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The Spanish Treasure.

A NOVEL.

By Mrs. Elizabeth C. Winter.
(ISABELLA CASTELAR.)

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CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

"When Pedro reached the foot of the mountain, he found that the whole city, with the exception of the aged and the infants, had turned out to receive him. These natives did not flee at the sight of the white man, but they welcomed him reverently and as a messenger of the gods. Among the Indians to this day it is common to expect celestial visitants; and Pedro soon understood that there was a tradition in this tribe of a messenger from heaven, who was to arrive in the person of a young and lord-like man; and, as his appearance exactly met their expectations, he was at once accepted as the visible deity for whom they had waited. Pedro had all the intellectual acumen necessary to avail himself of the advantages placed in his way by such superstitions.

"These natives were a handsome people, especially the women. Their language was the same as that spoken by the other natives, and it also resembled in a great degree that of the inhabitants of all the other islands; but it sounded more musical because of the deep, clear voices of the speakers and the delicate modulation of their tones. They were clothed also and, although their costume was primitive, it was evident that the females took considerable pride in their drapery of bright-colored cotton cloth; while every eye was fixed in admiration on Pedro's scarlet mantle and fine velvet doublet and silk hose—also stolen from his commander's wardrobe. But what attracted and riveted his attention was the profusion of gold ornaments worn as rings, as bracelets and as anklets by the large majority of Ornofay's subjects, while the king himself and his daughter displayed all such ornaments and others even more magnificent, that Mendoza's practical eye told him were jewels of price, with a lavish carelessness that proved, more than words could have done, how freely these treasures abounded in this charmed spot.

"The cacique Ornofay wore a tunic of dark-red cotton cloth and a mantle of the same in white. His breastplate and coronet were of gold, studded with precious stones. But the magnificence in attire and ornament displayed by his daughter Anacaona plainly showed that she was the person of most state and consequence on the island. This barbaric princess was of a beauty, grace and natural dignity that might have commanded admiration in any civilized court. Much taller than the Spanish women, with whom Pedro involuntarily compared her, greatly to her advantage, her form would have served the ancient Greek sculptors as a model for the ideal Venus; and she wore her white tunic and mantle with the ease and dignity of a Roman matron. All of these Indians were much lighter in color than any yet seen by the Spaniards, but Anacaona was fairer than any of the others. Her features were delicate and refined, her teeth of dazzling whiteness, and her large, dark eyes of a soft and melting luster. Her hair, which was straight and long and black, like that of the rest of her tribe, hung loose about her shoulders, and among its luxuriant tresses were wound strings of pearls and natural flowers. A golden coronet, studded with gems, much richer than that worn by Ornofay, crowned her head; and above the coronet, and valued far more by the wearer, was a tuft of brilliant and many-colored feathers.

"Near the Indian princess stood the two young Indians whom Mendoza had endeavored to prepare as interpreters, and as she came forward to welcome the Spaniard, they strove to render the meaning of her words according to their limited comprehension of the stranger's language. Pedro responded with all the grandiloquence of his native tongue, raising his arms toward heaven and seeming to embrace all the blue and cloudless sky in his reply.

"His Indians then translated, with all that their vividly impressed fancy could add; and the princess devoutly crossed her arms upon her breast and bent her head before him, while her subjects knelt and touched their foreheads to the earth, in token of submission and reverence to the messenger of the gods.

"By a fortunate inspiration, Pedro was moved to lay his hand on the bowed head of the princess and to utter a benediction such as the priests of his own land would have bestowed; whereupon Anacaona, with a radiant glance led him to her father, and from that moment he was treated not only as an honored guest and celestial messenger but also as a son of the cacique.

