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THE MYSTERY OF THE INN BY THE SHORE

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

CHAPTER XIX.
Continued.

"So, you've been a-visiting, have you, sir?" she said, in a deep, gruff whisper, glancing up at the gloomy windows of Shingle End. "Aye, they want a few lively folk to come and see 'em and cheer 'em up, for sure!"

And she gave him a series of nods and shakes of the head, all of which were meant to carry weighty meaning.

"Well, this isn't the best place in the world for people who are fond of 'company,' is it?" said Clifford. "I dare say you feel lonely yourself sometimes, don't you?"

"Well, I get some I don't expect sometimes, sir," she answered, with mystery. "Two nights ago, now, I had a young lady in 'ere—a young lady you may know, sir, who was very much talked about last year, poor dear——"

Clifford's sudden start into vivid interest made her break off and look at him attentively. She smiled knowingly.

"Maybe you know who I mean, sir?"

"Miss Claris?" asked he, with as much apparent indifference as he could.

"Aye, sir. She was in my cottage over an hour, and sorry enough I felt for her, I must say, whatever people think."

And the old woman, who probably knew more than she affected to do about Clifford and his feeling toward Miss Claris, gave a sigh, and again found relief in her feelings in a shake of the head.

"Where is she now? Do you know?" asked Clifford, no longer disguising his interest. "If it's a secret," he went on, as the old lady said nothing, "I think you will not do wrong in confiding it to me, as I wish her all the good in the world."

"It's well there's some as do, sir," said she, with a suddenly lowered voice. "And I don't know as I'm doing harm in telling you she is staying at Courtstairs, up Paradise Hill, No. 45. And you can tell her if you see her as I wouldn't have told nobody but you."

Clifford was overwhelmed with joy at this unexpected piece of good fortune, and he promised at once to give her message.

"By the bye," he said, just as he was about to start off in the direction of Courtstairs, "are you at liberty to tell me what she was doing here? Was she visiting the Bostals?"

"You mustn't ask me any more," she said. "There's things one mustn't so much as guess at," she added, enigmatically, as she retreated to her own doorway.

Clifford did not trouble his head about these hints. It was enough for him that Nell was now within his reach. And he set off for Courtstairs with a set purpose in his mind.

The walk along the straight marsh road, with the wind in his face, and the sea a misty blue line on his right hand, seemed never-ending. Clifford had no eyes for the effect of sunset on the chalk cliff to his right, for the picturesque little farm perched up high above the water's edge, as he drew near to Beach Bay.

Past the Shooter's Arms, the wayside inn which happily forms the limit of the explorations of the devastating hordes from the East End of London with which benevolent railway companies have ruined one of the pleasantest spots in England. Past the tiny village of Beach, with its picturesque, steep miniature street, and its hideous Convalescent Home and waste of brand-new tea-garden. Up on the Beach road, in full sight of the sea and of the fishing fleet coming in upon the breast of the tide. Clifford saw nothing, thought of nothing but how to save a yard, a minute, so that he might lose no time in reaching his darling.

He had to inquire for Paradise Hill, which proved to be one of the innumerable back streets of mean houses of which the town chiefly consists. He found No. 45 easily enough. It was one of a row of small, yellow brick houses, with bay-windows on the ground floor, which would formerly have been called cottages, but which, since the School Board brought in pretension, have become "villas."

Clifford's heart sank a little as he asked for "Miss Claris." This stuffy little dwelling, after the fresh air of the rambling inn by the shore, must be a torture to the girl.

The woman who opened the door looked at him sulkily.

"I'll see if she's in," she said, as if the proffered service was a great condescension.

And then she disappeared into the front room. When she came out again she was followed by Nell herself.

Or was it Nell? This thin-faced, white girl, with the dull, frightened eyes? For the first moment Clifford was hardly sure.

But she started violently, and the expression of her face changed. The look of alarm gave place to one of such joy, such comfort and radiant delight that Clifford was too much moved to speak.

They both stood silent until the woman had reluctantly disappeared into the back room of the house. Then Nell went into the front room, inviting him, still without a word, to follow her.

