

The Chatham Record.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF HAWAII.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONTINUED.

"You see," I said, turning to Warren, and speaking in a low voice, "it is killing him now. Better have it over as soon as possible. He could not stand the strain of two weeks longer."

"True—perhaps you are right. But I wanted you under my hand for a while. Still, I can see you there as well. Yes, we will sail Molokai. The ship will sail soon now."

"The old doctor was nervously fumbling some papers on his desk."

"Oh, what a miserable parting! The Reception Hospital was near the shore, and the leper-chek was built on land belonging to it. No one save those bound for Molokai or officers of the hospital or government ever went there. I bade Gordon and Uncle Tom good-bye in Warren's office. With Uncle Tom it was to be good-bye forever. Gordon, as commander of the army, often visited Molokai, and promised to see me soon. We all went, and Uncle Tom moaned and seemed beside himself."

"In the midst of it a bell rang."

"Come, my boy, it is time," said Warren.

I turned and followed him with a heart heavy with despair and eyes blinded by tears.

As I left the room Warren turned to my uncle and said:

"Please remain here, Warrenford. I wish to speak to you."

I did not turn my face. Resolutely I kept my back toward my dear old uncle and my friend Gordon and followed Warren. The last thing I heard was my uncle's voice.

"Gordon! Gordon!" he moaned. "Do you realize that my poor boy is going to his death?"

CHAPTER XIV.

In a small but comfortable cottage near the coast of Molokai I took up my abode. The trip across Kaula Strait in the leper ship had passed without accident, and I stepped from her deck to the soil of Molokai with a feeling that I should never leave the place again.

I did not mingle with the other unfortunates in the settlement. There was, near the outskirts of the colony, the small cottage mentioned above. It was unoccupied and in serious need of repairs when I arrived at my destination. But I had it overhauled by leper workmen, and it suited my present needs. In it I got my own meals, and lived by myself. There were attendants in the colony, however, men who had passed their lives at the service of such unfortunates as I. From the porch of my cottage, I could see, through a vista of palm trees, the white, glistening monument erected to the memory of Father Damien, whose life went out among the lepers, himself a victim of the dread scourge he had come among the people to combat. There were those still living who spoke lightly of Father Damien's courage, his noble purpose, his gentle kindness and the sadness of his life's sacrifice.

It cannot be said that I was in a happy or a comfortable frame of mind. Physically I felt as well as I had at the Cravals. But I was a man condemned to die. Hope had died within me. I simply waited.

My daily life was monotonous. One day was much the same as another. I rose early, and ate sparingly of dates, poi and coconuts. It was at Molokai that I first tasted the native dish of poi. This is made from the root of the taro plant—a plant of the family to which the calla-lily belongs. The taro plant is the most prolific food-plant in the world. It has been claimed by Humboldt that this distinction belongs to the banana, but the banana cannot be compared to the taro plant in the matter of production. A square yard and a half planted with taro will yield enough food to last a man a year. Thus the question of subsistence in Hawaii is a simple one. The taro plant is poisonous when raw, but cooking destroys the poisonous properties and renders it very wholesome. It is first baked, then pounded and mixed with water. When fully prepared it is of a consistency much like mayonnaise. It is regarded by the natives of Hawaii as food fit for Europeans. I found it to be far from disagreeable, and I became quite expert in the preparation of it.

I took plenty of exercise. Tramped through the forests and, as my uncle had been thoughtful enough to include a sporting outfit in my luggage, I bagged more than one mead with my rifle. And I spent a great deal of time fishing. There was a certain rock which jacked its rugged nose out of the water not far from the coast, and which was easily accessible in a small boat. Around this rock a species of bass was plentiful, and I sat for hours on that rock capturing them. I supplied more than one poor devil with food.

There was a Mexican not far from the colony who had a small farm. The products of this he disposed of to the lepers. The colony was in charge of an officer from the Reception Hospital at Honolulu, and he made certain that his unfortunate wards were well cared for. This Mexican farmer had a few scrub horses, and through the superintendent, as the officer was

called, I was enabled to purchase a steel for horseback exercise.

All this probably seemed a very luxurious life for a man supposed to be dying. But it must be borne in mind that I had not waited until my disease had shown itself malignantly before I withdrew to the isolation of Molokai. I had the same appetite, desire and energy as a well man would have. I had never gotten over the incident that I had felt at the Cravals. These, of course, was one of the most unusual and interesting of the Hawaiian legends, and would, in time, end in a complete synopsis. But while I had the strength I made the most of it.

