



MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

BY ST. GEORGE DATHBONE
AUTHOR OF "SOUTHERN LIFE" AND "THE NEW YORKER"

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Ah, it will not be for some time, senorita—and the man who seeks it runs a good chance of losing his own, be he peon or master, Barcelona, the bull-fighter, or Senor Lopez, the Hidalgo. My life belongs to myself—I will defend it against all comers. I am well armed, senorita."

His manner is quiet, not boasting, but thoroughly convincing. She looks at him with the deepest of admiration showing in her eyes, for although a Mexican girl may admire a handsome man, she adores a brave one, and Senor Dick has proved himself to be such more than once to the knowledge of the senorita.

"I know you do not fear him—that is what makes me shiver, for one of you must fall. There is the wicked Barcelona, too—he has also sworn against you. Once he is the idol of the people here—there is a change—he feels it—what have you done to bring it about?"

"He tried to down me, and fortune was my friend. I proved more lucky and by means of a wrestling trick threw him on his back."

"You humiliated Tordas before all the people, and he will never forgive you for that; he is only awaiting his time to secure revenge. Tell me, Senor Dick, do you mean to stand up for the American girl in her effort to hold the mine?"

"It is a plain question and demands a straight answer, which Dick is ready to give."

"I have so determined; it is an outrage to see men making a combine against a young girl. The property is rightfully hers—the courts will so decide every time. Your father's purpose is to rule or ruin. He had better take care—we are already in communication with President Diaz, whom I know personally, having fought at his side during the revolution that brought him into power. Senor Lopez will go too far, and find

So he heads for the caravansary at which they have put up. As is customary, in this country, meals are taken at a neighboring restaurant.

It is astonishing to see how quickly night comes, once the sun has sunk behind the mountains that guard the Valley de los Remedios. Dick halts once to watch the tricks of some monkeys that a roving Italian has brought from the South and educated. When he goes on again he finds lamps lighted, and the blackness of night fallen upon the Mexican capital, for this is the time of year when the days are shortest.

Dick knows well that where there is darkness in a Mexican city there lurks danger—the life of a foreigner is not esteemed of the highest importance, and a footpad would not hesitate to use his machete if assured that his intended victim was a Yengee. Ever since the war with Mexico in the forties, the lower classes have cherished a bitter feeling against their American cousins across the Rio Grande, and this occasionally crops out.

Hence it is that Dick, while wandering along the dark street, keeps one hand on a weapon. It is well to be thus prepared for danger, for it springs upon him suddenly. A man with a tread like that of the velvet-footed jaguar issues from behind a flight of steps; he does not attempt to close with the American, though doubtless armed with the murderous cuchillo, a knife more deadly in its work than any known on earth.

Instead, this mysterious assailant gives a toss of his arms, a sudden flint that would be meaningless unless we remember that here we are in the land of the lasso, which is cast with a precision most astonishing and remarkable.

Thus a ring of tough rope drops over the head and shoulders of the American without the least warning, and it is thrown by a master hand, for when it reaches a certain point a quick jerk secures it, and Dick's arms are fastened to his sides.

Then comes a tremendous jerk, that throws him over on his back upon the flags.



THE MAN IS THROWN BY SURPRISE

himself in the Black Hole some morning.

The girl gives a sigh. "I see you will not retreat—you do not know or appreciate the dangers arrayed against you. I am glad you have met, glad to have this opportunity of warning you. Why my father hates you so I do not know."

"I can give more than one guess, senorita," then, as she lets her veil fall to hide her confusion, "but the cause has little to do with it now. I am warned—I am always on the watch—I go well armed, and feel capable of defending my own. Let that console you, senorita."

"Good-by," she says, in her soft Spanish, and he takes her hand and raises it to his lips, as might a knightly courtier of old.

When he resumes his walk, after watching the trim figure of the veiled senorita enter her carriage, that has stood near-by, Dick has new subjects for serious thought. He is no fool—the great admiration of this woman or girl shines in her glorious black eyes, and breathes in the soft cadences of her voice. He likes it not, since he himself is so desperately in love with another. It must mean harm to Miss Pauline in the end. Besides, he cannot remember the time when he admired dark women—the fair girl always excited admiration on his part.