He did so, shut the door, and seized her in his arms. He could scarcely see her face for the mist before his eyes.

"I didn't know you, Nell."

"Didn't you? Ah, well, it doesn't matter."

She spoke hopelessly, her first impulse of joy at the sight of him seeming to have died within her already.

"No, of course it doesn't matter, for I mean you to look your own self again immediately. Do you know why I have come here, Nell?"

She was silent.

"I have come to marry you."

Nell shook her head, but she drew a long sigh of satisfaction.

"I like to hear you say so. It is good of you," she said, in a gentle, timid voice, "although it is impossible."

"Why?"

"Oh, you don't want me to go over the old ground again. Can't you be satisfied that it is impossible?"

"No, I can't, unfortunately. My darling, you can't hold out any longer. It was dignified to refuse before; now it would only be foolish. Who is going to take care of you now, Nell, if you won't have me?"

But he had touched a tender spot, and she began to cry softly.

"Poor uncle!" sobbed she. "It nearly broke my heart when he did not know even me. And then when they took him away——"

"Was he harmless?" asked Clifford, interrupting.

"Yes, he was quite harmless, and would let me manage him always. And the police came and—and took him away."

"The police? Do you mean that?"

"Yes, they have hunted us both ever since we left the Blue Lion," whispered she, earnestly. "And I know they are trying to find out the mystery—you know what—through him. Isn't it dreadful?"

Clifford did not answer at once. It seemed to him that the chances of his being able to save the girl were growing small indeed. Her own utter hopelessness, her nervous dread, had affected him during the short silences between their questions and answers to each other; she seemed to be always listening, straining her ears for any sound outside. The cry of a street urchin made her start, a cart passing quickly at the corner of the street sent the blood to her forehead. Her nerves, poor child, were altogether shaken.

Clifford looked at her in dismay. Even the strong love which had stood every test was apparently powerless to give her more than momentary comfort.

"My darling," he whispered, "let me take you up to town to-night. I will take you straight to your aunt's, and in the shortest time possible I will marry you, and take you out of England altogether."

Nell drew back and stared at him.

"You don't understand," she said. "This case is really coming on now. The police don't disguise that they know enough to go upon now. I have the strongest reason, the very strongest, for believing that they will come for me to-day."

"To arrest you?" cried Clifford, hoarsely. She began to tremble and to look at him askance.

"No, not to arrest me," and she shuddered. Then a look of terror, more acute than ever, came into her eyes. "Perhaps that is it. Perhaps that is really what they mean to do," she whispered doubtfully. "They said it was only my evidence they wanted, but—but——"

She hesitated—stopped. Clifford's heart was wrung. Surely no jury that ever sat could convict this poor, helpless, gentle girl of anything but unconscious crime. He would have staked his life that she was as innocent of these mysterious crimes in intent as he was himself of them indeed.

"My darling!—my poor darling!—of course they only want your evidence."

But his own voice shook and his eyes were dim. He tried to cheer her, to encourage her to say words which he could hardly feel, but the girl scarcely seemed to hear him. Suddenly, in the midst of his vain efforts at consolation, she stood up.

"They are come," said she.

Clifford started up. He had heard nothing. But Nell's patient ears were keener than his. In another moment there was a knock at the outer door. And then a knock at the door of the room. He looked round wildly, and, seizing her arm, would have had her hide herself behind the little sofa, but she smiled sadly and shook her head.

"Come in!" she said.

And as the girl had foretold with uncannily correct prophecy, a sergeant of police from Stroan, very civil, very apologetic and humane, presented himself.

"Very sorry, Miss, to have to intrude," said he. "But I must ask you to come along with me as far as Stroan, just to tell the magistrate something that will help us on a bit."

"This is not an arrest?" said Clifford, trying to hide his anxiety.

"No, sir."

But Nell's white face seemed to betray the belief that it was.

CHAPTER XX.

There was just one ray of consolation for Clifford King in the misfortune which had befallen Nell. She seemed to him, in spite of the trembling of her limbs and the pallor of her face, to be more relieved than depressed by the arrival of the police.