"It was soon evident to Pedro that he had only to express such a wish to become indeed the son of Ornofay; for Anacaona was as madly in love with him as his own little Juanita in far-off Spain—Juanita who had become no more than a figure in some half-forgotten dream, and the recollection of whom, in the infrequent moments when he thought of her, would not for an instant stand in the way of a marriage with this Indian girl. His one thought now was to rivet his power over this Indian tribe and become permanently their guamiquina—a word signifying 'great chief over all.' He speedily learned why Anacaona was regarded with special reverence and why she occupied in their regard a place even higher than that of her father, the cacique Ornofay. They believed her possessed of occult powers and revered her as an almost supernatural being. Pedro observed this with some alarm, for he perceived that this beautiful barbarian was of an intelligence that would have been remarkable even among his own countrywomen; and he suspected her 'supernatural gifts,' to be a pretense, assumed for the purpose of holding greater sway over her subjects. He reasoned that if she was shrewd enough for this, she would soon suspect and comprehend the extent of his own celestial claims.

"All the more reason, then, that their interests should be made one; and he determined to avail himself of the advantages of Anacaona's evident preference for him.

"'The Golden Flower'—for that was the meaning of the Indian maiden's name in the language of her people—showed love's own quickness in learning the soft, melodious words of the Spanish tongue; and as she never tired of listening to his voice, Pedro found no difficulty in his wooing. Even her name, when he learned its meaning, was fascinating; and when she showed him a small, star-shaped flower, telling him that was the 'Anacaona,' he pressed it to his lips and declared that henceforth it should be as dear as any gift of the gods.

"'But why do you call it the flower of gold?' asked Pedro, his gaze intently fixed on the pretty blossom, which was of the brightest crimson—a true blood color. Though as he turned it about in his fingers, the sunlight, gleaming on its velvety leaves, seemed to strike color like orange flames from the heart of it.

"'Not for its color—for the meaning. My people call it golden flower,' answered the girl, in the broken phrases that Pedro always understood as well as she now felt the meaning of his glowing looks.

"And, pointing over the mountains, she explained, by eloquent pantomime when words failed, how the flower grew only where gold was found, and that she had been ever the first to find this rare flower, till the people had bestowed its name upon her.

"At these words Pedro's heart beat quick with joy.

"From the first he had been assured that gold was plentiful on this island, and that it existed in vast quantities among the mountains, and it had been a severe discipline for him to keep his avaricious desires under control until the right moment should arrive.

"Since he had come to the city of Ornofay, he had often spoken of gold; but the Indians had always looked toward Anacaona, and he had supposed this to mean that they were not free to speak in her presence. But now he speedily guessed that it indicated some peculiar and special relation between her and the precious article he so coveted; and while this was, to a certain extent, reassuring to Pedro, it was also alarming. If the Indian girl really believed him a supernatural being, she would deny him nothing, but if she suspected him of playing a part, how should he be able to influence her? He had only to look in her eyes to answer his question; and meeting her soft, adoring gaze, Pedro felt that she could be won and managed like other women.

"'Shall we not search together for the golden flower?' he asked, with a smile that made the girl's sensitive being thrill with joy; 'answer me, sweetheart.'

"'Ah, yes, mio querido, and pluck the flower from the ground!' and she showed him how, when she had wrenched the plant from its bed, she had found tiny lumps of the yellow metal clinging to its roots.

"The eyes of Mendoza glittered with a far from heavenly light, but Anacaona did not see it; nor would she have understood the avaricious glow that now overspread his face. To her the gold was a wonderful thing, because she alone had ever found its precious flower; and that was a gift bestowed on her by the gods—for some great purpose—as she had always believed. That purpose was now revealed; it was to enable her to lead their messenger to the places where gold could be found, that she and her people might build an altar to the sun-god, bright and beautiful as his own glorious face.

"'To-morrow, then, shall we hunt the flower of gold together?' asked Pedro, responding with enthusiasm to the innocent words which showed him a way to realize his wildest dreams.

"'Even as thou sayest, most beautiful,' answered the Indian girl; and again she crossed her arms upon her breast and bowed her head, as she had done when they first met.

"Pedro was tempted to take her in his arms and press his suit like any mortal wooer, but something he did not understand still held him back. He merely placed his hand on the bowed head and blessed her.

"Notwithstanding the favor shown him by Anacaona and the certainty he felt of being able to win her for a wife, Mendoza had never yet put his feelings into any form of declaration.

