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THE·MYSTERY·OF·THE INN·BY·THE·SHORE

BY Florence Warden,
Author of "The House on the Marsh," etc.

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CHAPTER I.

Continued.

Poor Willie started back, stumbling over the rough ground, and presented a very red, moist face to their view.

But they took no notice of him. Stepping gently over the rough mounds, looking beautifully cool and clean and smart and well-dressed beside the bedraggled and perspiring Willie, they threw back their heads, half closed their eyes and proceeded to criticise the work before them with as much care and critical acuteness as if it had been a painting on the walls of the New Gallery.

"I say, old chap, it really is the best thing you've ever done," began Otto, with kindly admiration.

"By Jove, Jordan, I never thought you could paint before," added Clifford. "There's a broad touch, and at the same time a nice feeling for effect, which shows an immense advance on your previous work. You seem, so to speak, to have put all your strength into the work. It does you immense credit—it really does, old chap."

"Some meaning in it, too. And that's the point where you always failed before."

To the intense disgust of Willie, pretty Nell was evidently much amused by these remarks. And, although a feeling of condescending gratitude to her admirer induced her to try to control her enjoyment, Clifford saw in her blue eyes a merriment none the less keen that she succeeded in screening in consideration.

"It's easy to chaff," grumbled Willie, hotly. "I'll tell you you'd like to try the work yourselves."

"No, old chap. We should never get that depth of color," said Otto, calmly surveying the artist's heated, crimson face.

"It wasn't a natural aptitude for that sort of thing," said Clifford.

"Well, you can take yourselves off if you have nothing better to do than to find fault with what you haven't the pluck to do yourselves," said Willie, sturdily.

"We're not finding fault. We are expressing our admiration," said Otto.

"And we are quite ready to try our hand ourselves," said Clifford, as, with a sudden burst of energy, born of his desire to linger in the neighborhood of Nell, he threw off his own coat, and struggled for possession of the paint-brush.

But Willie resisted, and there was danger of their both suffering severely from the interference of the prime, when the object of all this singular loyalty interposed.

"If you really are so full of energy that you need some vent for it," said she, in a voice which was full of suggestions of demure mischief, "you might help pull us there begin."

And she glanced at the row of the small pleasure-craft in the river, both of which had evidently suffered some injury, as their water-logged condition bore witness.

Clifford set about the task with enthusiasm, and, not without difficulty, succeeded in bringing the boats up on the slimy bank.

It was warm work, and as Otto Conybeare made no offer to assist him, it was a long time before Clifford managed, first by baling the water out of the boats with an old pail and then by turning them a little on one side when he had partly dragged them out, and emptying them, to finish his task. When he at last raised his head with a great sigh of satisfaction, he saw in the river below a weather-beaten old punt, in which sat a young fisherman of the realistic, not the operatic, kind, wearing a hard felt hat, a stained jersey, and a huge pair of sea-boots, who regarded him with an air of mingled pity and contempt.

"She always gets enough to do her dirty work, she do," he observed, with a jerk of the head in the direction of fair Nell. "And the better dressed they are, the more she likes it. Oh, she's a rare un, she be."

Now, it is one in human nature to like being classed among the "unsays," and Clifford, who could hardly flush a deeper crimson than he had already done with his exertions, tried to assume an air of philosophic indifference in vain.

"I'm afraid you are not chivalrous, my man," said he, thrusting his arms into his coat and feeling that he would like to plunge into the river.

"I don't care to pull the varmint out of my body and get no thank for it," rejoined the fisherman.

Clifford, in spite of his assumed stoicism, began to feel like a fool. He looked towards the spot where Nell had been standing beside the shed, and saw that she, as well as his two friends, had disappeared. The fisherman grinned and stuck the end of an old pipe in his mouth with an air of snug satisfaction.

"I wasn't high enough enough for her, I wasn't; an' I thank my stars for it. It's saved my back many a good load."

Then Clifford felt satisfied that it was pique at having his own advances rejected which caused the young fisherman to be so contemptuous. So he said, without irritation

"I should have thought no man would mind doing a man's work to save a woman's hands."

The fisherman puffed away at his dirty little pipe for a few moments in silence.

