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THE·MYSTERY·OF·THE INN·BY·THE·SHORE

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

CHAPTER XVII.

Continued.

Now these words, taken with the tone in which they were spoken, were strong tests of the lover's trust. But Clifford did not flinch. He told Hemming to call the nurse, who was waiting outside the door, and at once sent a message to Nell to ask her to come and see him.

"And don't tell her," he went on, with a defiant glance at the detective, "who it is that wishes to see her."

When Nell came in, therefore, she was taken by surprise. It worried Clifford to note that she turned very white and began to tremble violently when she found who it was that wanted to speak to her. Hemming came to the point at once.

"Do you remember, Miss," said he, in a very deferential tone, "Colonel Bustal's taking down an old pistol from a nail in the wall of his house, about a week ago, and showing it to you and some other ladies?"

Yes, Nell remembered. She threw a frightened glance at Clifford as she made this admission.

"Can you tell me who the ladies were?"

"Mrs. Lansdowne and her daughter and Miss Theodora and—and—I."

"The colonel fired it off, did he not?"

"Yes."

"And wanted you ladies to do the same?"

"Yes."

"And did you do so? Please tell me what happened."

"They were all afraid to touch it."

"All?"

"All, except—except me."

Trembling from head to foot, Nell cast an imploring glance at her lover.

"You fired it off two or three times, I believe, Miss? And you hit a mark that you fired at?"

The girl answered almost in a shriek of terror.

"I did not hit it! Who says that I hit it?"

Clifford started up, leaning on his arm. In an instant Nell recovered enough of her self-possession to tell him to lie down again. But her voice shook. Hemming spoke in a very gentle and apologetic tone as he went on with his interrogatory.

"Is this the pistol you used, Miss?"

He produced from one of his pockets the old cavalry pistol, which he had brought from Shingle End.

"Yes," replied Nell, not heeding Clifford's attempts to bring the examination to an end, "that is the one."

"Do you remember what happened when you had all seen it, and it was done with?"

"Yes. The colonel relocked it—"

She stopped short and looked down.

"You are sure that he relocked it?"

"Yes. He relocked it, and hung it upon the nail again."

"Have you ever touched the pistol since?"

"No, no."

"Has any one else, to your knowledge, touched it since?"

"No."

"What is all this to lead to?" asked Clifford, impatiently.

"Well, I can't tell you yet, sir. But the colonel says—and the young lady and Miss Bustal all say the same—that he put the pistol back on its nail, loaded, a week ago; and when I took it down from its nail to-night, it had been discharged. That's all at present, sir."

For one minute Hemming waited, expecting to have something said to him by Clifford King or Nell. As they remained silent, he took his leave, with more apologies for his intrusion.

The lovers looked at each other.

"Nell," asked Clifford in a whisper, when they had been alone and silent for some moments, "is it true that you fired it off?"

"Quite true. Now do you doubt me, too?"

"No, I swear I don't. But, Nell, my darling, I begin to tremble for you all the same."

The young man's voice shook. Nell gazed into his face in an agony of horror.

"If I knew anything, I would tell it, whatever happened," she cried, suddenly. "It is not fair that I should have to suffer like this!"

Now this speech was perplexing to her listener, but she would give no explanation of it. She only told him that she wanted time to think, to consider. And on the following morning, soon after breakfast, she called the nurse out of the room to ask if she could go in and say good-bye to Mr. King.

Clifford stared at her in astonishment. She had on her hat and cloak, and was evidently ready for a journey.

"Didn't you know that I was going to London yesterday, to my aunt's?" she asked. "They stopped me, to give evidence at the inquest. So I am going to-day, instead."

"But—" began Clifford, and hesitated.

"You think it looks bad for me to go away?" said she impatiently. "Well, people must think what they like. If the police want me, I dare say they will be able to find me out," she added bitterly.

Clifford was shocked.

"Don't, child, don't speak like that," cried he. "I only thought you would be too much interested in this business to go away until they had found out the truth."