"He spoke, indeed, the language of love, and the Golden Flower responded, but he could never feel quite sure whether her evident adoration was the devotion of a worshiper to its deity, or the love of a woman for a man. And the more he learned to know Anacaona, and the better she learned to express herself in his language, the more he became puzzled. Sometimes she told him of visions that came to her and of voices that she heard—visions of angels with which the air seemed peopled, and strains of heavenly music that wrapt her whole being in delight! And when she spoke of these things she seemed transfigured; a light flashed from her eyes that caused her face to shine, and a star-like radiance gleamed above her brow.

"Pedro felt a chill creep over him, and though he had never been a religious man, he furtively crossed himself and muttered a prayer to the Virgin. Such visions and voices as these described by the Golden Flower were well known in the church into which Mendoza had been baptized, and those to whom they came had been canonized as saints; but outside that church all such experiences were uncanny and could only seem to such as were in league with Satan. At first the Indian girl's visions and mystical tales had only startled Pedro by a depth of duplicity even greater than his own; but as the conviction grew on him that she was in earnest he became afraid of her—for he was a sailor and a Spaniard and therefore doubly superstitious; and though he was determined to fortify his power over this tribe of Indians by marrying their chief's daughter, he was often more repelled than attracted by her.

"The beautiful Anacaona was a being of a purer and better type than any with which Mendoza had yet been brought in contact, except during his brief association with Columbus; and the evil in his nature now recoiled from all that was fine and noble in hers, for the same reason that he had instinctively hated the admiral.

"Though incapable of comprehending these subtilties of feeling, Pedro recognized their existence by a frequent irritability and peevishness in the presence of the Golden Flower; but all such thoughts were now utterly cast out by the one strong passion of his life—the thirst for gold. He could think of nothing else, talk of nothing else; and when at last he parted from the Indian girl, it was with the promise to meet at the earliest dawn, to set out in search of the flower of gold.

"They had traveled many miles before the Spaniard discovered that they were followed—constantly, but always at a considerable distance; and by stealthy watchfulness, in which no Indian could excel him, he was able at length to satisfy himself of the identity of the spy.

"This was a stalwart young Indian, a relative of the cacique, who had considered himself, before the advent of Mendoza, a favored suitor for the hand of Anacaona. Pedro had often noted this man's jealousy, without giving much thought to it; but now this espionage connected itself with his own fever for gold, and it infuriated him. He felt a murderous desire to fix a quarrel upon the intruding Indian that he might put him out of his way forever; and while he kept a keen watch he redoubled the ardor of his devotion toward the Indian girl. The day advanced; they had traveled many miles, and had met with many specimens of the golden flower; and once, on pulling the plant up by the root, Pedro had seen the glittering grains of gold clinging to it. Anacaona laughed and clapped her hands at his delight, and, pointing to all the rocky hills around, assured him that gold could be found there anywhere for the digging.

"Transported with joy, he caught her in his arms, her hands clung above his neck and their lips met in passionate kisses. The man forgot everything but his love for gold; the woman remembered only her love for him. It was not the beautiful Indian girl that Mendoza held in his arms, but an enchanting embodiment of all his avaricious dreams; but to the Golden Flower the god she had long worshiped was forevermore the man she adored.

"Pedro was entreating her to promise that she would at once, without a day's delay, set men at work to dig the yellow treasure from the earth; and she was promising 'Yes' to everything, when they were rudely interrupted. The jealous Indian had reached their side and, with a yell of rage, he precipitated himself upon Mendoza. At any time, the sailor, as strong and agile as an assassin, could have wrestled with him effectually, and, at first, he was content merely to protect himself. But when the Indian a second time flung himself on the Spaniard, he was received on the long, keen blade of a Toledo dagger, which pierced straight through his breast till the point appeared on the other side. As Pedro withdrew the dagger, the spy fell backward without a groan. The warm current of his life flowed out on the thirsty ground, a ghastly stream, and the white mantle of the Golden Flower was stained by it—the first blood of the native shed by the hand of the white man and the spring of a crimson river that has flowed for four centuries between the Indian and his paleface brother!

"All was over so quickly that Mendoza, willing and desirous as he had been to rid himself forever of the spying Indian, scarcely realized what he had done till a shriek cry from Golden Flower roused him to it.