It was with perfect self-possession that she turned to the sergeant and said:

"May I speak to Mr. King alone before I go?"

"Certainly, Miss. Perhaps you would like to walk as far as Beach with Mr. King, and we will have a cab waiting there to take you on to Stroan."

This course was agreed upon, and Nell and Clifford left the house together. They walked in perfect silence until they had passed through the unlovely back streets of the town, and had reached the contiguous village of St. Mary's, with its gray old church on the high ground. They stopped for a moment in the shadow of the tall tower. Clifford looked at the girl by his side, and was amazed to see that the gloom which had hung over her on his arrival had melted away.

"Why, Nell," said he, with a puzzled smile on his own face, "I told you that you would soon be your own self again, but I didn't guess how quickly the transformation would take place."

Her face clouded a little, but the sigh she gave was one of more relief than pain.

"Can you imagine what it would be like," she asked, gravely, as they turned and continued their walk down the crooked village street, "to live for months in perplexity and dread of you didn't quite know what? And then to find yourself groping your way to a dreadful, shameful secret, which was bound to bring misery and disgrace upon yourself and everybody you cared about? Supposing that you were forced to confess every thing—forced to do it, mind—wouldn't it be a relief to you, even if you brought upon yourself a dreadful punishment?"

Clifford was silent. He was alarmed by her words, indicating as they did that she was involved in the horrible story; yet he did not wish to acquiesce in the idea of her guilt, or even in the notion of her having been a passive agent in the tragedy.

Nell insisted, however, on getting an answer from him.

"I think, darling," he then said, very tenderly, "that you have been troubling yourself a great deal more than you need have done. And that you will find plenty of other people as ready as I am to say that Nell Claris would never merit a dreadful punishment, even if she tried."

These words were not said merely to satisfy her. He began to feel, as she did, that the thrashing out of the whole matter, horrible as the process must be, was better for her in every way than the suspense from which she had been so long suffering. Whatever her share in the affair might have been, it had certainly been a passive and an unwilling, if not an altogether unconscious one. His answer seemed to content the girl, for she walked on by his side without any further remark, while a more placid expression began to appear in her wan face.

It was almost in silence that they went on walking briskly in the direction of the bay, which they reached by the short way over the fields. A cab was waiting, as the police sergeant had promised, on the road outside the village. As soon as Nell saw it she stopped short and said:

"I was forgetting what I wanted to say to you. I want you to go to Shingle End. And I want you to tell them there—to tell the Colonel—that the police have come for me."

"To tell the Colonel!" echoed Clifford, stupidly, struck with a remembrance of the vague suspicions he had had on his recent visit to that gentleman's house.

"Yes."

He wanted to ask her more questions. But she saw his intentions, and walked briskly on. A few paces farther she was met by the police sergeant, who saluted her respectfully, and held open the door of the cab. Nell turned and gave her hand in silence to Clifford. But as he pressed it for a brief moment in his, she again looked up in his face with the flicker of a smile on her lips and in her eyes.

"Surely," thought he to himself, "it is hope, and not despair, which I see in her eyes!"

The cab door was shut, and Clifford who had a long walk before him, walked briskly past it, in the direction of the Stroan road. But before he had gone many steps he heard the voice of the police sergeant behind him.

Clifford stopped and the sergeant overtook him.

"Might I ask, sir, whether it's to Colonel Bostal's you're going?"

"Well, yes."

"Might I suggest, sir that you shouldn't say anything about Miss Claris to the old gentleman and his daughter for the present? The poor lady and gentleman have been in a fearful state of nervousness lately, and if this news was to come on them quite sudden, it might bring on a stroke, perhaps, or something of that sort."

Clifford hesitated. He had promised Nell to take her message, but, on the other hand, he quite agreed with the sergeant. He temporized.

"Well, I shall be as careful as I can, and I shan't be in any great hurry."

To be Continued.

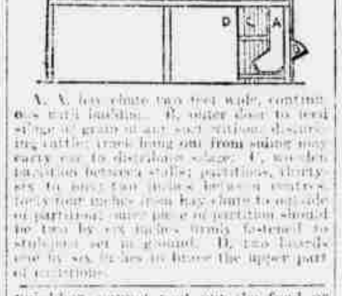
AGRICULTURAL.

