The Chatham Record,

H. A. LONDON,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,
$1.50 Per Year.
Strictly in Advance.

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XXVI. PITTSBORO, CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1904. NO. 31.

The Chatham Record.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion	$1.00
One square, two insertions	1.50
One square, one month	2.50

For Larger Advertisements Liberal Contracts will be made.

A MATTER of MILLIONS.

By Anna Katharine Green, Author of "The Forsaken Inn," Etc.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY ROBERT BONNER'S SONS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Continued.

No wonder the detective stands in resolute—that Hilary forces back the shriek that rises to her lips. Death is hovering doubly over the head of the one they hoped to guard, and nothing they can do will serve to save her. Will not the guardian spirit of her mother see his peril and stop the unconscious girl thus hurrying upon her doom? No. But other help is near—help sure and potent, for see! just as she floats upon the assassin and the fingers of the murderous wretch close more tightly upon his uplifted dagger another form creeps in behind him, and Byrd, youthful, alert, full of force and of purpose, flings himself upon the man in front, and, without a word of warning, pinions him in his two strong arms.

The shriek which Miss Aspinwall had been able to restrain in her terror flew from her lips in her relief, and at the sound the signorina, who was now alone upon the two struggling men, paused, and flung out her arms. At the sight Hilary rushed forward, and in a moment the hall was filled with frightened faces, every door having emptied as by a spell at these sounds of trouble and danger.

But Hilary saw only one face, that of the signorina. Pale as death, with startled eyes in which life had suddenly leaped into being, she confronted the two men struggling for mastery before her. She was suddenly awakened from nightmare into a waking dream of real life. So astonished was she in the contemplation of what she saw that she did not feel Hilary's arms about her, and only noted when the knife, which the two combatants had equally strived to possess, flew from the hand of the assassin and fell at her feet. Then she came to herself, and stooping down picked up the weapon, and circling it with trembling fingers leaped toward the door of her room, for as the man in her hand raised his hand against her it occurred to the terrified girl that he might be secreted in her room, and rolling toward the staircase slipped over the verge and, concealed in its shadows, fled down.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Is he dead?"

The question was asked by the signorina, who had come again from her chamber door, and was now pressing, with the rest, toward the stair.

"No," came up in muffled tones from the young detective, who had bounded down after the fallen man. "He is unconscious, and he is in custody. You need fear from this man only more."

But her friends were not so easily allayed. Though she did not speak, she stood shaking, prone head to foot, and seemed not to know whither to go or what to do.

"Would there be any harm in my seeing this man?" she ventured timidly, after a somewhat painful pause. "I should like to ask him what he has against me."

"Only my arm," said a somewhat sullen voice over her shoulder. "I shall be very glad to have you see him." And Mr. Grove stepped forward with such an air of authority that she forgot that his face was strange and took the proffered arm without a word.

He led her to the stairs, down which she went, trembling very much, but otherwise seemingly composed. Lamps had been lit in the hall below, and the forms of Mr. Byrd and Mr. Degraw were to be seen standing above that of the prostrate man. She paused as she perceived her lover, but instantly recovered herself and went on, smiling a little sadly as she passed him.

The man, upon whose wrists the handcuffs had been put, turned his face upward as her light steps approached.

"Why, it is the valet!" she cried. "The man who said he was a detective, and who warned me—"

She went no further, and her agitation became so great that the dagger, which she still nervously clutched, fell from her hand on to the breast of the man upon whom she was gazing.

Mr. Byrd stretched forth his hand and took it. She did not notice, she was looking in the face of the desperate assassin and her lips moved mechanically, but no sound came from them.

The wretch, who did not seem in any way overcome by his misfortune, stared back at her curiously.

"You see me down," said he; "well, that is no matter, you will soon see me up again. I am not the man to stay."

"What a fearful wretch!" she muttered, and hardly found tongue to follow: "There seems to be no good reason why you should attack me. What have I done, what has any of us done that you should come here with a knife?"

