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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 VI.

Continued.

The young man had been much disappointed that the first night of his stay under the roof of the Blue Lion had passed off uneventfully. The second, however, fully made up for this lack of excitement. So fearful was he of missing a possible visitor by oversleeping himself, that he never closed his eyes at all; and he was rewarded for his vigilance when, between two and three o'clock, he heard a slight noise at his door, and a moment later saw dimly that there was a figure moving in his room.

He held his breath while the intruder went softly toward the head of the bed, making no noise, feeling about, stooping, searching. At last, when the figure, which could now be discerned as that of a woman, reached his clothes and began hunting in them, the amateur detective, allowing his excitement to get the better of him, sat up in bed, making, in doing so, just noise to arouse the attention of the watchful thief. The next moment she had darted across the room, and out at the door. But the young man, being prepared for such a contingency as this, sprang out of bed half-dressed, and dashed out on to the landing in pursuit. The woman had got the start of him, and was by this time half-way up the attic staircase. He followed her, saw her open the door of the room on the right and close it. He heard the key turn in the lock. Without a second's hesitation, he flung himself with all his strength against the door. It shook, it creaked; another such blow and the rickety old framework would give way. Just as he hurled his weight against the door for the second time, however, he heard the unmistakable sound of the throwing open of the window of the room.

The next instant, the door gave way under the force of his blows, and he dashed into the room just in time to see a head disappear behind the sill of the open window.

Dashing through the room without a moment's hesitation, the young fellow reached the window, and looked out. There was the sloping roof of an outhouse underneath, and although he could see no one, he flung himself out, slid down the tiles and found himself precipitated quickly if not very gently to the ground. Then he saw a dim something moving in front of him, under the trees, and he followed.

The shadowy something paused. A cry escaped him, a low cry of triumph, as he found that he was gaining on the creature he was pursuing. But the next moment he uttered a cry of a different sort, and a much louder one, as he found himself precipitated with great suddenness into a bath of ice-cold water.

Not being acquainted with the geography of the place he had walked straight into the little river. Cries and shouts quickly brought him assistance, for the landlord, who had been already awakened by the hammering in of the upstairs door, came out in his night-shirt and rescued him with a boat-hook.

"The thief!" spattered the amateur detective with chattering teeth. "The thief; I've found her out! I've found her!"

"What thief?" said Claris, surlily, as he dragged the shivering man towards the back door of the inn with no gentle hand. "Who do you mean by thief, you addle-pated rascal?"

"You'll see, you'll see to-morrow," replied the other, undaunted, not heeding his own pitiful plight in his excitement. "Whose is the bedroom upstairs at the back on the right?"

"That's my niece's roo ." said Claris, sullenly, "and if you dare to say that she had anything to do with your fool's outing to-night, I'll shake such brains as you've got out of yer!"

"Well, you may, and welcome, if you don't find that she's left her room and got away by the window. Ah!" he stopped short suddenly in the middle of the cabbage garden, through which they were walking, and pointed to a white figure which was stealing its way into the house. "Is that your niece, or is it not?" roared the young man excitedly, as he pointed with a shaking finger in the direction of the disappearing woman.

For answer George Claris sprang forward, and seized the girl's wrist just as she reached the shelter of the doorway.

"Nell!" cried the man, in tones so hoarse, so terrible that they sounded like those of a stranger. "Tell me, lass, what were you doing out there?"

But the girl only stammered and shook, and he waited in vain for an answer.

CHAPTER VII.

If ever guilt was written on a human face surely it was written on that of Nell Claris when, seized roughly by her uncle, she stood shaking and stammering in his grasp, just inside the back door of the inn.

So thought Jack Lowndes, the friend whom Otto Conybeare had sent down in the capacity of amateur detective as he stood shivering, dripping, with chattering teeth and starting eyes, before her.

"What were you doing out there, lass? What were you doing out there at this time o' night?" roared her uncle, with an earnestness which convinced Lowndes of his innocence of the attempt at theft.

