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

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

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wife of another would be agony to him,

as to see him the husband of another

taught me to place it, and where I

She pointed upward as she spoke, and

He met Stephen pacing the hall.

"He is perfectly sensible, then?"

would answer him," said Stephen.

"Yes, sir, and would talk with me if

"I will give him a chance to wag his

tongue," said Hammond, with a hard,

cruel smile, as he entered the crimson

your tortures?" groaned Henry Elgin.

"She may forget James Greene if

you command her to marry Charles

"I shall not command her. You know

"No; not for twenty such lives as

health and freedom, Henry Elgin?"

stealing from me by slow torture."

mand her to wed Charles Hammond?"

"None, when to show such would be

to ruin myself. I am upon the verge

near at hand. You are rich, very rich,

"The riches you call mine by right be-

long to James Greene," said Elgin,

"and you are already largely indebted

"Too late to speak of that now," said

Hammond. "Though all believe you to

of your affairs. My notes due to you I

"You would not dare trust me free,

"Not if you would pledge me your

solemn word of honor, Henry Elgin,

"What if I advance you the money

"Yon cannot, Henry Elgin," said

Hammond. "You are dead to the

world. Make a will dated prior to the

day of your supposed death, leaving

your property to your child, and she

noney," said Elgin. "You are a de-

money so gained to pay your debts.

longer of his rights. I have been a bad

took a course which would have right-

you need to save your reputation?

You would murder me after having

gained your purpose," said Elgin.

to me for money advanced."

son, and you shall go free."

to leave me unmolested."

asked Elgin.

and could have saved me a year ago."

"Where is my child?"

'Alas! my poor child!"

it well, scoundrel."

no gratitude?"

mond's wife."

Hammond."

"How is he?" asked Luke.

Stephen.

chamber.

left the room and strode along the hall, laugh.

know she now is-in heaven!"

CHAPTER X.

Continued. "You say so now. I expected you would be woe to me, Luke Hammond. Fratharine Elgin, I am a desperate man: unscrupulous when my interest demands it. I had intended to use other and less severe measures to the noble dignity and confidence of her wake you the wife of my son, but hav- face and attitude abashed Hammond ing discovered that you have given while he admired. your love to James Greene, and because you have learned of your father's existence I am not to be trifled with "I half wish Charles may refuse. That now. I tell you plainly, you shall girl begins to turn my brain. But to never be less a prisoner than you are force her to marry me will be infinitely now until you are the wife of Charles | harder than to make her Mrs. Charles

Hammond." "I have never seen him," said Kate, this day." with scathing contempt; "but merely because he is your son I detest and abominate him. You are wasting time, Luke Hammond."

"Your father's life depends upon your resolve," said Luke, coldly. "Wretch! Have you not already injured him beyond barbarity itself?" cried Kate. "You dare not take his

"You forget that he is, in fact, already dead and buried," said Hammoud. "The very fact that I have done a seat near the bed. "I am rejoiced to what I have should prove to you that see your eye so clear. You feel better?" I care do anything-and will do anythirg." he said, fiercely.

'Are you, Mrs. Harker, a woman, and hear you this threat without raising your voice?" exclaimed Kate to Nancy.

"Tell her, Luke, tell her what I am to you. The truth may weaken her courage," said Nancy, writhing under loves James Greene," said Elgin. Kate's scornful words.

"I will, sometime hereafter." said Luke. "Better wait until Charles has arrived to urge his suit." "Leave me! in Heaven's holy name, I

beg you to leave me," cried Kate. Then clasping her hands and falling upon her knees, she cried: "Oh, mother! dear mother! look

down upon thy most unfortunate child! Ask from our God His powerful aid to cruelty of this wicked man. And, oh God! hear my mother's prayer!" She covered her lovely face with her

hands, and wept bitterly. "She melts at last," said Luke, with a grim smile of triumph.

"Melts!" exclaimed Kate, springing

to her feet, and standing defiantly erect. "I am rock-iron-steel to you, villain. Would to Heaven I were a living sword to cleave you down where you stand-thou hideous, cruel, un grateful scoundrel!" "I shall not forget your compli

ments," said Hammond, quivering with rage. "I have little time to waste in talking. You hold your father's life or death upon your lips. He dies if you remain rebellious to my commands." "Rebellious!" said Kate. "I owe you no obedience."