"Them's fine words," he said, at last. "An' maybe I'd say the same of some women. But not for a little light-hearted lover like you," and he looked his head ruefully in the direction of the Blue Lion.

"Light-hearted!" exclaimed Clifford, with some indignation. "Do you know what you mean by that?"

"Sh'd just think I did! Why, you ask the folks about here what sort o' character the Blue Lion's had since young miss was shown. Ask if it's a honest house to stay the night in if you've money on yer. Just you ask that, an' put two and two together like what I do, an' like what everybody does as knows what the place was afore she came an' what it is now."

Clifford shivered under the hot sun of the September afternoon as he listened to this torrent of accusation, and saw by the passion in the young fisherman's face that he was in earnest.

Before he could answer, Nell's sweet voice, addressing himself, startled him.

CHAPTER II.

"I am so much obliged to you, so very much obliged to you."

Clifford looked round, and saw pretty Nell Claris standing beside the two boats which he had pulled up on the bank by her direction.

"I'm afraid it must have given you a great deal of trouble. One of them was nearly full of water, I know."

"Why, yes, it wasn't too easy to get them up, because the bank slopes, and the earth is so slimy just here. But I'm very glad to have been able to do you the little service."

"It wasn't a little service; it was a great one," said Nell, with a look which Clifford felt to be intoxicating.

At that moment he heard a sound like a short, mocking laugh; and turning, he saw the fisherman, with a face full of scornful amusement, punting away slowly up stream toward Fleet Castle. Clifford, though he felt a little uneasy, was glad the man had gone.

"Your friends have gone back to Stream," said Nell, who had blushed a little on her side, when she heard the fisherman's contemptuous laugh.

"Is that a hint for me to follow their example?"

"Oh, no, indeed. My uncle said, when I told him what you were doing for us, that I was to ask you to come in and have a cup of tea with us—if you would condescend to accept an invitation from an innkeeper and his niece?"

Nell smiled a little as she added these words; and the manner in which she uttered them showed so keen a perception of social distinctions that Clifford was convinced in his belief that this girl was ridiculously out of her proper element in this wayside inn.

He followed her into a tiny sitting room at the back of the inn, where they were joined by her uncle, a burly, jovial man with a round, red, honest face, who was evidently very fond of his niece, although every word each uttered seemed to emphasize the strange difference in manners and speech which existed between them.

"Proud to know you, sir," said George Claris, when Clifford held out his hand. "Proud to know anybody my Nell thinks worth knowing. She's mighty particular, is Nell. Lor', what wouldn't your friend, Mr. Jordan there, have given for an invite to tea in here like this! Eh, Nell?"

Nell blushed, and turned her uncle's attention to his tea, while Clifford, in some surprise, enjoyed the knowledge that he had cut Jordan out without even a struggle.

Nell herself explained this presently, when her uncle had been called away by pieces of business in the bar, and the two young people were left sitting together, looking through the open glass door into the garden behind the inn.

"I'm afraid you will think I didn't treat your friend very well, after setting him to work to pitch that shed for us," she said, with a pretty blush in her cheeks, as she looked down at the tablecloth, and thus enabled Clifford to see that her long, curled, golden-brown eyelashes were the prettiest he had ever seen.

"I'm afraid he will think so," said Clifford, with affected solemnity. "I think myself that, after such heavy work as that, he did deserve a cup of tea."

Nell looked up in some distress, her blue eyes brighter with excitement, and her voice quite tremulous in its earnestness.

"Ah, you don't know!" she said, quickly. "I am not ungrateful, but I am in a very difficult position, and I have to be careful how I treat people. Don't you know yourself that a great many men, gentlemen too—or they call themselves so—think they have a right to treat a girl who lives at an inn differently from other girls? Surely you must know that?"

Clifford grew red, conscious that the girl had penetrated a weak spot in Willie's social armor.

"Well, but——"

"Oh, you needn't say 'but,'" interrupted Nell. "You know it is true. Now I don't want to say anything against your friend; he is very nice, and very good-natured; but—

"You have to keep him in order," said Clifford.

