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# NO. 47

## ----LUKE HAMMOND, THE MISER.

By Prof. Wm. Henry Peck, Author of the "The Stone-Cutter of Lisbon," Etc.

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CHAPTER IX. Continued.

"My sweethearts, Miss. I had lots of 'em-long time ago. You needn't think to coax me, Miss, with nice names," said Fan, shaking her head briskly. "All the days I ha' been in this house. and that's nigh on a year, you've never so much as looked at me. Oh, no! my name is Fan, and Mr. Hammond is my master."

"But how cruel in you and him to keep me here, and my poor father, too," said Kate. "That's none of my business, Miss.

Mr. Hammond pays me," said Fan. "Have you no pity, no heart, no soul?" cried Kate.

"Not a bit-not a mite. They robbed me of all the heart I ever had. I haven't got anything now but a yearning for such stuff as this," said Fan, placing the gold coin that Luke had given her upon the floor.

"Who robbed you, Fannie?" asked

"Say, Miss. Do you want to talk to lock at me, even. Now, all at once, you want to talk. Oh, no! my master can get hold of them-and I pay myself | must I be?" for keeping my own."

"The old wretch," thought Kate, "loves nothing but gold, and I have very little to give her. But I must make a beginning. Here, Fannie," she said aloud, and showing a gold dollar, of which she had several in her purse.

"you see this?" Old Fan's eyes glittered as she fixed her greedy gaze upon the little coin. "Tell me who robbed you of your heart, and you shall have this," said

said Fau.

spun in the air. Old Fan caught it as a starving dog catches a morsel of meat -in her mouth.

"I learned the trick," said Fan, nies to me, but I didn't spit 'em out mond. because they were coppery-pennies grow into Collars. New, I'll tell you who stell my heart out of me, and made me hate everybody. It was my

children." are they?" said Kate.

lovely girl. Kate's tone of genuine locked, and the keys in Fan's bosom. sympathy had astonished her.

daugater once. The son robbed me and ran away when he was twenty years eld - thirty years ago. The daughter went with him, too-she was sixteen then. That didn't make me bad, Miss."

"What did, Fannie?" asked Kate. "The desertion of the children killed their father-killed him when he heard nailed up. it as sudden as if a bayonet had split his heart wide open, Miss Elgin. He world got black as ink to me; I went chairs were too heavy for her to raise What news from the prisoners?" crazy: I ain't quite straight in my head to strike; she tried their weight. now. Straight enough, though, not to let you get away from Mr. Hammond so long as he pays me," said she, with she has," said Kate, glancing at Fan's a sharp glance. "I love to talk-nobody talks to me, though After my but she has the strength of sixty-seven and gold?" husband died, and I went crazy, what like me." do you think my children did?"

"I hope they returned, were very sorry, and took good care of you, Fannie," said Kate, who did not despair of gaining the good will of the halfidiotic creature.

"Would you have done that, Miss?" asked Fan.

"I would never desert my parents," said Kate.

"You would! You are all alikesons and daughters-all of ye!" screamed old Fan, flying into a tempest of rage and springing up. "You up raw! I wonder if you ain't one!" She hobbled nearer to Kate and peered

closely into her face. "Herrors!" thought Kate. "This is swered: a mad woman, and I am alone with her. What shall I do?"

"I think you are one-I think you are with her distorted, rat-like eyes blazing short nap, he had waked up. "Day- him. from a horrid visage, seamed and light in half an hour and relief." scarred with the ravages of the small-Pox. "My girl was as pretty as you." Kate's trembling hand,

"And her hands were soft, like this," sald Fan. "I wish I had teeth nowyou must be my girl, Nellie Dunn."

It clinited as it fell upon the floor. "Pick that up and you may have it," said Hate, though white as snow

"Geld," cried old Fan, darting upon awoke, and had resolved to use it. the purse and emptying its contents into her palm. "Oh, no! You are not near the old woman and held the open my girl never gave me gold vial under the snoring nose.

ity of the idea, from that time she

never raved of it again. Kate, happy at her narrow escape from violence, took good care to speak no more to old Fan of her children.

