

The Spanish Treasure.

A NOVEL.

By Mrs. Elizabeth C. Wither.  
(SABELLA CASTELLAR.)

CHAPTER VI.  
CONTINUED.

At that moment a sharp exclamation caused both speakers to turn suddenly in the direction whence it had come—to meet the sparkling gaze of a pair of beautiful flashing dark eyes. Those eyes were so beautiful and so brilliant that it was several moments before either of the young girls recovered from her surprise sufficiently to understand what had happened. But in the meantime the owner of those eyes had spoken, and with a smile that gave added radiance to her beauty was explaining the cause of a trifling accident and her own sudden exclamation.

undivided attention to the music, having come for the same reason as Bertha; and Stanley, now that he was no longer devoting himself in word and deed to his companion, ceased to appear to this shrewd observer so much like an engaged lover.

who seems a charming girl. When will you take me there?  
"Whenever you please; any day you say—to-morrow if you like."  
"Very well, then—to-morrow," said Olive, with a pretty air of decision, which, curiously enough, left on Bertha's mind the impression that she had decided the matter—of the many ways in which Olive Grace managed to have her own way, while other people thought they gave it to her.



Fame.  
The ways to gain this world's applause are various and complex. Some get the same by writing books. And some by writing checks.

No Air.  
"Is he broke?"  
"I guess so. He said if air was five cents a barrel he'd suffocate."—Indianapolis News.

Right in Line.  
"But is he fashionable?"  
"Well, I guess. He has an automobile and the pneumonia."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Business.  
"How much do I owe you doctor?"  
"Eighty-nine dollars and nineteen cents, but if you have a relapse I'll give you a discount."—Judge.

Not Unpleasant.  
Dorothy: "Pauline, what makes you so unsocial?"  
Pauline: "I'm not a bit unsocial; I merely don't like society."—Detroit Free Press.

Doubts the Adage.  
Teller: "I'm sure what I'm telling you is so. 'Seeing is believing,' you know."  
Keller: "Not always. I see lots of people every day that I never could believe."—Philadelphia Press.

The Land of Plenty.  
Passenger on steamer en route to Europe: "The steamer appears to be empty. Don't emigrants ever return to the old country?"  
Captain: "Oh, yes. But they always go back in the first cabin."—Chicago News.

True Incognito.  
"But there is no evidence to support your theory," protested the attorney.  
"My dear sir," was the answer, "that fact is what shows my superior ability as a detective. Anybody can get up a theory if he has a whole lot of evidence to work with."

Life-Saving Arrangement.  
Harriet: "Harry, why is it that in football each side has only eleven men? Why don't they have an even dozen on each side?"  
Harry: "Because it would endanger the lives of two more men. I supposed everybody knew that."—Boston Transcript.

"Having a Kattling Good Time."  
Illustration of a man and a woman dancing.

The Drawback to Originality.  
"Why do you keep repeating quotations?" asked the irritable man. "Why don't you say something original?"  
"My dear sir, there's no use of that. Every time I think of anything good enough to be original I find that somebody said it years ago."—Washington Star.

A. D. 1911.  
"Flying machines are becoming more and more popular every day," twittered the first carrier pigeon.  
"Yes," chirruped the second carrier pigeon, "like the automobile and the horse, it is said they are soon to go away with us entirely."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Discretion the Better Part.  
Miss Gwinnston: "But were you never frightened, captain, when you saw the enemy advancing?"  
Captain Kander: "No, I felt safe so long as I had a couple of life-preservers with me."  
Miss Gwinnston: "Life preservers?"  
Captain Kander: "Yes, my legs."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Study in Haunter.  
"That man is exceedingly 'naughty,' remarked the plain citizen, who was transacting some business. "I guess he is the proprietor of the establishment."  
"No," said the friend, "he's not the proprietor. He never had to take chances on getting customers, and avoid making enemies. You can always depend on it when you see a 'naughty' man in an office that he is sure of his money. It may not be very much, but he is getting it regularly."—Washington Star.

Combat.  
"I have been obliged to challenge that man again," exclaimed the citizen, who came from a country famous for fighting.  
"Oh," said the trembling woman who had clasped his hand, "do nothing rash! Do not risk your life because of an insult given in the heat of political discussion."  
"That shows how little you know about politics," was the soothing answer in superior tones. "Nobody said anything about fighting. I'm going to challenge him to resign."—Washington Star.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Here His Loss in Silence.  
The following episode happened at the recent brilliant charge of the Twenty-first Lancers, at the fall of O'Harman.

