

NEWEST IDEA IN OPERA BAGS



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Finding the small mirror in the vanity case inadequate, a new opera bag has been made...

WHEN BUYING WRITING PAPER

Certain Times of the Year When Suitable Colors and Tones May Be Acquired in Quantities.

The woman who would get the most for her money buys her writing paper in quantity at an annual sale.

Marking varies according to color. Two-colored letters are most expensive...

In buying paper by the quantity it is not wise to choose novelties. An inconspicuous color and good quality is always good.

Gray paper or very pale blue is also permissible, but it is bad form to use garish stationery.

STYLISH FROCK.



Brown voile over blue silk was the material used for the dress shown in the sketch. This stylish but easily made frock has a plain blouse, sleeves and bodice in one and high waist line with short gathered peplum.

Shapely Jacket. Many of the smartest little satin and silk coats are very vague in line, left belted, or lined with chiffon.

Dress Notes. Ribbons with the picot edge are new, and it is usually very easier to twist a crush belt out of them than to make one out of a piece material.

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...

CHAPTER XXIII. (Continued.)

"And General Quintard never saw him—never manifested any interest in him?" the words came slowly from the judge's lips; he seemed to gulp down something that rose in his throat.

"Never once, sir. He told the slaves to keep him out of his sight. We all wondered, for you know how niggers will talk. We thought maybe he was some kin to the Quintards, but we couldn't figure out how. The old general never had but one child and she had been dead for years. The child couldn't have been hers no-how."

"What implacable hate—what iron pride!" he murmured, and swept his hand across his eyes. Absorbed and aloof, he was busy with his thoughts that spanned the waste of years—years that seemed to glide before him in review, each bitter with its hideous memories of shame and defeat.

"I suppose Mr. Ware asked you to keep an eye on Miss Malroy while he was away from home?" said the judge, Hicks, suspicious of the drift of his questioning, made no answer.

"Will you sit down?" asked the judge, Hicks signified by another movement of the head that he would not. "This is a very dreadful business!" began the judge softly.

"Have you started to drag the bayou?" asked the judge, Hicks nodded. "That was your idea?" suggested the judge.

"No, it wasn't," objected Hicks quickly. "But I said she had been acting like she was plumb distracted."



"Poor Little Lad!" He Muttered.

"He spoke of it?" "Yes, sir; him and me discussed it together." The judge regarded Hicks long and intently in silence.

"I suppose Mr. Ware asked you to keep an eye on Miss Malroy while he was away from home?" said the judge, Hicks, suspicious of the drift of his questioning, made no answer.

"Well, did you give them that order?" "No, I didn't." The sudden and hurried entrance of big Steve brought the judge's examination of Mr. Hicks to a standstill.

"There's a nigger for you!" said Hicks. "She took the rascal out of the field, dressed him like he was a gentleman and pampered him up, and the first chance he gets he runs off!"

"No," replied the other in a tone of strong disapproval, "and I'm glad of it." "What's wrong with him? I understood he had taken a course from a correspondence school and was thoroughly competent."

"The Modern Young Lady. Catterton—Notice how Carstairs' wife makes up of late? Should think he would stop her. Hatterson—Has tried to; feels badly about it. But he says it's no use; she learned it from their daughter.—Life.

"Mr. Hicks," said the judge, urbane and gracious, "I believe in frankness." "Sure," agreed Hicks, mollified by the judge's altered tone.

"Therefore I do not hesitate to say that I consider you a damned scoundrel!" concluded the judge. Mr. Cavendish, accepting the judge's ultimatum as something which must debar Hicks from all further consideration, and being, as he was, exceedingly active and energetic by nature, if one passed over the various forms of gaudy industry, uttered a loud whoop and threw himself on the floor.

"What do you want to know, judge?" cried Cavendish, panting from his exertions. "I'll learn this parrot to talk up!"

"Hicks," said the judge, "it is in your power to tell us a few things we are here to find out." Hicks looked up into the judge's face and closed his lips grimly.

"I don't know anything about Miss Betty," said Hicks in a sullen whisper. "Maybe you don't, but what do you know about the boy?" Hicks was silent, but he was grateful for the judge's question.

"The judge had not forgotten his ghost, the ghost he had seen in Mr. Saul's office that day he went to the court house on business for Charley Norton. Working or idling—principally the latter—drunk or sober—principally the former—the ghost, otherwise Colonel Fentress, had preserved a place in his thoughts, and now as he moved stolidly up the drive toward Fentress' big white house on the hill with Mahaffy, Cavendish and Yancy trailing in his wake, memories of what had once been living and vital crowded in upon him.