Soon he strikes the Paseo, where vehicles are already rolling, and here Dick gives himself up to observation. He knows very few people in all the City of Mexico, and yet he has been here a number of times. Americans find it hard to enter the first circles of Mexican residents, whose houses are, like those of Spanish grandees, their castles, and in which the women folks keep secluded most of the time.

"Ah, Miss Pauline has changed her mind—her headcase must have gotten better," says Dick, as he bows to Miss Westley and Dora, who, seated in a small phaeton, drive past him; the vehicle is so limited in size that it is already filled, so there is no chance for a fellow of his make-up.

"The only thing we could get," calls out the lady, as they pass him, and he bows again.

"Wonder where Bob went—strange he didn't say a word to me about going. That fellow is changed since he fell in love—he used to be so frank and confidential, and now he is secretive. I reckon it does make a difference in a man, though, for that matter, I don't notice it in myself."

So he strolls up and down and smokes several cigars, watching the parade, and in reality keeping an eye out for Moss Pauline, but if they do return, he has missed them in the crush, and he makes up his mind, as the shadows of night fall quickly after sunset, that they must have returned by some other road.

Although the ex-horse-tamer has apparently been caught in the toils, it is no reason he should lose his presence of mind. Dick knows what his only chance must be; he understands that while he lies there upon the street flagging one or more enemies will rush forward to complete the victory—the slackening of the rope gives him positive assurance on this score.

Here is where his opportunity comes in—if he neglects that he is indeed lost. Fortunately Dick is as quick as a cat by nature—his hand is already on his knife—if he can but withdraw that good right arm from the octopus grasp of the tough rope that has thrown him, all will be well.

He makes the attempt, exerting all his power to loosen the bonds. His strength wins, the noose slackens so that he can draw his arm through. In that hand he clutches a knife, pulled from its sheath, and as the keen edge is drawn across the rope it parts.

Dick, with the other hand, clutches the rope in order to keep up the tension, and deceive the lasso thrower, who is doubtless advancing, hand over hand, in the direction of his intended victim.

Thus crouching, he awaits the coming of the unknown, who may prove to be Barcelona, one of his minions, or an ordinary, every-day footpad, who has taken this method of securing the man he intends to rob.

It is a moment of suspense—then a man's figure looms above him, and he knows the time has come for action.

The leap of the panther is not more sudden or disastrous than that of Dick Denver as he pounces upon the unknown who has thrown him with the lasso.

The man is taken by surprise, carried off his feet, so to speak, by the rush of the gringo—it is now his turn to discover the solidity of the flagging, nor does he relish it at all with a weight like that of Dick Denver upon his body.

The American does not use his knife, but he immediately seizes his antagonist by the throat and moves the shining blade before his eyes. As if under the belief that he is about to be immediately butchered, the other groans and writhes.

Dick loosens his clutch upon his throat, allowing him an opportunity to speak.

"Mercy, senor!" the fellow gurgles. "Why should I not kill you, wretch?" demands Dick.

"It was all a mistake, senor, por Dios! a terrible blunder."

"You took me for some one else?"

"No, senor."

The questions come so fast that the poor devil is apt to put his foot in it, and tell the truth.

"You were hired to murder me; own up to it, now, unless you would meet trouble."

"Not murder, senor, not that," the fellow splutters.

"What, then; confess now."

"Only to secure you; a hundred silver pesos to secure you, el capitan."

"Ah, that was all, eh. Only a hundred pesos. Now tell me who takes so much interest in Dick Denver as to desire his presence? I fancy I am worth that much to only one man."

"You know him, senor; I am convinced that you know him. I dare not mention his name; I have sworn not to reveal it."

"Bah! that is nothing; an oath to a greaser doesn't amount to a great deal. But I will save you the trouble; I will speak it now. Senor Lopez has an interest in my welfare; my happiness is of great moment to him."