"Yes. I treat him just as I treat a lot of these young men who come out from Stream just to lounge about the place, as I treated you, to begin with." And she gave him a pretty little sly glance and smile, which set Clifford's heart beating faster. "I set them all to work. It does them no harm, and it does my uncle a great deal of good. Since I've been here," and she raised her head triumphantly, "he's been able to do without a man to look after things."

Clifford could not help laughing.

"Why, you're a regular you before luck wherever you go," said he.

"Indeed, I like to think that I have brought it to Uncle George," said the girl. "I may tell you—for everybody knows it—that just before I came back to him he was on the verge of bankruptcy, and now," and she slyly at Clifford a glance of triumph, "he has bought another piece of land, and keeps more cows, and enlarged the stables, and put money in the bank besides. What do you think of that?"

"Why, I think he is a very lucky man to have such a niece," said Clifford, more charmed every moment by the girl's amusing mixture of shrewdness and simplicity.

"It's very nice for your uncle," he added, after a little pause, "but is it—" he hesitated, afraid of sounding impertinent, "is it quite as pleasant for you, to live out here, I mean, so far from—"

"Civilization?" asked Nell, smiling. "There are some disadvantages, certainly. Of course I know what you really mean, and what you don't like to say. But when the choice has been living with my old uncle and helping him, and going away to please myself, is there any doubt what I ought to do? Miss Theodora, who is the best woman in the world, says I ought to stay—I am right to stay."

Clifford reluctantly agreed with her, and allowed her to prattle on about her uncle and his goodness, and Miss Theodora and her goodness, until the light of the sunset began to fade in the sky.

When he reluctantly rose to take leave, he found that some heavy drops of rain had begun to fall, and he allowed himself to be persuaded by the landlord and his niece to wait until the rain had cleared off. As, however, instead of clearing, the weather gradually became worse, until the day ended in a steady downpour which threatened to last all night, Clifford asked whether they could put him up for the night; and being answered in the affirmative, decided to spend the night at the inn.

The room they gave him was small, but beautifully clean, and was at the front of the house, with an outlook over the marshes to the sea. Clifford, when he retired to it late that night, raised the blind and tried to peer through the mist of rain which blurred the view. He began to feel that he wanted to spend his life in this spot, tending Nell's cabbages for her, trimming the hedges of her garden, watering her roses, doing anything, in fact, so that he might be near her.

He was in love, more seriously, too, than Willie had ever been, or than he himself had even been before. He asked himself what out of a spell it was that this young girl had been able so quickly to cast upon him, and he told himself that it was the sweetness of her nature, the purity which shone from her young soul through her blue eyes, which had enabled her to be—which him as no mere beauty of face and person could ever have done. He looked at his hand, and saw again in imagination the little soft, white hand, smoother and fairer than any girl's hand he had ever touched, which had lain for a moment in his as she bade him good night. He felt again the electric touch which had thrilled him when the little fingers met his. He was caressing his own hand which had been so honored, intoxicated with his own thoughts.

It was late before the dying candle warned him to make haste to bed. As he turned to the door to lock it, as was his custom in a strange place, he found that it had neither lock nor bolt. And the words of the young fisherman, his warning about the character of the house, flashed with an unpleasant chill through his mind.

The next moment he was ashamed of having remembered them. Of course there was a possibility, that whispered his common sense, that even the house which sheltered a goddess might also contain a man or a manservant who was a common thief. So, as he had a very handsome watch with him, and nearly twenty-five pounds in his purse, he tucked these possessions well under the pillow, and went to sleep, thinking of Nell.

He was awakened out of a sound slumber by the feeling that there was some one in his room.

He felt sure of this, although for a few minutes, as he lay with his eyes closed, he heard nothing but the ticking of the watch under his pillow. After that he became conscious that in the darkness there was a shadowy something passing and repassing between his bed and the heavily-curtained window. His first impulse was to shout aloud and alarm the would-be thief, as he could not but suppose the intruder to be. The next moment, however, he decided that he would wait until the theft had been actually committed, and take the perpetrator red-handed.

He waited, holding his breath.

To be Continued.

A soldier at Spandau, bent on frightening a sentry, approached him stealthily, creeping on all fours. He jumped up suddenly, and the sentry shot him dead.

Twelve new sugar refineries will be opened in Russia next season.

