

—THE—  
**PHANTOM RICKSHAW.**

—BY—  
**RUDYARD KIPLING.**

May no ill dreams disturb my rest  
Nor powers of darkness me molest!  
—Evening Hymn.

One of the few advantages that India has over England is a great knowability. After five years' service a man is directly or indirectly acquainted with 200 or 300 civilians in his province, all the messes of 10 or 12 regiments and batteries and some 1,500 other people of the nonofficial caste. In ten years his knowledge should be doubled, and at the end of 20 he knows, or knows something about, every Englishman in the empire and may travel anywhere and everywhere without paying hotel bills.

Globe trotters who expect entertainment as a right have, even within my memory, bled this open heartedness, but none the less today, if you belong to the inner circle and are neither a bear nor a black sheep, all houses are open to you, and our small world is very, very kind and helpful.

Rickett of Kamartha staid with Polder of Kumaon some 15 years ago. He meant to stay two nights, but was knocked down by rheumatic fever, and for six weeks disorganized Polder's establishment, stopped Polder's work and nearly died in Polder's bedroom. Polder behaves as though he had been placed under eternal obligation by Rickett and yearly sends the little Ricketts a box of presents and toys. It is the same everywhere. The men who do not take the trouble to conceal from you their opinion that you are an incompetent ass and the women who blacken your character and misunderstand your wife's amusements will work themselves to the bone in your behalf if you fall sick or into serious trouble.

Heatherlegh, the doctor, kept in addition to his regular practice a hospital on his private account—an arrangement of loose boxes for incurables, his friend called it—but it was really a sort of fitting up shed for craft that had been damaged by stress of weather. The weather in India is often sultry, and since the tale of bricks is always a fixed quantity and the only liberty allowed is permission to work overtime and get no thanks men occasionally break down and become as mixed as the metaphors in this sentence.

Heatherlegh is the dearest doctor that ever was, and his invariably prescription to all his patients is, "Lie low, go slow and keep cool." He says that more men are killed by overwork than the importance of this would justify. He maintains that overwork slew Pansy, who died under his hands about three years ago. He has, of course, the right to speak authoritatively, and he laughs at my theory that there was a crack in Pansy's head and a little bit of the dark world came through and pressed him to death. "Pansy went off the handle," says Heatherlegh, "after the stimulus of long leave at home. He may or he may not have behaved like a blackguard to Mrs. Keith-Wessington. My notion is that the work of the Katabandi settlement ran him off his legs, and that he took to brooding and making much of an ordinary P. and O. flirtation. He certainly was engaged to Miss Mannerling, and she certainly broke off the engagement. Then he took a feverish chill, and all that nonsense about ghosts developed. Overwork started his illness, kept it alight and killed him, poor devil! Write him off to the system—one man to take the work of two and a half men."

I do not believe this. I used to sit up with Pansy sometimes when Heatherlegh was called out to patients, and I happened to be within claim. The man would make me most unhappy by describing in a low, even voice the procession that was always passing at the bottom of his bed. He had a sick man's command of language. When he recovered, I suggested that he should write out the whole affair from beginning to end, knowing that ink might assist him to ease his mind. When little boys have learned a new bad word, they are never happy till they have chattered it up on a door. And this also is literature.

He was in a high fever while he was writing, and the blood and thunder magazine fiction he adopted did not calm him. Two months afterward he was reported fit for duty, but in spite of the fact that he was urgently needed to help an undermanned commission stagger through a deficit he preferred to die, vowing at the last that he was haggard. I got his manuscript before he died, and this is his version of the affair, dated 1885.

My doctor tells me that I need rest and change of air. It is not improbable that I shall get both ere long—rest that neither the red-coated messenger nor the midday gun can break, and change of air far beyond that which any homeward bound steamer can give me. In the meantime I am resolved to stay where I am and, in flat defiance of my doctor's orders, to take all the world into my confidence. You shall learn for yourselves the precise nature of my malady and shall, too, judge for yourselves whether any man born of woman on this weary earth was ever so tormented as I.