"She has been in a madhouse." mused Kate, looking uneasily at the old woman, as she counted and remay fly into a frenzy and tear me to

"Have you any more?" asked Fan, looking up.

"You have all I had," said Kate. "You might have a million, but you

couldn't make me deceive Mr. Luke Hammond," said Fan, dreamily.

"Why, do you love him so much? asked Kate. "I don't know," said Fan, "why

can't be made to receive him. I hasty feet. haven't known him much more than a year, but I do everything he tells me to do and think it must be done, and old Fan must do it. I've lived now, let me see-I was seventeen when I married Nicholas Dunn-if you ever tell me?" asked Fan, quickly. "When I anybody that name I'll kill you! 1 first came into this room you wouldn't haven't let it slip my lips for many a year. I was seventeen when I married-thirty-seven when my husband pays me to keep his secrets-when I died-that's thirty years ago-how old

"Sixty-seven," said Kate.

"Well, I have lived all that time, seen millions of people, but I have never seen anybody I like to serve so well as I do Luke Hammond"

"Why?" "Because he always is up to deviltry,

and I like it," said Fan. Poor Kate shuddered at the fearful grin that distorted old Fan's hideous countenance.

"She is going mad again. I am afraid to talk to her any more," mused Kate, "Even Luke Hammond pays me in and then closing her eyes as if asleep, advance. Old Fan trusts nobody," began to wonder why her uncle was so cruel, and how long it would be be-"Take it," said Kate, and the coin fore James Greene would seek for her. Then she thought of the will and the

resolved to die before the secret should weighing the coin on her finger nail, thought of her sick and tortured father "to please a showman I traveled with also, and she trembled to remember once. Some people used to toss pen- the cunning, daring and power of Ham-

She was, of course, well acquainted with the part of the house she was in, on the mantel struck 10. for she had spent many hours in her father's studio, the crimson chamber, the clock and sprang to his feet. Right "Your children, Fannie! I never only four rooms intervened. No chance ker. knew you had any children! Where of escape, though, with such dragons about her, the windows barred, too, The old woman looked keenly at the and the shutters nailed up, the doors

An hour passed on in utter silence, "Yes," said Fan. "I had a son and and then Kate peeped slyly from her

long, silken lashes. Old Fan was asleep! But her back ante-chamber opening into the hall.

"The other door is locked," said Kate, "but I will examine it." She rose cautiously and did so. No hope there! The door was locked and danger and ruin to us, Luke."

hard elbows. "She may be sixty-seven

"Too light. Oh, for a club of iron! I

must save my father." "Ha! up! What do you want?" cried | breakfast is ready and waits for you."

urning to her chair.

"Better undress and go to bed," come when, like me, you will want a robe as you think best."

bed. A little bell swinging on a wire near | Street to-day?" asked Nancy. would have done what mine did-put the door now tinkled. Fan whined and me in a madhouse-sell all I had and got up, placing her ear to a trumpet- returns from James Greene and leave run off again! Fiends! If I could find shaped pipe passing through the wall,

> sleep?" Fan glanced at Kate. Kate appeared fast asleep in her chair. Fan an me to find it," replied Nancy, as she find the Whittier house?"

"Yes, Mr. Hammond. What time

it? I'm very sleepy myself." "Watch, you old wretch," said Ham- gold apartment, the girl," said Fan, still drawing near, mond in his library, when, after a

"Relief," whined Fan, crouching at as Kate, seated in her chair, raised the door, and leaning her back against her eyes to his. Her lean, bony fingers touched poor it. "I'll have to watch for two hours

yet." Ten minutes passed and Kate heard Fan snore. Kate then stole to the Elgin," said Luke, with a sneer. "I washstand and seized something she am here to prepare your mind to re- and impatient and said: "I am talking Kate tossed her purse from her, and saw standing on the little shelf where ject the thought of ever being the wife about John G. Whittier, the post; he's

placed. It was a small vial labeled "chloroform." She had seen it when Fan man, so help me heaven!" said Kate. Uncorking it with her teeth she stole

-she delped to rob me," and as if the In less than a minute old Fan tum gold had proved the plain impossibil- bled upon her face, senseless.