"Who is it?" he asked. "Judge Price—Colonel Fentress," said the judge.

"I should imagine they would absorb every moment of your time, Mr. Hicks," he agreed affably. "A man's got to be a hog for work to hold a job like mine," said Hicks sourly.

"No," replied the other in a tone of strong disapproval, "and I'm glad of it." "What's wrong with him? I understood he had taken a course from a correspondence school and was thoroughly competent."

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BACKACHE IS DISCOURAGING

Until You Get After The Cause Nothing more discouraging than a constant backache. Lame when you awake. Pains pierce you when you bend or lift. It's hard to work, or to rest.

None so well recommended as Doan's Kidney Pills. Here's a California Case. Mrs. E. Walsh, 1449 Tenth Ave., San Francisco, Cal., says: "The sharp, knife-like pains in my back were almost unbearable. I often had to cry out. Once while walking, I had a sudden attack and a doctor had to be called. Finally I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they made me well."

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm.—Bulwer.

YOU CAN CURE CATARRH By using Cole's Carbolicum. It is a most effective remedy. All druggists. 25 and 50c. Adv.

Bunkoed. Griggs—How about that piece of land you bought down on the cape? Anything come up on it? Briggs—Yes, the lites!

Complimentary. "What would you call it in a man to steal all my ideals?" "Petty larceny."

Important to Mothers Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fentress. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

New China Currency. The new Chinese dollars of the Chinese republic are objects of much curiosity among the natives. They carry English on the obverse side and Chinese on the reverse, with the picture of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, founder of the republic.

End of Famous Vessel. The Fox, the vessel in which the late Sir Leopold McClintock made his discovery of the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions, has been wrecked on the Greenland coast. In recent years she has been employed by the Danish Greenland authorities on coastal trips.

To Renovate Historic Castle. Loch Dochart Castle, which was built in the thirteenth century on an island in the loch of the same name and is associated with the famous Rob Roy, has now been taken in hand by the Scottish Historical Antiquarian association, and is being renovated so as to insure its permanency.

Getting Along Fine at School. Now that school has been "goja" several weeks parents are beginning to inquire of their young hopefuls as to their progress. The other day a mother out on Harrison boulevard, while eating luncheon with her 6-year-old asked: "And how are you getting along in school, Dorothy?"

More Schoolboy "Howlers." "The Salic law is that you must take everything with a grain of salt." "Julius Caesar was renowned for his great strength. He threw a bridge across the Rhine."

IT'S THE FOOD. The True Way to Correct Nervous Troubles. Nervous troubles are more often caused by improper food and indigestion than most people imagine. Even doctors sometimes overlook this fact.

For Whooping Cough. The following is an excellent syrup for whooping cough. Slice some onions thin, sprinkle well with brown sugar, and place between two hot plates with a weight on the top. In a couple of hours remove the weight and tilt the plates in a basin, so as to allow the juice to flow out. Give a spoonful three times a day.

When Guard Held Train

Passengers Ready to Sign Petition for Pardon in Case He Is Reprimanded. If the subway guard who held his train half a minute beyond schedule time should be reprimanded at headquarters a hundred passengers who know why he did it will sign a petition for his pardon. Sentiment was back of it. Somebody wanted to kiss a lot of people who, to do that, women kiss each other, men kiss their wives. The guards have no patience with sentiment of that kind. They flaunt their contempt by bawling: "Break away, there; no time for that," and refuse to hold the train half a second for the tenderest salute.

Japan a Land of Disillusionment.

The landing at Yokohama brings a series of surprises and disillusionments; so far from being covered with lacquer, the empire of Japan in dry weather is dusty and in rain is dry faced with mud; the tea houses are not built of porcelain, but of plain wood; the people eat beans and dried fish when they can get them; the trees have bark and leaves; but not all bear cherry blossoms; the numerous mountains all slope uphill. Thus the first hour on shore sweeps away the enchantments of a lifetime, and reveals a land strikingly like some parts of Alaska, and a people extremely human.—From "The Obvious Orient," by Alfred Bushnell Hart.

The Modern Young Lady.

Catterton—Notice how Carstairs' wife makes up of late? Should think he would stop her. Hatterson—Has tried to; feels badly about it. But he says it's no use; she learned it from their daughter.—Life.