Speaking now as a condemned criminal might speak ere the drop bolts are drawn, my story, wild and hideously improbable as it may appear, demands at least attention. That it will ever receive credence I utterly disbelieve. Two months ago I should have scouted as mad or drunk the man who had dared tell me the like. Two months ago I was

the happiest man in India. Today, from Peshawar to the sea, there is no one more wretched. My doctor and I are the only two who know this. His explanation is that my brain, digestion and eyesight are all slightly affected, giving rise to my frequent and persistent "delusions." Delusions, indeed! I call him a fool, but he attends me still with the same unwearied smile, the same bland professional manner, the same neatly trimmed red whiskers, till I begin to suspect that I am an ungrateful, evil tempered invalid. But you shall judge for yourselves.

Three years ago it was my fortune—my great misfortune—to sail from Gravesend to Bombay, on return from long leave, with one Agnes Keith-Wessington, wife of an officer on the Bombay side. It does not in the least concern you to know what manner of woman she was. Be content with the knowledge that, ere the voyage had ended, both she and I were desperately and unreasonably in love with one another. Heaven knows that I can make the admission now without one particle of vanity. In matters of this sort there is always one who gives and another who accepts. From the first day of our ill omened attachment I was conscious that Agnes' passion was a stronger, a more dominant and—if I may use the expression—a purer sentiment than mine. Whether she recognized the fact then, I do not know. Afterward it was bitterly plain to both of us.

Arrived at Bombay in the spring of the year, we went our respective ways, to meet no more for the next three or four months, when my leave and her leave took us both to Simla. There we spent the season together, and there my fire of straw burned itself out to a pitiful end with the closing year. I attempted no excuse. I make no apology. Mrs. Wessington had given up much for my sake and was prepared to give up all. From my own lips, in August, 1882, she learned that I was sick of her presence, tired of her company and weary of the sound of her voice. Nine-nine women out of a hundred would have wearied of me as I wearied of her; 75 of that number would have promptly avenged themselves by active and obtrusive flirtation with other men. Mrs. Wessington was the hundredth. On her neither my openly expressed aversion nor the cutting brutalities with which I garnished our interviews had the least effect.

"Jack, darling," was her one eternal cuckoo cry, "I'm sure it's all a mistake, a hideous mistake, and we'll be good friends again some day. Please forgive me, Jack, dear!" I was the offender, and I knew it. That knowledge transformed my pity into passive endurance, and, eventually, into blind hate—the same instinct, I suppose, which prompts a man to savagely stamp on the spider he has but half killed. And with this hate in my bosom the season of 1882 came to an end.

Next year we met again at Simla—she with her monotonous face and timid attempts at reconciliation and I with loathing of her in every fiber of my frame. Several times I could not avoid meeting her alone, and on each occasion her words were identically the same—still the unreasoning wail that it was all a "mistake" and still the hope of eventually "making friends." I might have seen, had I cared to look, that that hope only was keeping her alive. She grew more wan and thin month by month. You will agree with me at least that such conduct would have driven any one to despair. It was uncalculated, childish, unwomanly. I maintain that she was much to blame. And again, sometimes in the black, fever-stricken night watches, I have begun to think that I might have been a little kinder to her. But that really is a "delusion." I could not have continued pretending to love her when I didn't, could I? It would have been unfair to us both.

Last year we met again—on the same terms as before, the same weary appeals and the same curt answers from my lips. At least I would make her see how wholly wrong and hopeless were her attempts at resuming the old relationship. As the season wore on we fell apart—that is to say, she found it difficult to meet me, for I had other and more absorbing interests to attend to. When I think it over quietly in my sickroom, the season of 1884 seems a confused nightmare wherein light and shade were fantastically intermingled—my courtship of little Kitty Mannerling, my hopes, doubts and fears; our long rides together; my trembling avowal of attachment; her reply, and now and again a vision of a white face fitting by in the rickshaw with the black and white liveries I once watched for so earnestly; the wave of Mrs. Wessington's gloved hand, and when she met me alone, which was but seldom, the irksome monotony of her appeal. I loved Kitty Mannerling—honestly, heartily loved her—and with my love for her grew my hatred for Agnes. In August Kitty and I were engaged. The next day I met those accursed "magpie" jhanpanies at the back of Jakkoo and, moved by some passing sentiment of pity, stopped to tell Mrs. Wessington everything. She knew it already.

"So I hear you're engaged, Jack, dear." Then, without a moment's pause, "I'm sure it's all a mistake—a hideous mistake. We shall be as good friends some day, Jack, as we ever were."

My answer might have made even a

man wince. It cut the dying woman before me like the blow of a whip. "Please forgive me, Jack. I didn't mean to make you angry. But it's true, it's true!"

