

# Shell Wilden.

A ROMANCE

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"Why are you not with Mrs. Wilden and the others?" he continues kindly, as he follows Shell into the drawing-room, which looks bare and desolate, for Shell has not found courage even to renew the flowers during the past few days.

"I did not wish to go," she explains vaguely, as she seats herself on a low chair and takes puse on her knee. "I thought it would be so stupid and dull on the moor."

Robert Champey stares at her with an amused smile.

"Surely it could not be much duller than you are here?" he ventures with a laugh; and then adds almost sternly, "You ought not to have been left here alone."

"But I wouldn't go!" reiterates Shell decidedly. "It is nobody's fault but my own; they were all very much vexed with me for not going, only—I preferred remaining behind."

"I am afraid you must be a very determined young lady."

"Yes, I am very obstinate," assents Shell, applying the most obnoxious term she can think of to her decision of character; then, anxious to be done with personalities, she continues, "But you came with a message. How are they all getting on at Oakford?"

For a moment there is a look of keen annoyance on Robert Champey's face, then he laughs off the question gaily.

"Oh your sister seems charmed with the moor; Mrs. Wilden not quite so enchanted; whilst Miss Flower, I hear, has threatened more than once to run away! Amongst other troubles, it seems she is suffering intensely from cold—not having come sufficiently supplied with wraps for the keen bracing air. I am charged with a note begging you to send her all the furs you can lay your hands on—she declares the Arctic regions must be tropical compared with Oakford!"

"Vi is always shivery," laughs Shell, as she takes the small tinted note, redolent of orris-root, and scans the hastily-scribbled lines. "Well, it won't take me long to gather up her bundle of wraps. How does she want them sent, I wonder?"

"By train to Limpley station, thence by the carrier to Oakford, I suppose," answers Mr. Champey briskly; then, seeing Shell's involuntary start of surprise, he adds, "I should have been very pleased to take them had I been going that way."

Shell still stares at him in open-eyed amazement.

"I thought you were going to spend the summer at Oakford?" she falters; and then a faint smile puckers up her mouth—she cannot help feeling amused at the unexpected turn events are taking.

"Yes; true—I had intended to do so," answers Robert Champey in a slow thoughtful voice, "but I have changed my mind. The children seem so thoroughly happy at the farm that I thought I would take advantage of their being there to take a short run on the continent. Your sister, Miss Wilden, has been, as usual, particularly kind—she has offered to keep an eye on the little ones—so I feel that they are perfectly safe." He finishes his statement with a deep-drawn sigh; and Shell blushes crimson in the gathering twilight as she realizes the fact that he has been driven abroad by Ruby's pertinacity.

"Would they not have been safer at Champey House with Mrs. Tolley to look after them?" ventures Shell dubiously.

Again the father sighs.

"I think the air up there is good for Meg," he answers, drawing his hand slowly across his brow; "the child has not been herself of late—even Rob has turned listless with the heat; but I don't doubt I shall find them strong enough on my return—the Oakmoor air is better than any medicine."

"And yet you are running away from it!" laughs Shell mischievously.

"A week of it seemed enough for Ted," explains Mr. Champey, throwing the onus of his departure on his brother's innocent shoulders. "We thought we should have time for a rush through Switzerland before the long vacation. Ted has never been to Switzerland."

"I hope you both will enjoy it," remarks Shell tamely.

Then there ensues an awkward pause—neither guest nor hostess seems to have any further remark to make till Robert Champey's eyes, traveling round the room in search of an object, light upon the piano.

"You were discoursing very sweet music when I broke in upon your solitude," he says, with a quick smile.

"Yes, I was making as much noise as possible to drown my feeling of loneliness," laughs Shell.

"Perhaps it was indiscreet of me, but I listened to your music for fully ten minutes before knocking at the door. I am particularly partial to good music, and it is not often that I get a chance of listening to any so well worth hearing. I could not imagine who was playing—somehow I was under an erroneous impression that Miss Wilden was par excellence the musician of the family."

"Oh, my playing is nothing much!" answers Shell brusquely.

"You are wounding my feelings, for I consider myself a good judge," laughs her companion; "only I should very much like to know why you so persistently put yourself in the back-ground."

"Oh, because putting oneself forward is such a bore!" scoffs Shell. "If people know you can play, you are always being made useful in one way or another."