One of the men got his thumb cut off, and turning to his chum, an Irishman, ejaculated:  
"Whatever shall I do? I'm done for life."  
Pat, taking things somewhat coolly and thinking his chum was making a fuss over a mere trifle, responded, solemnly:  
"Begorra, that's nothin' to make a fuss about; here's poor Jones and his head cut off, and not a word in his eye."

The Smallest Cemetery.  
The smallest cemetery in the world—which only measures twenty-two and one-half feet by fourteen feet—is situated in the town of Galsashiels, in Scotland. It has long been closed as a burial ground.

There are 200,000 widows on the United States pension rolls, and applications from 100,000 more are pending.

PEEPS INTO PERSIA.

Some of the Strange Sights Seen by a Traveler.

Sir Clements K. Markham presided over a largely attended meeting of members of the Royal Geographical Society at Burlington Gardens, when an interesting paper, describing his fourth journey in Persia, and illustrated by lantern slides, was read by Major P. Makenworth Sykes. As the journey lasted three years and three months, and the paper was practically a diary of the whole period, with notes on the people and the country, nothing like a complete summary can be given.

Major Sykes was in the Government service, and was employed chiefly about the frontier of Persia, and our own sphere of influence in Hindustan. Now he was engaged in pursuing the bandit murderers and helping to suppress the "tax Britanbanis" now in surveying new trade routes and giving them a send-off by organizing caravans of oriental carpets and silks; now in improving the postal and telegraph services. Much of the ground he covered was on the route taken by Alexander the Great, and Major Sykes had been able to identify many of the spots visited by that monarch. He also found frequent traces of Rustum, the legendary hero of Persian romance, who was so strong that when his enemies started an avalanche down the mountain against him, he turned it aside with his foot.

Many strange and weird sights were encountered by Major Sykes in his travels in this little-known Eastern land. Once he saw on the barren coast of the Persian Gulf a place where some subterranean sulphurous eruption had so poisoned the water that the fish had flung themselves out on the shore, and a pathway had to be made over them; it would have been impossible to land. He scaled a great mountain 12,000 feet high, where all was ice till near the summit, when the ground grew so hot as to burn the boots, and was full of holes blowing off steam and sulphur with a noise like a huge locomotive. He surveyed valleys full of the ruins of ancient civilizations, which had vanished because some giant river had waywardly changed its course. In another mountain, named Chinkish, he entered a winding cave miles in length, guarded by a deformed dwarf, and with skeletons in perfect preservation ranged along gallery after gallery. He passed through waterless deserts of unbearable heat, where the wind will obliterate the tracks in a few minutes. The lecture and lantern views showed in striking fashion what important work is now being done to render trade and travel safe and to foster the production and exchange of wealth where formerly all was given up to robber bands and the pitiless desert.

The Londoner Reduced to Figures.  
A statistician in New Jersey, with the kind of delicate feeling common to his kind, has gone into the question of the marriage process from a purely economic standpoint. He finds that the 15,873 Jersey weddings celebrated during the year have cost about \$2,087,000 in outfits, social functions, honeymoon trips, fees, presents, etc. This is an average of \$138 and a few odd cents per wedding. The expenses of the betrothal period are classed as incidental, and they range from \$20 per courting up into the thousands, making an average of something like \$22.

It is doubtful whether the marital cause is benefited by such tabulations as this Jerseyman has made. One likes to feel a differentiation of cents from sentiment. The bringing of cold figures into the nuptial field seems to carry a suggested argument that marriage may be more than a failure—even a bankruptcy. "For," the financially timid bachelor may reason, "if it cost almost \$3,000,000 to get these events past the altar, what will it not cost afterward when there will be roast beef to buy, the rent to pay and perhaps several janitors to fee at Christmas time?"—New York World.

A Dead Disappointment.  
Even into a coroner's duties there are times when glooms of humor penetrate the gloom, although they be as sepulchral and as awesome as the wit indulged in by the two gravediggers in "Hamlet." Coroner Leland tells the following story which occurred at the morgue a few weeks ago. The body of a woman had been found in a lodging house, where she had committed suicide by inhaling gas. The only thing that pointed to the identity of the woman was that her name was Jones. This was made public by the newspapers. The next day two stylishly dressed women came to the morgue and asked that they be allowed to see the body, one of the ladies further stating that her sister-in-law was named Jones, and that for certain reasons she did not care to make known the fact that she was her relative. They looked at the body, but they could not identify it. As the ladies were going away the one who professed the last bit of information said:  
"Oh, I am so disappointed. I was so sure it was Mary."—San Francisco Wave.