A grunt announces that the man admits he has struck the right name. Dick can see through a millstone that has a hole in it, and he knows what it all means.

"Get up!" he says simply, and it is amusing to see how readily the fellow obeys.

"Now you can go and the next time you run up against me it will be to meet a bullet or a knife. Tell the man who hired you that it will take a regiment to bring Dick Denver before him in bonds. Vamose!"

The fellow dashes down San Felipe Neri street as madly as though a legion of demons pursued him, leaving Dick chuckling with amusement (To be continued.)

COMPELLED TO EAT WRITINGS

People Who in This Way Contributed to Destruction of Literature.

Among the causes that contribute to the destruction of books, says an Italian writer, Americo Scariatti there is one very curious one that may be called bibliophagia. No reference is intended to the mice that once destroyed in England an entire edition of Castell's "Lexicon Heptaglotton," but to human beings who have literally devoured books.

In 1370 Barnabo Visconti compelled two papal delegates to eat the bulk of excommunication which they had brought him, together with its silken cords and leaden seal. As the bull was written on parchment, says the Scientific American, not paper, it was all the more difficult to digest.

A similar anecdote was related by Oelrich, in his "Dissertatio de Bibliothecharum et Librorum Fatis" (1756) of an Austrian general, who had signed a note for 2,000 florins, and when it fell due compelled his creditors to eat it.

The Tatars, when books fall into their possession, eat them, that they may acquire the knowledge contained in them.

A Scandinavian writer, the author of a political book, was compelled to choose between being beheaded or eating his manuscript boiled in broth. Isaac Volmar, who wrote some spicy satires against Bernard, Duke of Saxony, was not allowed the courtesy of the kitchen, but was forced to swallow them uncooked.

Still worse was the fate of Philli Oldenburger, a jurist of great renown who was condemned not only to eat a pamphlet of his writings, but also to be flogged during his repast, with whips that the flogging should not cease until he had swallowed the last crumb.

Judicial Acumen.

The late Justice Daly of New York frequently enlightened the tedium of legal proceedings had before him by his kindly wit.

One day a suit was brought before him in which damages were claimed by reason of an assault. Plaintiff had been knocked down by the defendant and severely pummeled while prostrate. One of the witnesses seemed very reluctant to answer the questions put to him on cross examination, in which he was upheld by the court.

"With all due respect to your Honor," complained the attorney for the plaintiff, "the court does not appear to take cognizance of the underlying principle in this case."

"In my opinion," replied his honor, good naturedly, "the underlying principle in this case is your client, Mr. Attorney."—Harper's Weekly.

Saved by Little Child.

On the evidence of a little child a man was saved from being sentenced to death at Glasgow a few days ago, although the other evidence was much against him. John Murray, aged 21 was charged with murdering his mother by beating her and forcing a handkerchief into her mouth. His sweetheart, while believing him innocent, admitted that the deceased had objected to Murray's putting in their marriage lines. The evidence was wholly circumstantial, and the verdict ultimately rested on the statement of a little girl who persisted that she helped Mrs. Murray home after the hour when the accused had left the spot and was with his sweetheart. The jury returned a verdict of "Not proven," and the prisoner was set free.

Judicial Privilege.

In a southern court one day, says a well known attorney, one of the counsel paused in his argument, remarking to the judge:

"I observe that your honor shakes his head at that statement. I desire to reaffirm it, although your honor dis-sents."

"I am not aware," coldly responded the judge, "that I have intimated how I shall construe the evidence, nor what my decision will be in the premises. Your remark is, therefore, entirely uncalled for."

"Your honor shook his head."

"True," said the judge. "There was a fly on my ear. And I'll have you know, sir, that I reserve the right to remove a fly in whatever manner pleases me."—Harper's Weekly.

To Unite Labor Forces.

A visit of British labor members of parliament to Australia has been planned. The object of the visit will be to bring about an understanding between all the democratic and labor forces of the empire.