AGRICULTURAL.

How to Sell Poultry.

It is impossible to create a demand for any commodity unless we give prominence to it, and let the public know of its merits.

This is true, too, about our poultry and eggs for hatching, but also of market poultry and eggs where a private trade is sought.

The fancier must exhibit his stock and show to the public that the fowls are not only good, but that they have been bred from strains that will reproduce good fowls.

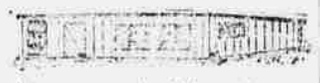
The man who sells eggs and poultry must advertise and let the public know what he has to sell. When a customer is secured especial care must be given so that no fault can be found.

The time is at hand when publicity must be given and no one can hope to succeed who hides his business from the public's gaze.

The incubator manufacturer has set a good example of enterprising publicity, and the poultry producers must follow his example. Furnish the public something good, and you can well afford to let the world know it.—Home and Farm.

Floor Space Per Hen.

It is a matter of no of importance to know how many hens can be kept in one pen and not pay. There is quite a general opinion that hens which are allowed to range at will or have spacious yards do best in flocks of forty to forty-five, and on being confined to



winter quarters should have about ten square feet for each hen. From actual tests this has proved about right. They may be confined closer if they have a scratching shed where they can run in bright weather.

This may be made up a to the south and attached to the hen house, and it would be better if such shed or apartment was closed with plenty of glass on the south side. This apartment need not be as warm as the regular house. Mine is of plain boards put on up and down, and cracks battened. It has two large windows in south, as cut shows, with spacious door, which can be left open on fine winter days, so the hens enjoy a good warm sun bath. The windows should be arranged with curtains to close cold nights. Most of the feeding is done in the scratching pens in litter of chaff or straw.—George H. Townsend, in New England Homestead.

The Home Vegetable Garden.

All who own or rent homes should raise their own vegetables, but quite often it is the farmer who owns the largest number of acres who does not raise one-fourth of the vegetables used on the place. In planning for the home garden this year try to have something new. Ever ever try to raise the cauliflower, knowing nothing of the most delicious of all vegetables. Others try but fail because—they are started in open ground, when they should be started in hot beds very early in the season. Soil must be well enriched with a good manure. The vegetable requires a high state of culture also to bring it to perfection, and moisture is one of its most essential requirements. Some varieties are naturally self-blanching, while the outer leaves must be tied over heads of others to insure their snowy whiteness. Late sown sorts are best grown in shade of fences or buildings. The salsify or vegetable oyster is one of our best vegetables, and is indispensable for soups. This not very well known root is like the parsnip, and like it one of the few winter vegetables, hardly enough to be left where it grows and dug when needed. This is sown in rows or ridges like beets and can be sown at gardening time in April. Have beans, potatoes, radishes and summer squashes in abundance. Many gardeners make one planting of peas and then stop. They should be planted at intervals of two weeks from early April until June, and then one can have them in succession for quite a while. Have plenty of late beans, for the October beans are usually more appreciated than the early summer sorts. Sweet corn planted at intervals during the summer will give one any number of delicious pudding until frost. Do not make the mistake of waiting until planting time and then making the garden of whatever happens to be on hand, but make your plans early, and order fresh seeds from some reliable seedsman, then you will not be disappointed in poor seed when too late to remedy your mistake.—Laura Jones, in The Epitomist.

Eradicating Weeds.

"How can we eradicate daisies and similar weeds?" is asked at every meeting. There are some reasons for the appearance of weeds which, if understood, will show us what to do. One of nature's laws is that something must be kept growing on the land. This is for the purpose of protection. When the desirable, more complex plants fail to grow coarser ones come in. Make the soil a congenial and comfortable home, so those plants wanted will thrive, and the coarser ones disappear. One of the surest ways of getting rid of daisies is to use plenty of manure. A second reason is the neglect to prevent their seeding. A common practice is to mow the fences after haying or harvest. At this time most of the foul weeds have matured seed over a greater space than if let alone. Many of them when cut early will form a second crop, which is rarely looked after.

A third reason is the system of using machines and abandoning the hoe. Where the fields are level and level culture is practiced, where smoothing harrows and weeders are used with intelligence the fields are, or can be, kept clean, but under any other conditions our fields are weedy and much more weed seed is sown than under the old methods. In most cases the hoe could be used to advantage as of old. Its use would produce better yields and fewer weeds.