He laughed and gazed about him with evil eyes. "There are some here who can guess," he cried. Then with a sort of bravado continued: "No matter why I came here, miss. I can come no more, and that ought to suffice you. Good days have begun for you, miss, and I cannot prevent it; the police have been too many for me."

She looked as if she did not understand, as if she wanted to question him further. But her lover, who felt her contaminated by any conversation with this man, advanced at this point and began to draw her away.

"Come," he urged; "this is no place for you."

Instantly the wretch, who had not shown up to this point any real sense of his situation, roused and looked after her.

"Ah, ha!" he cried, "you may lose yet. Eleven o'clock has not yet come."

She started, dropped Mr. Degraw's arm and looked wildly back.

"He is mad!" she whispered, and hastened to hide herself from those eyes.

When she and the artist, who persisted in following her, were again in the hall above, she found strength to say:

"Is it all a dream? Did that man try to kill me?"

"Yes, darling, but providence was watching over you and you escaped. How can I express my joy? How utter my thankfulness?"

"You are not hurt?" she asked. "You did not have any struggle with this man?"

"No; I have been in no danger; that is, for the last few hours. The fellow did try to poison my wine, but he was detected. Can you realize that, notwithstanding all his fine talk, it is he, and not Mr. Degraw, who has been at the bottom of all the trouble which has been endured by your various admirers?"

"He? What do you say? Have they found out that?"

"Yes, through Mr. Degraw's exposition. He has been very frank and—But I must not trench upon his prerogatives. He will tell you all you wish to know to-morrow, and, though it is hard for me to acknowledge my error," he crinkled down his jealousy, remained his honor and continued bravely, "I must say that this valet of his has blinded more than one of us, and that you are exceedingly fortunate to be under the care of so vigilant a police. We both owe our lives to Mr. Byrd, and you—"

But here he found it impossible to talk further. Though by this time the various inmates of the house had ventured again into their rooms, in dress and temper enough for endless gossip, Miss Aspinwall and the servants were drawing near, and he felt that it was no time for him to express the hundred anxious thoughts which the signorina's deliverance from danger had called forth. Besides, in honor, he should wait till Mr. Degraw had recorded to her the position she was destined to occupy. Signorina Vobli, poor and friendless, might feel very differently from the wealthy Miss Rogers in this the world at her feet. How could he tell but that his sympathy even would seem superfluous to her then, much more his love. No, whatever it cost him, he would wait till the morrow had come and gone. No one should accuse him of taking advantage of her weakness. She knew he loved her; and that was enough. But—but that dreadful to-morrow!

Mr. Grove, who had accompanied them to the upper hall, now advanced.

"I consider the danger over," said he, "and yet I shall watch beside Miss Rogers' door till eleven o'clock to-morrow morning. Have you any objection to this, miss?"

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" was her eager response. "I have not been afraid before, but I am now. But why till eleven?"

"I believe you have an engagement for that hour."

She blushed deeply and threw a side glance upon her companion.

"I did not know that I had spoken of it," she cried, naively.

No one answered, but the detective smiled benevolently upon her.

"You are a very fortunate young lady," he observed, "if villainous men do strive to take your life."

These words seemed to fix the flush upon her cheeks, and made the refuge of Miss Aspinwall's room, which was now offered her by a gesture of that lady, more than acceptable.

"I do not know what all this means," she said in withdrawal, "and I cannot wait to find out. Miss Aspinwall is beckoning and I am only too glad to fly to some place of quiet, where I can think. Goodnight, Mr. Degraw." Her tone was almost lingering. "Good night and take good care of yourself, for bound men have been known to escape, and—" She did not say what, but her fearful glance toward the stair beneath which the wretch to whom she alluded still lay seemed to tell something of the anxiety that yet affected her mind. And even after she had passed through the door held open for her by her friend did her last fond look seem to say to the surprised artist: "Beware!"

"Ah!" thought he, little mindful of the warning look, "will she ever stick a look behind her when she knows herself the possessor of three millions?"

Some time later, Mr. Byrd explained how he came to appear so opportunely at the head of the back staircase. As you will remember he had been appointed to watch the back windows and side entrance of the house. Hearing, about two o'clock, a gentle bird-call which came out from the trees but from the path leading up to this side of the house, he became suspicious and crawled out of the arbor in which he had concealed himself, just in time to discern the form of a man disappearing through one of the lower windows into the house.