"Isn't that rather a selfish way to look at it?" asks Mr. Champey gravely.

"Surely it was intended that we should all be useful to our fellow-creatures so far as lies in our power," Shell laughs a little mocking laugh.

"Of course it is very meritorious to be unselfish," she says flippantly; "but I am not given to self-sacrifice, and I am afraid I don't love my fellow-creatures as I ought." Whilst she is speaking a single knock at the door is heard, and again she breaks into a laugh. "Ah, there is Susan—she is a fellow-creature of course, and at the present moment I feel full of love for her, but I am afraid my motive is a selfish one! You see, I was so awfully afraid that something had happened to her which would have been awkward for me, to say the least of it; and she hurries into the hall to admit the long-looked for Susan."

"You are an enigma," remarks Robert Champey, who, having followed Shell to the door, now holds her hand in his, and gazes down at her with thoughtful, puzzled eyes.

"Am I? How horrid! I never found out an enigma in the whole course of my life—I think them so dreadfully stupid."

"You are not stupid; and I rather like enigmas," returned Robert Champey, falling into a reflection of her own mood—"that is, it amuses me to find them out. By the way, Bob and Meg loaded me with the most affectionate messages for you."

"Did they? How queer!" answers Shell carelessly.

"I don't see anything queer about it," says Robert Champey coldly. They have very affectionate natures, poor little things, and I imagine that you have been kind to them!"

"Have I?" muses Shell in speculative tones. "If so it must have been very passive kindness."

"I am not so sure of that; but I must be going now—I feel that I leave you in some kind of safety, now your maid has returned—but really this place is in too lonely a position for you to be living as you are doing, almost alone."

"Oh, we are safe enough!" laughs Shell. "There is nothing at the Wilderness to tempt robbers; and I am not as a rule a nervous person, although you found me in such an affected fright. Good night;" and she holds out her hand in a limp and indifferent way to be shaken.

"Good night," he says, earnestly, as he presses it.

"Good night," laughs Shell, "and happy journey!"

"You are rather premature in your wish. I shall not be leaving home for two or three days."

"Never mind—happy journey when you do start!" persists Shell, with a careless nod, as he moves away.

"A strange girl," muses Robert Champey, as he pauses in the drive to light a cigar—"one of the most unaccountable characters I ever came across. She makes herself out a kind of savage, and yet the children adore her. I wonder what induced her to remain all alone in that big house when the rest took to the moor. By the way, what a nuisance that they fixed upon my neighborhood, and so literally drove me away from my hiding-place! I hope the children will be all right—I do wish Miss Wilden would leave them alone—however, that she evidently won't do. I think I shall have to charter a yacht—she couldn't follow us then"—with an impatient laugh.

"By the way, how remarkably well that little Shell plays! I have half a mind to make same excuse for a call at the Wilderness in the morning—wonder if she would play for me? Don't think so, but I'll have a try."

CHAPTER XI.

Robert Champey is not as a rule given to thinking much about his neighbors' concerns, yet the vision of Shell, startled and pale, as she stood before him in the gathering gloom of the hall at the Wilderness, rises more than once and confronts him during the wakeful watches of that summer night.

When breakfast is over the next morning, and the brothers are enjoying their pipes together with the news of the day, under the rose-wreathed verandah which shelters the dining-room windows of Champey House, Robert suddenly breaks the silence.

"I am going over to the Wilderness—will you come?" he asks, addressing his brother.

"To the Wilderness?" repeats Ted in amazement. "Why, what's up? You went to the Wilderness last evening."

"That is no reason why I shouldn't go again this morning!" laughs Robert.

"Not the slightest," assents Ted,

with a lazy shrug of his shoulders. "If you have a fancy for stinging-nettles, it may be a weakness on my part, but I have a particular aversion to prickly young women, and Mademoiselle Shell is a perfect hedgehog."

"Then you won't come?"

"Not if I know it; and you can hint to the young lady that she has lost the pleasure of my company entirely through her waspishness of disposition—perhaps then she will mend her ways."

"Yes, that would be likely to make a strong impression on her. I should think," says the elder brother derisively, as he clears the ashes from his pipe and prepares for departure. "The fact is," he continues in explanation, "I think Shell ought to join her mother at Oakford; it is really not safe for her to remain here all alone."