With eager hands Kate took the key from Fan's bosom, unlocked the door, pulled Fan aside, and entered the anechamber, having locked her keeper in. Then out into the hall she crept on

"Now to get out of the house," said brave Kate. "'Tis useless to seek my poor father. He has Luke Hammond's guards around him, no doubt. Which way shall I go?"

As she paused the deep baying of savage dogs fell upon her ear.

"Those tigers my uncle turns loose every night," she thought. "If I get out of the house I can never get to the street. What shall I do? I must try to escape. I will raise a window and cry help! murder! anything to draw attention.

She felt her way along the dark hall, descending to the floor below, found a window and tried to open it. 'Twas nailed down and the strong

shutters nailed to the sill! While she groped about for some outlet Luke was asleep in his chair in counted her coins, "and is half mad the little library. Suddenly the little now. At any fearful moment she bell over the desk awoke him with a terrible clatter.

"What now?" he shouted into the speaking tube.

The answer came whizzing up from the white and gold chamber: "She's loose! I'm locked up. Chloroform!"

"Confound the luck!" exclaimed Luke, darting into the closet and thence into the eastern hall. "That girl ought to be my wife!"

Kate Elgin heard the clatter of his "Ah! I am lost!" she cried, rushing

she heard the ringing of bells and a corner and as Luke Hammond sprang toward her saying, "You are caught, my lady!" she fainted, nor knew anything more until she awoke from her swoon, once more a prisoner in the white and gold chamber.

#### CHAPTER X.

LUKE HAMMOND THREATENS, Having seen Kate Elgin once more & captive Luke returned to his den, from which bell-wires and speakingtubes seemed to extend in every direc-

tion like the fibres of a spider's web. "Very little sleep have I had," he muttered, as he reseated himself in his chair once more.

"My head is aching to split, and my brain swings in my skull like a pendulum. Sleep+I must sleep-or go mad; and yet I fear to sleep. Such dreams, such faces! and somehow the visage of that old hag, Fan, haunts me in all. Who is she? What is she? Daniel other document she had concealed, and hired her for me, little over a year be wrested from her. Much she Yet there is something in her scarred ago. Surely we never met before, old face, a tone in her voice, that re minds me of some one I have known

years, years ago." Muttering and planning he fell asleep again, and slept until the clock

He awoke with a start, glanced at and knew that between him and her before him sat his sister, Nancy Har-

"How did you get in?" he exclaimed. "Your door was unlocked. I could not sleep," said Nancy. "Whenever I shut my eyes I saw---

She paused. "Harriet Foss?" asked Hammond

"No. Her sister-that's dead," said was against the door that led into the Nancy, very pale, and very low in tone. "It worries me, Luke-worries me to death," she continued. "For so many long years I have slept well, and now comes that face again. It forbodes

"Pooh!" said Luke. "You are super-Kate's eyes roved about the room, stitious. I'll tell you what worries She was looking for something that me: the fact that I have twice within was my husband. After he died the might be used as a weapon. The a few hours left my doors unlocked.

"They are safe," said Nancy. "Henry "Too heavy. I might fall, and she Elgin still sleeps. When he awakes would kill me on the spot. What arms his mind will be clear as crystal. His daughter has at length fallen asleep." "Who watches there, in the white

"Daniel walks the hall," replied Nancy. "Every ten minutes he looks in upon Henry Elgin. There is a hand-In despairing hope she gently re- bell upon Catharine Elgin's table; she placed the pitcher. The slight noise will ring it when she wants anything. opened Fan's eyes as if with a spring. I have the key of the door. Your

"Very well," said Luke, "I will bathe "Water-nothing else," said Kate, re- and then go to breakfast. In the meantime place Stephen on guard, and let Daniel take this decoy letter to James croaked old Fan. "The time may Greene, with such articles of my ward-

"Shall you go to your office in Wall "No. Let Daniel call there when he

word with my bookkeeper that I am ill, those children I'd eat 'em up-eat 'em and heard these words: "Does she Have you renewed the search for the will?" "Yes, and daylight has not helped

> left the library. Nancy, who was within, admitted

"Good morning, niece," said Luke,

me," said Kate. "You must pocket the insult, Miss of James Greene."

