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A MATTER of MILLIONS.

By Anna Katharine Green, Author of 'The Forsaken Inn', etc.

CHAPTER I. THE LETTER.

AN old man stood on the top floor of one of New York's studio buildings. In her hand was a letter. Looking at it she smiled at the supercilious expression, and then, with the same intensity, read the name of one of the doors before her. Hamilton Degraw was on the other. Satisfied, she gave a quick glance around her, thrust the letter under the door, and quickly fled.

Within the young artist's studio, to this name sat alone, gazing at a newly completed picture on his easel. He was not painting, only musing, and at the sound of the departing step, which had been too hurried to be noiseless, he looked around and saw the letter. Rising, he picked it up, gave it a quick glance, and opened it. The contents were astonishing.

"Well, Mr. Degraw," so it read, "please accept the enclosed, and in repayment, bring paper and pencil to 291 East Street, this evening at 8 o'clock. A simple sketch is all that is required of you at this time. Afterwards a finished picture may be ordered. When he will receive the subject of the sketch he will realize why so peculiar an hour has been chosen, and why we request promptness and exactitude."

"If Mr. Degraw cannot come will he send an immediate messenger to that effect?" The enclosed was a banknote of five hundred value, and the name signed to the note was, as clearly as he could make out, "Madame Montelli."

"Curious!" came from the young man's lips as he finished the envelope and unfolded the banknote. "Some what pecuniary in its demand, but interesting, perhaps for that very reason. Shall I pursue the adventure? The amount of this money surely makes it worth my while, and then—"

He did not finish the sentence aloud, but his look showed that he was in one of those moods when the prospect of a new or unusual experience possessed a special attraction.

"Eight o'clock," he repeated after a few minutes. "I wish the note had said 6." And sighing lightly, he went back to the picture on the easel. As he stands surveying it he surveys him. Though a dissatisfied expression rests upon his countenance the evidently is not pleased with his day's work, there is that in his face which irresistibly attracts the eye, and if you look long enough, the heart, so fine are his traits and so full of sympathy his glance and smile. Hamilton, without doubt, as a man and artist should be, he has that deeper charm which not only awakens the interest but sways the emotions, and which, when added to such perfection of features as distinguishes his face, makes a man a marked figure for good or evil according as the heart behind that charm is actuated by love or self or a generous consideration for others.

By which is the heart of this man moved? We will let his future actions tell, only promising that the bird which sings in one window of his studio and the flower which blows in another, argue that he at least possesses gentle tastes, while the array of swords and guns that gleam on a crimson background above the mantel-piece betray that the more masculine traits are not absent from his character. Strong, winsome and enthusiastic he appears to us, and such as we will take him to be till events prove us shortsighted, or enlarge more prepossession in his favor into actual and positive regard. He is tall, and his hair and mustache are black, his eyes gray.

The picture upon which he is gazing is that of a young girl. Though he does not like it, we do, and wonder if his dissatisfaction arises from a failure to express his ideal or from some fault in the subject itself. It cannot be the latter, for never were sweeter features placed upon canvas or a more ideal head presented to the admiration of mankind. Shined in a golden haze it smiles upon you with an innocent allurements that ought to repay any labor or nights of restless dreams. But Hamilton Degraw is not satisfied. Let us see if we can discover the reason for this from the words just hovering on his lips.

"It is beautiful, it is a dream, but where shall I find the face I seek? I would make it a companion piece to this, and I would call the one 'Dream' and the other 'Reality,' and men would muse upon the 'Dream,' but love the 'Reality.' But where is there a reality to equal this dream? I shall never find it."

At 7.30 fall this occurred in the mouth of Mayr Mr. Degraw left his studio and proceeded up town with his paper and pencil.

FOR A WOMAN'S BENEFIT

ITALY'S FAIR YOUNG QUEEN.

Loves Hunting, Yet Is Kind to All Animals—A Charming Anecdote.

Not certainly could the beautiful Nubia by the Ionian Sea have looked more beautiful than this young, stately, dark-eyed queen, who with regal grace smiles her days of leisure in constant intercourse with humble peasant's families, interesting herself in the minute details of their lives and households, assisting the women who are as usual to the royal household in light household, keeping rooms with the raw and new, delicate of the gentleman to whom such natural womanly attributes are usually denied, and who thoroughly understands the noble and simple beauty. In sports Queen Helena is just as active and prominent as the King is. A gentleman who has often accompanied the royal couple in their outings stated that never does the young Queen show her spirit and her beauty to such advantage as when she handles a gun. Her aim is like a darting mountain arrow, and she and a most desirable companion on any exciting occasion. She loves hunting for its sportive side, and yet she is most kind and merciful to all animals.