I sat on my porch and smoked, and read whatever I could get to read. The Hawaiian Star, published in Honolulu, came regularly.

Gordon came to see me, and we sat in the clear sunlight of a perfect friendship, with our cigars and our friendship, as though death had not laid his ugly hand on one of us. I asked him about my uncle.

"He is failing rapidly, poor man," said Gordon. "He wants to see you, but I advised against it. He could not stand it. He urged me to bring him along, but when Warren called with me, he gave up."

"It would do no good," I replied. "Although I should like very much to see Uncle Tom. By the way, there is something I had wanted to ask you, but almost forgot it. You remember my last day in Honolulu, when I left you and Uncle Tom in the office of the hospital, Warren said 'Warrenford, I wish to see you.' What did he want?"

Gordon hesitated a moment, as if reluctant to speak.

"Do not tell me if there is any reason for not telling," I said. "I asked solely through curiosity."

"There is no reason why I should not tell you," said Gordon, slowly. "Yet there is. It is a matter, I presume, that Warren would prefer to speak on himself, when the time comes. Let me conceal this, if you please."

"Yes, if you please," I said. "You know how Warren has spent his life."

"Ah! Has he found a remedy?"

"He did not see the last. But he said he had reached the point in his experiments where he had hope, and he had made some progress. But Warren would not tell me. He is a man of honor, and you see how he has spent his life."

"Nothing, Tom. Not a thing. We were silent for a time."

"Don't you think," I said, "that Warren really thought he had found a remedy? He said he had been coming to Molokai a week ago, and the ship I came on was his only chance for a fortnight. He may come then."

"No, Warren is very cautious. He has tried and failed many times. I suppose he should have given up long ago. In your medical case it was a matter of six weeks, and the results from your leaving."

"Then do you believe there is any thing to it?"

"I have hoped so, Tom, from the first. But it is strange that Warren has not been to see you. He said he was coming to Molokai a week ago, and the ship I came on was his only chance for a fortnight. He may come then."

"Gordon returned late in the evening to the ship."

"The next two weeks passed off with out incident. I spent my days as I had before. But my old acquaintance was coming back, and I knew that that was the beginning of the end."

One afternoon, two weeks after Warren's visit, I was working in the first garden around my cottage, gathering taro for my ponies, when a familiar voice reached me from the coast.

"The boy is working, oh!" I heard Doctor Warren say.

Looking up, I saw Warren and Gordon coming. Gordon waved his hand to me. Warren seemed to be in great haste. They entered the garden. I dropped the food I had been working with, and went to meet them.

"Come here in the sunlight, and let me look at you," said Doctor Warren, abruptly.

Stepping out from the shade of a palm under which we were standing, I stood still for inspection. Warren turned and twisted me in every way. He closely examined my face, hair and neck.

"There are no marks, save the scales," he said.

"No," I replied, "nothing distinctive."

"Come inside," he said. "Show me your life."

They followed me into my cottage, both Warren and Gordon carried a bag. These they put down in my little sitting-room.

"This is my parlor, drawing-room, reception-room, and so forth," I said. "Quite tidy and comfortable, is it not, Doctor?" asked Gordon.

"Show me where you bathe," said Warren, ignoring Gordon's question. I showed him my bedroom, in which was a large wooden bath.

"How do you fill it?" asked Warren.

"By getting the water yourself or having some one else do it?"

"I do everything myself," I replied. "I carry the water from a spring not far from the lower end of my garden. It is clear, sweet water. I use it for drinking, cooking and bathing."

"See water would be better," said Warren. "Now get to work and fill the tub."

I wondered what the old man was going to do, but as he did not seem so want to be questioned, I could do nothing but obey. I knew whatever he did would be for my own good. His eagerness, his authority and the order he had given me aroused hope within me. Perhaps his life's object had been attained.

"I took two water jars and started for the spring."

"Here," said Gordon. "Let me take a hand. Have you anything else that will hold water?"

"Yes, take this, if you want to go," I said, giving him a large, wooden pail.

We carried the water into the house and poured it into the tub, Warren, standing by, watching us.

"Any more?" I asked. The tub was nearly a third full.

"Fill it, I said," was the stern reply.

So we went again and once again. The tub was nearly full.