"Oh, she is safe enough! Nobody who has had one interview with her is likely to molest her a second time," scoffs Ted. "However, if she is weighing on your mind you had certainly better get rid of her before we start; so go and give her the benefit of your opinion, if you dare—you always were of a somewhat Quixotic nature."

"Not in the least," returns Robert seriously. "Only where duty so plainly leads one must needs follow."

"Capital sentiment, no doubt, for the head of a family," draws Ted. "If ever I marry, I hope a sense of my responsibility will fall upon me at the same time. At present my duty plainly leads me to pack, and not to moralize with Shell on the impropriety of her conduct."

"You are a lazy dog, Ted, and no mistake!" laughs Robert Champey, looking down with an indulgent smile at his younger brother, who, instead of bestirring himself for the talked-of packing, has sunk down upon the close-shaven green slope leading to the veranda, and is almost lost to view under the widespread sheet of the Times.

"I am thankful for small mercies," responds Ted, in a tone of unmerited persecution. "Your speech would have been more annihilating had you substituted the word 'puppy' for 'dog.' Now speed you on your way—I have no earthly wish to detain you—and tell Miss Shell, with my best respects, that she is quite welcome to the moor, now we have done with it!"

"All right!" laughs Robert; and the next moment he is walking briskly down the avenue.

As he nears the Wilderness, however, his pace slackens. After all, what business is it that Shell chooses to remain at home instead of joining her mother and sister? May she not feel justly annoyed at his interference, and resent it as sheer impertinence? And yet he cannot somehow feel justified in going away and leaving her unprotected. She has been kind to his children—their little hearts seem full of her—her name trips from their tongues twenty times a day; and yet—incomprehensible girl that she is—she never seems to care one jot about them; and, if she speaks of them at all, deems them by her tone "little nuisances."

Well, duty is duty—she can misconstrue him if she will, laugh at him if it so pleases her, but he will have his say, and just tell her plainly and seriously that she ought to go to Oakford.

With this resolution uppermost in his mind he mounts the large, flat doorstep and pulls the bell. As a rule, when the whole family are at home, the hall door stands open to admit the summer sunshine—now it is closed, and Robert Champey notes with a sigh that it badly wants a coat of paint.

(To be Continued.)

## USES FOR WROUGHT IRON.

The adaptability of wrought iron work to interior decoration seems now to be both understood and appreciated if we are to judge from the extreme beauty of many of the designs and the skillful manner in which they are applied to very various uses. It gives a bold handsome effect without in any way becoming obtrusive or aggressive, as is the case with other metal work, and may be employed for the simplest purposes, as, for instance, the handles, finger plates and hinges of doors, stair rods, fenders, fire irons, etc.

What could be in better taste than wrought-iron electric fitting or lamp for hall, dining room and library? An oak sideboard, with hinges and handles of wrought iron, or a bedroom suite treated in like manner, has a quaint, uncommon effect, while a door gains immensely in appearance by having panels of wrought iron. If an entrance door is treated in this way a wise arrangement is to have the glass behind the panel made to open inward, like a casement window, and then, by leaving it open occasionally, the house can be most efficiently ventilated.

In a hall, where it is sometimes necessary to have a portion divided by curtains, an archway of wrought iron, has a much more telling effect than the usual arrangement of woodwork, and when draped with rich velvet portieres it makes an extremely handsome feature.

The curbs and fire-irons in iron are specially designed to suit the various styles of furniture and, being durable and easily kept in order, they are naturally becoming deservedly popular.

## Christ's Word.

Heaven and earth may pass, but the word of the Christ shall never pass; and there is no peace and welfare for us, save in the glad recognition of the bond that unites us with our brother men.—Rev. W. Gladden.

There are four sovereigns and nine heirs apparent among the fifty-seven living descendants of Queen Victoria.

## A DISASTROUS COLLISION

### Two Freight Trains Come Together With Fearful Results.

### THREE EMPLOYEES KILLED

#### Others So Badly Hurt that They Cannot Recover—A Large Number of Sheep Killed—Wreck and Ruin that Will Be Expensive to the Railroad Company.

A disastrous wreck occurred on the B. & M. road at Indianola. Freight train No. 147 and the second section of No. 4, a fast stock train, collided on a sharp curve, just west of that place.

The dead are:

SOLOMON BRACE, Holdrege, engineer of train 147.

EDWARD WATERS, fireman of the head end engine of stock special, McCook.