"He turned toward her, but she buried her face in her hands and shrank from him in horror. He approached and tried to take her hands in his, but she thrust him from her and cried out:

TO BE CONTINUED.

An authority says that a ton of diamonds is worth $55,000,000.

When a Snowslide Lets Go.

"THAT'S where my hair went—in a San Juan snowslide." And Thomas Talley, one time miner, editor, Governor's private secretary, and now Deputy State Treasurer, rubbed his bald pate reflectively. A reflective rub looks just like any other kind, but the novels always call them reflective when they are followed by a good story.

"Don't tell me about cyclones or earthquakes, or any such make-believe dangers. I can stand anything but that ripping, splitting, crackling sound of a snow avalanche breaking loose from its moorings and the swish and roar and boom when it gets under way, and the snapping of trees and crunching of boulders and trembling of the whole earth as it nears the bottom of the mountain, and the sickness that comes over a fellow when it flirts past within a few feet of him, kicking snow in his face and making a plaything of rocks as big as a house and felling whole forests at a time.

"I was wrecked twice in one night by snowslides in the San Juan, and it was just for a joke, I guess, that one or the other didn't mash me into dust, or preserve me in ice. Worst night I ever put in on this earth, I can tell you. It was somewhere in February, 1891, along about that time the big Sugarloaf slide buried the railroad under rocks and snow half a mile long and a hundred feet deep. We were without any mail for fifty-two days, and it was seventy-three days before we got a train after that slide.

"Same winter, too, that the big Idaho slide came down from Kendall mountain and brought so many trees with it that the whole town of Silverton was kept in firewood for two years. Piled it right up in the town plats and stacked into stove size, too. I was up on Kendall mountain on my uncle's mine, the Turquoise. We had a couple of fellows up there to look after the big stamp mill through the winter and every few weeks Charles Price and I would go up and see how they were getting along.

"It was too far to tramp back and forth to the bunkhouse, so Dave Purdy and Will Kane, the two fellows who were guarding the mill, had fixed up an assay office for a bedroom. That day when we got to the mill it began to snow, and we stayed all night. So we built up a roaring fire in the assay furnace and piled twos on our blankets in the other end of the room.

"The snow fell almost in blankets, it seemed, and the wind howled awfully. Several times we heard the roar and smash and felt the building shake as a snowslide went down some other part of the mountain, but we thought we were safe. No slide had ever reached that spot.

"I have looked over the ground since, and I know just how it happened, but it was more than a surprise that night when part of an avalanche slopped over from the gulch on our right. We were just getting to sleep when we heard that infernal crack and boom and roar right above us and souse! bang! and away down the gulch it went with half the assay office. Took the furnace and our fire and all the roof, and just left us lying there in the snow with our bedding. And scared! That's when my hair got up and stood on end.

"Two or three trees away up the mountain had just cut off a slice of the slide that filled the gulch, and had turned it over into the little gulch where our assay office stood. That's what caused our wreck.

"Well, we held a council right quick, dug up a lot of matches and some candles, and after we saw what had been done to our house we declared we couldn't stay there any more. We took our blankets and candles and mattress, an old sheet-iron stove and an old canvas boat and moved up to the big mill fifty feet up the side of the mountain. We climbed to the crushing room, near the top of the mill. There we put up our tent to keep out the draft all we could. Then we nailed a conference overhead, got the stove to going and fixed up pretty comfortable. We were still scared half to death for we could hear every little white slide going down the mountain, some near by, some so far we could only hear the roar.

"Then we got to telling stories. Purdy was an old mule skinner and he used to tell the most blood-curdling stories I ever heard. He wouldn't have a few, but according to his tales he had killed and skinned at least forty Indians. He was telling us about an Indian raid, and he had just killed two reds and was skinning them when Kane, who had been trying to see out at the window, fell inside on the floor and yelled:

"Merciful Powers, boys, here comes one from above!

"Purdy commenced praying for forgiveness for being so mean to the Indians, and the rest of us were too scared to shook or move. The slide came down from behind the mill and hit the bottom of the gulch with a roar worse than anything I ever imagined. It slid part way up the side of the other mountain, slewed around and slared down off the creek gulch, tearing out the whole lower half of our mill, boilers, engines, ten of the stamps, and the whole blessed works. That old mill danced around like a pasteboard box.