Doctor Warren picked up the bag he had carried.

"Get me that green package out of your bag, Gordon," he said. "That is there a fire in your kitchen?"

"No, but I can soon make one," I said.

I lit a fire. Doctor Warren heated some water in an earthen cup, and then poured some of the contents of the green package into it. This he stirred until it was a thick greenish mass.

Then, taking a package and a bottle from his own satchel, he ordered me into my bath.

"Strip," he said.

He poured the contents of the bottle into my bath. The fumes of sulphur filled the room, almost choking me. He then put the green mass in the water and stirred it. A thin vapor came from the bath.

"Get in," he said.

I stepped into the bath.

"Ducked," he said. "Get under; it won't hurt you."

I completely immersed myself.

"How does it feel?" asked Gordon when I put my nose out to breathe.

"Like a thousand darts being driven into me on all sides," I replied; and no it felt.

At first there had been a sensation of numbness, then a prickling sensation, gradually this changed to actual pain. The staff I was seated on, he said, its way into my very system. My muscles swelled and burned as if I was on fire. My bones seemed to be coming apart.

"So you are," said Warren. "You will be a new man from to-day."

When I had been in the bath perhaps half an hour, Warren told me to come out. I was so weak and exhausted I could hardly stand.

Gordon seized a towel and began to rub and slap me.

"Give it to him!" said Warren, without a smile.

And he did give it to me. In his powerful grasp I was but a baby.

Warren mixed some medicine.

"Take a spoonful of this every hour," he said. "Begin now."

I swallowed the dose, and with Gordon's help dressed myself. Then I lay down, utterly gone, upon my bed.



ON HER DRESSING TABLE.

A Double Set of Toilet Brushes and Other Novelties.

The dainty maiden has a double set of toilet brushes, hair brushes and nail brushes, that is to say, two of each. This is not an extravagance in her eyes, but a means of giving each brush opportunities of being used, sunned and sweetened. The hair brush is used one week, and then retired to be carefully cleansed and aired, not going into commission again until the following week. Traveling by railway, or coaching or driving on an open road, or even walking the streets, she brings dust upon the person.

The dust clings to one's hair. We do not wash long locks of hair as often as we do our face and hands. Consequently the brush which is in effect the hair brush, seems to pick up a great deal of dust. Brushing the hair brush should be done as a part of the hair brush and comb it good, stirring and airing after they have been washed.

The tooth brush requires plenty of air and sunlight to keep it from discoloring. There is a curved tooth brush for cleaning the inside row of teeth and one for regular outside service.

The nail brush requires airing and sunning just as the tooth brush does. For this reason a double set is a good investment. These small necessities of the toilet should be kept in order. They save a due to personal cleanliness and diminish. A young girl should be trained to keep her toilet articles in order, so that her brushes and combs are clean and bright.

The tooth brush should be frequently discarded for a new one. A discolored tooth brush should be sent to the dentist's office to be cleaned.

A hair brush and comb set, lately been added to the bureau outfit of toilet articles. This is called the "beauty brush," but its use is no conducive to personal beauty, but a badge of honor to those who like to be clean.

Keep the eyebrows in order. Those who have thick eyebrows are sometimes troubled by unhygienic behavior of the hair which will not be smooth. It is recommended to brush the eyebrow softly away from the nose when you take occasion to brush your hair. Only a delicate brush should be used for this purpose.

In selecting a toilet comb run your finger over the sides of the teeth so that you can get out a comb with rounded edges to the teeth. Do not use one with sharp teeth, with angles in each and hook your hair. It is of importance to have a comb that will deal gently as well as thoroughly with the hair. It is not worth while at this date to invent against the use of a fine-tooth comb, for they are never used by any one who respects the natural growth of the hair. Choose a comb with teeth quite wide apart, and with softly rounded edges to the teeth. Philadelphia Record.

AMERICAN WOMEN AND DRESS.