Their Love Eternally Buried.  
Before the Empress Frederick's coffin was finally closed, all the love letters she received from her late husband, the Emperor Frederick, together with his last written messages, inscribed after he had lost his power of speech, were placed in the coffin over her heart.

Washington hotels are said to be the only ones in the United States that serve four regular meals every twenty-four hours—breakfast, luncheon, dinner and supper—the latest being served in some cases as late as midnight.



WOMAN'S REALM.

Popularity of the White Hat Increases—Decorative Pins.

The popularity of a white winter hat proved venacious. Hats of such fluffy, filmy whiteness that they suggest the sunny days of midsummer are constantly seen dispersing themselves at theatres, concert and even church. They may be of felt or velvet or tulle, or all three, with equal propriety, and are adorned with feathers, lace, fur or flowers. White velvet flowers are particularly in demand, and are mingled with foliage of so faint a green as just to escape being white. Branches of white holly, with the merest touch of green, and with white berries, are among the novelties in this direction.

A particularly beautiful hat seen recently was made of imitation Irish crochet lace. The crown was square. The brim was flat in front, lifted at the left side and allowed to droop in the back. A multitude of tiny folds of chiffon faced the front. Around the crown was a garland of large roses, in palest shell pink and cream white, their surfaces glittering with simulated dewdrops. Dusty miller leaves were mingled with the roses. Two roses and a cluster of the leaves were arranged under the brim at the left side.

Fur appears in combination this year with velvet, tulle, chiffon, lace and flowers, and is less often seen alone than in previous winters.

A large toque, particularly dainty, has a wide crown of Canada mink fur and a brim draped with folds of creamy white chiffon under draped veiling of applique lace flouncing. A garland of pink crushed roses encircles the crown, and a long cluster of pink crushed roses lifts the brim at the left of the back.

The most popular flower hats are the toques covered with violets. A new model is of pale English double violets and has a facing of pale violet chiffon. A natty black toque has its brim, flat crown covered with black silk embroidered lace over a draping of black tulle. The brim curls up gently all around and is smoothed under a multitude of closely set, double tulle ruffles, each of which is edged with a row of tiny gold spangles. A bow of black velvet clasps the brim at the back.

Many are the designs in milliners' jewelry. In addition to the ornaments for finishing the ends of feathers, there are all sorts of devices for finishing the great variety of velvet bows which are so much used. The palm stumped arrangements of black boys are mounted in curved bars made for the purpose. Pins are in dull silver and gilt. Those set with turquoise are among the prettiest. Jet pins continue in vogue. Brooches in filigree, gold and white pearls are among the novelties. These are generally set in a hat comb of lace against the upturned side of a brim. Buckles are for the time less used than other ornaments.

Among the new styles in hats is one between the toque and capote. It has a rounded brim of Marie Stuart form and the crown is low and broad. The material with which the crown is covered is set on in flutes, all of which converge into a point at the back. The Marie Stuart brim dips in front and tapers off in points behind the ears.

Put Your Gloves on Properly.  
A glove with the seams twisted is anything but neat, and does a great deal to mar a woman's appearance. The correct way to put on gloves is as follows: First shake a little soapstone powder into each finger; then place your elbow firmly on the table with the hand upright, and the thumb extended toward the palm. Draw the body of the glove over the fingers and after seeing that each seam of the glove is straight with the lines of the finger, coax each finger into the corresponding finger of the glove. Remember that the appearance of the glove ever after, and of its wearing possibilities, also, depend upon the way you put on the glove for the first time. Be sure that the stitching on the back of the glove is straight. Then insert the thumb and look once more to see if the seams are all straight; if not, pull the glove off, and begin again. The seam at the top of the thumb should be in line with the middle of the thumb nail. Smooth the wrist neatly and then put on the other glove. When both gloves are on and well worked over both fingers and palm, begin to button the left hand by slipping the first one and fastening all the others. Then treat the right hand in a similar manner; finally go back to the first button and the left, then on the right hand. The glove will not fit the hand as it should until this first button is fastened. Buttons, and hooks or fasteners of any kind, are used on the better quality of gloves. Gloves should be worn so that they fit snugly, but never squeeze the hand.—American Queen.