And Mrs. Wessington broke down completely. I turned away and left her to finish her journey in peace, feeling, but only for a moment or two, that I had been an unutterably mean hound. I looked back and saw that she had turned her rickshaw with the idea, I suppose, of overtaking me.

The scene and its surroundings were photographed on my memory. The rain swept sky (we were at the end of the wet weather), the sodden, dingy pines, the muddy road and the black powder riven cliffs formed a gloomy background against which the black and white liveries of the jhanpanies, the yellow paneled rickshaw and Mrs. Wessington's down bowed golden head stood out clearly. She was holding her handkerchief in her left hand and was leaning back exhausted against the rickshaw cushions. I turned my horse up a bypath near the Sanjowlie reservoir and literally ran away. Once I fancied I heard a faint call of "Jack!" This may have been imagination. I never stopped to verify it. Ten minutes later I came across Kitty on horseback, and in the delight of a long ride with her forgot all about the interview.

A week later Mrs. Wessington died, and the inexpressible burden of her existence was removed from my life. I went to Plainsward perfectly happy. Before three months were over I had forgotten all about her, except that at times the discovery of some of her old letters reminded me unpleasantly of our bygone relationship. By January I had disinterred what was left of our correspondence from among my scattered belongings and had burned it. At the beginning of April of this year, 1885, I was at Simla—semideeped Simla—once more and was deep in lover's talks and walks with Kitty. It was decided that we should be married at the end of June. You will understand, therefore, that, loving Kitty as I did, I am not saying too much when I pronounce myself to have been at that time the happiest man in India.

Fourteen delightful days passed almost before I noticed their flight. Then, aroused to the sense of what was proper among mortals circumstanced as we were, I pointed out to Kitty that an engagement ring was the outward and visible sign of her dignity as an engaged girl and that she must forthwith come to Hamilton's to be measured for one. Up to that moment, I give you my word, we had completely forgotten so trivial a matter. To Hamilton's we accordingly went on the 15th of April, 1885. Remember that—whatever my doctor may say to the contrary—I was then in perfect health, enjoying a well balanced mind and an absolutely tranquil spirit. Kitty and I entered Hamilton's shop together, and there, regardless of the order of affairs, I measured Kitty for the ring in the presence of the amused assistant. The ring was a sapphire with two diamonds. We then rode out down the slope that leads to the Combermere bridge and Peliti's shop.

While my waler was cautiously feeling his way over the loose shale and Kitty was laughing and chattering at my side; while all Simla—that is to say, as much of it as had then come from the plains—was gromped round the reading room and Peliti's veranda, I was aware that some one, apparently at a vast distance, was calling me by my Christian name. It struck me that I had heard the voice before, but when and where I could not at once determine. In the short space it took to cover the road between the path from Hamilton's shop and the first plank of the Combermere bridge I had thought over half a dozen people who might have committed such a solecism and had eventually decided that it must have been some singing in my ears. Immediately opposite Peliti's shop my eye was arrested by the sight of four jhanpanies in "magpie" livery, pulling a yellow paneled, cheap, bazaar rickshaw. In a moment my mind flew back to the previous season and Mrs. Wessington with a sense of irritation and disgust. Was it not enough that the woman was dead and done with without her black and white servitors reappearing to spoil the day's happiness? Whoever employed them now I thought I would call upon and ask as a personal favor to change her jhanpanies' livery. I would hire the men myself and if necessary buy their coats from off their backs. It is impossible to say here what a flood of undesirable memories their presence evoked.

"Kitty," I cried, "there are poor Mrs. Wessington's jhanpanies turned up again! I wonder who has them now?" Kitty had known Mrs. Wessington slightly last season and had always been interested in the sickly woman. "What? Where?" she asked. "I can't see them anywhere."

Even as she spoke her horse, swerving from a laden mule, threw himself directly in front of the advancing rickshaw. I had scarcely time to utter a word of warning when, to my unutterable horror, horse and rider passed through men and carriage as if they had been thin air.

"What's the matter?" cried Kitty. "What made you call out so foolishly, Jack? If I am engaged, I don't want all creation to know about it. There was lots of space between the mule and the veranda, and if you think I can't ride—There!"