WILLIAM M'CARL, head brakeman of stock special, McCook.

The wounded are:

Frank Hansen, Hastings, engineer of second engine of stock special, international and serious.

Charles Lundberg, Hastings, fireman of second engine stock special, arm broken.

John L. Burton, McCook, engineer of head engine of stock special, internal injuries and may not live.

It was a terribly foggy morning and it was almost impossible for the trainmen to see more than two rods ahead. Passenger train No. 4 came into Indianola from the west, and after making transfers, pulled ahead and backed in on the side track, letting freight train No. 147 take the main line. Just as No. 4 was pulling out of the siding east and No. 147 was pulling out of the town west, a stock special drawn by two engines was noticed coming at high speed around the curve. The trainmen who were fortunate enough to see the approaching train had barely time to jump and save their lives before the two trains met with terrific force.

The tremendous report of the disastrous collision had hardly died away before three engines were piled in a heap and heart-rending moans were heard from the dying trainmen who were beneath the ruins.

The impact was something terrible and the freight was driven back with such force as to send the rear end against the passenger train as it was about to leave the switch. Fortunately the engineer of the passenger train, what was coming and brought his train to a standstill in time to prevent its collision with the coaches and by so doing saved many lives. As it was the force of the collision smashed in the side of the mail car and did considerable damage to the engine. It is said that one of the things which prevented the passenger from getting into the midst of the collision is that it backed on the side track instead of keeping the main line as is usually the case.

The wreck presented a ghastly sight as there are sixteen cars of sheep in the stock train and of this number six cars are smashed almost to a pulp and hundreds of sheep were crushed to a jelly. Everything within reasonable distance of the wreck was splattered and besmeared with blood.

Will McCarl, the brakeman who was killed, was at one time a resident of Hastings, but a few years ago he moved to McCook. Engineer Anson was taken to McCook and placed under a physician's care, but he is so badly injured that it is thought he cannot survive. Mr. Anson is a resident of Hastings and has a wife and family there. The railroad company did everything in its power for the unfortunate dead and injured. The remains of the dead were taken to McCook to await further orders. The injured were also taken to that city to be placed under the immediate care of a physician.

So far as yet known the blame of the accident has not been fixed and if it has it has not been made public. All day long the wrecking crew had a full force of men busily engaged in clearing away the ruins, which resemble a conglomeration of iron, steel, coal and wood besmeared with blood.

## Revenue Rulings.

J. E. Houtz, collector of internal revenue for this district, desires that certain of the rulings made by the revenue commissioner, N. B. Scott, be emphasized for the information of taxpayers and also in order to make the general understanding of certain provisions of the law more complete. The many perplexing questions that have arisen under interpretations of the law have rendered it necessary for the revenue commissioner to publish circulars giving rulings on disputed points. The first one was issued July 13 and contains sixty-two separate decisions. On August 16, it was found necessary to again issue further findings and the number of rulings was then increased to 167.

Among the things which Mr. Houtz desires to call attention of the public to are the following:

Cheating gum must be sold from the original stamped packages and it may not be taken out of the packages and put in a show case.

There is a tax on county fairs, parks, baseball and football fields and any place where an admission fee is charged or seats sold.

A certificate of acknowledgment to a deed where the consideration of the deed is \$100 or less, or to a mortgage where the consideration is \$1,000 or less does not require any stamp.

Certificates required by law, which are made by court officers under the direction and authority of the court, and which are necessary to give proper effect to court proceedings are exempt.

Court processes, such as summonses, writs of attachment, subpoenas, warrants, orders of the court, etc., are not required to be stamped.

An order payable or redeemable in merchandise only (and not in money) does not require the two-cent stamp. Tickets received at a bank and paid the same as checks are regarded as in effect orders for the payment of money.

Original lease requires a stamp. No stamp is required on copy executed by the parties at the time of the original lease.

This collection of revenue from the district comprising Nebraska and the two Dakotas for the three months during which the law has been in operation have amounted to nearly a million dollars. The sums are as follows: July, \$372,076.01; August, \$325,733.78; September, \$29,961.95; total, \$977,771.64.

## THE NEBRASKA SHEEP INDUSTRY.

### It Is Reaching Great Proportions in Some Localities.

Grand Island correspondence of the Omaha Bee: The sheep raising industry in Hall and Buffalo counties is now reaching wonderful proportions since the passage of a large amount of capital. That the business pays is evidenced by the fact that those who raised or bought and fed sheep here last year are engaging more extensively in the sheep business this year.