Nell moved restlessly, and looked anxious.

"When will that be?" she asked, shrugging her shoulders. "I might stay here forever if I waited for that!"

Clifford leaned on his elbow and stared at her.

"Nell, do you want them to find it out?" he asked, curiously.

She hesitated. Then, raising her head quickly, she hissed out in a low voice:

"No. I can't tell you why; I won't tell you why; but—no, no, no!"

Then she looked at him, her blue eyes filled with imploring tears.

He held out his arms.

"Never mind, Nell. Whatever you tell me, or whatever you choose not to tell, I love you and I trust you just the same."

"Now," she whispered, with a sudden change from her rather hard, defiant tone to one full of gentleness and gratitude, "I don't care what they believe, or what they do to me."

"You will write to me, Nell? You will let me write to you?" whispered Clifford, as he clung to her.

But, sobbing, shaking with anxiety and grief as she was, Nell was obstinate.

"You may write to me," she said, "when all this mystery is cleared up. But not before."

"But, Nell, you said that might be never!" protested Clifford.

"Then you may never write to me," answered the girl, half suffocated by her sobs, as she tore herself away from him, and ran out of the room.

Her uncle was waiting outside. He was deeply moved, and it was with difficulty that he repressed all outward signs of the struggle between love and suspicion of his niece as he helped her into the dogcart. Their drive to the station was as silent as their drive from the town hall on the preceding day had been. It was not until they had driven up to the door of the railway station that Nell addressed her uncle.

"Uncle George," she said, in a low, troubled voice, "why can't you trust me?"

The innkeeper was touched; he was about to answer her with words which would have convinced her that, whatever his suspicions might be, his love for her was as strong as ever, when the sight of a policeman watching them intently froze the words on his lips.

"There's the reason why I can't," answered George Claris, hoarsely. "Look how you are watched, wherever you go. They won't let you go away, I expect."

Nell said nothing, but got out of the dog-cart with compressed lips and anxious eyes. Contrary not only to her uncle's expectations but to her own, however, she was allowed to start on her journey without hindrance. When the train had steamed out of the little station, the innkeeper turned abruptly and defiantly to the policeman.

"Well," said he, roughly, "what do you want?"

"Nothing at present, Mr. Carlin," answered the man. "When we do want anything, you know, we can always find it."

Whatever he thought of the truth of this statement, George Claris was prudent enough not to question it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In the week which followed Nell's departure for London the spirits of her uncle declined day by day until the red-faced, genial innkeeper had become little more than the shadow of his former self.

He missed his niece more than he would admit even to himself. And although it is true that his mind had become tainted with suspicion of her truth and honesty, he would have been ready and willing to receive her back and to force the doubts which he could not whistle stifle. But Nell was disappointed enough to understand this state of feeling, as revealed to her unconsciously by her uncle in his letters. So she made excuses for remaining in London, and George Claris was left lonely.

The innkeeper, although he did not share Clifford's earlier confidence in Nell, was grateful to the young barrister for it. But he said that Nell had forbidden him to divulge her address, and Mr. King must wait for the girl's own time for making it known to him.

Just before Clifford left reluctantly for London, he had another interview with the detective Hemming, who, after having disappeared for a fortnight, had returned to the scene of his investigation.

Hemming was reticent, but gave the impression that he was more strongly convinced than ever that he was on the right track as to the perpetrator of the murder and of the robberies.

"Well, what are you going to do?" asked Clifford impatiently. "Are you going to set another decoy to work?"

Hemming looked at him sagaciously.

"It won't be any use," answered he, dryly, "until—"

"Until what?"

"Well, sir, if I must say it—until Miss Claris comes back."

Clifford controlled the anger he felt, since an exhibition of it would only have closed the detective's lips more tightly.

"I should like you to make an experiment, though," said he. "Will you make it on my account? I want it very well done, no matter what it costs."

