

Christmas Sale

DRESS MATERIALS.

M. R. & A. have made their special reduction in the Dress Department and are now showing an especially attractive lot of Dress Material in the Dress Goods Room, first floor. A Woollen Dress is one of the most useful gifts a lady can secure during the Holiday season. We will mention a few of the many makes displayed in this Department:

FRENCH CASHMERE;
FRENCH HENRIETTA, Silk warp;
FRENCH DRAP DE ALMA "
FRENCH SERGE;
FRENCH MERINO;
FRENCH CASHMERE COUPE;
AMAZON CLOTH;
BROAD CLOTH.

ROBE DRESSES—The line of Robe Dresses open for inspection is far in advance of any previous year. Space will not allow us to mention the large variety of shades and designs. We can supply any shade or style, in all qualities.

COMBINATION COSTUMES;
HANDKE. COSTUMES;
BORDERED COSTUMES.

DRESS LENGTHS—The side counter in our Dress Room is filled with our usual assortment of Dress Lengths for the Christmas trade. These are in both Plain and Fancy Suitings.

A Handsome Lot of Embd. Costumes
FOR EVENING WEAR.

TEA GOWNS, in Saxony Wool Flannels;
also, a large variety of Tea Gowns in
Striped and Figured.

WOOL PLAIDS, double and single width.
Any person wishing Black Dress Materials
will find this Department stocked with an
endless variety of Fabrics.

REMNANTS of Black and Colored Dress
Materials at special low prices during this
month.

N. B.—In our Dress Goods Room there
will also be found a splendid assortment of
Wool Goods:

SHAWLS, FASCINATORS;
JACKETS, CLOUTS, HOODS;
CAPS AND WOOL SKIRTS.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

would have nothing to do with those "horrid actor folks." You know how people will talk about a people of whom they know nothing except what they see in the papers, which oftentimes for sensation and gain magnify and distort every reprehensible act in the public and private lives of the most humble person who happens to claim a membership, no matter how insignificant, in the noble theatrical profession.

But the next year was the year of the cholera; a year of ruin and desolation to many in the land. It meant for the men of my calling a tremendous amount of labor and, proud I am to say it, they responded nobly. There was no thought of recompense, no hope of gain, nothing for us but the desire to serve our fellow men as hour after hour we went down into the valley and shadow of death. I soon realized how easily I might carry the disease from some stricken patient to my faithful little Beatrice at home, so I sent her to reside for the time with a friend in the country.

The fight was bitter while it lasted. The unmerciful tyrant of destruction after many months of usurpation, during which it defied our utmost skill, began to draw in its claws from the first twinges of Jack Frost and totter at the chill blasts of winter. Then there was a feeling of general security and rejoicing at the promised rest when one day I crawled to my room my head throbbing, a fierce griping and quick spasms in my legs and arms, followed by distressing vomiting. The fiend had breathed its pestilence into me and for the many victims I had snatched from his unrelenting grasp he was about to have revenge. I had the cholera.

I do not know how many days or weeks passed before I again returned to consciousness, but when I did there was my golden haired Beatrice tenderly bathing my aching temples and addressing me with the endearing terms that grew and budded like flowers from her gentle nature. I afterwards learned that to her country retreat came one day the word that I was stricken with the dread disease, and as her friends refused to allow her to come to me, she stole away in the darkness of the night and when everybody else had deserted the house and money could not procure help, when people made a wide circuit least their garments might trail in the outer margin of the poison, and the florid poster of the Board of Health attached to the door proclaimed that any who dared to enter could not hope to leave for many months unless they went out in a coffin, she had braved it all to minister unto me.

"If it had not been for that little angel who day and night unceasingly watched and waited upon you, you could not have

survived," said the brother physician who attended me.

As a slight recompense for her heroism and devoted service I sent her to take a three years course at the first seminary in Great Britain.