Orchards in Sod.

In most sections of the country the accepted plan of orchard culture is to cultivate the soil until midsummer, then put on a cover crop, which is plowed under in the spring. These cover crops are usually leguminous plants, which gather nitrogen from the air, so that in plowing them under both humus and nitrogen is added to the soil. Lately much has been said in favor of keeping the mature orchard in sod—the mulched orchard, as it is called. While the plan is not generally looked upon with favor by orchardists, the arguments in favor of it have considerable merit, and are worth serious consideration. Some growers have claimed that the mulched orchard has given them a yearly crop of fruit because the trees are strong and vigorous throughout the season, the soil conserving to the soil the immense amount of moisture required by the growing trees, and, in times of drouth making it possible for the tree to grow and ripen the fruit, yet retain sufficient vitality to form the growth necessary for the fruit buds of the following year. The arguments are logical, especially as they come close to the conditions surrounding the trees of the forest, which, under normal conditions, bear a full crop annually.—Indianapolis News.

A Self-Feeding Manger.

The trouble in feeding loose horses or cattle in an open manger without stalls is that one master animal will frequently monopolize from ten to twenty feet of the manger just for the fun of it or an animal will be at the manger and take up a mouthful of hay, another comes along, drives him away and he drops the hay outside of the manger. By my stall plan the animal does not see and is not crowded by its neighbor, cannot toss out the feed or take up a mouthful and turn his head from over the manger and drop it outside to be tramped on. The stalls being only three feet so three feet and four inches, as may be preferred, in width and coming out two feet from the manger, the front side of the stall being perpendicular as shown in the illustration, there is no danger of animals getting hemmed or injured in any way.



A. A. hay chute two feet wide, continuous with building. B, outer door to feed [illegible]

On the outside of the building above the top of the manger there is an opening in the siding for feeding silage, ground grain, bran, cottonseed meal, oilmeal or anything to make a balanced ration; this is closed by a shutter turning up or down as desired. The stalls should be braced from near the two inch by four inch support of manger to near the middle of manger and closed between the brace and side of the stall so that stock can not get their feet fastened.

The stall manger plan can be used to advantage in nearly any form of building. For convenience and comfort of the feeder, benefit to the stock and saving of feed my plan is a great improvement over the way barn animals were fed in the Mississippi Valley in the 40's. Shock corn then was about the only dependence for young stock or beef. The shocks were left where cut exposed all winter until grass came in the spring. The butts of the shocks froze so that they had to be cut with an axe and sometimes they were covered with one to two inches of sleet or one to two feet of snow. While a norwester and a forty mile blast were in progress and the thermometer was at zero the shocks were hauled on the bleak prairie where in many cases there were no shelters or wind-breaks save the lee side of a rail fence. There was no barbed-wire then.

The present generation has no idea of what the early pioneers went through to bring the country to its present condition. If any one has a plan that is better than this, let the public know of it, as it will no doubt help man and animal.—W. C. Myer, in The Breeder's Gazette.

A Garden of Iris.

One could make an interesting garden of Iris alone, they number so many variations in color, time of blooming and manner of growth. There are really few garden flowers possessing a greater diversity of shades and markings; in fact, it is this that suggested the Greek name, Iris, signifying a rain-bow.

There are many distinct kinds—many more than most persons know—and great opportunities are present for an absorbing study such as garden enthusiasts revel in. But it is not alone the more charm of amassing a large collection that makes the Iris so delightful, for they furnish most effective, fragrant cut flowers. Especially is this so of the English and Spanish Iris, which are not very well known in America, and whose arched blooms last a long time when cut and placed in water.

Every cultivated species has some merit, and its host of admirers, be it simply a "flag," in common parlance, or the Fleur-de-lis of the aesthetic connoisseur; but perhaps no class of them has created greater interest, in comparatively recent years, than those introduced from Japan. From there we have received plants producing flowers of remarkable size, beautiful in color and marking, and delicate of texture. A well known group in full bloom is worth quite a journey to see.

