

Single Feather for the Midsummer Dress Hats



The single ostrich feather, uncurled and more or less heavy, is mounted very cleverly on the smartest of midsummer dress hats. Two models worth studying are shown in the pictures given here, one of them in two views. The beautiful Leghorn with upturned brim is covered on the upper brim and crown with chiffon in a color like that of the straw. Pompadour chiffon, by the way, is highly favored for this purpose and is useful where one wishes to remodel a straw hat that is soiled. A single long plume with unusual width of flue is mounted at the right side and stands almost perfectly straight until the natural bend of the rib tilts the end downward. (Some plumes are bent in the

WITH THE PANIER EFFECT NEGLIGEEES OF CHINA SILK



Soft, Reclining Garments for the Hours When Ceremony is for the Time Forgotten. Pale tinted china silk kimonos embroidered in self tones are charming and soft, for they like so many of the season's garments, are made of the thinnest of thin china silk. These have a collar which turns back flat and very short sleeves, the back of the robe is plain, and the entire garment is unlined. In pink they suggest spring blossoms. In this very thin china silk may also be purchased dainty waists made of fashion, the collar, tie and pocket are of striped gray and white china silk. At about the same price come plain white china silk waists with high collars. Marquisette waists for "separate blouse" wear are still very high in price, some are made of high neck, and others Dutch neck. Much Cluny lace is to be seen in the wash skirt-waists of inexpensive mode. These also come both Dutch neck and high. Summer Porch Pillows. One of the most popular materials for porch pillows is wide pale pique, resembling corduroy. It requires no decoration except a wide self-border with wales running vertically and stitched on with a cotton of contrasting color. Burlap, too, is an effective and durable fabric for the manufacture of pillow tops for outdoor use. Some of the most attractive of these are in the brown shades worked in designs carried out in tones of burnt orange, outlined with black, and with blades of grass and willows in green and blue green. Cotton reps in tan shades are very good looking when treated with a central design outlined in harmonizing colors. The background is solidly stitched. This leaves the design in a spaciouly outlined relief. Whipcord in tan, brown, dark green and red shades makes hard wearing pillow tops. Small, Flat Jabots. Small and rather flat jabots, which are only sufficiently large to fill in the neck opening of the coat, are being worn, and there is a fancy for flat lace bows with fan-shaped falls of lace.

THAT CONSOLING CUP OF TEA

Traveler is Wise Who Provides Himself With Materials for Making the Cheering Beverage. In traveling both at home and abroad, there is great comfort in your own cup of tea. On the steamer, particularly, you miss your own brand, and the well-versed traveler who is wise in the lore of creature comforts never wanders far from home without her tea caddy. It adds greatly to her popularity, too. "Oh, if I only had a good cup of tea" is the general cry on a shipboard, and then this far-sighted woman produces the cheering beverage. The white linen embroidered scarfs with eyelet work, punch work or designs in satin stitch are always in good form and wear pretty well. For a scarf that is a little out of the ordinary one may find most attractive affairs made of bands of cluny lace and openwork scrim. These, especially when over a color or figured crotone, are especially nice for cottage use. They are finished with an edging of the cluny. Tiny flowers of satin are dotted over some dressy skirt panels.

SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Barony. The place is to be sold, and its history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crenshaw, a business man, a stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hazard, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy, Nathaniel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal, Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Scratch Hill, when Hannibal is kidnapped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent. Yancy overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squire Balam, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff. Betty Malroy, a friend of the Ferrises, has an encounter with Captain Murrell, who forces his attention on her, and is rescued by Bruce Carrington. Betty sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear, with Murrell on their trail. Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Slocum Price. The Judge recognizes in the boy, the grandson of an old time friend. Murrell arrives at Judge's home. Cavendish family on raft rescue Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks jail.

CHAPTER VIII—(Continued).