Whereupon willful Kitty set off, her dainty little head in the air, at a hand gallop in the direction of the band stand, fully expecting, as she herself afterward told me, that I should follow her. What was the matter? Nothing, indeed; either that I was mad or drunk or that Simla was haunted with devils. I reined in my impatient cob and turned round. The rickshaw had turned, too, and now stood immediately facing me, near the left railing of the Combermere bridge.

"Jack! Jack, darling!" There was no mistake about the words this time. They rang through my brain as if they had been shouted in my ear. "It's

some hideous mistake, I'm sure. Please forgive me, Jack, and let's be friends again."

The rickshaw hood had fallen back, and inside, as I hope and pray daily for the death I dread by night, sat Mrs. Keith-Wessington, handkerchief in hand and golden head bowed on her breast.

How long I stared motionless I do not know. Finally I was aroused by my syce taking the waler's bridle and asking whether I was ill. From the horrible to the commonplace is but a step. I tumbled off my horse and dashed, half fainting, into Peliti's for a glass of cherry brandy. There two or three couples were gathered round the coffee tables discussing the gossip of the day. Their trivialities were more comforting to me just then than the consolations of religion could have been. I plunged into the midst of the conversation at once, chatted, laughed and jested with a face (when I caught a glimpse of it in a mirror) as white and drawn as that of a corpse. Three or four men noticed my condition, and, evidently setting it down to the results of overmanly pugs, charitably endeavored to draw me apart from the rest of the loungers. But I refused to be led away. I wanted the company of my kind—as a child rushes into the midst of the dinner party after a fright in the dark. I must have talked for about ten minutes or so, though it seemed an eternity to me, when I heard Kitty's clear voice outside inquiring for me. In another minute she had entered the shop, prepared to roundly upbraid me for failing so signally in my duties. Something in my face stopped her.

"Why, Jack," she cried, "what have you been doing? What has happened? Are you ill?" Thus driven into a direct lie, I said that the sun had been a little too much for me. It was close upon 5 o'clock of a cloudy April afternoon, and the sun had been hidden all day. I saw my mistake as soon as the words were out of my mouth, attempted to recover it, blundered hopelessly and followed Kitty in a regal rage out of doors amid the smiles of my acquaintances. I made some excuse (I have forgotten what) on the score of my feeling faint and cantered away to my hotel, leaving Kitty to finish the ride by herself.

In my room I sat down and tried calmly to reason out the matter. Here was I, Theobald Jack Pansy, a well educated Bengal civilian in the year of grace 1885, presumably sane, certainly healthy, driven in terror from my sweetheart's side by the apparition of a woman who had been dead and buried eight months. These were facts that I could not blink. Nothing was further from my thought than any memory of Mrs. Wessington when Kitty and I left Hamilton's shop. Nothing was more utterly commonplace than the stretch of wall opposite Peliti's. It was broad daylight. The road was full of people, and yet here, look you, in defiance of every law of probability, in direct outrage of nature's ordinance, there had appeared to me a face from the grave.

Kitty's Arab had gone through the rickshaw; so that my first hope that some woman marvelously like Mrs. Wessington had hired the carriage and the coolies with their old livery was lost. Again and again I went round this treadmill of thought and again and again gave up baffled and in despair. The voice was as inexplicable as the apparition. I had originally some wild notion of confiding it all to Kitty; of begging her to marry me at once, and in her arms defying the ghostly occupant of the rickshaw. "After all," I argued, "the presence of the rickshaw is in itself enough to prove the existence of a spectral illusion. One may see ghosts of men and women, but surely never of coolies and carriages. The whole thing is absurd. Fancy the ghost of a hillman!"

Next morning I sent a penitent note to Kitty, imploring her to overlook my strange conduct of the previous afternoon. My divinity was still very wrath, and a personal apology was necessary. I explained with a fluency born of night long pondering over a falsehood that I had been attacked with a sudden palpitation of the heart, the result of indigestion. This eminently practical solution had its effect, and Kitty and I rode out that afternoon with the shadow of my first lie dividing us.