In fighting the orange hawkweed, devil's paint brush, an application of 2000 pounds of salt was found to kill it, and if applied in the afternoon when the grass is dry did not hurt it. Salt can be applied to dock and weeds of that kind with success. The wasting of excessive amounts of salt on adjacent plots should be guarded against. The spraying of weeds with copper sulphate (blue vitriol) is successful when used. On one field was badly infested with hairy weeds and was thoroughly sprayed. In August there were few weeds, and the oats were larger and cleaner in straw than the unsprayed, yielding a third more. The amount used was one pound to forty gallons of water, and about forty gallons per acre. Plants that are covered with wax, oily substances, hairs and protections are not affected by this treatment.—New York Tribune Farmer.

New Strawberry Plots.

Early in the spring is when the new strawberry beds should be made, and those who contemplate having them cannot prepare the ground too soon. It is a fact that our few farmers, comparatively, know how to grow strawberries. It was for a long time believed that it was difficult and laborious to grow them, when in fact, there is no crop in a garden that can be grown so easily, or which gives such valuable results in proportion to cost. Strawberries can be had on every farm and abundantly. Growers who make their land produce maximum crops have secured 10000 quarts per acre. Ten thousand quarts may be considered an excellent yield. To give some idea of how many quarts may be grown on a small garden patch twenty-five by ten feet, which is less than 1/10 of an acre, 250 quarts on such a space is at the rate of 2500 quarts per acre. Consideration of the quality of the berries on the farm, for home use, will be superior to any that can be purchased in market as they will be fully ripe and not injured by transportation, they will be worth at least ten cents per quart, or $25 for the crop of a small patch twenty-five by ten feet—smaller than a city lot. As more berries can be grown proportionately on a small plot than on an acre, there is no reason why 500 quarts should not be picked the first bearing season. The strawberry bed, if kept clean and free from grass and weeds, should continue to produce crops for two successive seasons or more.

Plow or spade the ground as deep as possible, and then spread manure over the surface to the depth of two or three inches, working it well into the soil, but before working the ground apply also for an acre a mixture of 300 pounds nitrate of soda, 200 pounds bone meal and 150 pounds muriate of potash. This can be done the first warm day, early in spring, and be sure to work the manure and fertilizer well into the soil and make the soil as fine as possible. Then leave it until April, when the ground should be worked over again. For a small patch the hoe will not be so costly, and, as the first preparation is the most important the work should be well done. After the plants are set out but little more will be needed on the farmer. As there are new and better varieties the stock of every year not from some reliable nurseryman two kinds, staminate and pistillate, male and female plants, as the selection of varieties depends on whether the soil is heavy or light. If for a garden make the rows three feet apart, planting the plants one foot apart in the row. Every fourth row should consist of the staminate variety and the others of the pistillate kind. A patch twenty-five by ten feet would require about 100 plants. Use only young plants—runners from last spring's growth which may be known by their roots being nearly white, those of old plants being dark. Set them in straight rows, pressing the earth well around the roots, using water, if necessary, being careful not to cover the crowns of the plants.

After the plants begin to grow use the hoe and work between the plants well. A hand wheel hoe may be used close on the rows, and it will work very close to the plants without injuring them. If the plants are "checked" in the rows, that is, placed in lines both lengthwise and crossways, the ordinary hoe need not be used, as the wheel hoe will enable one to do the work of several men with hoes. In that manner a small patch can be hoed in fifteen minutes, or even in less time. Do not wait for grass and weeds to appear, but keep the soil loose. During the summer each plant will throw out runners, and soon the bed will be thickly matted. It will be an advantage then to cut the stems which connect the runners with the parent plants. Should weeds or grass appear in the matted rows pull them out by hand. If the matted rows are a foot wide it will leave but a small space between the rows to cultivate. If water can be applied on a small patch during a dry spell it will be beneficial. About the fall, just as winter approaches, cover the rows with fine manure, and over the manure use a light mulch of salt hay or straw. Early in the spring rake the bed over, so as to remove the mulch between the rows, and after the plants are well up use straw or salt hay under them, so as to have the berries clean. These details are not as laborious as they seem for a small crop, and if choice varieties are used the result will be very satisfactory. The instructions apply to larger areas also, if heavy yields of choice fruit are desired.—Philadelphia Record.