"You're throwing your money away, sir," replied Hemming civilly. "Still, if you wish it, and choose to pay for it, of course it can be done."

Clifford found a card, and gave it to the detective.

"There is my address," said he. "I rely upon you to do your best."

"And you won't be dissuaded, sir, from a useless expense?"

"No."

Before they parted, Clifford and the detective had arranged between them the details of a little plot which Clifford thought would certainly suffice to excite the appetite of the astute but daring thief who was at the bottom of all the mischief.

In the week following Clifford's departure, therefore, there arrived at the Blue Lion a rough-looking person who gave himself out as a successful emigrant, who had returned to his native land with his pockets full of money. The man stayed at the inn for several days, boasted openly in the bar of his luck, showed the results of it in lavish "treating" and in the apparently careless exhibition of handfuls of gold.

But it was all in vain. Hemming had to report to Clifford, not without secret triumph, that the "wealthy emigrant" had been allowed, after a prolonged stay, to leave the inn without having received a visit from the midnight thief. Clifford was much chagrined, although he affected to think that it was only in common prudence that the thief, on whom at least the suspicion of murder now hung, had grown more careful.

But when Hemming had left him, Clifford began to think out a new problem which this last occurrence had presented to him. Was Jem Stickels the chief?

But then it was certainly not Jem Stickels whose hand he had caught under his pillow. And a shiver passed through the young fellow's frame as he remembered the touch of the smooth skin of the little slender fingers.

It was not until the first day of March, on a blustering, stormy morning, that Nell Claris, her resolution broken down by a pathetic appeal from her uncle, came back to Stroan.

George Claris met his niece at the station, and each was shocked at the changed appearance of the other. Nell seemed to have lost half her beauty; her cheeks had lost their roundness which had been one of her greatest charms.

"Oh, uncle!" she cried softly, when she had received his silent kiss on her forehead, "you don't look the same uncle! What have you been doing to yourself?"

"Oh, we've been pottering along much in the same old way," answered the innkeeper, affecting an indifference which he was far from feeling. "Nothing's happened in particular, since Mr. King went back to London. He wanted your address, as I told you in my letters. Why wouldn't you let me give it to him?"

"Uncle, I like him too much," answered the girl, steadily. "If it had been in the old time, now, he should have had it quickly enough. But until this miserable business, that's been the ruin of everything to us all, is cleared up, I'll not let any man I care about involve himself in my disgrace."

"Disgrace, Nell!" echoed George Claris in a low voice. "Don't say that, child, don't say that."

In this tone the girl detected all the emotions which the story and the rumors about it had set stirring in her uncle's simple mind. She felt keenly the affection, the doubt, the anger, which had tortured him during the long weeks of the winter. She gave a sigh, and tucking her hand under his arm, whispered:

"We won't say disgrace, then, but misfortune."

"Aye, that's better, dear," agreed the poor fellow mournfully.

At that moment they emerged from the shelter afforded by the trees of Stroan Court, the mansion which stood just outside of the walls of the old town. They were within sight of the spot where the body of Jem Stickels had been discovered; but any emotions they might have felt at the recollection were overpowered by a sense of actual physical danger. For the wind, which had been boisterous all the morning, was now so strong that they were afraid that the dog-cart would be blown over; while at the same time a blinding snow-fall made it almost impossible for them to discern the road a yard in front of the horse's head.

"It blows straight on the shore," said George Claris. "It'll be a lucky thing if none of the ships in the channel get drove out of their course to-night."

Nell shuddered. Living as she did by the seashore, she was accustomed to storms and the horrors attendant upon them to the ships at sea. Every gale brought disaster, and although, the inn being on the shore of a bay, most of the accidents of which Nell heard happened some few miles away, yet she and her uncle were always among the first to hear of them from the lips of the frequenters of the inn.

Both Nell and her uncle thought it prudent to finish their short journey on foot, leading the horse, and facing their way with some difficulty through the snow storm.

To be Continued.