Nothing would please her save a canter round Jakkoo. With my nerves still unstrung from the previous night I feebly protested against the notion, suggesting Observatory hill, Jutogh, the Boileau road—anything rather than the Jakkoo road. Kitty was angry and a little hurt. So I yielded from fear of provoking further misunderstanding, and we set out together toward Chota Simla. We walked a greater part of the way and, according to our custom, cantered from a mile or so below the convent to the stretch of level road by the Sanjowlie reservoir. The wretched horses appeared to fly, and my heart beat quicker and quicker as we neared the crest of the ascent. My mind had been full of Mrs. Wessington all the afternoon, and every inch of the Jakkoo road bore witness to our old time walks and talks. The bowlders were full of it, the pines sang it aloud overhead, the rain fed torrents giggled and chuckled unseen over the shameful stupidity, and the wind in my ears chanted the iniquity aloud.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Governor Elberie is reported as being able to take a drive behind "Sally" and to hold the lines himself. It is not but said that as soon as he completes a little more he will go to his old home in Marion for a rest. While we sympathize with the Governor we must say that he ought to vacate his office, at least temporarily, in favor of the Lieutenant Governor. The Governor's office is no place for a sick man—Gaffney, Ledger.

The happiest ladies are those using the White sewing machine.

**Freight Discrimination.**

The Wilmington, N. C., Traffic Association has begun an action before the United States Interstate Railway Commission to secure relief from discrimination in freight rates from western points to Wilmington in favor of Norfolk and Richmond, and Judges J. C. Clements and James D. Yeomans, of the above named commission, came to Wilmington and began taking testimony in the matter on last Thursday. Able legal counsel for both sides were in attendance, and besides the Atlantic Coast Line about forty other railroads interested in traffic to Wilmington from St. Louis, Kansas City, Chicago, Louisville, Cincinnati, New Orleans and other points, were represented.

From the report of the first days proceeding, published in the Messenger, it appears that Judge Clements intends to make a thorough investigation, as he announced, when letters and telegrams were presented from witnesses giving excuses for non-appearance, that it may as well be understood that witnesses would be compelled to obey the summons of the court and stated that this matter would be taken up later.

The first witness called by the complainant was Mr. Geo. D. Shore, of Sumter, S. C. He testified upon examination by Judge Day that he is a merchandise broker at Sumter, 149 miles from Wilmington, and handles heavy groceries, provisions, etc. Formerly he sold the products of the mills of Boney & Harper, of Wilmington—grits, meal and corn. He handled their goods for several years, but not for the past two or three years. He handles goods of the same class from other shipping points, but none from Wilmington now. He testified, however, that he had occasional demands for Boney & Harper's products, but could not supply them, because they could not meet the prices from other points, as he was informed by Messrs. Boney & Harper. He handled goods for them a while, but finally they could not get satisfactory freight rates to Sumter, and they had to withdraw their trade from Sumter. The reason was because Richmond and Norfolk made lower prices and they could not meet the rates. He said he could still sell their goods if they could get rates. His customers were satisfied with their goods and preferred to buy in Wilmington because it was nearer to them and they could get their shipments quicker and they could thus afford to run their stocks lower. Mr. Shore testified that he sells meat, lard, grain, hay, etc. and coal. He tried to get a satisfactory rate on coal from Wilmington, but could not do so. Under cross examination by Mr. Davis, he said he now sells these goods from Nashville, Richmond and Baltimore.

Mr. T. M. Emerson, traffic manager of the Atlantic Coast Line, was the next witness. He explained that there was no such a corporation as the Atlantic Coast Line, but it was a trade mark used for advertising several railroads co-operating together as a line. There was no parent line, to his knowledge. He named the various terminals of what is known as the Atlantic Coast Line, and stated that as near as he recollected the system contained about 1,500 miles of track. Messrs. Day and Meares both examined Mr. Emerson as to the Coast Line and its traffic arrangement. He said he was the authority for the system as to freight rates and he reports and commends to the president. To interrogations, he answered that his line does not fix rates from western points. Rates from western points are made to Richmond and Norfolk and mileage and proportional rates and added on by the Coast Line on goods shipped into its territory from the west. He explained that through rates are made up by the various connecting railways who would have to come to an agreement on the basis of rates. He testified to questions by Judge Day, that there are organizations of the traffic managers in the south, one known as the Southeastern Traffic Association and one as the Southern States Freight Association. He stated that he was a member of the latter, and its purpose was to meet and discuss and reconcile freight matters. He explained that when it is desired to change a rate, notice is given to the president of the association, and all the interested traffic managers take up the proposition for a chance of rates, either favoring it or urging reasons against a change. Unless the change of rate is agreed to it cannot be put into effect. He said he had never placed before the association a proposition to reduce the rate from western points to Wilmington. So far as his line is concerned, he explained that their rates fixed are such as the road can afford without incurring loss in the management of the property. Mr. Emerson was examined at considerable length, as to rates, and he explained them as far as he could from his recollection.

