inquiry, rang out clear and stern—"has any one been maligning me to you? Is this the weapon which this man holds?"

"Mr. Barclay never mentions your name," she answered. "And now," she added, wearily, "let us drop his."

"And you refuse me the promise I have asked? Grace, can you look into my eyes and swear to me that you have not learned love's lesson?"

He could have put to her no more cruel question. Ah, was the past so utterly forgotten by him that he could have no intuition of the pain it might yet be to her? He who had taught her love's lesson from his earliest alphabet, ignored his claims or passed it to another?

"I swear not at all," she answered, with a laugh that now had lost its hardness, but held the scud of bitter tears.

"Better, far better," thought the suffering heart, "that he should believe it passed into another's keeping, than loyal to the old allegiance, when loyalty was sin."

CHAPTER XX.

"Grace!"

Something in the sound of her own name, as it penetrated through the closed door of Grace Hawthorne's room, caused her to spring quickly from her chair, where she had been wrapped in idle reverie, and running across the floor, respond in person to the summons.

It was the morning of the day that Harry Reynolds and his wife were to sail. They had reached New York the evening previous. Had some disaster befallen them? Was their second wedding journey to be rudely interrupted?

"Grace!" called Edgar Reynolds's voice again, and again the girl shuddered as its note of alarm, mingled with excitement and impatience fell upon her ear.

Her guardian stood at the foot of the broad staircase.

Her first glance proved to her that her fears were not within foundation.

He was very pale, and a white paper trembled visibly in the trembling hand which held it.

She felt the blood desert her own face as she hastened down to his side. Doubtless it was a telegram from the absent ones. Harry was ill, dying, perhaps, and she had parted from him in coldness, if not in anger. Her heart stood still as the shadow of an awful dread fell upon it.

"Come into my study quickly," spoke her guardian.

Mechanically she followed him. Why did he delay by holding back the blow? Why not let it fall at once? Another moment's suspense would drive her mad! Why did he first carefully close the door, and draw the bolt, before telling her the awful truth? Must not the whole household know it soon?

Harry was dead! Harry was dead! and she had told him yesterday that it was he who, on a moonlight night, in a little, simple allegory, had taught her love's lesson, and that she loved him still.

White and trembling with the awful pallor, and the nervous trembling of old age, Edgar Reynolds held out to her the piece of paper that he held.

Why should he force her to look? Did she not know its contents?

"Read!" she cried, aloud, and the young voice had lost its youth, and held only the vibration of her soul's agony. "He is dead! I know—I know! Oh, my love—my love!"

She did not know that this last bitter cry would escape her. She scarcely knew she uttered it, but Edgar Reynolds listened, learned the truth. His fears of long ago had been no idle fancy. Bravely as the child had hid her heart, her heart-wound had been mortal.

Her betrayal, unconscious though it was, was to him so pitiful, that, for the instant, it shut out the present—its own terrible-enough realities. He hastened to reassure her.

"My darling, no harm has happened to Harry. I wished you, dear, on another errand. Read this paper, and you will understand. The bank to which it was presented for payment held no such balance, and, closely examining your signature, they sent the note to me to verify it, with the usual notice accompanying it."

His voice, as he addressed to his ward this explanation, sounded like someone speaking from afar.

Her eyes were fixed on the slip of paper he held toward her, but it was a cloud of darkness.

She could distinguish no line, no word. Harry was not dead; no harm had happened to him. Was she not, then, strong enough to meet whatever else fate held in store for her?

Slowly the blood came back to her heart, from which it had receded; slowly it let the pulse once more beat under its strong tide, which for the moment its want had palsied.

The sight returned to her eyes, and this was what she saw:

A promise, three months from date of January 2, to pay \$55,000 to one Moses Abraham, and signed "Grace Hawthorne."

Once having read the paper, though falling utterly to comprehend its purport, she found in it a singular fascination.

She read it and re-read it; but always on the signature her glance rested longest.

When and where had she signed such a note? What did it mean? Was it her promise to pay this amount, and to whom?

But the bank, with keener eyes than hers, had doubted that her hand had traced the letters of her own name.

What, then, did it mean? How came it there? If not her own, it was a forgery—a forgery some hardened criminal had perpetrated.

She opened her lips to speak. Her reason was returning. A sense of indignation at this outrage was making itself felt and inspired her with new strength.

"I never saw this paper; the bank is right," she was about to say, when her uncle spoke again, and, turning the paper over, revealed to her the first of the names by which it was endorsed—the signature of Harvey Barclay.