"We don't want to get there too early," explained the judge, as they quitted the cabin. "We want to miss the work, but be on hand for the celebration." "I suppose we may confidently look to you to favor us with a few eloquent words?" said Mr. Mahaffy, the judge. "And why not, Solomon?" asked the opportunity he craved was not denied him. "The crowd was like most southwestern crowds of the period, and no sooner did the judge appear than there were clamorous demands for a speech. He cast a glance of triumph at Mahaffy, and humbly mounted a convenient stump. He extolled the climate of middle Tennessee, the unsurpassed fertility of the soil; he touched on the future that awaited Pleasantville; he apostrophized the jail. Presently the crowd drifted away in the direction of the tavern. Hannibal meantime had gone down to the river. He haunted its banks as though he expected to see his Uncle Bob appear any moment. The judge and Mahaffy had mingled with the others in the hope of free drinks, but in this hope there lurked the germ of a bitter disappointment. After a period of mental anguish Mahaffy parted with his last stray coin, and while his flask was being filled the judge indulged in certain winsome gallantries with the fat landlady. "La, Judge Price, how you do run on!" she said with a coquetish toss of her curls. "That's the charm of you, ma'am," said the judge. He leaned across the bar and, sinking his voice to a husky whisper, asked: "Would it be perfectly convenient for you to extend me a limited credit?" "Now, Judge Price, you know a heap better than to ask me that!" she answered, shaking her head. "No offense, ma'am," said the judge, hiding his disappointment, and with Mahaffy he quitted the bar. The sudden noisy clamor of many voices, high-pitched and excited, foisted out to them under the hot sky. "I wonder—" began the judge, and paused as he saw the crowd stream into the road before the tavern. Then a cloud of dust enveloped it, a cloud of dust that came from the tramping of many pairs of feet, and that swept toward them, thick and impenetrable, and no higher than a tall man's head, in the lifeless air. "I wonder if we missed anything?" continued the judge, finishing what he had started to say. The score or more of men were quite near, and the judge and Mahaffy made out the tall figure of the sheriff in the lead. And then the crowd, very excited, very dusty, very noisy and very hot, flowed into the judge's front yard. For a brief moment that gentleman fancied Pleasantville had awakened to a fitting sense of its obligation to him and that it was about to make amends for its churlish lack of hospitality. He rose from his chair, and with a splendid florid gesture, swept off his hat. "It's the pussy fellow!" cried a voice. "Oh shut up—don't you think I know him?" retorted the sheriff tartly. "Gentlemen—" began the judge blandly. "Get the well-roped!" The judge was rather at loss properly to interpret these varied remarks. He was not long left in doubt. The sheriff stepped to his side and dropped a heavy hand on his shoulder. "Mr. Slocum Price, or whatever your name is, your little game is up!" "Ain't he bold?" it was the woman's voice this time, and the fat landlady, her curls awry and her plump breast heaving tumultuously, gained a place in the forefront of the crowd. "Dear madam, this is an unexpected pleasure!" said the judge, with his hand upon her heart. "I want my money!" shrieked the landlady. "Good money—not this worthless trash!" she shook a bill under his nose. The judge recognized it as the one of which he had despoiled Hannibal. "You have been caught passing



"I Want My Money!" Shrieked the Landlady.

counterfeit," said the sheriff. A light broke on the judge, a light that stunned and dazzled. "I can explain—" "Speak to them, Solomon—you know how I came by the money!" cried the judge, clutching his friend by the arm. Mahaffy opened his thin lips, but the crowd drowned his voice in a roar. A tall fellow shook a long finger under Mahaffy's nose. "You scoot!" Mr. Mahaffy seemed to hesitate. Some one gave him a shove and he staggered forward a step. Before he could recover himself the shove was repeated. "Lope on out of here!" yelled the tall fellow. Mahaffy was hurried to the road. Twenty men were in chase behind him. Then the woods closed about him. His long legs, working tirelessly, carried him over fallen logs and through tangled thickets, the voices behind him growing more and more distant as he ran.

CHAPTER IX.

The Family on the Raft. That would unquestionably have been the end of Bob Yancy when he was shot out into the muddy waters of the Elk river, had not Mr. Richard Keppel Cavendish, variously known as Long-Legged Dick, and Chills-and-Fever Cavendish, of Lincoln county, in the state of Tennessee, see, some months previously and unprecedented mental effort on his part, decided that Lincoln county was no place for him. Mr. Cavendish's paternal grandparent had drifted down the Holston and Tennessee; and Mr. Cavendish's father, in his son's youth, had poled up the Elk. Mr. Cavendish now determined to float down the Elk to its juncture with the Tennessee, down the Tennessee to the Ohio, and if need be, down the Ohio to the Mississippi, until he found some spot exactly suited to his taste. With this end in view he had toiled through the late winter and early spring, building himself a raft on which to transport his few belongings and his numerous family. When it happened that as Murrell and Slocum were dragging Yancy down the lane, Cavendish was just rounding a bend in the Elk, a quar-

TESTIMONY OF FIVE WOMEN

Proves That Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is Reliable.

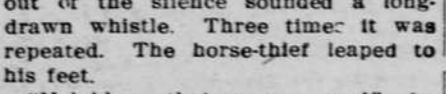
Reedville, Ore.—"I can truly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all women who are passing through the Change of Life, as it made me a well woman after suffering three years." —Mrs. MARY BOGART, Reedville, Oregon. "New Orleans, La.—"When passing through the Change of Life I was troubled with hot flashes, weak and dizzy spells and backache. I was not fit for anything until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which proved me in gold to me." —Mrs. GASTON BLONDEAU, 1541 Polymnia St., New Orleans. "Mishawaka, Ind.—"Women passing through the Change of Life can take nothing better than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am recommending it to my friends because of what it has done for me." —Mrs. CHAS. BAUER, 523 E. Marion St., Mishawaka, Ind. "Alton Station, Ky.—"For months I suffered from troubles in consequence of my age and thought I could not live. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and I want other suffering women to know about it." —Mrs. EMMA BAILEY, Alton Station, Ky. "Deism, No. Dak.—"I was passing through Change of Life and felt very bad. I could not sleep and was very nervous. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to perfect health and I would not be without it." —Mrs. F. M. THORN, Deism, No. Dak.