Recognizing the valet, and realizing all that his presence in that place meant, he rushed after him and climbed into the same window. He found himself in a narrow hall, and next minute came upon a staircase yet creaking with the assassin's stealthy tread. Mounting it more quietly than the other had done, he came upon the scene which we have already described, and thus, as far as man could see, became the means of deliverance to an otherwise doomed human being.

Mr. Degraw, of Cleveland, had not moved from the place which he had been set to watch.

CHAPTER XXX.

A GREAT BUSINESS.

It was the hour at which lawn tennis or croquet was usually in progress in Miss Aspinwall's grounds. But no games occupied the guests this morning.

The great excitements and broken rest of the night before had prevented early rising on their part, and not one of the doors opening on the wide hall had yet swung back under the watchful eye of Mr. Grove, who sat like a statue in front of the room occupied by the signorina. Ten o'clock and even Miss Aspinwall herself was not to be seen!

But before another half hour had passed more than one bright figure had stepped into the hall, and in this person or that of the great house small groups were gathering, ready to resume the talk which had not been exhausted by hours of secret whispering from pillow to pillow. At a quarter to eleven one door only remained shut, the door upon which all eyes rested, for through it they expected presently to appear the heroine of the preceding eve, a heroine around whom the frustrated attempt at murder had wove a rich an atmosphere of romance and mystery that the coming of a girl with a tray of breakfast caused quite a shock of disappointment to pass through the throng, heroines being supposed to be above such mundane wants, or at least to ignore them at certain periods of peculiar interest or excitement.

But this touch of sentimental feeling in the young men and women of the house was soon lost in the surprise they felt at seeing Mr. Grove suddenly rouse from his apathy, take the tray from the girl's hand, and after surveying its contents with care carry it to himself to the signorina. Nor was this astonishment in any wise diminished when, in a minute later, he reappeared with the tray and handing it back to the girl remarked:

"Miss Rogers cares for nothing but eggs this morning. A couple of boiled eggs, if you please."

An interference so minute must mean something. What? Curiosity grew rampant, and it was a sorry disappointment to the eager watchers when the breakfast bell rang, summoning them all to the dining room.

Another bell rang soon, this time it was the one connected with the front door. As its echoes ceased one or two of the young men who still lingered in the hall beheld the door of her room open and the signorina appear. Ah, how fresh she looked, notwithstanding her night's adventures! Or were her blushes the signal of some coming event not disconnected with the summons they had just heard. They would wait a minute, and they did, noting with a certain sort of satisfaction how the aged detective bowed as she passed him, and with what a look he followed her down the hall to the top of the staircase. Was the old fellow smitten? No, but he was impressed by the sight of this young girl going to an interview from which she would return the mistress of a fortune large enough to make her a queen among her fellows.

At the head of the staircase she met Hilary.

"Mr. Degraw, of Cleveland, is waiting for you in the library," that lady announced. "He is not alone; did you expect to see him alone?"

The signorina drew back.

"Who is with him?" she asked.

"I leave you to find out," returned the other, mischievously. "Only I thought I would warn you to expect more than one caller. Ah, how lovely you look in white!" pursued Hilary, with a short sigh. "No one would think you had not slept a wink all night."

The signorina sadled and took the other's arm.

"How kind you are!" said she, and looked so child-like with her quivering lips half parted that the stronger woman's heart warmed with a sweet compassion as she drew her down to the library door.

"I must go to my other guests," remarked Hilary, "but my heart will remain with you."

And though she could not know and could not guess what this visit portended, she went with evidently reluctant feet toward the dining room, looking back more than once upon the slight, white-clad figure standing doubtfully before the library door, as if in dread of an interview which might have a determining influence upon the future fate of more than one in this great house.

When the signorina finally summoned courage sufficiently to open the door and pass in she was startled to observe three gentlemen present, and was greatly confused, notwithstanding the warning she had received when she perceived that one of them was the artist. Surely this was not the interview she had expected when Mr. Degraw, of Cleveland, had set this hour for saying something to her of special importance!