The more ordinary Iris, but including the Japanese, while showing gratitude for good care and a favorable position, can be grown under almost any fair gardening conditions.

That this is so is evidenced by the Japanese kinds. An ideal situation for them is bordering some shallow stream or pond, where they should be grouped in a natural way, as if to the manor born. But few of us possess such a situation, and are compelled to grow them in formal beds, giving them an hour's sprinkling of water, if possible, each day from the time they start to grow till in full bloom. With me, near Chicago, the blooming period is at its height about July 6. Our native Iris Virginica and versicolor are equally fond of moisture, and are interesting, though not to be compared with the Japanese. Most all other species prefer an open, sunny position, the bulbous section, of which the English and Spanish are types, being most particular to have a dry, well-drained soil. But it remains for the German Iris, including many hybrid forms, properly the poor man's orchid, to hold the lead in widespread service and suitability for all conditions and requirements. All kinds seem to like a liberal application of manure as a fertilizer in the fall.

The English and Spanish types deserve to be better known in this country. They are dwarf in nature, and possess a varied range in color; but as their foliage dies down after blooming, they should be grown where that character is not objectionable. I grow them as an edging to the walks in the vegetable garden, in two rows, a foot apart, and three inches in the row, sowing Shirley Poppies, Phlox Drummondii, or almost any annual, to cover the ground when the foliage of the Iris disappears. The latter should be planted as early in the fall as they can be obtained.—Floral Life.

Growing Radishes in Winter.

Like lettuce, radishes can be grown continuously from autumn until spring, in either hothouses or hotbeds. The radish crop is the easiest of all vegetables to cultivate. Their rapid growth and quick maturity permit of their being planted in connection with other crops, as lettuce or beets, in alternate rows, five or six inches apart, or in rows about the same distance apart, all to radishes. As a rule the radish crop is not a profitable one to grow under glass, in the fall and early winter. For this reason they are not planted generally until the last of December or first of January, or even later. I have grown radishes successfully and profitably in connection with lettuce and beets and think with the cucumber crop they can be grown to good advantage every time.

My method of growing the crop with the best and surest results is to take a house that has grown a crop of lettuce in fall and early winter, and prepare the ground as for another crop of lettuce, excepting the heavy manuring. If well manured when set to lettuce, it is better not to use any stable manure at all. A little commercial fertilizer may be sown on the surface of the bed before marking. If manure was used sparingly on lettuce, some finely rotted or well composted stable manure can be used. Avoid the use of fresh, strawy manure. Ashes make a good fertilizer for radishes. Sow on surface of bed either before marking to drop seed or after the radishes are up, washing off from plants with hose.

After having thoroughly prepared the soil, the bed is marked in rows five or six inches apart. The rows should be at least one-half inch deep if seed is to be planted. If plants are to be transplanted, just a light mark is all that is necessary. Some time may be saved and better and more symmetrical bulbs are sometimes grown with less top, if the radishes are grown from transplanted plants than directly from seed. To get these plants the seed should be sown broadcast in a bed about ten days before the plants are needed. They are taken up and transplanted same as any other vegetable plant, and should be set from one to two inches apart in the row. I prefer to mark one-half inch deep or more, and drop seeds with the fingers, two or three to the inch, covering with the back of an iron garden rake, and making the bed level. A light roller is sometimes used, but this I do not think necessary, as I water after leveling up the bed.

The seeds germinate and come up very quickly and the thinning out should be done as soon as the plants are all up. Thin from one to two inches apart. The better they are thinned the nicer the crop will be. The ground should be kept moist and heat regulated to suit the length of time desired to grow the crop to maturity. Radishes can be grown at quite a low temperature, or a higher temperature does not injure them. I think it is better to begin at a medium or low temperature, increasing the heat as the crop nears maturity. The warmer the house is kept the more water will be needed. Some attention must be given to ventilating, airing out some every bright day. Radishes can be grown ready for market in twenty-one days, but about four weeks is the usual time. After beginning to pull the remaining radishes mature rapidly.—A. L. Latham, in American Agriculturist.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

THE JEWELLED KEY.