Robert Taylor, who has established a ranch of 10,000 acres about seven miles northwest of Grand Island, is now known as the "Mutton King," as he is said to own a larger number of sheep than any other individual in the United States. Mr. Taylor is a sheep raiser instead of a speculator. He has established large breeding ranches in Wyoming, and now owns 90,000 head of sheep, most of them of thoroughbred or high grade stock. The ranch in Hall county is fitted up to handle 20,000 head, most of which are now on hand here. To get the ranch in shape to handle the business Mr. Taylor has put up new buildings at a total cost of \$50,000. This includes a feeding shed 120 by 288 feet in size, another 65 by 112 feet and numerous smaller ones; a double crib, 84 by 120 feet in size, with a capacity of 40,000 bushels of corn; a storage house 34 by 200 feet, with full size basement, which will be filled with beet.

Besides these there are large barns and houses, water tanks, dipping plants and other conveniences, making up what is considered to be the most complete sheep ranch in the entire country. The buildings are all substantially built, the so-called sheds being solidly enclosed buildings, lighted by windows and roofed with sheeting and galvanized iron roofing. In the construction of new buildings this year alone Mr. Taylor has used forty cars of lumber, four carloads of hardware and roofing. The new fencing bought also amounted to four carloads.

This mammoth ranch employs forty hands and requires the use of forty head of horses. A large number of bays and many milch cows are also kept. The intention of the owner is to seed the entire 10,000 acres to alfalfa. The acreage in alfalfa this year was about 500 and about 1,000 tons of the season's cut is stored for winter use.

The buildings on the ranch are most of them finished and all will be completed before November 1. Everything is constructed on the most substantial and convenient plan. An insurance policy was recently taken out in one of the big eastern companies, and, covering the buildings, machinery and stock on the ranch, which is said to be the largest risk ever taken in a single policy in this part of the western country. The amount named in the policy is \$80,000 and the premium paid was over \$1,300.

Just across the line in Buffalo county is another mammoth sheep ranch where a large number of sheep were fed last year and where arrangements have been made to purchase 150,000 head from the western ranges and to feed them through the winter. The net profit on a transaction of this sort is figured at 40 cents per head for the feeding season, lasting less than five months, making a total profit of \$50,000. When the provisions of the tariff bill leads to the investment of so much money, the employment of so many hands and the clearing of such handsome profits for both the large and small feeders all over the state, much wonder is expressed that there should be any in Nebraska so shortsighted as to vote for a free trade party at the coming election and thus strike a blow at this immense industry.

## Supreme Court Decisions.

Among the opinions just handed down by the supreme court is one reversing and remanding the case where T. P. Kennard was allowed \$13,521.99 for collecting certain money from the general government. The court holds that in the joint resolution that was passed in 1873, which authorized the employment of a collector, there was a special "inhibition of the employment of an agent to collect the 5 per cent cash school fund accruing to the state," and Kennard's claim being based on the collection of this fund he could not recover.

In the case where Herman Granger of Sheridan county was sentenced to the penitentiary for stealing a cow, and who came to the supreme court with a plea that the bill making cattle stealing a felony improperly passed the legislature, the court holds that, "Where from the journals of both the branches of the legislature, and from the copy of the bill sent to the governor for approval and by him approved, and which was attested by the proper officers of both houses it is shown that a certain bill was properly passed, that fact cannot be destroyed by the introduction in evidence of what is agreed between the litigants was the bill originally introduced and memoranda thereon indorsed tending to show that the bill approved and attested was not the one really passed by both houses."

## Notes.

While riding in the country near Shelton on a tandem John Towne and Jess Lee ran into a rut and were both thrown on to the hard ground with such force as to break Lee's collar bone and fearfully bruise and cut both men's faces and heads. The bicycle was wrecked.

Ivan Simonton, a teacher in the Superior public schools, shot John Jones, an ex-marshall, through the arm, inflicting a bad wound. Simonton unmercifully beat Jones' boy in the school room and Jones was attempting to square the account.

The Platte River conference of the United Evangelical church, with headquarters at Blue Springs, filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state today. The incorporators are: S. B. Dilow, T. W. Serf, A. W. Schenberger, M. B. Young and M. T. Mass.