"Do you wish to see me?" was consequently the question with which she met the greeting she received.

[illegible] To be continued.

A Step in Advance.

North Carolina has made a great step in advance by putting a large body of her convicts to work building turnpike roads. A fine highway, fifty miles in extent, across the Blue Ridge Mountains, from Wilkesboro to Jefferson, in Ashe County, is being laid, or rather cut through the hills, by this class of labor.

The purpose of this is to open up its trade with the rest of the State the wealthy northwestern section. This is a great cattle growing country, and the people who reside there have heretofore been doing business with the Virginians. The mountains formed a barrier which was previously insurmountable for trade purposes.

All communities are more and more coming to realize the necessity of having highways for trade if they would have trade. Poor highways mean isolation, insularity and provincialism. Ideas, as well as material benefits, follow the line of the least resistance. They falter, halt and stop at physical barriers. The topography of a country determines largely the character of its inhabitants. Lack of communication with neighboring communities prevents expansion. The chariot of prosperity will not run over ruts when it can find a smooth roadbed. Mental, social and material development alike depend upon the character of the physical environment. A community which shuts itself in a shell, as does an oyster, never gets beyond the shellfish stage in anything.

The good roads idea is spreading throughout the country. Georgia has demonstrated that she is wide awake to it. She has made a good beginning. There should be no stop until the highways are above criticism.—Atlanta Journal.

Asks $6,000,000 For Good Roads.

The Executive committee of the State Convention of Supervisors, organized to promote the improvement of highways in New York State adopted these resolutions:

That the State should appropriate $6,000,000 at the coming session of the Legislature for the construction of good roads under the provisions of the Higbie-Armstrong act; $2,000,000 to be available each year until 1909.

That the advocacy of the constitutional amendment providing for a $50,000,000 bond issue for road improvements, which was adopted by the Legislature at the last session and will come up for final passage at the session of 1905, be continued.

Endorsing the bill pending in Congress providing for an appropriation of $20,000,000 by the National Government for better wagon roads.

The constitutional amendment providing for a $50,000,000 bond issue, which has passed through one Legislature in consequence of support this organization has given it, will provide for the construction of 7,000 miles of good roads.

Of the money thus raised $20,000,000 will pay the State's share of the cost and $17,500,000 is to be loaned to the counties and $7,500,000 to the towns to pay their shares. That sum cannot be made available until 1909 at the very earliest, and the appropriation of $6,000,000 is proposed so that extensive improvements may be carried on in the interval.

An Era of Road Building.

That the first quarter of the twentieth century will be a great era of road building in this country now seems probable. All persons who have given serious thought to the question are agreed on the following proposition: That road building in the United States has been greatly neglected; that we are far behind other civilized nations in this respect; that the general improvement of the highways throughout the country would do more to promote the welfare and happiness of the people than any other work which could be undertaken; and that the present is an auspicious time for inaugurating a national good roads campaign.

The last of these propositions is in some respects the most important because on it rests the hope that something is actually going to be done. The last quarter of the nineteenth century was the great era of railroad building, but that has now passed into history. Of course, we are still building railroads, and will continue to build them for ages, but never again on the enormous scale of the last thirty years. The necessity and the opportunity no longer exist. The energy, the enthusiasm, and the capital heretofore directed to the building of railroads is now seeking other channels, one of which is the building of improved highways.

Good Roads Farmers' Boon.

Senator A. C. Lattimer, of South Carolina, who is stumping Delaware in the interest of good roads, under the auspices of the State Highway Commission, pelted his audience at the State capital after a singing speech in advocacy of national legislation extending financial aid from the Government for permanent road building in this country. Every man in the audience arose and cast his vote in favor of the measure.

Senator Lattimer showed three ways in which the farmers of this country could improve their condition by good roads. First, he could make $2.50 a day with his team in hauling for road builders through dull periods; second, he could decrease the cost of hauling his products over dirt roads in the use of macadam roads just one-half; third, he could realize an increase of, at the very lowest, $1 an acre in the value of his land.