A Useful Fad That Has Lately Arrived in the World of Dress.

Have you noticed here and there at the Horse Show a woman smartly gowned in a walking suit and, hanging from the chain which nowadays almost every woman wears, a jewelled key? One was seen on a noted society woman who was wearing a black and white check silk. The keys have not been worn with the most elaborate costumes, though they are handsome enough. But they seem to smack of matters practical, and so far have been relegated to the more informal gowns. But no doubt some girl whose jewelled trinklet is the key to something very precious and romantic, will wear hers on all occasions, and then the key fad will rage triumphant.

The jewelled key is quite one of the latest caprices of dress. Keys of cabinets, desks, wardrobes and jewel boxes are being made of gold, silver or other valuable metals in such pretty guise that they can be strung on neck chains or worn on chatelaine pendants or watch fobs.

Some keys of ingenious patterns are arranged on a swivel which enables them to shut into cases of fancy shaped hearts, crescents or medallions handsomely enamelled or decorated with crest or monogram. All these caskets and treasure boxes of rare wood and leather, gold mounted, which the jewellers provide are fitted with keys of distinctive pattern and workmanship.

Some of the gold keys made to order have gems in the top or semi-precious stones introduced unobtrusively. Even the keys small enough to be concealed in the corsage are designed so as not to tarnish or damage delicate fabrics.

People inclined to be careless like a key of such precious nature that it will impress itself on the memory. And travelers setting out on long trips frequently take along the key to their most valued possessions in the handsome form which can be appropriately worn as a trinket and be kept constantly in view. Such trinket keys are sometimes used as a bangle on a bracelet.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Can You "Keroo?"

Do you know the latest in decorative art? Pyrography, basketry and embroidery have all grown wearisome, and now the summer girl is busy "kerooing."

"Keroo," its devotees like to think, is from the Greek. It means to cover with wax. The outfit consists of a small alcohol lamp, a wooden block, upon which the lamp stands, and a metal plate supported over the lamp by three brass rods. Then there are sticks of sealing wax of every conceivable hue, an aluminum stirring rod and a square of glass upon which the hot sticks are laid after being used.

The effects produced resemble enamel. Cloisonne can be imitated by using the spangled sealing wax as a background and pure colors for the design. Very pretty results are also obtained in mosaic effects. Among the various little articles made of this medium for decoration are photograph frames. These are made of cardboard. The wax is heated and dropped on the card, then heated again and blended with the pointed end of the stirring rod. After it is cool the frame may be trimmed with a knife or scissors to the desired shape.

The work is very simple, though some little experience is required to blend the different colors of wax neatly. In the hands of an artist many ingenious and charming pieces may be evolved by the use of the keroo. Effective designs are obtained by spreading a background of dark blue wax upon the desired article, and then neatly covering it with drops of bright colored wax which are blended with the rod after having been melted.

Most of all, the keroo devotee likes to invent fancy seals, especially those with which she fastens the letters to her college friends, working into these designs the colors of the college.—Indianapolis News.

To Develop the Chest.

The neck and chest can be developed finely in three months by the following rules:

As you walk about raise the shoulders quickly and then throw them down. Count quickly as you do it—one-two-three—raising them to one and so on. After going through this three times or more you are ready to walk properly. Keep your chest out and be careful each time not to let the shoulders come forward at the last count—three. They must go down and back, if anything.

As you walk continually keep the chest pushed out and the abdomen and stomach forcibly drawn in. See how long you can hold your breath, and as you hold it raise the chest higher and higher. This is what singers do when they wish to sustain long passages in one breath.

When you find you must exhaust your breath do not let the chest fall, but take the breath instantly and quietly through the nose only and by pushing out the sides. Then instantly begin slowly drawing in the sides and abdomen and raise the chest higher and higher.

Any one who will try this will increase in measure from shoulder to shoulder and around the bust two inches in three months.—New York Press.

Peasant Women's Embroideries.