A lot of the most expensive people in the world are in jail.

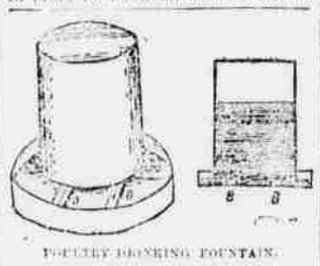
AGRICULTURAL.

Destroying Weeds.

Many farmers do not feed turnips because sometimes the stock will not partake of them when they can get better material. Something depends upon the manner in which the turnips are fed. No animal cares for a hard, woody or frozen turnip, nor should the roots be fed without some preparation. The better method is to steam them and add ground grain, but the majority of farmers object to the labor of such proceeding. A root-slicer, however, may be used by which the turnips may be sliced. They should then be covered with water over night, sprinkled with meal and salt the next morning and fed. They are, of course, not as valuable as hay, corn fodder or grain, but they serve an excellent dietary purpose, increasing the appetite and assisting to keep the animals in good condition.

Drinking Fountain.

The illustration shows a very handy form of drinking fountain for young chicks. This may also be used as a feed trough, for which it has no equal. In order to use it fill a small tin can



POULTRY DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

with water or feed, lay it on two pieces, B B, half inch thick, and on these put a lid of a larger can. Invert the whole quickly and the lid will remain filled with water till the can is empty.—Richard Schulze, in Orange Judd Farmer.

Prepared Seed Bed.

Most of us did retard that in order to get the best results from a crop we must start right, yet the tendency is to get the seed into the soil as quickly as possible in the spring and take chances on the result. In view of the fact that we are wholly dependent upon weather conditions as to results, we are unjust to ourselves if we leave undone anything that will enable us to cope with abnormal conditions. This is precisely the state we are in when we fail to properly prepare the seed bed. Summer droughts being the thing most to be feared, the proper preparation of the seed bed means putting it in the condition where it will be best able to overcome drouthy the moisture is conserved by the protection of the seed bed. If, in addition to this work, there has been put into the soil by the use of cover crops of green manure of any kind an amount of humus sufficient to keep the soil porous and during the growth of the crop a surface cultivation is maintained, which also assists in conserving the moisture in the soil, there is every chance in favor of a crop that will be satisfactory even under conditions of more or less pronounced droughts. If this is contrary to some real practice it will cost but little to demonstrate its correctness in a small area.—Indianapolis News.

The Day of Small Farms.

Europe in the Far West the tendency is toward the small farms, and it is certainly a step in the right direction. In the East the majority of farms are under 100 acres, and in many sections more money is being made from thirty acres than 100. Particularly is this the case where the farms are located near cities or large towns. This same state of affairs will gradually come about in the West as the population increases. If one has large numbers of cows and horses so that there is an abundance of fertilizer and plenty of help to handle crops which can be sold at a profit, there is doubtless profit in the large farm, but where it comes to the choice between using the fertilizer for fifty acres that is none too much for twenty acres, common sense teaches us that it would be best to put the fertilizer and labor on the smaller area, even though the rest of the farm stood idle. Around some of the great cities of the country are truckers' farms, or, rather, gardens, where the land value is high, on which are raised crops of greater value to the acre than are raised on ten acres of some of the large farms in the country. These plots are evidences of what can be done under the intensive system of farming, which is based on the principle of a small area well tilled. If one is located near good markets it will certainly pay him to look into the subject of concentrating his energies on a small area.—Indianapolis News.

Management of the Sitting Hen.

When a hen wants to sit, and I am willing she should, I select a box or nest in some dark corner, sprinkle lime or coal oil over the bottom, to keep away lice and mites, and put in fresh, clean straw. Just before dark I place thirteen or fifteen eggs in the nest and set the hen on them. Sometimes she returns to her old nest, but as a rule my hens are satisfied where I set them. For several days the hen is allowed to sit undisturbed, but after that I see that she is fed and watered and if possible has her dust bath regularly every day.