By turning some life and industry into your rural districts, said Senator Lattimer, you can stop the stream of young men who are leaving the farm for the already over-populated cities, where they confront bad moral conditions and bring a moral degeneracy upon our nation. Good roads bring the rural citizens close together.

THE "BETWEEN MEALS" CLOTH.

Articles That Go With the Care of a Highly Polished Top.

When the dining table is cleared and rest at every meal, its appearance between times is a matter of concern to the housekeeper, especially since the old-fashioned spread, which certainly had a cozy, homey look, is unknown in the present. The highly polished surface of the table is thought to be so ornamental that it must not be covered up, and in consequence the housekeeper has a new anxiety in the care of that some highly polished top.

A hot dish, a little hot water, a drop of boiled pudding sauce on the surface which is anything but ornamental and which is not easily removed. Precautionary measures are required, and these "mush cloths" or table pads are indispensable. A very thick cotton pad is worn especially for the purpose, which with asbestos table mats prove a great help. The asbestos mats are slipped into embroidered linen cases and thus become ornamental, or embroidered pieces are laid over them. Heavy crocheted mats are often employed and mats of coiled corset laces are usual, on account of their thickness.

Sometimes a thick blanket is laid under the regular bed sheets in case the housekeeper takes every possible means to protect the varnish of her table.

But this top must be displayed, on the cover is a legend to classmate and a square or circle of embroidered linen, too, too large is put in the centre, and a small but handsome bordered and adjustable. On a the table is entirely bare, the keeper's eye gloating upon its beauty in the surface. The children are forbidden to touch it. "Hands off" is the cry, as a rubbing, polishing and dusting are added to the housekeeper's tasks.

Oh for the "good old days" when "things" were not "on the saddle" and riding poor tired housekeepers to death! The elegance and the elaborateness which can be secured by the rich only and which we try to imitate in our humbler way, is driving women to despair. The "girl" becomes more and more necessary to relieve the hard-worked women, and she grows less and less obedient.—Detroit Free Press.

Searching For Leprosy Cases.

"Government officials in our country who are employed to look out for leprosy cases certainly earn their money, for they are constantly going to the most remote places in the islands," said Louis T. Percival, of Honolulu, at the Shoreham. "The penalty for the disease is banishment to the leper settlement at Molokai, and so great is the dread of this enforced separation from home and kindred that people in the first stages of the disease will be secreted for months rather than give them away to the officials. I know of a man who was hidden in a cave near his home for three years before he was found out.

"All suspects are taken to the central station in Honolulu and examined by a board of medical experts. If the verdict is that the one examined has the disease no sort of influence, no social or political pull, no considerations of wealth or power can keep the patient from joining the ranks of the leper colony. It is only by such iron-clad rules that the whole population is insured freedom from the spread of the disease."—Washington Post.

Sacred City of Lhassa.

Very little of the world remains unknown. Tibet will soon be as well known as China, the sacred city of Lhassa as little of a mystery as Pekin. A Russian traveler, M. Tsybikoff, has communicated to the Geographical Society of St. Petersburg a pretty full account of Lhassa, where he stayed for over twelve months—being an Oriental scholar and professedly a Lamaite by religion. He found the land far less populous than is commonly supposed and a most intolerable proportion of its people monks. Lhassa, he reports, has no more than 10,000 inhabitants, and one-tenth of these are women. M. Tsybikoff made a great number of observations on the climate of Tibet and has brought away several Tibetan books on philosophy, medicine, astronomy and history, besides collections of prayers and incantations written by renowned lamas. The latter departments are much more in the way of Tibetan philosophy and science.—London Globe.

Aeronauts Are Safe.

An exciting balloon voyage has been made by the Comte de la Vaulx, the Comte d'Outremont, Mr. Butler and C. S. Rolls. The party ascended in the morning from the Aero Club's park in the Tuileries with which the Comte de la Vaulx made his record journey to Brussels in three hours.