"I came out—to see—what was the matter!" stammered the girl, whose voice was weak and tremulous. "I—I——"

Her uncle stared fixedly at her, as if a doubt of her had begun to darken even his mind. It was in a different tone, almost apologetically, that he turned to the stranger. "Well, and that's a reasonable answer enough, surely! For I'm sure by the noise you made, it might ha' been the parish church afire!"

But the shivering man was beginning to feel that dry clothes and a fire outweighed everything else in his mind.

"Let me get inside," stammered he, "and when I'm dry again, I'll talk to you."

But this speech caused Claris to look at him with more attention, and he then perceived that Lowndes was dressed.

"There's something to be explained here!" he exclaimed, with sudden suspicion. "You haven't been to bed. Who are you?" he asked, in a different tone, barring the entrance to the house with his burly person. "Who are you? And what did you come here for? Now, out with it! Were you sent here to lay traps for honest folks? Speak out, man, or back you shall go into the river again!"

And Claris seized the unfortunate Lowndes in his powerful grasp and forced him backward in the direction of the little river.

By this time Nell had partly recovered her composure. She now spoke to her uncle in a calm voice.

"Let him come in, Uncle George," she said. "Let him come in and change his wet clothes. And then make him give an account of himself, if he can."

With apparent reluctance the innkeeper took his niece's advice, led Lowndes up to his room as if he had been a prisoner, locked him in, and kept watch outside the door until he was ready.

Jack Lowndes could hear the uncle and niece in whispered conversation on the landing, and murmured some imprecations against the "artful little hussy," as he detected by the rising anger in George Claris's tones the fact that the girl was "working him up."

A thundering knock at his door, which threatened to bring it down as easily as Lowndes himself had brought down the door of the upstairs room, warned him that it was time for him to come out and face the indignant foe.

"Now, sir," roared Claris, barely leaving Lowndes the time to get down stairs before beginning his attack, "what have you to say for yourself? It seems you had the —— impudence to batter in the door of my niece's room, and that you went flying out through the window like a madman. Now, what have you to say for your self? Do you remember anything about it, or not?"

And George Claris, who had lit a candle, the pale rays of which looked sickly in the struggling light of the dawn, peered curiously into the haggard face of Jack Lowndes.

"Remember? Of course I remember. How should I know it was your niece's room? I only came into the house last night for the first time. I followed the woman and she went in there. She turned the key in the lock, so I had to burst it open."

As he mentioned the word "woman" a cry burst from Nell's lips, a cry so piteous that Lowndes turned to look at her, and was struck with bewilderment. Believing thoroughly in her guilt as he did, having come down as he had come to unmask her, he was at that moment converted to an absolute belief in her innocence. And yet he could not have explained how it was that the sight of her face, the sound of her voice as she uttered the cry, had this instantaneous and decided effect upon him. So deeply absorbed was he in contemplation of this new aspect of the matter that at first he did not hear, or did not heed, the innkeeper's next words.

"Woman! What woman? You said nothing about a woman!"

"I don't know much about what woman it was," answered Lowndes, in a tone in which a change to doubt and hesitancy could be detected. "But some woman came into my room in the night"—George Claris moved impatiently. "I don't say I was unprepared for that, but I can swear that she came, and when she took up my clothes and I heard the chink of the loose money in my pockets I started up, and she ran out of the room. I was not unprepared, as I say, and I ran after her, saw her go into the back room at the top, heard her lock it, burst it in, and saw her getting out of the window just as I got into the room. I got out after her, saw her once more when I got to the ground, and the next thing I knew was that I was in the water."

"Well, it sobered you at any rate," said George Claris shortly. "And now there's nothing left to do but to tell us how much money she took. Don't be bashful; make it a hundred, or say two. We've been bled before; no doubt we can stand bleeding again."

There seemed to Lowndes to be something pathetic in the rough irony of the man's tone; he began to feel heartily sorry and ashamed that he had allowed himself to be persuaded into this adventure. The pretty, pale girl, standing mute behind her uncle; the uncle himself with the dull perplexity in his eyes, seemed to him in the ghostly light of the early morning so utterly broken down, so bewildered, so miserable, that he wanted to shake away without exchanging a further word with them. But this, of course, was out of the question.