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT

WOMEN IN AGRICULTURE.

A Market Gardener Predicts a Successful Future For Them.

Concerning the outdoor occupations for women which have lately attained a what some popularity and are going to rescue women from their nerves, Miss Mary E. Carter, who is herself one of the most successful market gardeners in Massachusetts, speaks most encouragingly.

"Raising flowers in greenhouses for market is a profession for which women are proving themselves especially adapted," she says in the Boston Transcript. "It is a business that has to be learned like any other, but with a little experience, added to natural aptitude for it, such as persevering energy and common sense, success is sure to attend the plan. I own and am running at the present time what I started on again and I have built up a large and paying business. Given an acre of land, the first requisite, of course, is a greenhouse. A modest one can be built for $100, and a rough heating apparatus can be put in for $50. The cost of plant and seeds is slight, and other expenses, such as tools, fertilizers, cold frames for starting the plants early, would amount to little or no small a sum. The secret of success is to utilize every inch of space. In a vegetable house the tables can be filled with lettuce, cucumbers or tomatoes, while mushroom and mushrooms can be grown on the ground underneath. A good head for planning is a necessity, and no time must be wasted between crops.

"The demand and supply for earnest, capable women seems great at the present time. Women all over the country are applying these with great success. I am interested in growing peaks, and grow them for profit as well as pleasure. Miss Taylor, a florist, has two conservatories, one approved by thirty-seven feet long, the other seven by twenty-five feet. She gives all her time to the work, propagating and growing her own stock and caring for the plants. She has found a market for everything in her own town, which is much more profitable than selling on commission. She has perfect health, enjoys her work, and supports her father and mother. In these progressive times of [illegible] the agricultural field is [illegible] to women, and the growth of the business [illegible] with the success of women who [illegible] horticulture as a profession.

"Among my acquaintance are wives, widows and spinster women, who have entered the ranks for the pleasure they could not obtain for plain, utilitarian purposes. They are certainly thousands of miles ahead of the steam engine as a plaything. The majority conduct farms of more than 100 acres, while few are concerned with a single acre, depending on the spade and hoe.

"Poultry raising and the cultivation of strawberries are other remunerative lines which are being pursued by women, and even cattle raising is found to be a success, provided the proper care is needed in the business. There are women in Connecticut, it is said, who are graduates of college agriculture, going into cattle raising. These women are a chance to make money by supplying Newport's epicures with dainties. Their spring lamb, young pigs and hot-house grapes bring fancy prices, and their stock is "above" that of the standard but contributes much more to their success.

"But if a woman decides to take up flower and vegetable culture as a profession, she should, if it be possible, to do so only by a proper course of study in some agricultural college; she should be familiar with botany and chemistry. If she has a chance to travel and study the ways of other countries, she has the greater chance of making a career for herself. Miss Myra Dock of Philadelphia, is an illustration. She was sent by the Park Commissioners to study the park system in Europe. Trees should be studied as well as landscape gardening. Perhaps some day women may be Park Commissioners, and parks today show the need of more of the element in that department of civic life."

Spring Belts.

These very [illegible] are [illegible] to be [illegible] more elegant than for many an [illegible] past.

* * *

The finest [illegible] in [illegible] than these new and elaborate belt buckles are seen in evidence there ever, so fashionably on this side of the water follows suit.

* * *

The slip from [illegible] will still be a feature of the new belts, but so much modified as scarcely to deserve the name. It will entirely lack the exaggeration of [illegible] and just short enough to be graceful.

* * *

Extremely narrow belts, scarcely an inch wide, are to be very popular.

* * *

The position back effect so much used last summer is to be even more favored this season, as [illegible] varied and more elaborate designs.