"If your father, then, shall command you to marry my son, will you obey him?" demanded Luke.

"In his right reason, my father would bite his tongue off ere he would consent to such a thing," said Kate. "Knowing that, I would disobey his forced or insane command. Leave

"You hope to be rescued," sneered Luke, "You shall sooner fly. You hope for the aid of James Greene. True, he will seek for you and finda swift and sudden death." "Oh, Father in Heaven! This is too

much!" sobbed Kate, almost swooning with a new-born fear.

"Tell me, inhuman being that you are! Can you be my mother's brother? Is there a single drop of kindred blood in your veins and mine?"

"Why question it?" "Because my mother was kind, loving, pious, gentle-she would not force a pang from the heart of her bitterest foe, though in being merciful she should have broken her own. And you -you are-what? I can find no name to describe your villainy! I dare you, cowardly tryant, to face James Greene with a threat! He would crush you, but for the hair of your head, which has grown white with evil. Leave me,

"Take this fact to bend you with its mand. You cannot appear again in terror, Catharine Elgin," said Hammond, hoarse with rage, and astounded New York while I am in it." at her courage. "James Greene will "You would fly elsewhere with the come here to-night; a note in your writing will lure him here. He goes not faulter, a villain, and would use the hence a living man."

"Heaven will protect him and punish Nor shall I defraud James Greene any you," replied brave Kate.

"We shall see," said Luke, fiercely. man, and now I am suffering my just "I have gone too far to retreat. James punishment. Years ago the father of my life for that of James Greene."

He turned his dark and evil face so the trust. Young Greene had no relathat every desperate purpose in his lives, and I easily gained undisputed

said Kate, shutting her eyes in terror. of my life among men I repented of my Charles. "To save the life of James Greene," villainy. For the sake of my child I said Hammond, "will you consent to dared not reveal my crime, but I obey me?"

tyrant, "he will prefer sudden death to der me, or you would have done so the with embroidered taffets to match and be lost his job," explained the c. ilifelong misery. And to know me the instant you discovered my will,"

now, had I the will."

Hammond muttered:

He dared not tell Henry Elgin that the will was lost, lest the knowledge should cause him to grow strong in re-

sistance. "You are right, Elgin," said he, at length. "It is needles to disguise the played on you at your wedding?" matter. The principal part of your property is in real estate. I wish it sold, and the money to be placed in my A microbe on a dollar bill America, and you shall be restored to But moved one day—and starved to death. life and liberty. Money I need-money I will have. I now say to you plainly, as the highwayman said to the traveler 'Your money or your life!' I say more -'Your money or two lives; your and your daughter's!' Think of it. I will give you a few hours only for reflec- anything without getting beyond his remarked Luke, coolly. I place my trust where my mother tion and decision. Till then, good depth."-Washington Star, day." And bowing with mock politeness Luke left the crimson chamber to prepare the springing of the trap he had set for James Greene. A deep and bitter curse rolled after him from the pallid lips of his tortured prisoner, to

CHAPTER XI.

LUKE HAMMOND SPRINGS HIS TRAP. After three hours of hard labor in Hammond. Surely my son will arrive the old store room, which was upon the ground floor of the mansion, Luke | thinking how much pleasure it will af-Hammond pronounced his man-trap in ford me some day to tell some foreign fine working order, and having retired duke or count that he can't have her." "Awake and wants to see you," said to his library summoned old Fan.

She entered the library with her halfidiotic, half-savage grin and waited "Fan," said Hammond, avoiding her

sharp, distorted eyes, "there's five-dollar gold piece for you." He placed the coin upon the table, and she snapped it into her pocket in a "Good day, Elgin," said Luke, taking second.

"Good! we are to have some devil'ry," muttered Fan, smacking her withered "Villain! Have you come to renew lips.