About the ninth day I test the eggs. I take a piece of cardboard seven by eight inches and make a funnel of it. Next take the eggs from under the hen, carefully lay them in a soft basket and take them to the light. Hold up each egg between the sun and your funnel and examine it. If fertile, you can see the air cell plainly, and the egg will look dark, while an infertile one is perfectly clear and should not be put back in the nest. The infertile eggs can be boiled and fed to chicks.

On the nineteenth day I put the eggs in water as warm as the hand can comfortably bear. This softens the shell, thus making it easier for the chick to pick its way out. As fast as the chicks are hatched I take them from the hen, wrap them in flannel in a basket, and keep them in a warm place until all are hatched. Then I feed the hen well and give her the chicks.—Cecilia Steel, in New England Homestead.

Green Food For Pigs.

No one is in a position to grow pigs with profit unless he can provide pasture or green forage of some kind for his animals. They feed this from spring to autumn, and then they go to grain for finishing. In this connection the following experiment is interesting, the task being to see whether a portion of the grass or fibrous food fed in conjunction with corn meal was not more healthful and profitable than the meal without any other admixture. Taking a litter of six pigs, five weeks old, it was divided into two lots as nearly equal in weight and thrift as possible.

One lot was kept in a pen and fed upon corn meal soaked in water twelve hours. The other lot was kept in a pen alongside and fed upon green clover, cut short and mixed with corn meal. At first only one quart of this cut clover was fed each pig, with all the meal they would eat. This meal being mixed with clover, the particles were separated and when eaten went to the stomach in a spongy condition, so that the gastric juice could penetrate the mass, as water does a sponge. This latter feeding allowed to come in contact with all the food very quickly, digestion is soon accomplished.

This lot of pigs, with the clover and meal, were always lively, always ready for their food, while the other lot, with meal alone, are greedily for a time, then become dainty for a few days, showing a feverish state of the system, contesting themselves for a few meals with water, until by fasting they got over their indisposition, and went on feeding again. This was repeated many times during the five months that the experiment lasted. At the end of the time the two lots were weighed.

The lot fed on meal alone scaled 179 pounds each, the other lot 200 pounds each, or forty per cent more for being treated as grass-eating animals. Each lot consumed the same amount of meal. The clover in this case was given in small quantity, and acted merely to act as a divider for the meal. The amount never exceeded two quarts of cut clover at a meal.—American Cultivator.

Loco Weed.

A bane to stockmasters is an innocent-looking plant which Indians know as astragalus, a lonely herb a foot or two high, with grayish-green foliage and spikes of narrow, pea-like flowers. There are numerous species in the world, and of these native to the United States the great majority are found in the region between the Mississippi and the Pacific, where they are held in about as bad repute as a horse thief, because of the strange effect exerted by some species upon horses and cattle that eat them. Some principle found in the plant attacks the brain of the animal and produces a sort of insanity. Gradually the horse or cow loses flesh, strength and intelligence

until robbed of all that makes its life worth living, it usually dies a premature and miserable death. This dread disease is called in some parts of the West "grass staggers" and the term "loco" given to the plant is Spanish for crazy.

Cattlemen will tell you that, like the excessive use of narcotics and alcoholic stimulants among men, the loco habit once established in an animal becomes a ruling passion. A depraved taste for the poison is developed and whole some foods become distasteful to the victim. Every one who has traveled much in the rural districts of the Far West have probably seen a "locoed" horse and perhaps been struck by the obvious parallel between the poor beast's razzed coat, lack-lustre eye and staggering gait and the condition of a man whom whisky or morphine has brought to the gutter. So in Western slang an intoxicated person is said to be "locoed."

At the time of blooming, which is in the spring, the loco weed is believed to be comparatively harmless, the poisonous principle developing most actively when the seed pods are full grown. It is interesting to know that Mother Nature, whose kindly hand is prone to bestow even in the midst of things evil some medicum of good, has provided the astragalus tribe with at least two species that bear edible fruit. The pods of these are succulent and plum-shaped, and in the old days of the arable schooner travelers used to gather them under the name of ground plums and eat them both raw and cooked.—Philadelphia Record.