A charming anecdote is related of her visiting one day a certain spot in the royal park of Pisa, where native birds were caged in simple pens, to provide contentment to that portion of the royal household. The Queen wandered slowly and then halted her feeling of pity for the poor things in the presence of the King, who suddenly opened the cage, so that the birds, bewildered by their unexpected freedom, fluttered around the delighted Queen for a few moments, before dispersing joyfully in the woods; thus affording the King and the few courtiers present a charming, never-to-be-forgotten picture. —Ann Barnaby, in Good Housekeeping.

“Romper” For Little Folk.

A large percentage of infantile and childish happiness depends upon wearing such garments to play in as will not require care lest they be trampled or torn. It is a perfect nuisance to the child to be constantly recalled from one sport and to be incessantly cautioned lest clothes be soiled or disarranged. The greatest sufferer is the little girl of active habits, says the Philadelphia Record, who would like to climb a fence when it comes in the way of her outing or who secretly long to climb on the low crotch of the apple tree in the orchard and sit there half hidden in green leaves and play "hide" by singing.

It is a real kindness to provide such a child with a wash flannel frock, with a shortish skirt, or with a stout gingham frock of a dark color, which will see good service without looking disreputable, as a white muslin does when the starch is out of its ruffles and bonnets.

For little children, nursery tots from three to eight years old, one can confidently recommend "rompers," overalls of denim or Holland linen, which have a belted front cut under the chin, and with straps going over the shoulders. If you do not see the size you like ready-made in the shops, get a pattern and make them up in the required size and style at home.

Stains of green are hard to remove when they mark the underclothing or the skirts of little folk who have been playing on the hillside. They will not be seen on the tough denim garment and would not look unless if they were in evidence there. It is best to provide two pairs of rompers, and then the energetic infant can have one to wear while the other is in the washbasin or in the chest of drawers, ready to be used in the next "romp" race, which is the natural history of the wardrobe of an active child.

Don'ts For the Teeth.

Don't think you can be a beauty without good teeth. Don't bestow less care upon your teeth than upon your complexion. Don't brush across the teeth, but up and down, the upper teeth from the gums downward, and the lower from the gums upward.

Don't go to bed without brushing your teeth, for it is at night when the tongue is in repose. The acid of the saliva gets in its work on the teeth. Don't sleep with the mouth open. Don't eat gritty particles floating in the atmosphere over the trap thus set for them and injure the enamel by irritation.

Don't let tartar accumulate on the teeth, for it brings a whole train of evils in its wake. Have it removed by a dentist twice a year. Don't use a gritty powder which contains gritty, acid or irritating substances, as the first two act injuriously on the teeth and the last two upon the gums.

Don't use one side of the mouth only when eating, for then the teeth have not all the same amount of exercise, and decay sets in more rapidly on one side than the other. Don't crack nuts or bite thread with the teeth.

The Silk Petticoat.

The silk petticoat has extended its field of activity and now does duty as petticoat and drop skirt both. A new model in black taffeta has a deep flounce, about twenty inches, the upper portion set in Van Dyke, laid in Eveside pleats, to which the circular shaped flounce is attached. This in turn is decorated with corded ruffles. Another model has the deep flounce formed of circular panel pieces which

HOUSEHOLD MATTEAS

Peach Dumplings.

Peach dumplings are made of a pint of flour stirred with two table-spoonfuls of baking powder and with a tablespoonful of butter rubbed care-fully through it. Mix with a half-cupful of warm (not hot) milk. Roll out the paste a quarter of an inch thick, and cut it into six pieces. Put a leav- ing-tablespoonful of cooked or canned peaches in each piece of paste and seal them in it. Put the six dumplings in a steamer and steam about half an hour. Dish them and serve them with an apricot sauce. This consists of four table-spoonfuls of apricot marmalade, mixed with half a cupful of water and a tablespoonful of butter. Strain the sauce after heating, and add a tea-spoonful of caramelized sugar. When the dumplings are served, the sauce is ready to serve.

For Flunking.

Do not take everything you can think of. Pick and choose and prepare carefully. Six boxes and waxed paper will prevent messiness. The value of tin boxes will be evident when the foods are taken out unharmed. When people do not picnic in places where natural spring water are not con- venient, unless they go in a wagon or other vehicle and carry these neces- saries.

For Iced Tea the beverage should be made in home very strong, and carried in a small glass jar. It is easily weak- ened with spring water. Lemon juice, sugar and whatever other fruit juices one likes should also be carried in a small glass jar. Sprink- ling lemons and slicing fruits is so messy.

A person who draws the line at a paper napkin has no business at a picnic. Small fruits, salted nuts and al-monds are among the easy and de- licious things to carry. Tasty sandwiches packed in waxed paper are the standby of the cold picnic feast.

If a fire is to be built, there may be surprises. A broiler takes up no room, and with it one may produce hot chicken, bacon, ham and the like. For frying one of the tin dishes does wonders. —Philadelphia Record.

Four Easily Made Salads.