"Well, we wouldn't stay there any longer. It was long past midnight, but we put on every dud we could find, tore up comforts and wrapped the strips round us, put on German socks and snowshoes, and set out into the night.

"I took an axe, in case we should have to cut wood and build a fire; Kane had a pick, and Price a shovel, for fear some of us should get buried, and Purdy carried all the provisions we had saved.

"We couldn't see three inches, but we knew timber was somewhere up hill, and we knew that old John Lambert's cabin was somewhere in the timber, and it was safe. So we climbed and climbed, in that screaming storm and became worse scared every minute, as we could hear the avalanches tearing down the mountains all around us. We never did find Lambert's cabin, but we walked till daylight. Then we found we had gone clear over the ridge into Deer Park, miles from home.

We started home then, and we were in mortal terror for fear we'd start a slide ourselves. Every time we had to cross an open space we carried our hearts in our teeth, it seemed to me. There was one slide a full mile long, and with a slope of forty-five degrees anyway. We thought sure that's where we'd go down. Kane was the best snowshoer, and he went first. We warned him not to use his pole, but if the slide started to sit on the pole, keep on his shoes, and try to ride on top. Seemed to me he wasn't thirty seconds making that run. Then I tried.

"That's where I lost my hair. It don't matter, for I know I never could have made it lie down again anyway. But on that ride it was more like a fall; it just blew off.

"We got home safe, but there were twenty-three men of Silverton killed that winter in snowslides, and they're the only things I'm afraid of at all."—Denver Post.

They Staked Their Lives.

Not long ago, among the varied pictures of human life which go to make up the daily newspaper, appeared a story as thrilling as fiction, although it was only a part of the plain news of the day. It had to do with the life-savers at the Chatham station which guard the end of Cape Cod. For thirty-six hours Captain Eldredge and his crew, who patrol this point of land projecting far out into the Atlantic, went through as hard an experience as brave men are often called upon to endure.

During a freezing hurricane they saw a schooner in distress off Pollock Rip. Ordinarily there could have been no question as to whether or not they should go to her assistance, for although every drop of water froze as fast as it fell, and the sea was mad, and Pollock Rip is a treacherous place, yet life-savers are used to riotous weather and do not hesitate. But this time there was a special element of danger: a northwest wind tearing down past the edge of the land at sixty miles an hour made it impossible for any boat that should set out for Pollock Rip to return against the gale.

But the men of the Chatham station did not stop to reckon their chances of return. Trusting that the schooner might hold on through the storm if manned and piloted by a fresh crew, they struck out in their life-boat toward the Rip.

Although the wind was with them, it was a hard pull. Three times they were nearly swamped, and when they reached the schooner they dared not pull alongside of her. It took an hour of hard work to get aboard, and even then the crew of the schooner had to pull them up one by one with ropes, as if they, the life-savers, were the rescued, not the rescuers.

They had won their goal, but it might still be nothing but a goal of death; they knew that when they started. One pump was broken, the crew of the vessel was half exhausted, and the water was pouring into the schooner at the rate of nine hundred pump-strokes an hour.

Sending most of the ship's crew to their bunks, Captain Eldredge and his men manned the two good pumps and fought the incoming water. After thirty hours of fighting they won. That is how the schooner Emma D. Endicott, Captain Rogers, of New York, lived to be towed up to Boston.

If she had not lived, the men of the Chatham life-saving station, who staked their lives on the chance that they could reach her and keep her afloat, who went to her aid knowing they could not return until the wind abated—well, they would not have lived to hear people tell them how brave they are.—Youth's Companion.

Wild Swim in a Sewer.

Edward Boyle, aged twenty-five, of Brooklyn, a plumber's helper, had a wild swim in a sewer in New York City. He was at work in a sewer on Forty-third street, near Second avenue, Manhattan, when his ladder broke and he dropped into the current, which swept him away in a twinkling. He made a quick subterranean trip and very soon was shot out into East River from the sewer opening at Forty-ninth street, a distance of eight squares from the starting point. His companions were Frederick Kingsley and Frederick Weeks, captain of a boat called Albany. Boyle was unhurt.