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT

MILADY'S KERCHIEFS.

Bizarre Shapes and Fine Lace Trimmings.

Even milady's handkerchief, which is, by the way, she now uses for little else, has fallen a victim to the whim of Madame Mode. It is no longer merely a bit of silk or linen [illegible] occasionally with a narrow trimming. It is a distinctly fashionable affair of shape, bit of linen and [illegible] toward making the summer [illegible] forever. If ever there was [illegible] in things feminine, this is [illegible] year, in this [illegible] little.

These remedy [illegible] lavenders, yellow and [illegible] are round, square and [illegible] the latter variety [illegible] face like the uneven [illegible] coat. White, edged in colors or [illegible] black, will still be in vogue [illegible] not so low as the [illegible] sign.

The well-dressed girl will [illegible] her rooms. [illegible] square of the [illegible] or a round bit [illegible] answer the purpose. [illegible] polaire gown, [illegible] chair of the same [illegible] gown is trimmed [illegible] proper to adopt [illegible] three-tone trimming.

Fine white [illegible] their natural colors [illegible] their styles in [illegible] Flowers seem to [illegible] popular taste [illegible] found their way into [illegible] summer girl's wardrobe.

Pink, lime or lavender [illegible] laid on white [illegible] off to which [illegible] This combination [illegible] popular wash goods [illegible] vas. The white embroidery [illegible] handkerchief [illegible] yoke.

The dainty white silk [illegible] so much in vogue [illegible] have returned, but they are [illegible] pretentious. Plain [illegible] white or colors [illegible] think nothing of [illegible] two, and [illegible] suggested that [illegible] will finish this [illegible] but, so far, [illegible] impracticable [illegible] are in the shape [illegible]

An odd and yet [illegible] design is formed in [illegible] scrolled corners. It is made of [illegible] square, joined on either [illegible] facing the [illegible] [illegible] drawn [illegible]

The [illegible] fashioning of the [illegible] and [illegible] the senior girl more [illegible] The loss of a handkerchief [illegible] there. But [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] along as [illegible] man who comes home [illegible] may trouble with [illegible] smaller collection of [illegible] which is than [illegible] Star.

Neck Ruches.

The prevailing [illegible] of [illegible] are piped with [illegible] upon which [illegible] black. Plain [illegible] muslin, and if one wants [illegible] neck ruff [illegible] the [illegible] some [illegible] the pendants of [illegible] there be a little black [illegible] forget that it must [illegible] bows in the [illegible] hair.

The mission collar is [illegible] in sewing [illegible] collar which is worn [illegible] white satin, but [illegible] or silk muslin. [illegible] shirtings and [illegible] rich in [illegible] frilling [illegible] frills and white [illegible] neck.

The foundation for [illegible] always a [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] in the [illegible] and [illegible] ends.

Over the shallow foundation [illegible] placed a [illegible] of [illegible] ruffles of silk. And [illegible] these are very narrow [illegible] Velvet no wider than a [illegible] each side of the band [illegible] there may be a tiny [illegible] or [illegible] The latter [illegible] also ornament [illegible]

Shop talks [illegible] keep these dainty fripperies [illegible] nings in stock, so get in the [illegible] and so rapid the sale. No [illegible] they arrive than they go out, and the latest style in [illegible] white, without as much as a touch of black to relieve it. [illegible] white silk muslin or white [illegible] of white satin, silk muslin [illegible] white [illegible] with a [illegible] of white ruffles.—Boston Post.

American Business Women in Paris.

American women are invading the business world of Paris much to the astonishment of the French and to the satisfaction of their compatriots in Washington. They are going in for all sorts of projects, and all [illegible] prosts right out of the hands of the grasping Parisians.