Something About the Fashions.  
Motte silk is being revived for the three-quarter-length coats. These are beautiful for receptions, for all day affairs, and for the theatre when evening dress is not to be worn. When it is used the pocket flaps, deep cuffs, revers and collar are combinations of the silk and lace or are embroidered.

This is a season when a woman who is skilled in art needlework can add many beautiful trifles to her toilet which, if they are to be had only by buying outright, are within the reach of only the very few, but are the latest touch of elegance. Black and white silk embroideries on chiffon and tulle are used in many ways for trimming. Black on white is another beautiful combination, while colored embroidery, including spangles and jewels, is to be used extensively on chiffon. Jet is used, but not a great deal. The fine silk embroideries are in floral designs, but chenille is employed in scroll fashions. Embroidery is seen even on buttons. These latter are used a great deal as trimming, and when made of silk, lace or velvet to embroider them is the latest fancy.—Women's Home Companion.

How to Grow Old Gracefully.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton has been writing on the subject of how to grow old easily, happily and gracefully. She is now in her eighty-fifth year, and she says life to her is as sweet as ever. She has no aches or pains, no regrets or forebodings for herself; all her sorrows are for the troubles of others.

"I attribute my vigorous old age in part to advantageous circumstances," she says, "in part to a lively, hopeful temperament, a keen sense of humor, sympathies for all my fellow beings, and a deep interest in all the vital questions of the hour."

"One must have an earnest purpose in life beyond personal ambition and family aggrandizement. Self-centered characters do not possess the necessary elements of a high development. If one would have a happy old age the first condition is a sound body; to that end exercise, diet, dress, sanitary conditions are all important."

"Nature does her best at all periods of woman's life to make each change one of added health and happiness. Those obedient to her laws rejoice in every step from youth to age."

"Fifty is the heyday of intellectual life. Then the vital forces used in reproduction are gathered in the brain, giving new ideas and adding force, clearness and beauty to thought."

"There comes a woman eloquence of expression and she finds a wider field for her sympathies. She has new interests in the great world which is the future home of her children, in which she is now to labor to make it fit for them to live in."

"My philosophy is to live in the present. Regrets for the past are vain; the page is turned; there is no remedy for what is done. As to the future, anxieties are equally vain; we do not know what one day will bring forth; what we hope or fear may never occur; the present is all that is ours."—New York Sun.

Eccentric Woman's Hobby.

Lady Constance McKenzie is one of the most aristocratic women in England. She has won for herself quite a reputation for eccentricity and is adding to it day by day.

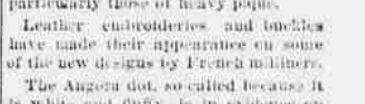
Her hobby is handling a pet snake, and everywhere she goes the snake has to go with her.

Of course, the snake is a very small one, but still it is a snake, and as many people have an aversion to reptiles, no matter what their size, this fact of Lady Constance's has aroused much comment.

The reptile lodges in the bodice of Lady Constance's dress, and the latter plays with it on occasions as if it were a piece of jewelry. She feeds it upon fish and insects, and says the reptile is possessed of more intelligence than many of her acquaintances.

A Novel Hat.

A new and pretty hat for a drowsy occasion, whether of straw, hosiery or tulle, has the brim edged round with a tiny rick of black velvet. Above this is a drapery of white tulle studded with flowers, while the rest of the hat, which is quite flat, is cutlery of flowers. Opster shell shapers are also edged with a garland of flowers on a drapery of tulle, the flat crown being entirely of flowers.



Wide gauze cuffs are seen on many of the new gloves for women, particularly those of heavy pongee. Leather embroideries and buckles have made their appearance on some of the new designs by French milliners.

The Angora dot, so-called because it is white and fluffy, is in evidence on many of the new velvings in fancy meadow and chiffons.

In addition to genuine, varnished, broadtail, astrakhan and other skins in white are utilized by fashionable milliners for trimming purposes.

Jewel boxes in the form of miniature dress suit cases are a novelty. They are to be had in different shades of leather and are velvet lined.

Parisian designers are using bands of suede richly embroidered with gold and brown cord for trimming sealskin and other varieties of fur coats.

Fur toques are relieved by trimming of flowers, an effective milk model showing tangle of yellow and white caryanthomus. Dabbies and cameos are used on many of the new fur hats.

Lace gowns embellished with embroidery are among the most favored for evening wear. One beautiful tam-bour lace robe is embroidered with rays executed with blue and white thread, and showing tiny centres of gold thread.