"I will never be the wife of any other boldly.

To be continued.

Germany has imported as much as \$10,000,000 worth of apples in one year and \$2,500,000 worth of pears.



Few people realize what this means to the farm values of New York State. The plan is to improve one mile in ten of all the highways in all of the counties in the State and expend the money at the rate of \$5,000,000 a year, so as to have complete highway improvement in the State of New York within ten years from the beginning of the work.

Under the present method of payment the State, county and town pay for a road costing \$8000 a mile as fol-

The State pays fifty per cent. of the cost, or \$4000, by annual tax levies. The county pays thirty-five per cent. of the cost, of \$2800, by annual tax

The town pays fifteen per cent. of the cost, or \$1200, by annual tax levies. This system is so burdensome that but few miles of road are built and these only in the towns having the highest assessed valuation, and the towns having low assessed valuation are unnecessarily discriminated against on account of their inability to pay for improved highways of this character. Under the bond issue, the annual

interest is fixed at three per cent., with a two per cent. sinking fund-that is, the bonds run for fifty years and are madly about in the pitchy darkness, as | paid off at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Thus the total annual Hammond's voice. Lights soon began | charge on these bonds for interest is to flare around her as she crouched in three per cent. and sinking fund two per cent., that is, five per cent. per annum. A mile of road costing \$8000 would be paid for as follows:

The State would pay \$200, or five per cent, of \$4000, in its annual tax levy. The county would pay \$140, or five per cent. of \$2800, in its annual tax

The town would pay \$60, or five per cent. of \$1200, in its annual tax levy. This method of payment enables a town with a low assessed valuation to have built immediately just as wide or expensive road, without excessive taxation, as is built in any other part of the State, and to have the roads built and completed within ten years. and have the use of the roads all of the time that they are paying for them.

The Growing Interest. Speaking of the general value of road improvement and the growing interest in the subject, the Philadelphia Public Ledger instances this State as having made notable advances, and mentions that New York will probably submit to the electors a constitutional amendment authorizing the expenditure of \$50,000,000 to aid counties and towns to build good roads. "The amount," the Public Ledger further says, "is sufflcient to create a system of 7400 miles of main highways, improving a tenth of the road mileage of the State within ten years. In the meantime ninety per cent. of the existing roadways will be improved by the contribution of fifty cents by the State to each town for every dollar it raises locally for the highways. It was pointed out at the hearing before the New York Senate Committee that little has been done to bring the produce of New York farms over the country roads to the markets of the State at cheaper rates of transportation than were the rule in 1850. Farm values have depreciated in New York more than in any other State. It is urged that the corrective is to be found in improved highways and the

\$50,000,000 bond issue." Better roads undoubtedly will benefit the Empire State, and benefit every part of it in one way or another, although the greater part by far of the direct advantage will be to the rural sections. The individuals who will profit are the farmers. The centres of population, New York and Buffalo, will share in the increase of general prosperity, and the people have viewed the bonding project kindly, although these cities would pay more than ninetenths of the money appropriated by the State and would in actually direct results realize practically nothing from the improvement scheme. The city men take a broad view of the case. There can be little doubt of the approval of the amendment by a majority of the voters-if the great improvement they have already ordered is not obstructed. New York and Buffalo need the enlarged canal, for which they are willing to pay. When that is assured, they will turn with interest and liberality to the road improvement plan. -Buffalo Courier.

Whittiers of Danvers. One day a stranger strolled into the old Berry tavern at Danvers. A number of men were seated in the office, and were asked by the newcomer: "Will you kindly tell me where I may

A young business man, not a native Hammond bathed and breakfasted, of the town, to be sure, but who had and then took his way to the white and lived in it for a number of years and belonged to New England, spoke up, saying: "You mean Joe Whittier, the contractor? He lives at Danversport."

him. The only other Whittier of this "Your presence, sir, is an insult to town is Clarence Whittier, janitor of the town house. He lives on Essex street." The stranger became both amused

dead, you know. I want to find out

where his home was." "Oh, well," said the young business man, with a sigh of relief at his ability to impart information, "if it's anybody who's dead, go right over to Will Crosby, the undertaker, across the street; he'll tell you all about it."-Boston Herald.