The three years passed quickly. Almost every mail brought me news of her rapid advancement. Hearing that a number of her American class-mates were about to finish their education by a years sight-seeing on the continent I insisted that she should accompany them. To this she reluctantly consented as she said I had already done too much for her. And now she was coming home. The steamer had arrived at New York a few days before and I might expect her at any moment. There was a rattle of coach's wheels upon the pavement, the door flew open, a peal of merry laughter, and I extended my arms to receive my little Beatrice. But no; it was not my little Beatrice but one of the fairest visions of beauty my eyes had ever

O God! how my brain swam, my blood chilled, and my heart quickened, broke and bled! In that one moment I discovered what weeks had not revealed to me; that the fire of man's purest passion had been slowly but surely burning before the shrine of affection and needed but a prod to start it into active, maddening life. Like the honeysuckle it had grown unnoticed and uncared for; silently its creeping tendrils had stolen up the trunk and stopped in its passage to kiss every branch until the sturdy oak was forever entwined and imprisoned in its strong yet tender clasp. Yes I was in love with my adopted child—a child no longer, but a pure and noble woman. Oh, what I would have given then if she had never returned home; if she had died; if I could only think of her as the simple prattling girl of five years ago. But I recollected myself, gathered my shattered senses and replied as best I could: "By all means. I have but one desire; to see her happy." He left me to interview her while I threw myself on the

detested it. And yet we could not stay as we were; she a perfect picture of beautiful womanhood, I, a somewhat staid old bachelor. Our positions grew daily more and more delicate. Still I would enjoy the feast while it lasted and secretly hoped it would last forever. The end came sooner than I expected. The postman had just delivered *The New York Herald* containing full particulars of the yellow fever epidemic in the State of Louisiana; told of the want of nurses and narrated a pitiable story of a theatrical company, whose members contracted the disease, dying for want of attention as every one was too busy to care for them.

"I am going to New Orleans," she said. "Why so?" I enquired. "Because there I can be of service to some one," she replied. "No, no," I insisted, "not now, stay with me; there is no necessity for leaving here." "Yes there is," she persisted, "look at the case of those poor actors; how many may be like them? My father was an actor.

ing except that she had been there and left. I sought discharged nurses and enquired for Beatrice Mauville, she had assumed her proper name, but it was the same old story: "Might be dead; might have gone home." At last I met an old doctor who suggested that probably she volunteered for service at Baton Rouge, where nurses were at one time very scarce.

On board of a steamer on the broad Mississippi, looking listlessly from side to side, a stranger handed me a paper to peruse. I took, gazed at one column and then another, but I did not read it; my mind was elsewhere—Eh! What's that? In horror I gazed upon the leaded head lines: "Beatrice Mauville; the devoted nurse of the fever-stricken, who was arrested for robbery, still denies her guilt!" I dropped the paper, jumped to my feet, tore recklessly up and down the deck, regardless of the on-lookers, who evidently thought me crazy, shrieking at the top of my voice: "It's a lie! a most damnable lie!" * * * * *

"Why so?"
"Because I love another."
"Who?"
"You have no right to ask, still I will tell you: the man who brought comfort to my mother's death-bed, who reared and educated me better than any father ever could, the man who may never know or care for that love or think it ought but a child's, but to whose memory I have devoted my life."

Horace Vinton, for it was he, laughed; a bitter, sneering laugh. "A pretty object indeed for a maiden's adoration! Dr. Barrington! The person who answered a letter explaining your misfortune with the simple words: 'I have finished with the brazen hussy forever.'"

She was about to reply but I could stand no more. As if it were a feather I tossed open the ponderous door and rushed in.

"You're a liar and a scoundrel!" I vehemently exclaimed at the same time planting my clenched fist full in his face and a second afterwards he was lying in the corner with blood gushing from his nose and mouth.

"Beatrice!"
"John!"

It was the first time she had ever called me by my christian name. We were locked in each others arms and our hearts spoke the words too sacred for the lips to utter.

Beatrice's story was simple. At the request of the governor of the State she had gone to Baton Rouge hospital where she found her old admirer in charge. He renewed his suit but was kindly yet firmly refused. Then followed a series of petty tyrannies and provoking insults ending by his accusing her of stealing his watch and a package of money. They were found in her valise and she was arrested. His proposal came next: "Marry me and I will withdraw the charge." Conscious of her innocence she refused. She was without money and without friends, she wrote me several times but no answer came, because I had never received the letters. Her trial was to take place within a week.

That night a trusted messenger started for New Orleans to secure the services of the best counsel and detectives that money could procure.

Before breakfast the next morning a messenger presented a challenge to fight a duel, signed "Horace Vinton." I was not a coward, cared little for my life, but I was neither a swordsman nor much acquainted with the use of fire arms; besides I realized that if I were out of the way—and the chances were strongly in favor of such a result—Beatrice would be at the mercy of my opponent. Taking a pencil from my pocket I wrote on the back of the challenge these words and then returned it to the messenger:

"Gentlemen only fight with gentlemen, therefore I decline to meet you. I might remind you though that we whip our slaves and kick our curs; should you desire to be kicked it will afford me the greatest of satisfaction to oblige you. John Barrington."