Mr. B. G. Worth, of the wholesale grocery house of The Worth Company, was called to the stand by the plaintiffs. He stated that he had been a wholesale grocer in Wilmington since 1853, and with the exception of a small intermission had once resided in Wilmington. He stated that he remembered when Norfolk and Richmond were given the Baltimore rates on heavy goods, when the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad was completed into Norfolk. He stated that for fifteen years the territory in which he wholesaled goods had constantly grown smaller because his house could not reach the points because of freight rates. He

said the consequence was that Wilmington was doing less wholesale business than for fifteen years. He said at one time his house sold goods to Raleigh and points on the Southern railway as far as Charlotte, but he can't now sell goods to the points where he formerly had customers. He testified that Wilmington's commercial importance was that she had several railroads and a steamship line to New York. There were formerly two steamship lines, one to New York and one to Philadelphia, but the latter line has been withdrawn. He attributed the withdrawal of the Philadelphia line to the decline in business.

Menstruation made Regular and Painless, and Pains in Sides, Hips and Limbs cured by Simmons Squaw Vine Wine or Tablets.

The "White" is the best on earth.

**LOVE EXCHANGES.**

The captain had not been married long when he was ordered into camp, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. The long expected call had come at last. To be sure, the camp was in plain sight of the captain's residence, which was some mitigation of the hardship; but still it was separation; and to lighten this terrible condition it was arranged that the bereaved husband and wife should signal to each other often with handkerchiefs. It was on the second day that the young wife was seated on the porch reading.

"Tell me, Jane," she said, "is Arthur still signaling?"  
"Yes, ma'am," answered the maid.  
"Then keep waving your handkerchief. I want to finish this novel!"  
At the same moment in camp an officer from an adjoining company stepped up to the captain.  
"I say, old man," he asked, "why do you keep that man out there waving a handkerchief?"  
"Oh, it's merely a bit of signal code practice for him," he answered.  
"Say, I've got some good stuff inside."

Paper Dolls, dressed or otherwise at E. G. Gaston & Co's.

**S. C. Office-Holders in Washington.**

A number of changes have been announced in the treasury department this week. Among them is the appointment of Robert S. Williams, Jr., of South Carolina, who has been certified by the civil service commission for appointment, at \$1,000.  
Mrs. E. Moses, of South Carolina, office of internal revenue, has been promoted from \$1,000 to \$1,400.  
William B. Cole, of South Carolina, has been promoted from \$1,000 to \$1,200.  
Miss Lillie E. Nierose, of South Carolina, office of the auditor for the postoffice department, promoted from \$1,000 to \$1,200.  
Mrs. M. F. Ogden, of South Carolina, office of the auditor for the postoffice department, promoted from \$840 to \$900.

**The Plague in Paris.**

Paris, April 21.—The Froude publishes a report that three cases of the plague occurred among the employes in one of the big shops in the city to which the disease was brought by carpets of eastern manufacture. The paper demands a severe investigation. The police announce there is no foundation for the report.

**Liquor Constables Discharged.**

The governor today discharged four of the dispensary constables, leaving fifty six yet on the pay roll. The idea is to reduce them more and when any of them die or resign not fill their places. Resigning and dying constables are as scarce as hen teeth.—Col Record, April 20

The mind of the American people is now made up on the question of the army beef scandal. It has been proven that the navy inspection was effective, while the army inspection was inefficient. What action will Secretary Alger take to meet this issue? Not only has the criminal incapacity of the war department been exposed, but it exhibits the packing interest of the west in the character of those who would take advantage of the stress of the war to cheat their own government and sacrifice the lives of soldiers to contribute to their money profits.

**ANNOUNCEMENT.**

**MISS McDONALD**  
Would announce to her customers in town and country, as well as the public generally that she is now prepared to display a

**FULL LINE OF MILLINERY**

Consisting of the newest designs in Trimmed Work, also the latest novelties in Flowers, Fancy Goggles, Jettied Nets, Wings, &c.  
MISS McDONALD'S long experience in this line of business, as well as her quick discernment of the wants of customers, will prove a guarantee for the satisfaction of purchasers.

**A MOST EFFICIENT MILLINER**

And capable salesladies are ready to respond to the wants of customers.  
Orders by mail will be promptly and accurately filled.