"I have had nothing taken," he said, hurriedly. "Nothing whatever."

"You think the woman was maybe only taking a look round by way of passing the time?" suggested Claris, still in the same grim tone.

Lowndes was silent.

"And, pray, if I may make so bold," went on the inkeeper, in a threatening tone, after a few minutes' pause, "what was she like, this woman?"

"I couldn't see. It was dark, you know."

"But you're sure it was a woman, of course?"

There was, perhaps, a note of interest in Claris's irony this time.

"Yes," answered Lowndes, with a little more decision, "I am sure of that. She moved like a woman, and had a woman's head and a woman's skirts. I saw her head as she got out of the window. I saw her skirts moving about before me when I got down to the ground."

"And that's all you've got to say? Now, Nell, tell us what you saw."

And he turned triumphantly to his niece.

Nell was standing opposite the window, and the gray light of the morning came over the top of the shutters full on her face. It was white, weary, and there were dark lines under the eyes, which were heavy and lusterless. Every word she uttered bore—so the young man thought—an odd stamp as of truth and sincerity.

"I woke up suddenly, hearing a loud noise. I saw the door fall in and some one rush through and get out of the window. I sprang up and looked out, and saw this gentleman sliding down from the roof of the outhouse on to the ground."

"I didn't see you," interrupted Lowndes, sharply, with another doubt.

"You did not look up," replied the girl, with composure. "You ran away through the garden to the right. I dressed quickly, and ran downstairs and out by the back door to see what was the matter. When I got out you had scrambled up the bank and were talking to my uncle."

Lowndes said nothing; there was nothing to say. But, although it is true that he had not given much attention when he burst into the upper room to anything but the window and the escaping figure, he felt convinced that if there had been a person in bed in the room he should have seen her, or heard some cry, some word, to indicate her presence.

"Now, you've heard another story. And, begging you pardon, I'd sooner take her word than yours."

"But," suggested Lowndes in a conciliatory tone, "do the two stories contradict each other? All this young lady says is that she did not see the woman pass through her room."

"No, nor any one else, either," burst out George Claris, as if his patience was at last exhausted. "An' look here—I won't stand no man coming down here to spy about, and taking fancies into his head, and breaking into the rooms of my house—not for nobody, and so, sir, you can just go up stairs and pack your portmanteau and clear out between this and breakfast time. Not another bit nor drop will you be served with under my roof. And you may just tell the three young scoundrels that sent you that whatever they likes to call themselves they're no gentlemen. I—I know them, you see. I know you were put up to this by Jordan, King and Co."

"Uncle! uncle! No; Mr. King never sent him. I will answer for that!"

And Nell's face became suddenly crimson with a blush that betrayed her secret.

Lowndes was touched.

"You're right," he said to her, very simply. "Mr. King knew nothing about my coming." He turned to Claris. "Let me have my bill," he said, "I will go at once."

And the young man, ashamed of his own action, but more perplexed every moment, as he considered, from every point of view, his singular adventure, left the Blue Lion within the next twenty minutes, and returned to town to relate his experience to Otto Conybeare and Willie Jordan.

To be Continued.

Did Not Follow.

"You ask me why I come here so much?" said the young man, assuming the aggressively argumentative style. "Isn't the pursuit of happiness one of the inalienable rights of man?"

"Yes."

"Well," he rejoined, triumphantly, "in my case the pursuit of happiness is the pursuit of you."

"Very good," the young woman said, adopting the crushing demonstrative style, "Are not life and liberty also inalienable rights?"

"They are."

"Well, you pursue me nearly every evening in the week. You worry the life out of me and interfere with my liberty."

This is how it happened that no union grew out of this joint declaration of independence.—Chicago Tribune.

Russia is computed to have the largest standing army in the world.

AGRICULTURAL.

Liberal Yet Careful Feeding.

We follow the false doctrine that we should measure the supply or nutrients by the yield of milk, and whenever the cow drops in yield, we punish her, and through her, ourselves, by making a corresponding reduction in the food supply. We forget the drafts upon the feed other than for the production of milk, and we forget that these drafts increase as the time for the birth of the next calf approaches. Remember on the other side, the danger of milk fever, and guarding ourselves against it as best we may during the last three weeks prior to the birth of the calf, we want to continue a good full ration of roughage and grain well through the entire period of lactation. Clinton D. Smith, in The Cultivator.