WOMEN'S INTERESTS

Sleeves Are Folderoled.

A trimming down the center of the sleeve is smart, and flat bands of lace with the material of the sleeve gathered in at either side of it make an effective design. The turned-back cuff of velvet and lace is still the favorite flit, but more often now are to be noted the ruffles of lace below the cuff. This fall of lace is so much more becoming to the arm than the hard line given by the cuff that it seems rather odd it has not been more popular.

The long undersleeves of lingerie and lace that are now sold everywhere indicate clearly that, although short sleeves in waists and coats may be fashionable, the most incongruous and becoming fashion of bare arms will no longer prevail, but that when long gloves are not worn the arms will be shielded by these transparent cuffs.

The fashion is one popular with the last generation, and laid away in many an old family chest will be found the old-fashioned undersleeves of finest needlework and lace made on just the same lines as those of to-day.



Half mourning gown of pale gray voile trimmed with darker velvet rever and shaded gray embroidery.

Fancies in Lace.

Those long-pointed shawls of white Spanish lace may now be taken from their sandalwood boxes, for nothing will mark as well the height of exclusive fashionables as the possession of one of these same old beauties. The new shawls shown copying the old designs are very expensive and are made of Spanish or Chantilly laces.

Less expensive are the white and pastel shaded stoles of Cluny and Spanish laces, mounted upon foundations of mousseline and with their edges outlined by a single row of white marabout feathers. An all marabout scarf quite broad and flat has triangular flounces of Spanish lace four inches long edged with tiny white ostrich feather frills.

Lace mitts, another voice from the past fashions, are being shown to equalize the demand for long kid gloves as the season advances. Armlets of suede in all colors to match the spring frocks will dispute the popularity of the mitts and will be quite as good style, but not as practical.

It would be a curious anomaly if, with the increasing vogue for old-fashioned articles obtaining, we should find our love for walking pumps leading to black ribbon crossed ankles.

No Large Bows.

In notes upon lingerie it is a relief to say that the monstrous bows of colored ribbon so extensively affected last summer will happily be relegated to the extremists this year. They were plainly overdone and women will rebel against the free advertisement of needlework and lace which the vogue has created. Ribbons will be used, of course, but they will be the narrowest bands of wash ribbon, tied in unpretentious bows which end at the front and are not repeated on each shoulder and at the back.

Dress Novelties.

Never in all the history of things to wear have there been as many novelties. The shops are filled with them and the windows are packed. Row after row they hang, all temptingly set forth for the woman who has the money with which to buy—new girdles, long lace stocks and beautiful neck ruffles.

Some of the new things to wear are strikingly and startlingly elegant. And, in the line of elegant garments, net stands forth very prominently. They are making cloaks of net, wraps of the same material, and whole gowns, dozens of them, all different, and most of them very pretty.

For Evening Gowns.

White brocade and white of all lighter kinds is the latest fancy for evening gowns brought into popularity by the beautiful way in which it combines with brown fur. Fur edgings are not only put on the bottom of the skirts, but are used in Greek key and other fanciful designs for the trimming put high up on the skirt and used on white chiffon and silk muslin evening gowns, and a Siberian hare, which is snowy white, pretty and comparatively inexpensive, comes in a trimming cut so that the width of the skin at the back of the fur is about a third of an inch. Narrow lace is used to top these fur trimmings where they are put on in patterns.

Embroideries for Children.

Although laces and embroideries are used to a considerable extent in designing small fashions, it is far more practical to employ narrow braids and strappings of silk. Delicate embroideries are always smart, but they must be guarded with a care that deprives the tiny wearer of much comfort, and in this age of freedom children are growing out of the idea of being uncomfortable for the sake of fashion.

Black Velvet Bobs Up Again.

Black velvet trimming is playing rather an important part upon the first spring frocks, and a touch of it seems likely to be used upon almost any material or any model.