And the Lord also helps those who help others. Garfield Tea is invaluable for all irregularities of the liver, kidneys and bowels. It is made from pure and wholesome herbs. A woman may not realize that she has a good figure until other women begin to find fault with it. Their Need. Seedy Applicant—I can bring tears to the eyes of the audience. Theatrical Manager—Huh! We want somebody who can bring the audience—Puck. The Usual Way. "Yes; he committed political suicide." "How can a man commit political suicide?" "By shooting off his mouth."

UNREASONABLE GROWNUPS.

Good Bait. Aunt Sarah, cook in a Richmond family, took home a dish of macaroni from her mistress' table for the education of her own family. When her children had been assured that it was good they proceeded to eat with great gusto. The next morning Aunt Sarah discovered two of her offspring in the yard turning over stones and soil and scratching vigorously in the earth. "Heah, yo' chillum!" called out Aunt Sarah, "what yo' all doin'?" "We's a-huntin'," was the reply, "fo' some mo' of dem macaroni worms."



SALLOW FACES

Often Caused by Tea and Coffee Drinking. How many persons realize that tea and coffee so disturb digestion that they produce a muddy, yellow complexion? A ten days' trial of Postum has proven a means, in thousands of cases, of clearing up a bad complexion. A Wash. young lady tells her experience: "All of us—father, mother, sister and brother—had used tea and coffee for many years until finally we all had stomach troubles, more or less. "We all were sallow and troubled with pimples, and all of us simply so many bundles of nerves. "We didn't realize that tea and coffee caused the trouble until one day we ran out of coffee and went to borrow some from a neighbor. She gave us some Postum and told us to try that. "Although we started to make it, we all felt sure that we would be sick if we missed our strong coffee, but we tried Postum and were surprised to find it delicious. "We read the statements on the pkg., got more and in a month and a half you wouldn't have known us. We all were able to digest our food without any trouble, each one's skin became clear, tongues cleared off, and nerves in fine condition. "We never use anything now but Postum. There is nothing like it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Queerest Prison in World

Arizona County Jail is Blasted Out of a Mountain of Solid Quartz Rock. When the authorities of Graham county, Arizona, decided to look about for a place in which to confine criminals, they found a natural depression in the side of a hill. This was enlarged into what might be called an artificial cave, divided into four compartments. The cave was excavated parallel to the side of the mountain in which it was made, and daylight admitted by holes blown out of the wall with explosives, the windows being guarded by a network of heavy steel bars. The entrance to the depression was also closed in the same manner, and a vestibule or porch of masonry built out from it to provide quarters for the sheriff and his assistants. This vestibule is also divided into compartments, which are connected by gates of steel bars. The only way of entering the prison is through the vestibule of masonry, and in order to escape the inmates would have to cut their way through three sets of bars which are an inch in thickness, as the windows are so high up above which they cannot reach them. It is necessary, however, to have a very secure place, as the criminals in this part of the country are of a most desperate class, and the inmates frequently include murderers and highwaymen. The mountain which has thus been turned into a prison is composed of solid quartz rock, and the excavation was made principally by the use of explosives. The jail is located in the town of Chilton, the county seat.—Wide World Magazine. Snake Had Lived on Eggs. On his morning round for eggs recently, Michael Heisman of Custice, O., reached into a hen's nest and touched an object that made him jump back quickly. A closer exami-

Kindly Scribe.

The editor of the Weekly Plain Dealer is a charitable sort of fellow," commented Farmer Hornbeck, in the midst of his perusal of the village newspaper, wherein he had encountered an example of the thynotype's peculiar perversity, says Puck "in his article on the death of Life Dab-sack, who, betwixt me and you, hadn't much to recommend him except that he wasn't quite as bad some time as he was others. he says that 'the deceased was generally regarded as hijjdycmfwpvbgkbgkbgkzhrhrtjyshrdu!' " "And I guess that's about as near as anybody could get to making an estimate of the departed without hurting his relatives' feelings." It is So Easy to Learn, Too. Newlywed—I didn't see you Sun day. Did you stay home? Oldhubby—Yes. My wife taught me a new game called Bash-marrah. Newlywed—How do you play it? Oldhubby—You hang a carpet on a line and see how many times you can hit it with a stick.—Exchange.