There were bright sunshine and great heat above the clouds, but chilly for at the descent. The aeronauts were unable to see the ground and were driven along with catastrophe threatening them every moment. Eventually they collided with trees in a wood near Meaux and no one was hurt.—Indianapolis News.

Legislation aimed at the trading stamp is being reconsidered in New York.

Why Capability Wins.

The best way to meet a false assertion is to grant all of it you can in fairness and then mercilessly demolish its vital part.

It may be admitted that if higher education meant more scholarship, if happiness meant more contentment, and if marriage meant more housework and child-bearing, then the higher education of women would not tend to happiness in marriage.

Perhaps this is what the adversaries have in mind in which case they themselves need a little higher education on all those subjects.

Every progressive faculty of a college or university today knows that education means full development of all the faculties, and that girls need that even more than boys, because they are to be mothers, says Charlotte Perkins Gilman in Success.

An increase in all directions—in grace, power, knowledge, skill and experience—these tend to make a wiser and more capable woman, and a wiser, capable woman will be happier in marriage than an ignorant, weak one, unless—and perhaps this is what they mean—unless it is assumed that men prefer people, that they are low, coarse, vicious things, and that an improved variety of woman would be intolerable where those of the old kind were happy in their ignorance. This is insult at both ends, and ignorance is not usually bliss. A mud turtle may be happier than a skylark, but is she any less a turtle?—Mirror and Farmer.

Test of Real Character.

To know how to enjoy little and to do for much is the sweet of sweets.

Great calamities are not the most severe tests of fortitude. In times of heavy affliction the friends by our sides, the friends we thought we knew, we sought companions, how a wonderfully bracing effect.

Cheerfulness under life's slow and sapping pain is only a reflection of the cheerfulness of the surroundings. It is the gray day and the hard road that test the real courage and sunniness of the heart, says The Gentlewoman.

It is while you are patiently toiling at the little tasks of life that the meaning and shape of the great which of life dawn upon you. It is while you are resisting little temptations that you are growing stronger.

We are none of us perfect in this world, but a good part of our peak complexity at opposites in the skies sometimes and cheerfully think that we are pretty near it.

One birthday, after we grow wise enough to understand, that should cause what are they for warning, the round of integral, from out the rockbound coast of time.—Mirror and Farmer.

A Hair Dressing Match.

Twenty young women, mostly nice looking, and all with handsome hair hanging down their backs, sat in a row on straw chairs in a large hall the other night. A crowd of onlookers, including deputies and representatives of the Ministry of Commerce, gathered, but allowed sufficient elbow room to twenty men armed with brushes and combs who stood at attention, and then at a signal all set to work at once to do the ladies' hair. When a quarter of an hour had elapsed another signal was given, and the competitors all ceased their operations, some of the coiffures being left undisturbed, with stray locks hanging down. The jury of the Syndical Chamber of Coiffeurs of Paris, which had arranged the contest, then examined the heads of hair and awarded about a dozen prizes, including a prix d'honneur given by the Minister of Commerce. A ball followed, and the ladies who had kindly lent their locks for the contest did not lack partners, each, of course, dancing the first waltz with the competitor who had dressed her hair.—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

Brittle Finger Nails.

It is almost impossible to keep brittle finger nails in a shapely condition. Close cutting does not improve matters and it detracts greatly from the appearance of the finger tips. Begin at the root of the evil and feed the nails. Before retiring rub the nails freely with sweet oil or vaseline and wear loose kid gloves to protect the clothing and bedding. The gloves should be perforated at the palms and the middle of the fingers to admit a free circulation of air. Wear gloves whenever possible while sweeping and dusting or doing other rather coarse work, for the texture of the skin is thus preserved and damage to the nails prevented. After washing dishes wash the hands in clear warm water, rinse in cold water, anoint the nails with a little vaseline and wipe away all surplus. Keep up the treatment of the nails daily for a month, and you will see a marked improvement.—New Haven Register.

Charming Women at the Bar.