A HIGH PRICE. Apples Selling at Seventy-five Dollars a

Barrel. He had a shrewd and kindly face and he was standing with his hands behind his back, spellbound in a grocery store not far from the alleged postoffice. "What's interesting me?" he said,

in reply to a question. "That basket there with those red apples marked seventy-five cents a dozen. They're seven cents apiece if you don't take a dozen, and I've been trying to muster up courage to buy one and bite into it.

"I've a sizable farm of my own back here a ways, and I've been used to apples all my life, but that basket fascinates me like hissing serpents in a cage.

"Every time I come to town I brush by it, and then I go back and stare at

it like all possessed. "And I keep mumbling to myself: 'Apples seventy-five cents a dozen, \$75 a barrel and \$750 for ten barrels!" That's voluptuous arithmetic. I can't make it out. I was jesting with the clerk on it the first time I saw them.

"'Ain't you got your sign kind er twisted?' I asked him. 'Don't that card with seventy-five cents on it there in those apples belong on a ham or a hind quarter of beef? Or maybe it strayed from the strawberry counter." "'No, sir,' says he, kind of tart like,

'those are superior apples.' "'Superior!' says I. 'They must be better than that-the best that ever grew-superlative, I'd call them,' but

he didn't seem to want to joke. "A few years ago I put a notice out near my well that people could have all the apples they wanted if they'd pick them up and cart them off; they were rolling on the ground, but not a soul came after an apple. And here are apples at seventy-five cents a dozen -more'n six cents each by the dozen. And there's all kinds of queer-looking foreign fruit I can't call by name. I don't know what we're coming to, lately. Half the time I feel as if I'd just been born and didn't know nothing."-Providence Journal.

### WORDS OF WISDOM.

Command large fields, but cultivate small ones.-Virgil.

Late repentance is seldom true, but true repentance is never too late.-R. Conversation is an art in which a

man has all mankind for competitors.— Walt Whitman. The tongue of a fool is the key of his

counsel, which, in a wise man, wisdom hath in keeping .- Socrates. The man who sums women up in a sentence is the man whom women can fool with a phrase.-Mollentrave. Good qualities are the substantial

ing that sets them off to advantage .-Locke. "When you go into mixed company, the air you should carry with you there is that of fearing no one and

riches of the mind; but it is good breed-

wishing to offend no one." Blessed is he who has found his work. Let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work-a life purpose; he has found it, and will follow it .-

Let nothing affright thee. All things will pass away. God only is He that is unchangeable. Patience will bring about all. He that hath God hath all things, and he that hath Him not hath

nothing .- Molinos. It is good to be speedy in renewing our repentance, before the heart be hardened by the deceitfulness of sin .-Matthew Henry.

Sir Henry Irving's Dream.

Sir Henry Irving, whose projected

tour of this country has, according to a London cable dispatch, been postponed for a year, recently declared, says the London Standard, that he has been taxed with preaching an impracticable doctrine, viz., the organization of the theatre by the municipality. Some critics had insinuated that he wanted to hand over the whole control of local affairs to the members of the theatrical profession, and especially to make sure that actors were elected as mayors. He had never contemplated such a serious revolution, although he could mention actors who, if elected to the office of Chief Magistrate, would turn out to be grave and methodical men of business. But he was no extremist; it never occurred to him to propose anything more alarming than the administration of the theatre as a branch of local government, just as they administer the water supply and other needs of a great and

growing city. But it was a dream.

He saw no prospect of inducing people

to believe that the civic authorities

might charge themselves with the sup-

ply of rational entertainment as they

had charged themselves with the sup-

ply of wholesome water, although the

one necessity was nearly as great as the other.

Modern Philanthropy. tlemen," said the multi-millionaire, "I have given a great deal of money to other enterprises, but the interests of the one with which you are connected have been nearest to my heart always. It is my intention to "No, no; I refer to John G. Whittier." make yours the best endowed institu-"John G. Whittier? Never heard of tion in the world, with a fund of \$500,-000,000 at its disposal."