In the old fashioned dining-room of the the old fashioned southern hotel—three quarters French and one quarter American—I made the acquaintance of a young English army officer, Captain Frank Beresford, who was using his leave of absence seeing our part of the world. He was one of those easy going fellows whom nothing seemed to disturb; whose face never betrayed the emotions of the inner man, who might and would have charged the frowning heights of Sebastopol with as little concern as if it were a wicket he was bowling on Eton play grounds. Somehow this man guessed that I had a secret—I suppose my manner betrayed it—won my confidence, and heard my story.

"Hem; too bad," was his only answer when I had finished.

Excepting for the short time that I was allowed to see Beatrice the day passed slowly—oh, so slowly. Returning to the hotel office late in the evening I walked into the arms of Horace Vinton and a number of his friends.

"Did you write that?" he demanded excitedly waving the returned challenge over my head.

"I did."

"Do you see that mark?" he enquired pointing to his face which bore traces of our encounter of yesterday.

"I do."
"Will you give me the satisfaction due a gentleman?"

"I was not aware that you were one."

Here the crowd began to murmur and grow impatient. My patience was getting critical. I turned and attempted to address them but they only jeered and swore at me.

"Make him fight," cried one; a sentiment that the rest applauded.

"For the last time will you meet me?" Vinton fairly shrieked.

"For the last time no!" I shouted my self-possession disappearing and anger getting the better of me.

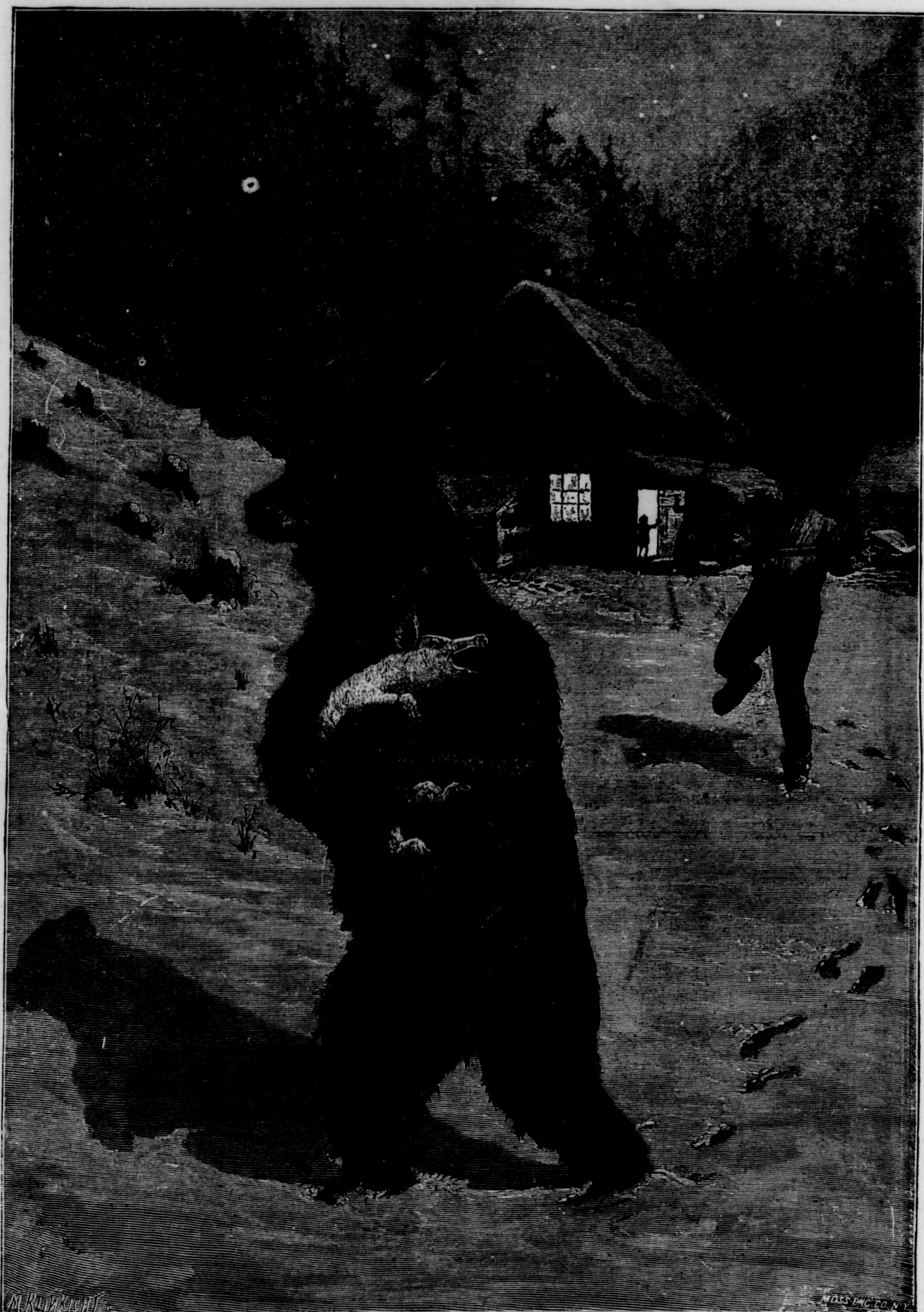
"Then die like a coward!" he cried jumping back a few paces and drawing a revolver.