To Grace the name was a revelation of the whole. All Mr. Barclay's insinuations—his threats, his proffers of aid—were explained to her.

Her mind, a minute before clouded and misty, was now as clear as before it had been dark.

Looking back upon the one awful moment when the supposed truth had burst upon her, it seemed to have stretched itself into an eternity.

She was as one who falls asleep and dreams a dream, in which they live long years—filled with incident, all of which is fresh, and vivid and detailed, and wake up to find their slumber has lasted but the twentieth part, perhaps, of a little period of restless time we term an hour.

Five minutes more, and one voiceless prayer had risen from her soul to heaven's throne, that her awful fear for him

whom she loved might not be realized. Well, her prayer was answered. Harry lived, to bear forevermore the clanking skeleton of his perished honor. Who had so often traced her name but him? She recognized it now.

On one letter only he ever failed. One letter bore the trace of his own characteristic hand. She had often laughed as it would creep in. It marked the "a" and the "t."

Then, as when in old age some scene of childhood, long-forgotten, suddenly stands upon the retina of our memories, there came to her that scene of a long month ago, when Harry, carelessly writing her name in imitation of her own hand, had asked would she be merciful, and not give him up to the law, should he make use of it?

He had planned it, then—so long ago planned it, deliberately fortifying himself with her assurance that she would screen him from the possible result of his own act.

He had even sought to further guard himself by lowering, in her eyes, the man whom, doubtless, he had deceived, and yet who suspected the deceit.

"Of course it is a forgery, Grace," said Mr. Reynolds, his whole form trembling with excitement.

And then she knew that she must speak—must look into the eyes of him who watched her so earnestly and let the first falsehood which had ever sullied her lips pass them.

Could she speak the truth? Better let him believe of her what he would. She did not bear his name. He should never know that proud old name was tarnished and dishonored by the son who had inherited it.

It is no forgery, Uncle Edgar," she said, bravely.

Grace? Who have you been shielding? Her name was all that he could utter in reply.

"It is no forgery," she resolutely repeated. "I must ask you to trust me, Uncle Edgar," she continued, "however hard it may seem to you. And now, what must be done to meet this note? For, at any sacrifice, Uncle Edgar, it must be met."

"For whom did you do this thing, his life you feared a moment ago when on the back of the paper. 'It was for Grace? Who have you been shielding? It is this man!' striking the signature on the back of the paper. 'It was for his life you feared a moment ago. I thought you spoke of Harry. It is he is he whom you love?'"

"I did it for his sake, Uncle Edgar," she answered, quietly. "Will you help me, and will you keep my secret? Oh, Uncle Edgar, speak to me!"

But for once her appeal to him—who loved her as a father—brought no response.

White and drawn, Edgar Reynolds's face seemed suddenly to have aged ten years, and he sank into a chair and his head fell back among his cushions.

Two hours later, as Harry Reynolds and his wife were about to step into the carriage to take them to the Cunard pier, a servant of the hotel followed him and handed him a telegram.

It contained this message:

"Your father is dangerously ill. You must return home at once."

It was signed Grace Hawthorne; but this time the signature was no forgery.

CHAPTER XXI.

"If Mr. Barclay calls, Andrew I will see him. Admit no one else."

The old butler bowed respectfully as he received his young mistress's orders, but shook his head as he found himself alone.

"It is not him as old Andrew 'd like to see wear the sweetest flower that ever grew!" he muttered to himself; "and she must be mighty fond of him, or she'd not see him when the old master's dying."

Yes, it was coming to that. In his own room, to which he had borne a helpless weight, Edgar Reynolds lay so ill that they feared his strength would never rally.

A few hours after his seizure—doubtless inevitable, but hastened by sudden excitement—and the sending of the telegram, which had reached Harry Reynolds just in time to prevent his sailing, Grace had written a few lines, which she had dispatched by private messenger to their destination.

They were addressed to Harvey Barclay, and they implored him to lose no time in calling upon her.

Up and down her room she paced while awaiting him. She saw clearly underfoot his own mysteriously-uttered words.

Had he, then, known the signature a forgery when he accepted the note? and if so, did his knowledge, if he chose to expose it, place Harry within the cruel pale of the law?

She knew so little of the law and its working, and she could ask no one for counsel or for aid in this the most terrible emergency of her life.

Another dread fear possessed her. If the funds in bank were insufficient to meet this amount, how should she raise the sum?

She knew as little of the manner in which her money was invested as she knew of the law, and her guardian was too ill to allow of any appeal to him.