One of the most successful of these adventurers is a pretty blue-eyed mother of a family who, alone and unaided, has established a real estate agency. She has scarcely been a year in business, but already she is in receipt of a fine income, and her list of clients has increased so rapidly that she is thinking of branching out in [illegible] lines.

It is a trial of nerves for a woman of the simplest kind to set herself up in business in a city like Paris. She knows her Paris well, having lived there [illegible] years, and during her [illegible] she made [illegible] down the address of any attractive-looking apartment or house that had a sign to let on it. Then began a series of friendly visits among her own country women. Most of them are in receipt of small French [illegible] and comfort is difficult to find. Complaints were hearsatisfy [illegible]

"Why don't you take an apartment yourself?" the lady's agent would ask.

"We don't know where to look for [illegible]"

"If you will only tell me what [illegible]"

"We don't know where to look for [illegible] to be safe, for gradually more [illegible] We know what Americans [illegible] and [illegible] the list of houses [illegible] both [illegible] instead of with [illegible] as a French agent would [illegible]—New York Press.

Suggestions to the Visitor.

[illegible] your welcome, even [illegible] in a [illegible] house. It [illegible] stay not long enough [illegible] or when you decide [illegible]

[illegible] to the household [illegible] Rise when [illegible]

[illegible] all essential articles [illegible] prepare in the entertainments arranged for you and enter [illegible] plans [illegible]

[illegible] be hard to entertain. Make [illegible] your hostess to have [illegible] here and a regret to say [illegible]

[illegible] resources and [illegible] occasions when plans [illegible] disappointed, letting [illegible] pleasant control you in [illegible]

[illegible] pleasure in everything [illegible] your hostess [illegible] not be sparing in ex[illegible] in [illegible]

[illegible] delicate subjects such [illegible] politics, [illegible] religion, etc. [illegible] be [illegible] Adapt yourself.—American Queen.

Seam-Ripping Device.

A Chicago woman has made a bid [illegible] and the gratitude of the [illegible] by inventing a new [illegible] the sewing [illegible] She [illegible] knife with one [illegible] suggested to do the ripping. A hook [illegible] to the knife and with this [illegible] of ripped seams can be [illegible] the sleeve [illegible] The [illegible] of the seams in making [illegible] dresses is the [illegible] part of [illegible] The inventor says her [illegible]

[illegible] she was [illegible] She [illegible] in [illegible] with [illegible] and a [illegible] satisfactorily [illegible] a special tool.—[illegible] Herald.

[illegible] one and two inch width [illegible]

[illegible] Paper [illegible] on this [illegible] year's

[illegible] with gold tops, [illegible]

[illegible] as fashion on straw [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] crushed [illegible] Worth [illegible]

[illegible] need to anything [illegible] Whole dresses [illegible]

[illegible] Chinese [illegible] the dainty [illegible]

[illegible] are the latest [illegible] in the dangle fad.

[illegible] for the hair [illegible] of gold and diamonds.

[illegible] and will carry a wrist-[illegible] eyes an elaborate [illegible] is a [illegible] fine [illegible] covered with a misty pat-[illegible]

[illegible] embroidery is on the [illegible] collar of a pale pink Liberty [illegible]

[illegible] and [illegible] everywhere [illegible] for the summer [illegible]

[illegible] should wait [illegible] a [illegible] dec[illegible] It may be for [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] leathers with a [illegible] on [illegible] under the left arm or [illegible]

[illegible] white [illegible] for various [illegible] looks [illegible] ever [illegible]

[illegible] dresses shaped ruffs [illegible] ruffles are here are [illegible]

[illegible] were the [illegible] of black [illegible] over white [illegible]

[illegible] of vivid [illegible] time is crowned with bat-[illegible] with love.

The [illegible] in hats is a big [illegible] with a crown of black [illegible] of white straw [illegible]

Ruffles in natural or other shades is [illegible] as well as for [illegible] and other trimmings.