"At 9 o'clock," said Hammond, "you the flat, and they took all our silver "She is in the white-and-gold cham- ter a time a gentleman in a white hat are you laughing at?" ber, Henry Elgin, and there to remain will enter the yard gate boldly, walk "I'm laughing because they beat the until she shall become Charles Ham- up to you, and you will say, 'The janitor."-Cleveland Plain Dealer. note!" He will give it to you. Then "She will die there, then, for she conduct him into the rear parlor, and bring the note to me. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mr. Hammond," said Fan. "Very well. Now, have dinner served at 6, and go about your business," said Hammond.

Old Fan departed, chuckling over her "Not even to save your life-to regain good luck.

"He pays well," she muttered, as she retreated to her den near the kitchen. mine would I make my daughter miser-"Pays well! It's a pious pleasure to able. My life and liberty! You dare serve Luke, I wonder what villainy free me and my poor father from the not give me my liberty; my life you are he is about now. He's got the true master and mistress of the house "To save her life, then, will you com- locked up! Ho! Luke Hammond, you're a fine bird. But you pay in gold "Monster! Will you dare harm that -good red and yellow gold."

> innocent girl, the child of your sister?" Lifting a loose brick from the hearth she raised from a hole beneath a small "She must become Mrs. Hammond. I have sworn it, plotted it for years." sack of coins, which she untied and "Luke Hammond," said Elgin, "my emptied upon her bed. purse has often saved you from ruin. "Good birdies," said she, fondling the

My house has been your home for coins tenderly, "are you well? Here's years. All that I enjoyed you shared, another yellow lark to nestle with ye. Your sister was my wife; my child is Make him at home, birdies. You are ing how they came to accept it."your niece. Have you no humanity, the only children I have now, Don't Puck, fly away! don't!" "None, Henry Elgin," said Luke.

She counted them a score of times, and returning them to the sack placed it under the brick. "Nobody will find you-nobody!" she

of bankruptcy. I have no friend of said, raking ashes over the brick. frayed cuffs. whom I can borrow. If I fail it will be "You're mine-you're my sons and proved a fraudulent bankruptcy. I have been entrusted with large sums daughters, good birdies!" A pair of greedy, longing eyes were by various persons. Those sums I

have used in speculations, and lost watching her all the time through the Herald. every dollar. A time for settlement is alley window. The eyes belonged to Daniel, who had just returned from his errand and had peered in by accident. Daniel resolved to think about the matter and hastened to the library. where he found Hammond anxiously awaiting him.

"You have been long enough to go around the globe," said his master. "I had a time of finding him," said be dead, I have prevented a settlement Daniel. "Mr. James Greene was not at bave destroyed. Think you I will suf- his shop, but over in Brooklyn, seeing fer you to go free with the power and about putting up a house. But I found

will to ruin me? Do what I tell you-"What did he say?" asked Hammond. make over all your property to your "He read the note, put it in his pocket daughter, as all men now believe you very keerfully, and looked at me sharp have already done. Command your as a new cold cut chisel," said Daniel. daughter to become the wife of my "Well, what then?"

> "He took the sachel, peeped into it and smiled," said Daniel. "Then he wrote on a bit of paper, gave it to me to give to Miss Elgin, and then gave me a dollar." "He's very generous," said Ham-

mond, with a sneer. "Here's another dollar, so give me the bit of pape." Daniel produced a small note, neatly folded, and gave it to Hammond, who

opened it and read, written in pencil: J. G." "Expect me. "We'll expect him," muttered Hammond. "Now, Daniel, go relieve Stecan advance the money at your com- phen. Stay; any shipping intelligence? "Yes, sir," said Daniel. "Bark Glean-

> er coming up the bay." "Daniel, there's another dollar for your affo'd ter buy in broad daylight all de

Daniel grinned, secured the money in his vest and bowed himself out. "To be served well, pay well," said

Hammond, when alone. "I've had villains about me all my life, and they ed look. Greene must die or I must hang. Look James Greene, when dying, made me have been true to me always, because at me and say if I am one to sacrifice the guardian of his infant son, who now loves my daughter. I was false to fellow, Daniel, knows I can hang him," do it gracefully." and he might have added truthfully, "Well, come out on the back stoop "and I know he might oblige me in the and we'll try falling out of a hamsoul seemed blazing upon it in fearful possession of the property. Then I apprenticed the boy to learn the carpen- very unpleasant, and he thought of "Leave me! You look like a fiend," prenticed the boy to learn the carpens something else. He thought of his son

To be continued.

