

WOMAN'S WORLD



Latest Jewelry Fad.

The sole outstanding novelty in fashionable fall and winter jewelry is detachable, plain gold underwear buttons. These are put up in sets of four, six, etc., and can be had in varying sizes and weights. A thoroughly serviceable set of six can be obtained for \$20, and this size gives evidence of being the most popular.

The buttons are oblong, or round, on the outer sides, and the reverse ends are molded to fit the curves of the body. The man of luxurious tastes and ample means need no longer suffer from the distress occasioned by the deadly animosity of laundresses to buttons of all kinds.

Hints for Christmas.

Here are directions for articles which would be good for a fair or as Christmas gifts:

Get a strip of cardboard which is used to mount pictures on and cut it in pieces by inches. Then buy some of the pictures which come two for a cent, and paste them on evenly. Then punch a hole in the corners of the cardboard and run baby ribbon through to hang them up. Some good pictures to use are the poets and their homes.

Save the names of your pictures when you cut them and paste them on the back of the cardboard. If you use gray cardboard, pink or blue ribbon would look good. If the cardboard is dark green, red ribbon looks good. Do not use more than six pictures to a panel.

Another pretty article is made by pasting a pretty picture on a cardboard having half an inch margin all around. Then ruffle a strip of crepe paper about an inch wide and paste round the picture. Put a bow at each corner of the picture and fasten a piece of cardboard at the back so that it will stand up.

This is also pretty if ribbon is used to hang it up.

Get two briarwood pipes. Make a little cushion for the bowl of each pipe, taking a small piece of ribbon or silk, lining with curled hair or cotton. Tie the pipes together with ribbon, and fill the cushions with pins. This is to hang by the side of the bureau or dressing table.

The Use of Gray.

Gray has been a much-neglected color in home furnishings of late years because of its aptness in giving rather cold or "drab" effects. This is redressive in the favor of artistic decorations just now and is being much

used with very good effect. Charming wall papers are to the fore in gray and white stripes, crossed with a green vine. Furniture painted a soft French gray is also very pretty and is now to be had. With such a wool covering, such furniture shimmers gray hangings at the windows, white wood-work and a finishing touch of a little green or yellow in the curtain linings and chair cushions the effects of a room so furnished is unexceptionable.

New Theater Waist Model.

Blouse of figured silk tucked crosswise and trimmed around the low



neck with a beautiful embroidery. The upper part of the sleeve is tucked crosswise and trimmed with the embroidery. The lower part forms a plain puff which is gathered into a cuff of the embroidery.—Chic Parisien.

Worn by a Poetess.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the venerable author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," attended a recent Newport wedding in a gown eminently suitable for her years and in curious contrast to that seen on many women of her age. It was a soft veiling in a clear, medium shade of heliotrope. The skirt was perfectly plain, and hung straight, with little going or

flaring, and touched all around. The bodice was also plain, but a small three-cornered shawl of soft, white silk, fringed, was worn, and a white tulle cap partially covered her snowy hair. A knot of delicate green satin ribbon on one side of the tulle cap was a pretty touch.

Change in Bodice Fashions.

Word comes from Paris that the bodice with close long shoulders is to reign supremely in the autumn. This means a revival undoubtedly of modes that prevailed when Empress Eugenie was not only the queen of beauty in France, but the dictator of fashions. It also means that skirts will be wider at the hem, that large hats will be worn and that coiffures will gain greatly in dimensions.

Velvet Ribbon Fancies.

Narrow black velvet ribbon in rows of three or five, caught at intervals by paste buckles, are often used as bretelles on evening blouses. Bebe ribbons are still used as a trimming run through lace and ending in the pretty chrysanthemum rosettes made of loops of velvet of different lengths. Blouses made entirely of frills of chiffon are only suitable for slim figures.

The Latest Ideas From Paris

New umbrella handles show moldings of copper studded with either gold or silver.

Button novelties are many and one shows a silver snake coiled around a blue turquoise.

A large butterfly set in diamonds, with a single large ruby as the head, is among the jewelry novelties.

A curious brooch is in virgin gold and represents a slender stick, around which is coiled a wicked-looking snake with a ruby eye.

Parisian pearls cut in pagoda shapes are strung together closely without any intervening gold links to form the newest neck chain.