And Harry had fled from it all! Yes, by the light of all these latter discoveries, the contemplated trip to Europe seemed actual flight. He had not only done the deed, but dared not face its consequences. How unlike Harry! How strangely unlike the brave, bright boy, whose honest eyes had seemed to mirror his honest soul, and to whose hand the little child, finding herself among strangers, so trustingly had clung, feeling herself strange no longer. How could she reconcile the present with the past? She could not. It yet might be made clear on his return. He yet might scatter the dense mist which had settled so thickly about his honor. Oh, if he would but come! But—her heart almost stopped beating as the new possibility occurred to her—might he not refuse to return? Oh, surely, surely he would know that he might trust her! Why—why had she ever had the money which thus converted itself into a curse?

A knock came to her door.

"Captain Barclay, Miss Grace," said old Andrew, as she opened it. "Law, Miss Grace! but you do look white!" he added, as his eyes fell on her face. She made him no answer, but brushing past him, ran hastily down the stairs.

Harvey Barclay stood in the wide hall, though the doors leading into the drawing room and library stood open on either side.

She turned toward the former, motioning him to follow her, and walking swiftly through it into the music-room beyond.

Here she paused, standing, all unconsciously as she had stood on the day she had challenged him as to the interpretation of his threat, with one hand resting on the piano for support.

She drew a long, deep breath, as if to dispel herself with courage. Before her was a hard task, and she must not flinch. She had played with life until to-day. Now life was about to play with her. She had need of all her strength to meet the conflict.

"We are secure from interruption here," she said, after a very little until, almost imperceptible pause. "You see that I have sent for you, Mr. Barclay. Have you guessed why?"

"I understand that Mr. Reynolds has been taken very ill, Miss Hawthorne. I am more than honored that you should have remembered me, and beg that you will command my services in any way."

"Don't make explanations harder for me, Mr. Barclay," she replied. "Uncle Edgar is very ill; but there is more than this. You—you accepted a note some time since for Harry which—"

"Which I signed. Will you tell me if it was to you alone he owed this large amount? or what may be the claim of this other man whose name is indorsed upon it?"

Harvey Barclay's lips trembled beneath his mustache, and his pale cheeks grew paler. The time had come when he could no longer shift responsibility, but must act, and act fearlessly and boldly. The girl dealt with facts as facts. She had a clear, straightforward way of looking at the truth, and forcing others to view it from her own standpoint. In her own nature was no subterfuge—no need of subterfuge. Its utter absence disarmed her enemies.

There was one tiny moment when something in Harvey Barclay's nature rebelled at Harvey Barclay's self—the something which had tempted him once to say, "I was not born a villain, but fate has made me one!"—something which urged him to throw out this sidious mask he wore, and, looking in the young, beautiful and anguished face before him, kneel at her feet and, avowing all his fault, sue for her pardon and her mercy. But, even as the thought was formed, it was scattered.

Should he throw away the prize he held at last within his grasp? Once his wife, he might avow to her the truth.

"You ask me a very difficult question, Miss Hawthorne," he said, speaking with evident effort. "Surely, when you signed," emphasizing the word, "that note, Mr. Reynolds explained to you its purpose?"

"No," she answered, and the falsehood brought the color, momentarily back to her face. "He—he only said that he had need of my signature, and I gave it to him, and he is at his disposal. He had no need to make explanation for its use."

"You are most generous, Miss Hawthorne," replied her hearer, with a scarcely perceptible sneer. "And, pardon me, you are very young; but may I ask why you consider it necessary to come to me for explanation, since you desired none from him?"

"Only, Mr. Barclay, because, most unexpectingly, owing to my guardian's illness, I find myself called upon to act for myself. The bank officials were foolish enough to fancy they detected some inaccuracy in the signature of this note, and sent to make sure that it was mine. They may be reassured on that point at once. My uncle was taken ill while their messenger was waiting. I simply told him that the signature was mine, and that I wished the note paid at once. He returned not long after, stating that my balance in bank represented but half the actual amount. Until Uncle Edgar is better, I hardly know how to make provision for the rest; and so I sent for you, Mr. Barclay, to ask if you were Harry's only creditor, if there was not some way by which you could extend the time of payment for the sum I have, in my ignorance of business matters, left unprovided for?"

"Suppose, Grace," he answered, very slowly, fixing his eyes on her face as he spoke, "that I tell you I have some reason to share the suspicions of the bank, and that mine are not so easily laid to rest? Suppose I acknowledge to you that I believe this signature of yours to be a forgery—a forgery cleverly perpetrated by one who boasted, in my presence, of his ability to sign your name; who, in my presence, asked you to spare him the punishment consequent upon such an act. You promised—did you not? And to-day—to me—you take the first step toward redeeming your word. But, my child, you cannot deceive me. I know the truth."