## WEDDING GOWNS FOR RENT.

### Curious Shop Supplies the East Side with Nuptial Finery.

This is the alluring sign on the outside of a little shop in Market street which attracts the attention of young women of the east side whose blissful anticipations of marriage are somewhat alloyed by their inability to provide themselves with the bridal finery which is the desire of every feminine heart, irrespective of outward rank or condition, says the New York Press.

Doubtless there may be just as much sentiment and sacredness in a marriage ceremony wherein the bride wears a dull-colored gown that has seen service under other circumstances as if she wore shimmering folds of satin, but the satin gown will be a coveted object none the less, even when known to be unobtainable. The proprietor of the shop in Market street does not pose as a philanthropist, but she supplies a demand not otherwise provided for. Shrewdly guessing that satin only would be far enough beyond the reach of the average east side bride to tempt her to hire a dress for a wedding, she keeps no other kind on hand. The satin, however, is of various grades and prices and the gowns vary in elegance of style. "You want a wedding dress?" she observes as an embarrassed young woman makes known her business. "Yes, I have 'em. What kind do you want? You want a new one, never worn before—and nice? That will cost you \$12. Too much? Why, the dress is elegant, full and long, and beautiful lace on it. Yes, I supply a veil with that and these beautiful flowers," taking a cluster of artificial orange blossoms from the case. "Of course, if you want something not so elegant, I give you a nice dress for \$10 or maybe \$8." "New?" "Yes, clean and nice." "How much for one that's been worn?" "Oh, \$5 or \$6. Not dirty, either; just a little about the bottom. I got one worn only three times, by nice young ladies, too." If the bride-to-be is anxious to make an impression on her acquaintances with the splendor of her bridal finery she has the dress sent home several days before the wedding and displays it as the chef-d'oeuvre of her limited trousseau. There are those who may suggest that it is only a temporary possession of the bride, but any suggestion to that effect is indignantly spurned. The owner of the wedding dress never loses sight of it unless she has ample guarantee of the responsibility of the parties hiring it, and when the ceremony is over she is on hand to take care of it, and the bride has no further worry about it. Once in a while the gayety at a wedding where there is a hired gown becomes somewhat boisterous, and in the confusion there may be spots or even rents that mar the pristine freshness of the garment, for every one of which madame demands extra compensation; and if she doesn't get it there is a bridal couple in the police court the next day, but she usually does.

## Good Reason to Hurry.

The trials of a musical accompanist are many, if we may credit all the stories told of them. A young professional recently played accompaniments for the performers at a private entertainment for a fashionable charity, lasting for nearly two hours. "Here, you see, I have no chance to take a breath for ten bars," said the amateur flute-player, indicating to the accompanist a passage in his opening solo. "There are a number of such places in my solo, and if you'll hurry the time whenever you come to them, it will be a relief to my wife, for all my family are subject to apoplexy, and I've already had one slight attack."

## Closely Related.

The Spectator tells a story to show how elastic are Irish ideas of relationship: "Do you know Pat Meehan?" a peasant was asked. "Of course I do," was the answer. "Why, he's a near relation of mine. He wance proposed for my sister Kate."

## FASHION'S FANCIES.

Black ribbon velvet true-lover's knots, in spite of their long popularity, seem to have taken a new lease of life and promise to make their appearance in the most persistent fashion upon nine out of ten of the newest hats. Very frequently a big bow of this kind forms the center of the trimming upon a hat, with possibly two large black or white ostrich feathers curving away on either side.

Paris, having loved blue very dearly, smiled persistently on black and white, is now turning much of her attention to red, and the best of her satin foulard gowns appear in this color spotted with white. They are invariably made on a simple plan; the skirt with a single flounce, the bodice crossed over on the bust to show a chemisette of ceru mullin, slightly pouching in the front, with a very narrow belt, and crowned with a hat turned off from the face trimmed with indispensable cherries.

The long jeweled chains have by no means gone out of fashion yet, though perhaps there is not quite so marked a craze for them as a few months back. Pink coral, strung in long ropes, is most becoming when worn with a pink or white evening toilet, and at a smart dance recently a girl in coral pink embroidered chiton was all hung about with ropes of fine coral. They looked newer than gold chains or pearls ropes, and had the merit of being genuine, which the latter rarely are in these days of imitations.

The only difference between meddling and investigating is that you always investigate and the other fellow meddles.