The views of "The American Woman and Dress," expressed by Helen Watterston Moody, in the Ladies' Home Journal, are based on the marked difference in the way the different nations of the Paris Exposition last summer treated the problem of clothes. The English women were gowned with the utmost regard for utility and comfort. The American and French women appeared in toilets of silk and satin and lace which properly had no place whatever in the Exposition grounds. But while the French women's clothes were as beautiful as the American women's, and fuller of that indescribable charm called style, they were not nearly so costly. The cost of dressing grows greater every year, and the shifts of fashion are prompter and more imperative. Where the English woman goes plainly dressed with a serene mind the American woman always up with anxious thoughts as to how it shall be managed. One last season's dress, perfectly fresh and just as good as new, is sold for a trifle, and a new one is bought and returned at the cost of so many dollars and much time and hard work, not because they need it, but because we want to, either, but simply because Mrs. Wood across the way, and Mrs. Pope in the next street, are doing the same thing—and they are doing it because we are! The truth is, we American women not only lay too much emphasis upon dress, so that it takes quite too prominent a place in our scheme of life, but we also spend too much money on dress.

Expert Women Paperhangers.

An extended inquiry has developed the fact that Cleveland has two women who are expert paperhangers. Two of them are self-taught, and they are all said to be fully as capable as any man engaged in the same business.

Mrs. Charles Wolf has been engaged in this work to a greater or less extent for nineteen years. She supports herself and two boys, aged nine and twelve years respectively.

Nineteen years ago, while living in Rockport, some work in paperhanging was needed in the home, and Mrs. Wolf, after waiting for some time in vain for the local lack of all trades to get around," became impatient.

"I'll do it myself," she exclaimed at last. "I can do a better job than he can, anyway," and she did. Neighbors who saw her work urged her to help them out on several occasions, and she did all the work she could do.

After moving to Cleveland, her friends, attracted by the neatness with which her rooms were papered, made inquiries and learning that she was doing her own paperhanging, urged her to do their work. The fourteen years she has worked at odd times at this side of the street.

Mrs. Martin McGrath is also a paper hanger. In her case her husband taught her the trade, which was his specialty. Her husband had been a soldier in McKinley's regiment. This was a time when the results of the hard campaigning of earlier days made an invalid of him. Then Mrs. McGrath's accomplishments became useful and she took up his business, which she has practiced with success since.

Mrs. J. Landberg claims that she is the pioneer woman paperhanger in the State. She taught herself the trade by hard experience, and she has worked at it for thirty-seven years. Her two daughters, "Pep" and Jennie Landberg, are also expert artisans in this trade, and received their instruction from their mother. The former has worked at paperhanging for two years, the latter for eight years.

"Our paper don't cut up and come off, like the paper men put on," says Mrs. Landberg. Her older daughter boasts that she does her work standing on a six-inch plank, while the one now is eight inches wide.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fashions in Mounting.

Kindie rooms of crepe for either the street or the house are exceedingly handsome, always becoming and rich in appearance. When the material is used for a house gown there are generally trimmings of dull red, blue or green for the street. There is absolutely no trimming so that the beauty of the material is seen to perfection. Crapes are made of a much lighter weight of crepe than formerly, and it is the fashion to put them on hats as well as bonnets, although this is a very new fashion that has not generally been adopted. A small round hat has a long veil that falls down to the very hem of the garment in front, and in a hat box placed at the back and is considered correct for a widow's mourning. The smart Marie Stuart shape for the bonnet, on which the crepe veil is pinned in folds that fall back from the face, is the most universally popular, although within the last year the fashion of fancy hats and crepe, either directly in front or the front of an eye, has been very much affected.—Harper's Bazar.

A Woman's Work.

In Chicago, a woman who owns a small syrup bush and sells her sugar and syrup every spring took for her family in New York, made up her mind to visit her mother, who was in the city, and to see her mother in the city. She went to Boston for a spraying apparatus and killed thousands of worms on the trees every day. This year she has taken time by the back and lung, big, open-mouthed bottles of sweetened water on the branches of her trees to attract and drown the moths before they lay their eggs. This is one of the best methods known to prevent the scourge of the worm.—New York Press.

PRET THINGS TO WEAR.

A soft cherry red is charming with brown shades.

Turquoise matrix buttons are useful in all stripes and sizes.

OUR EVERY-DAY HEROES

FIREMEN IN CITIES, WHOSE LIVES ARE ALWAYS IN DANGER.

They Join the Skill of Gladiators With the Valor of Crusaders—Some Victims of a Fatal Fire in New York City on St. Patrick's Day, 1899.

In the last chapter of the Century comes an "Ereos of Danger and Daring." Cleveland Moffet takes up "The Fireman" in all its history. He says: "I suppose the world has seen to know the way to join the skill of gladiators with the valor of crusaders. Does that sound like exaggeration? I should call it rather under statement."