House For Smoking Meats.

Many farmers sell off the hogs raised on the farm and buy the hams and bacon used in the family, giving as an excuse that a well-arranged smokehouse is too expensive for them to have. The smokehouse shown in the illustration, while a homely affair, gives good service and will cost but little to build. A dry goods box or a piano box will answer the purpose nicely. The bottom is removed from the box and a hinged door is arranged

HOME MADE SMOKE HOUSE.

as shown so that the meat may be easily put in and taken out. This cover is arranged so that it can be fastened with a staple and hook when the meat is being smoked. The smoking arrangement of this box is an sled affair. A hole is dug in the ground six or eight feet from the box and a trench dug from the hole to a point about the middle of the box. Have a length of stove pipe fastened to an old, heavy tin kettle, into which a hole has been cut by the tinsmith. When ready to smoke the meat build a fire of corn cobs in the kettle, set it in the hole and add stove pipe lengths to the centre of the house, terminating with an elbow. After the fire is well started cover the kettle with a piece of tin, to force all the smoke possible through the stove pipe into the house. All cracks about the house should be filled in so that the smoke will not escape. This is a crude affair, but it does the work quite as well as the most expensive appliances attached to smokehouses.

How Long to Milk a Cow.

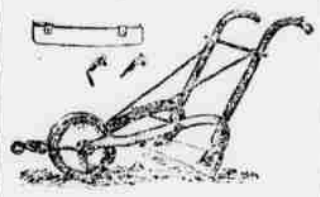
An important and unsettled question is how long a cow should be milked. Though there are no experiments that can be used for guides Professor Hecker says the record of the dairy herd at the Minnesota Experiment Station gives some information on the subject. It has been found invariably that the cows do better when given a rest of from six to ten weeks, than when milked up till a week or two before calving. Some cases would indicate, however, that cows are much more subject to fever after a long rest than a short one. There can be no set rule as to how long a cow should be dry as this will depend upon the age, condition, breed and quality of the individual animal. A heifer or young cow should be milked longer than an old cow. If the heifer gets a long rest the first year she may form the tendency to dry up early. A cow much run down in strength and flesh should be given time to build up. A good cow will milk longer than a poor cow. It would be practicable to milk the dairy cow ten months in the year, while in the case of some common cows it might not be profitable to milk more than seven. Taking it all in all, it will be found most practicable to give the cows about two months rest between the milking periods.

Does it injure a cow materially as a milker to allow her first calf to run with her during the summer? That is, when they come fresh in the spring or early summer, and are milked after stabling time begins in the fall?

This should never be done when the heifer is intended for dairying. The first year is by far the most important in the making of a cow. Letting the calf suck has the following objections. The heifer as a cow will take less kindly to being milked. The milk being drawn frequently by the calf prevents the udder from developing capacity. When the calf is removed, the cow generally dries up. She will not appreciate the change and cease to milk as a result. A cow nursing a calf will dry up sooner than if being milked. Letting the calf suck tends to shorten the milking period. It is harder on the cow physically. A calf can be raised more cheaply on skim milk.

Adjustable Surface Cultivator.

A surface cultivator which can readily be adjusted to various widths between rows, and to which cultivator teeth or small plows may be quickly attached when it is desired to cultivate the ground more deeply, forms the subject matter of an invention recently patented by Mr. W. S. Neal, of Alabama. The device is adapted to be moved by a single horse and guided by hand. With the shovel blade attachment it will be found particularly useful in removing any vegetation in its path, and likewise will destroy any crust which may have been formed on the top of the ground after a rain, for example. The shovels used in this implement are detachable, and of varying sizes suitable to the width of the space between the rows to be cultivated. The ends of the shovel blade extend backward at an angle to the body of the blade, so as to shovel the soil laterally among the plants in the drill and cover up any little vegetation that the blade cannot reach without cutting the plants. Another type of blade also is provided, which will be



found useful for certain conditions. This blade, as shown in the engraving, is rounded at the lower corner of each end, so as to prevent injury to the plants.