For original and artistic effects, combined with simplicity, those who are fond of novelties in the way of embroideries should visit the museums and study the national work of various countries. It is quite wonderful how striking some of the simplest designs made by peasant women are, and how easy they would be to reproduce. A woman who has made a specialty of collecting peasant embroidery has a number of pieces which might serve an excellent models for tablecloths, etc. One, for instance, which a child could copy, and which would serve as a good model for a veranda tablecloth, is a square of faded blue homespun, on which are embroidered in large, irregular stitches with coarse, cream colored white cotton splotchy designs at irregular intervals of a conventional flower encircled by scrollwork, the centres of which are done in plain yellow floss silk, a touch which gives at once artistic merit to the whole. Another piece equally effective was of ecru grass cloth with long colored stitches of floss silk, couched at intervals to give solidity, the pattern consisting merely of three horizontal and then three perpendicular lines.—New York Tribune.

Miladi's Mouchoir.

The handkerchief is no longer content to be merely a bit of fine linen, edged perhaps with a note of trimming.

No, indeed! Frivolous it may be. But fashionable it must be.

The well-dressed girl will have several handkerchiefs to match each of her gowns. Either a hemstitched square of the goods, trimmed in lace, or a round bit, also edged in lace, will answer the purpose.

If she wears a pongee gown she must have a mouchoir of the same fabric, and, if the gown is trimmed or embroidered, it is proper to adorn the tiny square with the same trimming.

Pink, blue or lavender linen, embroidered in white, makes a pretty effect, which will be largely adopted.

This combination is worn with the popular wash gowns of linen or canvas. The white embroidery on the handkerchief matches that on the gown.

A Powder Puff Bracelet.

A very frivolous little trifle is feeling its way into the conventional market. This is a sweetly foolish French bracelet, consisting of a hoop of gold set with a large oval miniature. When a spring is touched, the painted face flies back, and, lo! a fragment of downy white in a shallow box beneath! A powder puff, mesdames!

Numberless pretty and inexpensive trifles which contribute to the comfort and adornment of women may often be picked up at out of the way places. For example, one little store provides thin, washed gold hairpins, warranted not to tarnish, for blond locks. Shell pins for auburn hair at the same place have a red tinge, the fancy combs now necessary for the rest of the coiffure matching.

The Girl We Like.

She is always honorable.

She is always on time.

She never gossips.

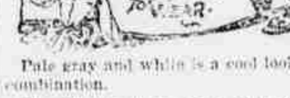
She never says mean things about people, offering as an apology: "I know I ought not to say this."

She has ideals and lives up to them.

She never makes clever remarks at the expense of other people's feelings.

You can go to her with troubles or joys, and you know without asking it that your confidence will be respected.

She is such a satisfactory girl, is this nice girl. Be thankful for your blessings if you number such a treasure among your friends.



Pale gray and white is a cool looking combination.

The girl who wants to be all in white carries a white leather wrist bag.

Narrow bias stripes may be used to pipe strapping on any save the severest suits.

Ends of strapping are often finished in points to which "dingle-dangles" are attached.

Blouses as well as simple cotton gowns have returned to the button-down-the-back mode.

Lace with a short fringe of crocheted buttonlike pendants is one of the new garnitures.

The beaded bags suggestive of the old-fashioned reticule of our grandmothers are prettily prominent.

Handsome costumes of black taffeta or peau de soie are much noticed wherever fashionable women gather.

A black and white check suit, with a hat in the new blue or the equally popular lavender, marks a stylish get-up.

The little round turban with the plume on the right side falling against the hair is the dernier cri in headwear.

Black mousseline with cluny medallions and insertion makes a dressy gown for the matron for evening wear at summer resorts.

Dressy yet inexpensive is a flat hat of fine black straw trimmed with a thick wreath of white forget-me-nots about the top, with a few tucked against the hair underneath.

Smart linen dresses, made in the simplest shirt waist style, or trimmed lavishly with embroidery and antique lace bands and inserts, are considered the most fashionable modes of the season, and many of them are fresh and "dressy" enough for almost any morning occasion.

An unusual looking dress noted at a fashionable gathering was of tan voile trimmed with ecru, net insertion, edged with three bands of ribbon, in graduated widths, sewed on the upper edge only. The ribbon was in the new pale-bluet color and the trimming was round and round in groups.