Grace's face was no longer pale; it was ghastly. Her worst fears had taken an actual shape. No danger threatening herself could have made of her a coward; but this was danger to Harry, danger to him she loved—danger which, to reach him, must pass through her heart. Yet, with all her soul scorching him, her love refused to lower its proud crest ever so little. Judgment, reason, alike denied him. Her heart still acknowledged him. A piteous expression of fear crept into her deep-blue eyes, and quivered about the corners of her lovely mouth.

"It is false, what you say," she said, at last, with a painful effort. "I signed the note. I swear it!"

"Then you will not fear to avow and prove this fact in court, Miss Hawthorne?" he answered, coldly.

"Grace," said Harvey, and now a new tenderness had crept into his tone, "you are deceiving yourself, child. Do not try to deceive me. You remember that, standing in this room, some weeks ago, I uttered what seemed to you a groundless threat. Gladly would I recall it, since I would ever shield you from, not cause you pain; but the facts which made its groundwork remain. There is one way, and one way alone, by which you can save Harry Reynolds from the consequences of his act. No; do not interrupt me. Later I will give you the proof of my knowledge that this signature is a forgery. That proof, that knowledge, I am willing should remain forever locked in my heart, but on one condition, Grace—on one condition only."

"And that?" she questioned, though her voice was almost inarticulate, and the whisper barely escaped her lips.

"That you will become my wife!" he answered.

She heard him as in a dream. She

did not need the words to shape his thought—already she had read it. Farther and farther she shrank away from him, and this hideous alternative he had presented to her.

A new feeling of almost loathing took possession of her. She put up her hands as if to sure that he would not approach nearer her by a step.

"Wait! wait!" she gasped. "Give me time!"

"I am waiting," he replied.

But he answered with a cruel smile upon his lips.

(To Be Continued.)

CLAD IN ASHROUD, HE SAT UP.

How an Unconscious Contractor Came to Struggle His Friends by Postponing His Death.

Henry Ganzert, a contractor thirty-six years old, was struck upon the head by a forty-pound hammer at the Richmond locomotive works early last week. He was unconscious until Friday, when the doctors pronounced him dead. His brother, who lives in the North, was telegraphed to come to Richmond.

Friends went to work to prepare the body for burial, and the coffin was ordered. While they were engaged in the work of shrouding the supposed corpse signs of life were discovered, and very soon Ganzert was able to sit up, in a semi-conscious condition, but could give no account of the experience he had suffered.

He lived until Monday morning, but did not regain consciousness. The body will be buried to-morrow afternoon—Richmond (Va.) Special to Philadelphia Record.

For Long Necks.

It is no longer fashionable to have any trimming at the back of the collar, but women who have long necks, or whose necks are beginning to look thin, find it a great advantage to tie a piece of white around the neck with a bow at the back. This gives a pretty finish to a stiff ribbon stock collar, and is almost invariably becoming. Only white or black tulle should be used. For evening, the same thing is often seen worn even with a jeweled collar or a handsome necklace, and it seems to soften any hard lines in a most satisfactory fashion. Boas and ruffles worn around the neck are very soft, but not very full, unless intended for quite cool weather. A pretty one is made of liberty satin or chiffon, trimmed with bands of white lace, and with a little pleated edge of chiffon. This fastens at the throat, and has long ends with edged with lace that hang down in front of the gown.—Harper's Bazar.

The Earmarks of an Exquisite Girl.

An exquisite young woman is she whose dress and hair and skin indicate the most scrupulous attention to the daily toilet. We have learned that bathing and rubbing and care for personal cleanliness, the nicety which distinguishes the lady, and adorns her for her station, are the handmaids not of health alone, but of beauty; and where is the young girl who despises beauty? For the business girl and the girl whose daily employment is close and confining, nothing can be better than that she emulate the dainty girl in her everyday care for her dress and appearance, and in frequent cleansing of the skin by frequent bathing and vigorous friction, and by keeping her self and all her belongings as dainty as she possibly can.—Ladies' Home Journal.

As a Matter of Course.

"Now, boys, when I ask you a question you mustn't be afraid to speak right out and answer me," said a Sunday school superintendent. "When you look around you and see all those fine houses, farms and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now? Your fathers own them, do they not?"

"Yes, sir," answered a hundred voices.

"Well, where will your fathers be thirty years from now?"