The trustees could scarcely believe their ears. They broke forth in wild, incoherent exclamations of delight. But he interrupted them. "To that end," he went on, "I have

set aside the sum of \$10,000,000, to be made over to you absolutely when you shall have raised from other sources the remaining \$490,000,000."

Then followed a silence so dense that the hopes of the trustees could be distinctly heard falling, falling, with muffled thud, upon the mosaic floor,-Chlcago Tribune,

the lamp and fireside of home blots out to the feminine heart. the remembrance of many a care and One exquisite dress of white batiste annoyance during the day, and the best is insertioned elaborately with narrow safeguard they can take with them German Valenciennes lace, while a into the world is the influence of a rich figure of Irish crochet is introbright little domestic sanctum.-Chi- duced at intervals with stunning effect. cago Journal.

#### To Look Young.

It all turns on will and exercise. Before going to sleep a few exercises heavy Japanese fashion, and is simple should be gone through with open win- almost to plainness, despite the vast dows, inhaling the good, fresh air. A amount of work on it. step ladder to run up and down is a great incentive to health; wind exer- ness of the lingerie is a creation in cises, hip exercises, rotary motions, sheerest white batiste, in which strips all keep the body lissom and prevent of pastel pink batiste, very finely stoutness, says the London Queen. tucked, are introduced. One such The diet has to be considered. Too strip heads the flounce on the skirt, much liquid should never be taken with another forms the girdle, and yet othmeals; too much meat is bad. There ers finish the blouse. In all save the is nothing better for the figure than belts this strip of pink is bordered by household work. It takes a great deal two frills of Valenciennes lace below to persuade the ordinary woman that and a narrow festoon embroidery in it is continuing these things that make pastel tints above.-Rochester Posta success of it, not starting them and | Express. then leaving them to fate.

Selecting a Hat.

If a woman has sharp or decidedly prominent features let her avoid hats that are set back or off the face. Such a woman should wear a hat brought well forward, her hair should be as fluffy as possible, and a becoming veil will do wonders. Sharp outlines in hats should also be avoided by her. Lace edges and indented brims are

good. If the features are irregular a hat with the brim crushed here and there is usually a suitable setting. The woman with a prominent nose has much to contend with. Her hats should avoid severeness in outline and should be set well forward, so that the prominent feature will appear a little less in size. On the other hand, the woman with a small or flat nose should not wear a hat that projects sufficiently to make her nose appear even more insignifi-

cant, nor a large hat that dwarfs it. A hat under medium in size and with small flowers or short tips should be worn. With a small face and features huge picture hats should never be worn, even if the figure be tall and

slight enough to carry them. Color and Moral Effect.

The color craze, which at first amounted to the merest fad, has, like many such fads, come to stay and has developed into undreamed-of proportions. Color is said to influence our mental and bodily well-being, even our morals, more than we imagine, and we are advised to see to it that our rooms and our clothing from babyhood onward are such as to influence us for good. We know by instinct, as a rule, which colors have a pleasant effect upon us, whether blue makes us cheerful or orange leads to hilarity. Grays and browns have, of course, a sobering effect, and some color faddist advises us to have none of them. It is possible in these days of frequent flitting from flat to flat to induce an agreeable landlord to give us our heart's desire in the shape of wall papers, but how about visiting those friends whose color craze is the exact antithesis of our own? We might feel gloomy when it was our bounden duty to exert ourselves to be agreeable, or too cheerful in paying a visit of condolence should the wall paper suggest hilarity. The subject is a wide one, and the majority of us would do well to strive for the happy medium by making our rooms pretty and soothing without being too noticeable either way.