I saw the steel glint as he raised the

WHITE CROSS

GRANULATED SOAP

IS GUARANTEED.



CHRISTMAS WITH BRUIN.—SEE PAGE 18.

feasted upon. With astonishment and admiration I gazed at her; she was a woman. I felt the change and a great void came into my heart for I knew that she could never be to me the same Beatrice as of old. If I had been her parent it would have been different, but I was not. She felt it too and blushed.

Some weeks subsequently a handsome young fellow of southern extraction, Horace Vinton by name, presented himself at my office. After an introduction and some common place remarks, he said:

"I met your daughter,"—she always went by name and spoke of me as her father,—“while abroad, we crossed in the same steamer. I love her. Have I your permission to address her upon the subject?"

MERIT. The greatest claim made for
White Cross
GRANULATED SOAP

is its value in the Household. It stands on its merits.

sofa and gushing tears lent their aid to relieve my great sorrow.

The next morning, at breakfast, she told me of her visitor's kindness to her while in Europe, his attentions upon the passage home—oh, the misery and anguish of the words—of his proposal for her hand and her refusal because she did not love him. I could have jumped with joy for was she not still mine? Might I not still listen to the music of her voice, watch her afar off even as the prophet of old viewed the promised land, worship her in the secret recesses of my own soul? My step was light that day and my heart was gay. "Strange while I laugh'd I shudder'd," something kept whispering: it is a pleasant dream of anticipation and like it will have a bitter ending. More than once I stopped before the glass and flattered myself that I was still handsome and notwithstanding my thirty-eight years not a bit too old to marry a girl of twenty. Marry? Away the thought! Was my manliness deserting me? I would not dare broach the subject to her for fear gratitude might induce her to sacrifice herself to my desire however much she

To you, my more than father, I have been a burden all my life; your kindness I can never forget or repay; but it is time that I should do something for myself."

I begged her to give up the notion; called it mad; said that if she felt that she ought to earn her livelihood to try something at home. "I might teach music," she answered, "or painting, but that would not benefit the poor to whom I owe much, for from them I sprung."

We debated it still further. I told her everything I had was hers. It was useless. She had made up her mind and I consented. The early train of the following day carried away with it all that I cared for in this world. Beatrice and my heart.

For a long time after she left there came letters regularly describing what she saw and what she was doing. Then they stopped. Week followed week without a word. What could it mean? My messages of inquiry received no reply. I started for New Orleans to seek my lost love; it was Evangeline reversed. But I could find no trace of her. At the hospitals where she had been they knew not-

Would this slow, stupid steamer never reach its destination? Thank God there it is. I jumped on the dilapidated wharf and drove to the prison. "You must have a permit before we can admit you," kindly said the gaoler, but I only damned him and the gaol and everyone in it—except my Beatrice. I found the warden; he took pity on me and gave me a pass; I returned and was admitted.

"Cell 20, at the end of the corridor," said the turn-key, "the door is open; Mr. Vinton is with the prisoner."

Vinton! I started at the name and then strode forward, but as I reached the cell door something in the conversation of the inmates arrested me.

"You swear falsely," it was her familiar voice, "you know that I never took an article belonging to you or anyone else, but even the gallows will not make me submit to your unmanly request."

"Listen to me," argued he, "I love you; you know I have always loved you; say that you will be my wife and I'll withdraw the charge and you will leave here to be happy with me."

"Never!"