Egg Salad With Cream Cheese—Rub together the yolks of hard-boiled eggs and an equal quantity of Neuchatel cream cheese. Season with salt and cayenne, and roll into little balls. Arrange some lettuce on a dish and cut into very small pieces the whites of the eggs, making a bed of them upon the lettuce. Place the cheese balls on it. Just before serving pour over the salad a mayonnaise dressing.

Veal Salad—Let the veal be thor- oughly cooked and use only the best part containing no gristle. Equal por- tions of cold veal and chopped white cabbage served with mayonnaise dressing is a very palatable salad. Another way is to cut the cold veal into half-inch pieces and soak in oil and vinegar for two hours; then dress with three spoonfuls of oil, one of vinegar, one teaspoonful of French mustard, and two of pounded anchovies or an-choy sauce. Sprinkle with chopped pickle and capers.

Carrot Salad—Boil very young car-rots in a little water until tender. Cut into narrow strips lengthwise. Sprinkle with minced chervil, tarragon, cress, or any herb desired. Cover with a French dressing. Serve cold.

Pat-Case Salad—Mix the cheese with mayonnaise dressing, and when cold place a tablespoonful on a platter of lettuce leaves for each guest. If the cheese is dry, it can be mixed with cream or butter and served with boiled dressing or mayonnaise separately on leaves of salad.—American Queen.

RECIPES.

Stuffed Ramekins—Rub together four table-spoonfuls of grated cheese, the yolk of one egg, one table-spoonful of melted butter, a little anchovy sauce or one anchovy, a little salt and pepper; rub until smooth, spread on toasted bread, and brown in the oven.

Buttermilk Cakes—Beat one egg; add it to the buttermilk with one teaspoon of salt; mix well; dissolve one tea-spoon of soda in two table-spoonfuls of boiling water; add gradually flour enough to make a batter that will pour smoothly from a spoon; beat well and bake on a hot griddle; serve with sugar and butter.

Potatoes—Heat two cupfuls of cold boiled potatoes, cut into dice, in one and a half cupfuls of white sauce; when thoroughly heated put a layer in a buttered baking dish; sprinkle with salt and grated cheese; put in alternate layers until all the potatoes are in the dish; spread with buttered crumbs and brown in the oven.

Veal and Sage Soup—Put three cupfuls of veal stock over the fire; soak two table-spoonfuls of sage in a little cold water in the back of the range one hour; then stir it into the veal stock and cook until it is clear and transparent; beat the yolks of one or two eggs a little; add a little of the hot soup to them and pour all back into the kettle again, but thoroughly but do not boil, season well.

The Box Problem.

How many wash suits a day will it take to keep him looking respectable? —Baltimore American.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

Live Things Up

The times may be ever so hard, but there's always plenty of money. When the clock comes to chime.

And the croakers may walk the streets, with their jaws all hanging down— But there's always plenty of money.

What is kind? That part of the globe which is above water? No; that is only dry land.—New York University Tribune.

No Choice.



You're quite a pedestrian, Miss Walker? Will you see, the only decent gown I've got is a walking gown.—New York Journal.

The Quiet Dresser.

Now Boudier—Who is that making such a noise because he can't find his necktie? Landlady—Oh, that is the gentleman who dresses so quietly.—Philadelphia Record.

Elevation.

There is something elevating in music," said the artist. "Yes," answered the manager. "Music certainly has the effect of stimulating lofty ideals as to salary."—Washington Star.

Must Be a Frank.

"He certainly has a remarkable head on his shoulders." "I hadn't noticed it." "Hadn't noticed what?" "That he hadn't any neck."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Up to Date.

Mrs. Olden—"All you young girls nowadays seem to be miscuing articles." Miss Strong—"Yes, indeed. In the proud lexicon of feminine youth there is no such word as 'frail.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Puzzled.

"You know the man who lipped in numbers," said Baggly. "I've heard of him," answered Rous-ah. "What puzzles you?" "I can't make up my mind whether he was a poet or a financier."—Washington Star.

An Achievement.

"I don't see why you should be so proud of winning that case," said the intimate friend. "You were plainly in the wrong." "You don't understand these things at all," answered the lawyer. "That's the very thing that makes me so proud."—Washington Star.

Merely Ornamental.

"I'm going to send you my latest volume of poems, Miss Mabel." "Oh, won't that be lovely? I hope it has a pretty binding."—New York Journal.

Trout.

Mrs. Gage—"I really think you ought to permit me to have my own matters that properly belong under my superintendence. In such things you ought to defer to me." Mr. Gage—"I suppose you know what the poet says: 'This madness to de-fer.'" Mrs. Gage—"That settles it! Did you ever know a poet with common sense?"—Boston Transcript.

Felt Like a Boy.

"It makes me feel like a boy again to get into the country," said the enthusiastic citizen. "Yes," answered Mr. Strim Barker. "I went rowing and dickered my hands, went swimming and fell into the water, played baseball until my ankles were sore and fell out of a tree. I felt exactly as if I were a boy again, and I want to go on record as being highly thankful that I am grown up."