These blades are sufficient for ordinary surface work, but when deeper cultivation is required, cultivator teeth may be attached to the shovel blades, as shown in the sectional views. These teeth are of various sizes and shapes to suit different requirements. Some of the blades employed may be turned backward, others downward, and others again may be made with turned ends. The object of turning the teeth backward is to shovel the dirt in the drills among the plants.

The implement is very effective and of a simple construction. It is also very light, and by its use plants may be readily kept under required cultivation.—Scientific American.

The Apple Orchard.

No particular kind of soil is indispensably necessary for the success of an apple orchard. But a good, even-grained soil is indispensable. Low, flat land, holding stagnant water below the surface, is not suitable for tree growth, as it tends to the production of soft wood, and the fruit will be lacking in color and form. But fields nearly level, if somewhat elevated, and possessing natural or artificial drainage, may be excellent for orchards. Sandy soils are not best adapted to the apple, as they seldom possess or long retain the fertility that is essential. It is a good plan to test a soil intended for an apple orchard with some annual crop, say corn or potatoes. A good yield will indicate that the ground is fit for the trees, while an inferior crop will show that it should be kept under cultivation and well fertilized until it is brought into good condition. Whether the previous treatment of the soil, in the spring, before planting, the orchard ground should receive a liberal application of barnyard manure, or other fertilizer, followed by careful plowing and thorough harrowing. The best fruit growers consider it absolutely necessary to till the orchard ground for the first three or four years, to produce a thrifty growth of the trees. Without it, the young trees will become more or less stunted, and the time of fruiting will be delayed. During the first six or eight years zero tate crops may be cropped for the labor expended, but the crop selected should always be one that will require no amount of cultivation. Hay or grain crops are out of place in an orchard. If the annual plowing and cultivation of the land has been properly practiced in the young orchard, it is an easy matter to continue the cultivation after the trees begin to bear fruit. Such tillage has a great advantage over the ordinary sod treatment. Fall rose should come in July, to insure the ripening of the newly found wood and buds. At this time some cover crop such as crimson clover, red clover, cow peas, or even rye, may be sown. Such fall growth will add plant food and improve the general condition of the soil when plowed down the succeeding spring. The best trees to buy are those which are two years old from the bud, of medium size, not stunted, with straight, stiff trunks, abundant fibrous roots, and free from insects. When trees are taken from the nursery row, the root system is reduced often one-half, or even more. When the young tree is set out the top should be pruned to make a corresponding reduction, otherwise more are will be evaporated from an extensive leaf surface more rapidly than it can be supplied by the reduced root system, and in a dry time the tree will die or suffer greatly. A distance of forty feet apart is not any too much for such varieties as Baldwin, Bellflower and Rhode Island Greening. Varieties like Northern Spy, Ben Davis and York Imperial, with less spreading heads, may be planted thirty feet apart, or better, thirty-five feet. Pruning of bearing apple trees requires judgment. It cannot be entirely neglected, but it may easily be overdone.—Connecticut Farmer.

Sold a Fox Skin For $35.

Recently Mr. William T. Thompson, of Green County, bought of a young man named Skaggs of this same vicinity, the hide of a silver-gray fox, for which he paid eighty-five cents. Neither of the men had any real idea of the value of such furs until it was put on the market in Louisville, where it brought the nice sum of $35, and had it not been crossed with other species of the fox tribe it would have brought well up in the hundred dollars. The hides of the thoroughbreds sell at from $50 to $125. The silver fox is not a native of this country, but they are plentiful in some parts of the old country.—Hodgenville (Ky.) Herald.

Imagination.

It takes imagination to plan great deeds and lack of it to accomplish them.—New York Press.

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT

ONE BUSY WOMAN.

Nurse Cawardine and Her Work on the Labrador Coast.