A toque formed of shaded nastur-"If James Greene loves me as I love ed James Greene and left her with an tiums was worn with an effective him, and from my soul I believe he unstained name, had you not interdoes, said Kate, gazing firmly at her fered. I do not think you dare to murcoffee colored guipure.

"And I would, by my blood! but I Humor of To:day

"Were there any practical jokes "Only by Fate."-New York Sun,

Overweening Ambition. Its new home was a twenty.

-Chicago Tribune.

His Flounderings.

"Isn't Mr. Teejus a deep thinker?" "He must be," answered Miss Cayenne. "I never heard him try to say

He-"I don't see what makes women such awful gossips. Now, a man prides himself on being a good listener."

Self-Sacrifice.

She-"That's just it. A woman likes "By my blood?" he muttered, as he which Luke replied with a mocking listen if she didn't talk?" - Detroit Free Press.

> Joy Ahead. Jenkins - "Aren't you disappointed

that your baby was a girl?" Popley-"No, indeed. I've just been -Philadelphia Ledger.

Truth Brought Home. "After all," said the moralist, "the Almighty Dollar is man's greatest en-

"If that's so," interrupted old Roxley, "I guess that young wife of mine merely loves me for the enemies I've made."-Philadelphia Press.

Why He Laughed. "Oh, George, dear, I'm so glad you've come home! We've had burglars in

Professional Amenities.



"I was really so excited that I just simply lost my voice altogether." "Wasn't that lucky! I was wonder-

Their Ancestors.

"I can trace my ancestors pack through fourteen generations," said the man with the long hair and the

"I can't," replied the man with the new suit and the patent leather shoes; "I haven't time." - Chicago Record-

The Sequ. 1. Old Friend-"Hello, Bill! Haven't seen you in ten years. The last time we met you were writing a book on 'How I Got Rich Quick.' What be- just slept, regardless of everything."

came of you after that?". Bill-"Oh, then I wrote another on 'How I Got Into Jail Quicker.' "-Detroit Free Press.

In the Fifth Avenue Parade. Respectable Deacon - "I wish tnat oung Canon Mayberry weren't obliged to preach to such a small congrega-

Frivolous Widow-"So do I. Every time he said 'Dearly beloved' this morning I felt as if I had received a proposal."-Smart Set.

Unanswerable. Maiden Aunt-"Caroline, you don't know how to train children. I've been noticing how you deal with Johnny. Nine out of every ten injunctions you

lay upon him are 'don'ts.' ' Married Niece-"Why, Aunt Abigail, nine of the Ten Commandments are 'don'ts!' "-Chicago Tribune.

A Bid For Fame. Mrs. 'Rastus Johnsing-"Dem Coon-

leys doan' nebah had chicken fo' dinnah no mo'." Mr. 'Rastus Johnsing-"Naw! Sence dev begin makin' a leetle money dey "Good!" almost shouted Hammond. bin tryin' ter make b'lieve dey kin

grub dey need."-Philadelphia Press.

A Florida Incident. "So you won't go out in a rowboat with me?" he asked, with a disappoint-

"I'm timid," she replied; "I never fell

Same Then as Now. "I wonder who was the first politician?" queried the heavyweight new

boarder. "Adam." answered the cheerful idiot. "How do you figure that out?" asked the obese party.