"Dead!" shouted the boys.

"That's right. And who will own the property?"

"Us boys!" shouted the urchins.

"Right. Now, tell me—did you ever, in going along the street, notice the drunkards lounging around the saloon door, waiting for some one to treat them?"

"Yes, sir, lots of them."

"Well, where will they be thirty years from now?"

"Dead!" exclaimed the boys.

"And who will be the drunkards then?"

"Us boys!" shouted the unabashed youngsters.—Scottish American.

Riley's Story of the Twins.

Oliver Herford repeats with great delight a story James Whitcomb Riley tells about twins. These particular twins lived near Mr. Riley out in Indianapolis. One, not very long ago, one of them was naughty, and to punish her, her mother made her stay indoors all day. To add a keener edge to her disgrace, favors were showered upon her sister. Sister was dressed up and paraded, and went prancing up and down the front walk in the greatest display. Presently one of the neighbors came by and paused at the gate to speak to the child.

"You're one of the Brown twins, aren't you?" asked the neighbor.

"Yes'm," answered the little girl.

"Which twin are you?" the neighbor inquired.

The child gave her skirts a proud toss.

"Oh," she said, complacently, "I'm the good little twin that's out walking."

Mother's Idea.

"Mistuh," said the colored woman who was leading by the hand one of the tiniest pickaninnies that ever grew, "does you 'spec' I could git dis chile a chance to work in dat census building?"

A Winning Card.

"The pastor of the church has been trying to boss the choir for six weeks. 'What did they do?'"

Letters of Introduction.

"I disapprove of letters of introduction," said an elderly New Orleans business man, to the Times Democrat anecdotist, "and I won't give one under any circumstances. They are bad form and border close on downright impertinence. What right have I, for example to thrust a perfect stranger on my friend John Smith of Memphis or Chattanooga, without having at least asked Mr. Smith's permission or ascertained whether the introduction would be mutually agreeable? Then, again, such letters always mean some, either too little or too much. Most of us give them almost as freely as we give good advice, without the least idea of incurring any responsibility; yet a letter of introduction is, or ought to be, an absolute indorsement of the bearer, and the recipient would be justified in holding the writer strictly accountable for any abuse of his hospitality. I believe this view is unassailable, but I must confess I stopped writing letters of introduction myself on account of a little contretemps that has nothing to do with the proprieties of the question."

It happened in this way: A certain friend asked me to give a letter to a young Englishman, introducing him to a former business partner of mine, now living in Louisville. I didn't want to do it, but lacked moral courage to refuse; so I wrote two letters—one the introduction requested and the other a brief note to the Louisville man, explaining the circumstances and saying that I didn't really know whether the Englishman was a gentleman or a horse thief. Two days later I got a telegram from my old partner, saying that he had received a letter of introduction by mail and was at a loss to know what to make of it. I had put the two inclosures in the wrong envelopes, and had given the Englishman the private note of reputation. "I suppose he read it, of course," remarked some one in the group of listeners. "That's just what has been troubling me ever since," replied the old merchant; "I don't know whether he did or not. He presented it without turning a hair, and if he knew the contents he certainly made no sign. At least that is the report of my friend, who was so surprised when he ran his eye over the epistle that he nearly fell out of his chair. All this happened four years ago, and I haven't written a letter of introduction since. I wouldn't meet that Englishman again for a thousand-dollar bill, because, if I did, I wouldn't know whether to shake hands or get ready to fight."

Notes from the Paris Exposition.

"The Singer Manufacturing Company, of 149 Broadway, New York, show their usual American enterprise by having a very creditable exhibit, located in Group XIII, Class 79, at the Paris International Exposition, where they show to great advantage the celebrated Singer Sewing-Machine which is used in every country on the globe, both for family use and for manufacturing purposes. The writer was highly pleased with this display and observed with much satisfaction that it was favorably commented upon by visitors generally."

The Grand Prize was awarded by the International Jury to Singer Sewing-Machines for superior excellence in design, construction, efficiency and for remarkable development and adaptation to every stitching process used in either the family or the factory.

Only One Grand Prize for sewing machines was awarded at Paris, and this distinction of absolutely superior merit confirms the previous action of the International Jury at the World's Columbian Exposition, in Chicago, where Singer machines received 54 distinct awards, being more than were received by all other kinds of sewing machines combined.

Should it be possible that any of our readers are unfamiliar with the celebrated Singer Machine, we would respectfully advise that they call at any of the Singer salesrooms which can be found in all cities and most towns in the United States."

Saxe's Mistake Explained.