Far up on the Labrador coast lives Nurse Cawardine, who for eight long winters—long in a very literal sense—has had sole charge of the only winter hospital on a thousand-mile coastline. The hospital is an outcome of the Royal National Mission to the Deep Sea Fishermen of England, a medical mission founded back in the 80's, and much favored by Queen Victoria, who always had a warm spot in her heart for the soldier and sailor lads of England.

The hospital ships of the mission sled for some years only among the British fishing boats of the German Ocean, but in 1892 increased subsidies enabled the mission to send a hospital ship to the fishing banks of Labrador.

There, each summer comes a motley fleet of fishing craft. Most of the fishermen are Newfoundlanders, who bring with them their wives, children, dogs, goats and fowls. These are packed in cabin and hold in friendly propinquity with nets, boats, salt and barrels of beef, pork, flour and molasses. A few Nova Scotian craft are manned with better rest, and occasionally a Gloucester man, working the great halibut banks. Altogether, there is an influx of 3,000 fisher folk each spring who, along with the 1000 whites and the 1500 Esquimaux who live there permanently, devote their entire time to the fishing banks.

The banks stretch along a thousand miles of coast, and this great fleet, scattered over this vast distance, is entirely without medical assistance except that furnished by the mission. The mission ship sled to and fro along the banks, but early in the first season it was perceived that shore hospitals were needed to relieve its crowded wards. Two were speedily established, for the summer only, but when the days began to shorten and the boats sailed away southward it seemed impossible to leave the 3000 people upon that dreary coast without nurse or doctor through the long winter.

So one doctor stayed to patrol the coast, going up and down even as the hospital ship had followed. He built on the waters, which, in the hospital on Orphan Island Nurse Ada Cawardine, graduate of a London training school, qualified to hold the fort alone.

Miss Cawardine goes shopping once a year, and then it is at her dock with sea and purse and a corrugated line of bunting dividing her from. She is allowed to order all supplies for the hospital a year in advance, and the instructive who thinks this is easy to do is invited to try it for once. If anything goes one meantime she just goes without.

Odd times in winter she sells in with dresses in all kinds of things, from the dictate to domestic science with Sunday-school on Sunday, and mothers' meetings at odd times. Kind friends in England, Canada and the United States occasionally send barrels of clothing, books and toys, all of which are distributed by the nurse, with care of reservation for Christmas cheer. Altogether the resident nurse of the Labrador medical mission is a fairly busy woman.—New York Tribune.

What is Woman's Greatest Charm?

The question can better be answered philosophically than coldly, for there is no measure of excellence in beauty. The poet who writes a sonnet to his lady's eyebrows would perhaps not look into its subject. The artist who paints the same pair of eyes on all his canvases would be ready with a reply. He would be hard put to find words to describe the lady's eyebrows' complexion, and when it comes to their hair he would answer, "Why, it is a chestnut!" Then there are so many other features to consider—mouth, chin, teeth and voice. These all play most important parts in the art of fascination. White, flashing teeth certainly lend a charm, and a low, modulated voice would relegate almost any imperfection of features. It would seem that intellectual taste must answer the question.

One often finds simple naturalness and frankness of manner extremely charming. These qualities can often lead one to a lack of beauty. It also often happens that liquid eyes and beautiful mouths are found in combination with expressionless, self-conscious faces.

Charm and ease of manner never fail to appeal to our highest appreciation, whereas a beautiful face satisfies only the eye.

A sympathetic voice in speaking or singing touches the heart and leaves an impress. Men and women have often taken in love with the possessor of a beautiful voice before seeing the individual. Indeed, so potent is its influence as to provoke laughter or tears, for or against. A harsh quality of voice sets the teeth on edge and antagonizes even the most patient, but a well-modulated voice soothes and charms and has a calming influence.

Cultivate your voice and manner, for these will more than compensate for lack of classic features.—American Queen.

The Foils of Women.

The woman doesn't live who hasn't some pet fad or fancy, or probably one might call it weakness. This, however, must be judged by the observer.

Many women have their little pet fancies, but do not admit them. If they are home fancies the outsider never finds them out, for a woman will never tell about her preference for a certain emollient cream to be used on the face which she thinks it would be impossible to do without. Or, perhaps, it may be a certain brand of toilet soap or bath perfume that she considers indispensable.