One sees a great many shades of gray in the new goods and these colors are known to the wise shopman as cloud, storm, pearl or moonlight.

Pretty among pins chateaines to fasten the tiny enameled watches to the waist is one that represents a four-leaved clover. This is enameled to represent the real leaf and has an opal in the center.

A pail of cold water will purify the air of the room.

The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

By JOHN R. MUSICK,
Author of "Mysterious Mr. Howard," "The Dark Stranger," "Charlie Alondale's Double," Etc.

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CHAPTER XVIII. The Lost Found.

While the stirring events just narrated were transpiring in the grotto two men but a few miles below the valley were making their way along the trail made in the snow by old Ben Holton and the Indians.

"Can you follow it, Glum?" asked the young man, who was Clarence Berry.

"Yes, I kin follow it," he answered.

The two travelers followed the trail until they came to where a portion of the tracks led up the stream, and some went across the river. Here Glum Ralston called a halt. He stood looking at the foot-prints in the snow and shook his great shaggy old head like one in doubt.

"Well, I want t' tell ye I'm a mite wool-gathered," the old man growled, as he gazed at the foot-prints. "It's my opinion that we'll find the camp on the other side."

"I see a light!" exclaimed Clarence.

Glum Ralston turned his eyes in the direction indicated and said:

"Yes; now I see it—now I don't."

"It seems moving about."

"There is some one in the valley."

They could not only see a light, but figures moving about, and Clarence added:

"Glum, let us go over there first."

"Well, come on," the old ex-sailor grunted, and they started over the frozen river. When nearly across they discovered people running about in great excitement and loud cries, mingled with which was the shriek of a female voice. Then came the report of a gun, followed by two or three more in quick succession.

"Ho! Clarence, git a move on ye—there's a fight over there!" cried Glum Ralston, and the two increased their speed to a run.

We will precede Clarence Berry and Glum Ralston to the little camp and explain the cause of excitement.

When Lackland left to send reinforcements to kill or capture the old man from the mountain, whom he was quick to perceive was inimical to his interests, he little dreamed they would be coming to meet him.

The old man of the mountains, or hermit, as we have known him, watched Lackland across the river, but did not see him meet Cummins. Knowing it would be some hours before he would return, he did not consider haste necessary.

"We will be gone, my dear child, before that man returns," he said, in a kind, fatherly way, that won the heart of the girl.

"What do you propose?" she asked eagerly.

"Across this frozen river, the ice of which will bear your weight, as I have tested it myself, we will find a deep, dark cavern. Now, we will cross the river and I leave you there—"

"Why leave me there? Why not take me on to Paul?" she asked.

"Because you would be a hindrance to my rescuing him. No, no! You must consent to stay in the cavern or we will have to abandon the project of rescuing Paul."

"I will—I will do anything."

They began the search for capsules, lozenges and buttons of compressed and desiccated food, which took up little space and the weight trifling in comparison to the original food.

All this took time, and there came one delay after another, until hours had glided by before they were ready to depart. At last everything was ready.

"Now, my dear child, we are ready to go. I hope you won't find this journey too much for your strength."

"Don't consider that for a moment."

"Hark! I hear footsteps approaching!"

"Some one comes!" she gasped, turning deathly pale.

The men approaching the house were Lackland, with Cummins, Allen, Padgett and Ambrose. They had seized pine knot torches and were creeping stealthily toward the tent. The keen eye of the hermit had seen them and he hastily formed a little barricade, behind which he crouched, a revolver in each hand.

"Ho, there!" called the hermit captain. "Don't advance too near until you explain what your mission is!"

"My mission is to get to my tent," interposed Lackland. "Who are you who presume to take our camp from us?"

"Keep off!"

One of the men behind Ned fired at the old captain and the bullet grazed the top of his cap.

"You got him!" shouted Ned. "We've got him this time!" and struck a blow at his head with his knotted stick. The stick fell on the sled runner and there came a blinding flash, a stunning report from the door of the tent. Ned staggered back and fell to the earth. For a moment his companions were appalled. Tom Ambrose fired two shots at his captain, but the mutineer was excited at the death of his companion, and aimed high.

"The hour of vengeance has come!" an awful voice shouted from the tent, and another report shook the air, and Tom Ambrose sank, a bullet in his brain.