"He didn't have to go to work until

"WILLIAMSON'S INSOMNIA." How Taking Care of the Baby Effected a

Williamson always complained that he was a bad sleeper. In his babyhood the tendency exhibited itself in the shape of a fondness for exercise between the hours of 1 and 4 o'clock in the morning. As he grew older the somnolent characteristics of the normal boy were noticeable by their absence. The sound of rain on the roof, a creaking door, the thought of to-morrow's

examinations, could banish from him

all possibility of sleep. Mrs. Williamson's first important lesson in her married life concerned the sacredness of Wiliamson's slumbers. A mother-in-law, three sisters-in-law and a maiden aunt of her husband's all united to impress on her mind that if Charlie once fell asleep nothing short of a domestic tragedy was an excuse for awakening him. His oversleeping in the morning was to be hailed with thankfulness, as a partial atonement for the sufferings of a wakeful night. All of which Mrs. Williamson took to

heart as in duty bound. Williamson, junior, however, did not prove as tractable a pupil as his mother. Considering his inches, he had an extraordinary amount of self-assurance, and his bump of reverence seemed totally undeveloped. If he felt in the mood for roaring, he roared regardless of the hour of whose slumbers he disturbed. The room chosen for the nursery was as remote as possible from Williamson's sleeping room, and here Mrs. Williamson spent many an hour of the night in an effort to render the outcries of her son and heir inaudible

to her husband. But one time when Williamson junior was cutting his first teeth his mother had been up with him for three successive nights. Then Williamson made a proposition that would have astonished his mother and sisters and the maiden

eyes, he said, kindly: "Kitty, you look worn out. To-night you must get a good sleep. I will look after the baby." Mrs. Williamson gasped. "Why, Charlie, you won't sleep at all. The time you usually go to sleep is just his hour for starting in."

"I can stand it for one night," said Williamson. Then he added with a martyr-like air, "I sleep so little anyway that I might as well turn my wakefulness to some account."

The prospect of one night of undisturbed sleep was too tempting to be resisted. Mrs. Williamson yielded with ecstatic gratitude. She retired early that evening, having first inducted her husband into the chief mysteries connected with the care of an infant.

It seemed to her that she had hardly fallen asleep when she was aroused by the vigorous lamentations of her offspring. Her first impulse was to go to her husband's assistance, but she heroically suppressed it. She would not spoil his sacrifice. She fell asleep again, her mind full of images of Williamson heating milk and walking the floor and crooning lullabies under his breath to the red, wriggling piece of humanity who seemed on such occasions a prey to the most bitter cynicism. Occasionally through the night she was awakened by the baby's cries, but each time she sunk to sleep, with the delicious consciousness that Charlie

was doing everything necessary. The sun was high next morning when Williamson bolted into his wife's room, watch in hand. "What time have you, Kitty? My watch seems to be off."

"Why, it's 9 o'clock," gasped Mrs. Williamson. "You've overslept." Then, with commiserating tenderness, "I suppose you were so worn out, poor boy, that when he gave you a chance you Williamson looked sheepish. "To tell the truth, I never remember having had a better sleep," he said. "I was in a tranquil mood and the little fellow seemed to feel it. He never made a sound all night."

"Charlie Williamson!" shrieked his wife. "Do you mean to say that you never heard that poor child? Didn't you even feed him?"

She was answered by Williamson's guilty silence. Then, as she realized the astonishing truth, she gave herself up to helpless laughter.

The cure was two-fold. Williamson, junior, was a baby of discrimination, and that long night in which his appeals had been ignored was enough to teach him a lesson. Williamson, senior, after this episode, found it embarrassing to say much ibout his insomnia. Singular to say, his insomnia retaliated by leaving him to his own resources. At last accounts Williamson was sleeping very much like other people. But since the night he took care of the baby Mrs. Williamson has never trusted him with the care of that precious infant .-Chicago News.

The Judge of one of the Missouri County Courts went to his home the woman. "I'm not a book agent. But being made up into fascinating blouses. other afternoon, and, becoming ac- I'm selling something, and I'll bet there For morning frocks there are pretty quainted with some flagrant act of his seven-year-old son, summoned the lad before him. "Now, sir, lay off your coat," he said, sternly. "I am going to give you a whipping that you will hues. remember as long as you live." "If it pleases your Honor," said the boy, "we desire to ask a stay of the proceed- the ribbon. "Before I take off the ings in this case until we can prepare and file a change of venue to mother's court. Our application will be based on the belief that this court has formed an opinion regarding the guilt of the defendant which cannot be shaken by evidence, and is therefore not competent to try the case." Stay was five cents attorney fee,-Columbia (Mo.) Herald.