The black velvet coat collars and cuffs which were introduced upon the tailor coat and coat costumes of white Panama serge, mohair, cloth and even linen last summer are once more in evidence upon the white tailored frocks for southern wear and in some models are supplemented by bands or folds of black velvet upon the skirt.

Plaid Gown on Old Mode.

A gown of cream-dotted painted chiffon had panels of rose pompadour ribbon, in that peculiar shade of lettuce green with rose shadow designs, frilled in turn with narrow ribbon platings in the green shade. Narrow pompadour ribbon run through lace braid was used to outline the yoke and girdle. Bows of this ribbon had their silken ends fringed and knotted to a depth of four inches. Narrow black and colored velvet ribbons will be used again, run through filmy lace insertions upon the collars and cuffs of lingerie waists and gowns.

A modish maid with a scantily filled jewel box may utilize this fashion for neck trimming, using the wider bands of velvet clasped about her neck when a low-cut gown is worn in lieu of the inevitable dog collar, after the vogue obtaining when Frances Folsom was a white house bride.

Poverty Soup.

Place about one or one and one-half quarts water in a kettle, pare and slice two good-sized onions and put into water, cooking one-half hour; then pare and slice as many potatoes as desired for the soup, putting in salt and more water if needed (as little water should be used as possible in order to cook in good shape). When potatoes are nearly done as much as good rich milk should be put in as one desires, seasoning with butter, pepper and more salt if needed. Let this boil up and serve at once.

Here's a Good Thing to Know.

When the water is too muddy to whiten the clothes it can be cleared very quickly by stirring it in a little corn meal. The meal will go to the bottom as soon as it is thoroughly wet and will carry the solid particles with it.

Mohair for Home Wear.

A gown made from black and white plaid mohair, is charming for house-wear or informal affairs. The panel front in blouse and skirt is plain white mohair, trimmed on each side with narrow black and white silk braid. All-over heavy white lace makes the stock and bib front and the girdle is plain white mohair.

Linen Summer Dresses.

The linen dresses are so pretty this year that one can excuse the woman who buys a dozen linen suits for summer and not very much else. She wants a pink linen. That should go without saying in this summer of pinks; and she wants a blue linen, for blue has been made wonderfully popular by the Alice blues and the other Washington shades of blue—for it is the color of the season in Washington.

Elephant Hard to Approach.

An elephant was so delicate a sense of smell that when in a wild state it can scent an enemy at a distance of 1,000 yards.

Decayed Starch.

A Food Problem. An Asheville man tells how right food did that which medicines had failed to accomplish.

"For more than 15 years," he says "I was afflicted with stomach trouble and intestinal indigestion gas forming in stomach and bowels and giving me great distress. These conditions were undoubtedly due to the starch food I ate, white bread, potatoes, etc., and didn't digest. I grew worse with time, till 2 years ago, I had an attack which the doctor diagnosed as appendicitis. When the surgeon operated on me, however, it was found that my trouble was ulcer of the pancreas, instead of appendicitis.

"Since that time I have had several such attacks, suffering death, almost. The last attack was about 3 months ago, and I endured untold agonies.

"The doctor then said that I would have to eat less starchy stuff, so I began the use of Grape-Nuts food for I knew it to be pre-digested, and have continued same with most gratifying results. It has built me up wonderfully. I gained 10 pounds in the first 8 weeks that I used Grape-Nuts, my general health is better than ever before, my brain is clearer and my nerves stronger.

"For breakfast and dinner, each, I take 4 teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts with cream, a small slice of dry toast, an egg soft boiled and a cup of Postum; and I make the evening meal on Grape-Nut and cream alone—this gives me a good night's rest and I am well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pink.

RHEUMATISM CURED

The Disease Yielded Readily to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After Other Treatment Failed.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure rheumatism because they supply the necessary elements to the vitiated blood and enable nature to cast out the impurities and effect a cure. Mrs. A. Baker, of No. 119 Fitch street, Syracuse, N. Y., will furnish living evidence of the truth of this statement. "There has been rheumatism in my family ever since I can remember," she says. "My grandmother was a great sufferer from muscular rheumatism and my mother also had the disease in a mild form. About a year ago I had a hard cold and rheumatism caught me in my left knee. There were sharp pains, confined to the neighborhood of the knee and they seemed to go right into the bone. The pain I suffered was intense and I also had dizzy spells.