As illustrating the things firemen do every day, and do gladly, he gives some incidents of one particular fire that happened in New York on St. Patrick's Day, 1899. It was a pleasant afternoon, and Fifth avenue was crowded with a people gathered to watch the parade. A poor, old-fashioned scene it would have been hard to find at 3 o'clock, or a sadder one at 4.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians, wearing their red and white uniforms, were marching Fifth sixth street, when suddenly there sounded hoarse shouts and the angry clang of fire-pumps and down Fifth street came Hook and Ladder 4 on a dead run, and coming into Fifth avenue straight at the pompous parade, who immediately became fully scared Irishmen and took to their heels. But the big ladders went on further. Here they were needed, oh, so badly needed, for the Windsor Hotel was on fire—the fire was in the Windsor Hotel at Fifth avenue and Forty seventh street. It was on fire, and far gone with fire the thing seems incredible, because even the engines were called, and the reason was that everybody supposed that of course somebody had set the alarm, and as they all watched the fire, and waited for the engines, on numbers, thirty engines, and by that time a great crowd of people was turning up the street, and people on the roof, in their madness, were jumping down to the street. Then some one called out to a fire box and ran the call "Get within ninety seconds, Engine 65, on the ground. And after the Windsor Engines 54 and 23, and then the Hook and Ladder companies. But there was no making up that lost fifteen minutes. The fire had things in its teeth now, and three, four, five alarms went out in quick succession. Twenty-three engines had their streams on that fire in almost as many minutes. And the big fire tower came from Thirty sixth street and Ninth avenue, and six hook and ladder companies arrived.

As we saw Hook and Ladder 21 come, she was the mate of the 21st tower, and the rush as the following horses was coming up the avenue just as Battalion Chief John Flinn made out a woman in a white dress, who was on the Forty sixth street, who was being rescued. The woman was holding a little girl, and she was being held as if she was going to jump. The chief wanted to be very sure where she was, and running toward the truck, motioned it into Forty sixth street. Whereupon the fireman at the back wheel did a pretty piece of climbing, and even as they plumed along, the crew began lowering the big ladder. Such a thing, as every fireman, the truck might open with its swaying, but every second counted here, and they took the chance.

As they drew along the curb, Fireman Mc Dermott sprang up the doorway, and the rush as the following horses was coming up the avenue just as Battalion Chief John Flinn made out a woman in a white dress, who was on the Forty sixth street, who was being rescued. The woman was holding a little girl, and she was being held as if she was going to jump. The chief wanted to be very sure where she was, and running toward the truck, motioned it into Forty sixth street. Whereupon the fireman at the back wheel did a pretty piece of climbing, and even as they plumed along, the crew began lowering the big ladder. Such a thing, as every fireman, the truck might open with its swaying, but every second counted here, and they took the chance.

To carry a woman down the front of a burning building on a scolding ladder is a matter of regular routine for a fireman, like jumping from a fourth story down to a net or making a landing of his body. It is part of the business. But to have one foot in the air, reaching for a lone step on a scolding, flimsy thing, and to feel the other foot break under you, and to fall two feet and catch safely, that is a thing that every fireman could do, but Mc Dermott did it, and he brought the woman safely to the ground on the fire tower. Most of the same thing, they carried up Forty seventh street. They were grasping in preparation of a rescue, but even more thrilling. On the roof, everything in order was Kate Flinn, giving a report and swaying over the gutter, and the point of dropping her feet down. Then one of the top floor windows kept a little figure, and stood on the fire escape gasping for air. Then she was in and dragged out by the fireman, and down and low, and she was rescued. She was just a little girl, but she was rescued. She was just a little girl, but she was rescued. She was just a little girl, but she was rescued.

Black polka dotted plume is used with good effect as trimming on some wash gowns, for collars and cuffs—perhaps. One effective gown trimmed in this way has, on the plume, a picture of the reclining passenger.

Take an artificial flower upon the outside of your parasol if you do not buy one with the boss already on it. It may be a rose of any kind or a bow, or any design, or a bunch of small roses to the parasol handle just above the grip. This is another attractive fashion.

A pongee parasol which has an old-fashioned look is trimmed with bands of velvet ribbon, commencing with a broad one, perhaps one and a half inches deep at the edge, and gradually tapering off to the top. The umbrella is frequently lined with silk the color of the velvet bands.

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