Moscow is situated almost in the geo metrical centre of European Russia,

NO. 48.

A Woman May Be Independent. If a woman can make preserves, pickles or pound cake, and secure purchasers; if she can knit shawls, sweaters and slumber shoes, if she can raise poultry or Angora cats, if she can, in brief, send out from her home any product whatever that people want and will pay for, she need not be worried. She will lie down at night tired and complacent, and while retaining her grasp on the home in its essentials, she will not feel that she is a pensioner on her husband's bounty. No wife should ever acknowledge that she feels herself this; no wife ever is this in any true sense. A wife is neither mendicant nor pensioner, but, unfortunately, many wives acutely feel, and silently resent, the blundering attitude of otherwise good husbands in this commonplace particular. Would that the good men's eyes were opened!-Margaret E. Sang-

In Cases of Accident.

ster, in Woman's Home Companion.

A careful materfamilias has in her medicine closet, which hangs on the bath room wall, a little roll of soft old kerchiefs and napkins, several rolls of ing carelessness in the large hat will flannel pieces, another roll of old handthe sterilized narrow bandages sold by appear just plain untidiness in the the druggist in sealed wrappers, a roll of surgeon's plaster, a package of absorbent cotton and a bottle of boiled carbolized water. The trouble is that the family

in which nothing ever happens, while glance whether you are wearing one Looking across the table at his wife's the house across the way, which is or not.—Newark Advertiser. pretty, tired face, the dark lines of run in a "catch-as-catch-can" style, is will place yourself in the vestibule. Af- and beat the janitor dreadfully! What weariness giving a new luster to her always coming down with cuts, bruises Open work embroidery on cloth and and burns, boils and all other lament- silk as well as upon linen and heavy able human ills. However, as the proprietor of the first aid to the injured cabinet says, "It's better to be ready and not be hurt, than to be hurt and fine lawn, and trimmed in Valennot be ready."-New York Evening Sun. ciennes. Shepherds' checks, with trim-

Bride-Elect's House Linen.

The mind of the bride-elect turns naturally to her house linen, her trousseau being, of course, completed, says the Newark, N. J., Advertiser. The sets, their beauty never having been broideries are lavishly used on them. Some are fraught with the very air of the Orient, and those of Chinese grass cloth, embroidered in characteristic designs in silky white cotton, are indeed flat, plain brim. beautiful. The girl who can will surely possess luncheon sets in Byzantine point Arab, cluny or in the new lace called Italian neapolitan. In the direction of table covers there are many exclusive and beautiful designs, while in knotted at the left front. bed linen one may range from the summits of luxury, as represented by sheets, to the levels of simplicity. Indeed, all of the linen shown could not possibly be excelled in beauty. The brides should glory in their fortune in having such a glorious selection.

Woman Versus Man.

It seems to me that woman's excellence (and I have been using the word always in its proper meaning to denote superiority), lies in three things: A certain fineness and delicacy of physi- have not even a facing, the dainty, cal organization and balance; a certain deep and sensitive power of intellectual and moral sympathy, and a certain firm and gentle faculty of social order and rule. I believe that nature gives the germ and potency of these things to her more fully and more richly than to man, at the beginning of life. I believe that they are native and inherent capacities wherein the normal feminine excels the normal masculine. But that is not the point, and so we may evade, for the present, the somewhat fierce and perilous discussion which swirls around it. Whether these excellences are inherent or acquired, they are certainly desirable. They fit and adorn a woman for the place and the privileges which belong to her in civilized society. And the course of life, the method of training and education, which develops these things in a girl is the way to womanhood.-Henry van Dyke, in Harper's Bazar.

Making Fudge For a Living.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said the young woman, placing a suit case on a vacant desk in a downtown office. The half dozen men in the room looked up from their work.

"I've got something here that will interest you," went on the young woman, all the while unfastening the straps of the suit case.