Some women are content with pure soap and a little ammonia in their bath, while the woman with a fancy for dainty toilet accessories must have her perfumes, lotions and creams or else she does not feel comfortable. Then there is the woman who has a fad for pictures. She will have the walls of her room hung with pictures, good, bad and indifferent.

Another woman will have a fad for dainty stationery and all its accessories, and still another one will have a fad for dainty shoes or underwear, and so on. Every woman has her pet fad or fancy. It is the woman who has a judicious mixture of all these tastes and fancies who is the most fortunate and the most interesting.

The happy medium is, always has been and always will be, the most interesting thing in the world.—New York American.

Spring "Bonnets."

There are no hats with strings excepting for elderly women, but the longer shape, rather long over the ears in the Normandy cap style, which, as a rule, is becoming, is among the new fashions. The newest of these are made of chenille and straw combined, and have rosettes at either side of jaunty velvet or chenille with a rhinestone buckle, the top of the hat quite flat to the head and with a high aigrette fastened with a rhinestone ornament. This is simply a revival of an old fad always becoming fashion. The same shape is made in fancy tulle, spangled tulle, and in all the fancy straws, always with the aigrette, for otherwise the bonnet is not becoming, and looks stiff. A bonnet should always be carefully chosen from a side-face point of view, for in choosing a bonnet, even more than in choosing a hat, it is necessary to consider whether it is becoming to the profile.—Harper's Bazar.

Painting Applied to Needlework.

Painting used with embroidery forms one of the most effective kinds of fancy work, and endless are its uses. It has an appliqué effect without the labor appliqué involves. Any material that takes paint can be used, but silk and satin should be kept for dress ornamentation, as linen and fine canvas are better for decorative cushion covers, night dress and handkerchief cases.

The method of working is as follows: Transfer an to any chosen material a suitable design, avoiding those with any suggestion of intricacy till quite proficient, and then set about coloring it. The great thing is to avoid running over the outline, and the choice of colors must be a harmonious one or the finished effect will be patchy.

When the pattern is colored and quite dry it must be outlined in silk, and, in the case of embroidered curtains, with thin silk cord.—New York News.

The Telltale Gait.

The boy or man of a cheap moral fiber reveals it's cheapness in his walk. The slangy girl shows her shoddyness in her gait before she opens her lips, and one manifestation is as oppressive to the eye as the other is to the ear. The nervous woman, blown about by every wind of emotion, cannot be said to walk properly at all. She hustles and rushes and darts and dives along like a distracted fowl. She lacks the fundamental elements of a self-reverence and self-control.—Good Housekeeping.

Gloves Going Out of Style.

Gloves appear to be gradually going out of fashion, says London Truth. They are seldom seen on the river, and we have noticed at the opera that many ladies wear none, though, of course, the great majority do so. Long sleeves are much more becoming than long gloves to pretty arms.

The popularity of bright green is on the wane.

New tortoise shell combs come in the form of a twisted bow.

One of the newest color blendings is lilac combined with violet.

Lace collars are seen in almost every shape, save the sailor, this season.

Black tulle pailletted in gold and appliqued in lace is a favorite fabric.

Some exquisite imported bodice waists are finished with high empire sashes.

French authorities call a long ostrich plume that droops at the back an American plume.

Mourning raiment is now dominated by all the latest ideas worked out in gay colored garb.

Ribbon rosettes with jet buckles in the centre make a pretty trimming for spring hats.

Many pretty waists are made of alternating rows of Chantilly lace insertion and clusters of tucks in moiré like silk.

A smart blouse has ribbon laces through openings down the front and falling in beaded ends to the skirt hem.

Many graceful hat or crepe dresses are formed of broad tucks, with rows of baby ribbon between—the nearer the foot the more rows of ribbon.

Among the latest sash novelties are wide satin ribbons brocaded with big velvet flowers. Yellow, cinny lace and ermine make a lovely combination.

A wisp of black tulle is tied around the elbow of a half short sleeve of cream crepe de chine with charming effect, the filmy knot being at the inside of the arm, which seems a pity, as the knot must get crushed if the arm is bent.