* * *

The name of the material used in the development of the belts for spring is legion. Everything and everything is used—taffeta, silk, satin, velvet, linen, duck, canvas, some few of leather and elastic. An extreme novelty is even made of straw, strengthened, of course, by a stout interlining. Black, naturally, is in the ascendancy so far as colors are concerned, but really not so concentrated as the showing of belts that came out late autumn. Gay and gaudy figured silks and velvets that came into popularity in seldom this season are to prove strong rivals to black the coming spring.

* * *

The extreme vogue promised buttons in other places of the fashion world is also to affect belts. Almost for the first time in their history buttons are to be utilized this spring to adorn belts. Strikingly gay and decorated buttons they are, too, used on the fronts, backs and sides, in place of ornaments, slides and buckles. The back ornament, very long but very narrow, is to be one of the striking spring belt features in very elaborate designs.—Philadelphia Record.

A Woman's Private Car.

The first woman in the world to own a private touring railroad car will be Mrs. Isaac E. Emerson, of Baltimore. Mrs. Emerson, unlike her husband, she does not like to travel. And yet she likes to travel. As a Christmas gift Captain Emerson proposed the touring car.

Since Christmas Mrs. Emerson, with an expert railway officer, has been studying car conveniences, and now has a pretty clear idea of what she wishes for the comfort of herself and guests during the long tours projected.

The car will be one of the largest ever turned out by the Pullman Company. Mahogany will be the basis of the interior woodwork, but the richest silk draperies and the softest and thickest of carpets will almost conceal it. Bath rooms, with every appliance, will be built. There will be at least four state rooms, a parlor library, a dining room and a kitchen.

The car will be furnished as a permanent luxurious home, with its own silver, cut glass, linen and upholstery. It will be in commission at all times, so that it can be stored for any hour of the day or night that Mrs. Emerson elects.

Mrs. Emerson said that she contemplated a number of "traveling house parties" as soon as the luxurious vehicle was completed, and that she and her friends "would see every foot of this country as well as Canada and Mexico."

The car will be named the Emily, which is Mrs. Emerson's given name.—Philadelphia North American.

Turn Shoulders.

Stand before a looking glass and notice whether your right shoulder is higher than your left. It likely is. You will observe it is so both in men and women, and the reason for this unevenness lies in the way one sits. You get into a comfortable chair or the chair before your desk and you unconsciously rest your right elbow either on the arm of your chair or on your desk, thus throwing your shoulder higher than the other. Especially is this the case when one writes a great deal. Few persons observe those who writing keep the shoulders even.

Women who use the typewriter are seldom afflicted with uneven shoulders if the chairs fail to be sufficiently high and they sit on them properly, and properly means erect with shoulders thrown back. Such work encourages even shoulders, since care have to exercise to keep erect, and there is equal pressure on both sides of the back.

When you notice that you are offend the best thing you can do is change your way of sitting at the desk. Two simple exercises will help you out. The arm of the poor shoulder should be extended upward, the hand touching a door full, that of the better shoulder should be forward and be used to support a heavy weight.—Mrs. Lord Gordon.

NEWEST FASHIONS

Clothy lace is the popular trimming of the day.

In plain silk the favorite is the coarse dimity.

Brown is a decidedly modish color in a rather light shade.

Among the curiosities in sleeves is the shape worn in 1830.

Triple shoulder capes will continue to be a salient feature of spring jackets.

Black lace is [illegible] in place of white and cream for use [illegible] evening.

A [illegible] Paris [illegible] shape [illegible] to be a [illegible] for [illegible] wear.

Gowns of shepherd's plaid are trimmed with black taffeta and among the most popular of the season.

Small beads of various colors sewed to velvet ribbon, or [illegible] to frame, is the latest addition to [illegible].

White waists showing a modified embroidery appear among the latest silk embroideries on white [illegible].

Light yellow velvet and the [illegible] yet extremely effective [illegible] lately.

Fashion is very partial to the lace of black in necktwear, and a bit of it is introduced into many of the prettiest pieces.

A fitted [illegible] is the extreme limit in skirts [illegible] to be [illegible] the [illegible] good skirt.

Many of the new spring [illegible] have more line than [illegible] and are both elaborate in detail and extremely smart.

The mixed checkers and cloths with the decks of white against the dark background have proven too popular to remain small.

Even buttons are now made with pendants and [illegible] with these pendants are all the girls care a gown needs.