"Don't worry," responded the young isn't one of you can guess what." At last the suit case was opened. It

us," said one man.

boxes, tied with ribbons of different "Here we are," went on the young

woman, taking out a box and untying cover I want to say to you all that this is the best article of its kind on the market-home-made fudge. Just try a piece," she urged, going from one to the other with the box. Everybody took a box at twenty-five the present fashion for exaggerated

cents each. The young woman said her fulness about the feet. mother, her sister and herself made the Too many of the white muslins are granted, and the boy allowed twenty- fudge at home. She was the traveling trimmed with lace which does not launhit, for every day she sold all the fam- thin gowns are so decorated, as are ily could make .- New York Sun,

About the Hair and Hat. Of course, the Easter bonnet is one of the all-absorbing subjects at this writing. Never before have the hair and the hat been so dependent one upon the other, and the shape and style of hat that the fashionable leaders of society are selecting depend entirely upon the

mode in which the hair is dressed. The pompadour dressing still prevails, but in its later phases it is much smaller, doubtless to accord with the much smaller chapeaux that the best milliners in Paris are pushing upon their clients just now. And these smaller hats will make quite a difference in the mode and manner of dressing the hair.

When the large picture hats were worn and the big and shady shepherdesses, a stray lock or two of hair did not look at all untidy. Indeed, if it were curly it added quite a charm, and straggling locks twisting their curly way around the face took away somewhat from the severity of outline of the large velvet picture hat. But in the smaller ones they make for quite a different effect, and what was charmsmaller. Therefore, one ought to be thankful for these novel coiffure nets. They are made of real human hair, and when you have carefully matched the tint of your own locks in one of these equipped for all emergencies is the one nets, it will be hard to tell at a passing

> For Little Girls. cottons enters into the new coats, and there are delectable coats of allover open work embroidery, or Swiss or mings of plain bright color and soutache, are made up into cunning coats for little tots, but are hardly so attractive as the plain woolens.

Hats for the small girl are as a rule slightly smaller than last year's, folshops are dealing in exquisite linen lowing the tendency of millinery for grown-ups. The lingerie hats with excelled. Italian filet and English em- Tam crown and full brim are more popular and more beautiful than ever; and as a concession to the open work embroidery fad one sees many bats of linen or pique with flat Tam crown and

The crown is ornamented with open work buttonhole embroidery and the brim has a border of this embroidery and scalloped buttonhole edges. Soft silk is folded around the crown and

Embroidered pique, not open work, is made up in the same way, and often drawn work and hand embroidered the brims of these rather severe little hats are faced with shirred lawn or overlapping frills of narrow Valenciennes. Lingerie hats in this shape, but formed entirely of Valenciennes frills on ruffled edgings, are liked, and there are some pretty shapes in corded mull and lawn.

The variations run upon the poke bonnet are legion, and straw is more used for these than it has been in many seasons. Some of the models fancy straw being left to frame the face, with a cluster of blossoms tucked in against the hair.

Flowers and the softest of ribbons are the accepted trimmings, tiny roses and small field flowers having the preference. Some shirred Napoleonic shapes are shown. Dutch bonnets are picturesque when becoming, and there are, of course, many straight brim and roll brim sailors .- New York Sun.



leeves up to date. Wistaria blooms on a good many of the summer fabrics.

Lingerie robes and blouses will be more worn than ever. Those buff cottons are going to be

trying to most complexions. Fuchsia pink blended with lilac is particularly good in millinery. One must walk behind the modern

hat in order to thoroughly enjoy it. Particularly smart is a check in "It'll be useless to spring a book on brown, dark blue and creamy white. Mull, with balls instead of dots, is

girdles and stocks of plaid ribbon.

A fetching fashion is the little tulle was packed with neat pasteboard bow worn at the side beneath the chin. Delicate fichus of hand-embroidered batiste are the latest accessory shown. The little bolero of embroidered linen will be worn with any thin white dress. Dainty little lace-trimmed slips of colored silk are to be had ready-made. The demand for a graceful spring at the hip-line has revived the circular

and umbrella skirts, modified to meet

salesman of the firm, having given up der as well as Valenciennes. One does a job as typewriter to do this work. not care to see Rennaisance motives in-So far, she said, she had made a big set among mull tucks. A number of also many handkerchief linen blouses.