The Washington Star makes note of an honor recently conferred on Miss Frances B. Johnson, the photographer, who has many friends in this city, which was at one time her home: "Miss Frances Benjamin Johnson, of this city, has lately been notified by the French Government that the decoration of the 'Palmes Academiques' has been conferred upon her by that Government for services rendered by her to France and French interests. This is an unusual distinction of itself, and especially so as only about twenty-five women in France have been similarly honored, and there is only one other American woman who now wears the knot of purple ribbon which signifies the title 'officer d'academie.' The decoration was bestowed upon Miss Johnson in recognition of her connection with the Paris Exposition in 1900, and the excellence of her exhibits and the value of her services as United States delegate to the international congress of photography, held in conjunction with that exposition; also for the friendly offices which her knowledge of the French enabled her to render the interests of France at the recent St. Louis Exposition. The decoration of the 'Palmes Academiques' is the only one conferred by the French Government outside the Legion of Honor."

for many occasions, it is to be replaced Don't be afraid of a little fun at by the lingerie dress. And the lingerie home. Don't shut your house lest the dress is of batiste or some of the nusun should fade your carpets, and your merous kindred fabrics. These dresses hearts, lest a hearty laugh shake down have all the lovely look of simplicity, some of the musty old cobwebs there. | and it is the sweet simplicity for which Therefore, let the fire burn brightly whoever pays the bills has to go down at night and make the homestead de- deep into the pocket. The mere name lightful with all those little arts that of the dress, lingerie, calls up visions parents so perfectly understand. Don't of finest handwork, hand-run tucks no repress the buoyant spirits of your chil- thicker than a thread, and all the dren; half an hour's merriment around creases, puckers and insertions dear

> This elaboration doesn't take it out of the lingerie class.

> An exquisite affair is in Paris muslin. It is embroidered in the softly

> A variation from the snowy white-

Concerning Tea Gowns.

All the new tea gowns beg full puffs at the shoulders, and this has a tendency to make the figure look a great deal broader. The full shoulder puff is something welcomed back by every woman, and it is very likely that every gown will show a trace of shoul-

der puff. The shades in negligees are interesting. There are distinct negligee or tea gown colors. And among these can be mentioned onion skin, red currant and apricot. These are very pretty tones and are much less delicate than the pale tones. They are suited to house wear, and they are cheerful.

"I make it a point," said a woman who makes many tea gowns, "to select cheerful colors, for one must remember that the gown is to be worn indoors by subdued light. The new tones are pansy color and terra cotta, which is having a renaissance. Then there is mustard brown, and there is iron gray, which is good combined with red. The most important feature for a tea gown is its color. It must be well chosen, or the gown is never successful. "After the color comes the material, which should have a lustre. And for this one can recommend the Oriental silks, if one is choosing a dressy tea gown, or the silk poplins. And last of

all comes the style and the fit." The successful tea gown of domestic make shows a variety of styles. But all have large sleeves, with plenty of material in them. There is the robe, which is loose in the front and fitted in the back, and which is trimmed up the front breadth with little ruffles of Valenciennes lace. The back is sweeping in its length and is trimmed with a

sash or with deep flounces. There is a style of tea gown which has the dressy look of a handsome one of the Elizabethian days and again of the 1840 days. There is the bodice with its long train, while in the front there is a petticoat beneath which her little slippered feet peep out.

The gown and petticoat style is one which appeals to women who enjoy picturesque dressing. And it is a style which can be adapted to gowns for either day or evening, though it is more appropriate to day gowns. The petticoat is, of course, a petticoat only in name, for the material must be elegant and the style exquisite, while the finish, the trimming and the length are all of the most admirable quality. It is not a utility petticoat.



Linen is first. Some wear pique. A plain hem is good style. Embroidery is a strong feature.

Lace is by no means "out of it."

heavy plain ones.

fetching.

There are plenty of ornate sets. All lace continues in favor for certain gowns. Airy-fairy effects are rivalled by

Coat sets in pique are too cheap to have any great vogue. Sets must be either white or in ac-

cord with the costume color. Heavy white linen sets embroidered in the Japanese style are tremendously

A cream linen set is buttonholed with brown, and sprinkled with French knots to match. A set for a coat costume is of white kid embroidered and applied with a

shaped band of reseda velvet. A low-necked evening blouse is casily converted into a becoming and fash. ionable dinner waist by the application Though silk is to be much worn, of a sheer yoke of lace embroidery or

very much worn, yet for dainty dresses | batiste inserted in the decolletage.

Honor For Washington Woman.

The Silk Lingeric Dress,