In the case of woman and the law, the Law Journal does its best to look at the matter from the point of view of public interest. How would the woman barrister affect the administration of justice? It would be a kind tumor. When we consider with what zeal and exultation, with which the legal proceedings are conducted in our courts, how keen and close and personal is the struggle of adversary which they involve, a change in the direction of the lady barrister is greatly to be deprecated. Introduce charming women on the scene, and what man with the ordinary instincts of chivalry but must lower his lance before such an adversary, must feel himself at a disadvantage, disarmed, more of half his fighting strength? And with this feeling the efficiency of our present system, with its free and equal terms of combat, its frank exchange of friendly courtesy, must needs suffer."

To Develop Your Neck.

Every girl wants a pretty neck. So here are some exercises she may try to develop herself with, if she is one of the unfortunate thin girls.

Stand erect, with the arms at the sides, then lift them up vertically, drawing in a deep breath. With the arms in this position raise them forward, throw the head back, inclining at the same time the head, at the back of the head, and let out the breath as the arms come slowly down.

A second is to raise the arms above the head in front of the body, with the hands relaxed and the backs of the wrists upward, bring them back and downwards to the sides, then up above the head again. These movements must be done slowly and harmoniously, not in a quick or jerky way.—New York Evening Journal.

To Look Slight.

Nothing is prettier and more becoming to a fair, slight woman with a pretty complexion than white, but white must be carefully avoided by her sister of the ample charms.

Black is the color for the stout woman, especially if she be of the black eyed and black haired type. A black green will suit her look slighter than anything else, while pale blue, light gray and nearly every shade of red will make her look, to coin a word, massively self-assertive.

A subdued shade of blue, heliotrope and olive green will target, but not be quite antagonistic women by the stout woman, who will also find mauve and the darker shades of green most becoming about the throat and shoulders, very helpful in diminishing the size of a large figure.—Home Notes.

Tender Feet.

Tender feet are very painful and require special attention daily. A treatment given each night will work wonders.

Bathe the feet in warm water in which a handful of borax has been added. Wipe them dry and remove all callous spots with pumice stone, then dip them in cold water to prevent taking cold.

To harden feet a salt bath is invaluable. After it sponge the feet and ankles with alcohol.

To relieve swollen feet use only moderately warm water and an astringent made by two ounces each of rock salt and powdered alum, mixing and putting two teaspoonfuls to two quarts of water.

New Bridal Veils.

Every bride likes to have something new and original in her costume for that occasion of occasions. Here is a pretty idea that will be something new and yet it is in the old material of the veil.

You can have any material that you choose that is soft and filmy. Then have wreaths of garlands painted on the most delicate shades and flowers. The conventional orange blossoms are, of course, the most appropriate, but the pale tinted wreaths are charming and relieve the all white of the traditional bride array.

Velvet For Housewear.

Cut singles of velvet made up in picturesque style with deep pointed lace collar, lace collar, deep-pointed girdle, or long, flowing and graceful lines, are much favored for house wear.

Bud and Blossom Effects.

Silk crochet "dingle dangles" are in such favor that bud and blossom effects in chiffon vary on the same line in trimmings for evening dress.

Allover Lace Gowns.

Allover lace gowns in almost all fabric, Irish and Renaissance lace are worn as much as ever. They are worn over soft taffetas veiled in chiffon.

Velveteen of Fine Quality.

Never were velveteens used with better effect nor of finer quality.

Buckles of tin on belts.

The Japanese novelties are all of their vogue.

The most elegant gowns are really the simplest.

Fishscale bow knots make handsome hair ornaments.

Millinery bows this winter are little bits of things in velvet.

Muffs are very, very big, but fortunately lighter than they look.

Two or three kinds of rare lace are combined in the best shoulder collars.

Strappings of stitched and cut cloth are among the most accepted trimmings.

Green velvet leaves are used extensively for the decoration of evening gowns.

Tips of jet or metal mark the ends of the ostrich quill, which is supposed to show on the hat.

A revival in the way of dress accessories are the many new ruchings for the neck and sleeves.

There is no limit to the head bags, chatelaines and purses, and nearly all are quite expensive.

Small fans are generally covered with tiny spangles, which dash like brilliants when in motion.

One of the fashion fads is to stud collar and belt with buttons resembling gold or steel belt buckles.