The lowest tide in any large sea is in the Mediterranean, at Toulon there is about four inches, which is the average for the whole Mediterranean.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN

Alice Roosevelt Rose.

One of the most popular roses of the season in Washington is the "Alice Roosevelt," a delicately tinted flower with heavy leaves, which was grown first in the White House conservatory and named for the President's daughter.

A Pleated Dress.

A very charming and in reality simple way to make a mousseline dress is to pleat the skirt, a row of insertion running down each pleat. All this ends to give place to a graduated flounce, which is covered with lace ruffles. The pleats make it possible to fit the upper part of the skirt perfectly as they do the pretty blouse.

Luxurious Stockings.

When lovely woman puts her best foot forward this spring it will be covered in a stocking of especial elaboration. The new styles show applíques or inserts of fine white lace on a foundation of black hole thread or silk, lace-like drawn work or intricate embroidery. A pair of strikingly handsome stockings just imported is embroidered in gold baskets of flowers in natural colors.

A Child Naturally Good.

There is something in the heart of every natural child that aspires toward goodness, toward beauty, toward that which is ever fresh, pure and wholesome. Give him the whole earth and withhold the one drop of nourishment on which the health of his heart depends and you leave him unsatisfied. It is not pleasure merely, it is something deeper, more extensive than this which hollows within his memory the rill that is to run with sweet waters all his after life. Into the joy of the moment must enter some tincture of virtue, some hint of enduring purpose, a suggestion of intimacy toward larger life, toward which his own is to grow.—Woman's Home Companion.

Woman Suffrage in Other Countries.

In all European countries, except Greece, Spain, Portugal, Holland and some German provinces, women have some form of suffrage. Even Asia has responded to the appeal, and women possess limited suffrage in all Russian provinces and in the English colonies of India. In England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales women vote for all officers except members of Parliament, and in South and West Australia, New Zealand and the Isle of Man women vote on equal terms with men.

In England the limited suffrage enjoyed may soon be extended. The first petition for woman suffrage presented to Parliament in 1867 was signed by only 1,200 women. The petition of 1874 was signed by 11,000 women. The petition presented to the members of the last Parliament was signed by 257,000 women.—Washington Star.

The Ubiquitous Collar.

If the little turn-over collar that adorns the neck of women of all classes wearers its popularity it has more merit than appears on its limited surface. It is a neat, dainty, feminine bit, but just why it should appeal to universal womanhood so strongly is a little difficult to understand. However, it is ubiquitous. The retail shopkeepers find it difficult to keep up with the demand. "Just out," is the reply made in stores that last week had thousands in stock. The rage for them has caused a revival of embroidery. Women seldom seen with needles in their hands are burrowing and quilting on every occasion. Fairs and bazaars have found a bonanza in these collars. Other tables, growing envious of the prosperity of the collar table, have added them to the candy, flower, kitchen apron and other tables which primarily have no connection with the collar.—New York Press.

An Artistic Made-Over.

Petticoat prettiness has been managed by the young woman successfully and cheaply. If you happen to possess the same sort of leftovers you may care to read about it. The materials were these: A few dozen yards of black Chantilly insertion ripped from a worn-out last summer's organdie dress; a pink taffeta lining to a cloth suit, which had been ripped up and dyed, and an all-over old "from" of imitation point de Venise, from which many cream roses were cut. Four of the nine skirt gores were cut up into strips and gores, the latter being five inches wide at the foot and pointed at the top. These alternated with the three inch strips, all being set together with the insertion to form a knee-deep flounce. The remaining five gores were enough for the skirt. The insertion edged the flounce, as well as the narrow inner ruffle, which was made from the cool Lanne. The roses were on applique in one foot of the three-quarter piece. It really looked like a pattern pattered from Paris, the slight rolled silk having been dressed.

Ambles Among the Jewelries.