"The doctors called my trouble goutic and sciatic rheumatism. When I didn't get better under their treatment my brother-in-law suggested that I try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I bought three boxes, and, by the time I had taken them, the pain and dizziness had entirely left me. I wanted to make sure of a cure so I bought three more boxes, but I didn't take quite all of them as I found that I was entirely cured.

"Before I took the pills the pain was so severe that I had to cry at times and when I was cured I was so thankful and grateful and I am glad to recommend them to every one who suffers with rheumatism."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured severe cases of anemia, sciatica, nervousness, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia and St. Vitus' dance that have not responded to other modes of treatment.

All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills or they will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Rare Substance.

Palladium, a rare substance little used, is the active agent in automatic gas lighting devices Flame is produced as soon as the illuminating gas strikes a pellet of asbestos covered with a mixture of palladium and finely divided platinum, known as platinum black.

Good Health!

How to get it. How to maintain it. Take nature's medicine, Garber's, the mild laxative. It is made of berries, but I didn't take quite all of them as I found that I was entirely cured.

Accident Restores Hearing.

William Wilkinson, an old man who, because of his deafness, could not hear a horse and cart approaching, was knocked down in a Leeds, England, street, and severely injured about the head. On picking him up it was found that his hearing had been restored.

Courts Are Particular.

Anton Palas, the registrar of births, deaths and marriages at Miskolez, in Hungary, resolved to commit suicide, but before carrying out his purpose entered his death in the register in the regular manner. After his death, however, the courts decided that, as the registrar was alive when he made the entry, it was irregular, and accordingly instructed his successor to strike it out and then re-enter the particulars.

Word is Overworked.

Doubtless the most overworked word in the English language, conversationally, is the word "proposition." Once you begin to notice it, it gets on your nerves. Some people can't talk thirty seconds without using it. A friend of ours used it twenty times in the course of two minutes' talk. It is maddening. Stop it. A little picturesque conversation goes a great way.—Chicago News.

Uncalled-For Night of Agony.

A story is told of a man who, crossing a disused coal field late at night, fell into an apparently bottomless pit and saved himself only by grasping a projecting beam. There he clung with great difficulty all night, only to find when day dawned that his feet were only four inches from the bottom.

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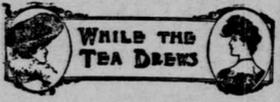
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1. Velvet Waist.—Blouse of wine-colored velvet, made with a group of plaits at each side and trimmed with an odd little plastron of the velvet ornamented with buttons. The wide turn-over collar is covered with embroidery, and the little chemisette, hardly more than a standing collar, is of lace or guipure, finished with an edge of silk, which also forms the cravat. The full sleeves are finished with cuffs of the material trimmed with an applique of the same similar to the plastron. The girdle is of wine-colored taffeta, finished at the top

2. White Cloth Waist.—Blouse of white cloth, made with groups of plaits and trimmed with shaped bands of the material, ornamented at the points with buttons and forming a sort of plastron. The sleeves are made and trimmed to correspond with lace insertion. The pretty cravat and girdle are of old blue velvet or liberty.

3. Pretty Negligee.—Simple negligee of lavender cashmere. The fronts, slightly draped and crossed, form wide box plaits and are finished with a knot ribbon and long ends, the knot fastened with a pretty buckle. The elbow sleeves are made to correspond and are finished with batiste or muslin tucked crosswise are trimmed with lace insertion.

4. Girl's Empire Frock.—Girl's empire frock of grenadine, with embroidered dots. Both the skirt and short-waisted bodice are gathered at the waist where they are finished with a girdle of guipure. Ruffles of valenciennes lace trim the bottom and form the collar and sleeve ruffles. The cravat is of taffeta or velvet.

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