Nothing next the wide diamond collar which remains one of the most handsome features of evening dress, since Elsie Bee in the Journal Quotidian, the colored stones, rubies, emeralds, and turquoises, separately used, are found conspicuous in it. A broad collar of brilliants is punctuated, for instance, with five fine cabochon rubies at regular intervals. In another collar of equal width emeralds take the place of the rubies. Cabochon turquoises in much greater number are very popular stones when color is to be introduced into the throat ornament.

A magnificent long chain for evening wear is of brilliants of different shapes and sizes, set in platinum, divided into sections by fifteen large, smooth pearls drilled through and strung, some of the pearls being pear shaped, others round. Variety abounds in long chains of Fart nouveau order in colored enamels and gems.

* * *

Handsome corsage ornaments of costliest fashion furnish some of the most beautiful objects of the jewelers' displays.

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Shirt-waist sets figure among very taking things of the season and baroque pearls are made the latest feature in these. A set may consist of three or four buttons in small, perfect or irregular smooth pearls, with cut buttons of rough pearl formation which fascinates with its fantastic fashioning. The variety obtainable in these sets of baroques makes them most interesting.

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Round buttons of green or blue enamel with a brilliant in the centre appear among very novel shirt-waist sets.

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Mismated cuff buttons are more than ever seen, the stone being often a raised high-topped one set in a plain gold rim.

Boydoir CHAT:

Women of the British royal family are showing much energy in arranging details of the coronation.

Mrs. McKinley will not permit the blinds to be raised in the room formerly occupied by her husband at their Canton office home.

Mrs. Mark Guy Pearse, wife of the noted English pulpit orator, is one of the most faithful workers in the cause of charity in England.

The new Marchioness of Dufferin, a daughter of Mr. Davis, of New York City, is not only an accomplished pianist, but a thorough connoisseur on China.

Miss Beatrice Goelet, although not seventeen years old when she died, left an estate of more than $1,000,000. Had she lived to attain her majority she would have been one of the wealthiest young women in the United States.

One of the Klumpke sisters, Dorthea, who has for a dozen years or more been connected with the Paris Observatory, has married Dr. Isaac Roberts and moved to England. Miss Klumpke was born in San Francisco, but has lived in Paris since early childhood.

Countess Cromer has already achieved great popularity in Cairo, and the dances which she gives every Wednesday are the feature of a season which is very gay in spite of the demands South Africa has made on the garrison.

The "nom de plume" under which women writers were once wont to hide their identity are said to have been used because in old times it was considered by many people scarcely respectable for a woman to earn her living by writing.

Miss Addie Chapin, an American missionary in China, has had conferred upon her the Royal Red Cross, bestowed by the King of England through the British Minister. It was given her for services rendered during the siege of Pekin.

Pretty Things to Wear

Linen lace has raised, puffed flowers in colored silks upon it.

An attractive parasol of white is covered with black point d'esprit, stretched plain over the white.

Gun metal and cut steel make an attractive combination in hat ornaments, and sometimes rhinestones are combined with them.

Some of the spring hats will show soft silk scarfs of a contrasting color to the straw threaded through interstices cut in the shape, the flat designs especially admitting of the sort of trimmings.

Pongee parasols have inserts of lace after the fashion of so many others. These inserts are in separate figures, and are set at intervals around the edge. A flower effect is given to part of the lace by raised lace petals.

There were never more pearl ornaments for hats. There are buckles of pearls, sometimes of them two of these ornaments with drooping strings of pearls connecting them and hat pins with heads to match as large as golf ball of pearls. There are pearl ornaments set with rhinestones, but these are not as common.

Very dainty is a child's frock made of a pink-striped material in wash goods, the stripes narrow and formed of lines of pink dots. The yoke of the frock is made of the material with the lines running across. Below the yoke there is a ruffle showing row upon row of narrow white lace. The lower part of the dress hangs straight from this yoke.

Here is a sleeve seen on one of the new waists which is very pretty. The upper part is tucked to fit the arm about half the length between the shoulder and elbow. From there it falls out into a large puff, and gradually shapes in again near the wrist, where the remaining fullness is held by three rows of shirring, set a little way apart. Below the shirring is a cuff some two inches in width.