This unexpected resistance appalled and unnerved Lackland and his com-

panions, who beat a hasty retreat toward the river. They were nearly to the river bank when two men, leaping from the ice, ran toward them, crying:

"Hold! What does this mean? Lackland, you here?"

"Clarence Berry! I'm undone!"

Then, followed by his men, he ran up the stream, instead of across it.

"Let us follow them," said Clarence.

"No, let's go to the tent. There's been bloodshed there!"

They ran to the camp now deserted by the Indians and Esquimaux. Two men lay where they had fallen, the snow crimson with their blood. An old man came from the tent, holding a pale, trembling girl by the hand.

Clarence snatched up a burning brand that had fallen from the hand of some fugitive, and at a glance cried:

"Laura—Laura Kean!"

His shout was drowned by a roar from Glum Ralston.

"My captain, oh, my captain, found at last!" and in a moment those grizzled men, lost to each other a score of years, were clasped in each other's arms.

CHAPTER XIX. Conclusion.

The reunion of the sea captain and the faithful sailor was mild compared to a reunion that quickly followed.

Another party was coming across the ice. The long, Arctic night was spent and the opening door of dawn was filling all the eastern heavens with glory, when Paul, Kate, old Ben and their faithful canine friend sprang from the ice and hurried up the hill to the narrow valley, where the camp was.

Paul led the party, with Kate close behind. The first object he recognized was his faithful old friend, who had long mocked him as dead—Glum Ralston. The meeting can be better imagined than described. He was told that Laura was made with Clarence and the long-lost captain, who was making desperate efforts to explain something which had befuddled everybody, and Paul tumbled head first into the tent, the worst befuddled of any one, and embraced Laura and Clarence, and for several moments the only rational being in the party was the faithful unknown dog, who sat on his haunches and panted.

It was fully an hour before everybody inside and everybody outside were at all themselves. Paul afterward had a dim recollection of hearing a voice very much like Glum Ralston's roar:

"Ain't you Kate Willis, my Kate?" and then he heard a voice which sounded very much like Kate crying:

"Ain't you Jack Ralston, my sailor boy?"

Then there was a collision, explosion, and the hub-bub increased.

At last, when all had time to recover, Kate and Jack, as she still called him, entered the tent, she declaring she would never permit him to leave her again. Jack explaining that he was staying in Alaska in compliance with an order from his captain to the effect that he was to never leave until he returned.

"And he has returned," said Jack. "He has come back and is here now; and Kate, I am ready to go."

The man whom we have known as the hermit captain said:

"My friends, this is the happiest day I ever knew. But one person more is necessary to make the reunion complete, and my cup of happiness run over. I want to ask some questions, and then make some explanations. First, is your name Paul Miller?"

"Yes, sir," Paul answered.

"Who was your father, and where is he?"

"My father was Captain Joseph Miller, who was lost before I can remember in Alaska or some of the islands of the Bering Sea."

"Do you know the name of the ship he last sailed in, and from what port?"

"Mother told me he sailed from San Francisco in a sealing schooner called the Eleanor."

"Jack—Jack! Have you been with him all these months and not know this?"

Glum Ralston leaped to his feet with a startled yell and cried:

"Crack-lash! A Miller—son of my captain! Why, by the name of Neptune, didn't ye tell me ye had some other name's Crack-lash?"

Paul was dumfounded. He had heard a hint that the hermit was his father, but the old man had so stubbornly denied it that he had concluded it must be false.

"Why did you deny I was your son when those men threatened to hang me?" Paul asked.

"My boy, I knew it then as well as now, but to acknowledge you to be my son was to be your own doom. They'd a hung ye then for sure, or tortured us both."

"What was they goin' to hang Crack-lash for?" asked Jack Ralston.

"Because I wouldn't tell where I'd cached a fortune in gold I got from the Alaskan mines. So long as they didn't know he was my son they could not force the secret from me that way."

"Well, cap'n, you played your part very fine, an' now that we have outwitted 'em, an' all goin' home soon, can you find the place where the gold is cached?"

"If I had a certain walrus hide I could. It is the one my son took from the cave."

"I gave it to you, Glum."

"And I've got it safe at camp."

In the midst of their rejoicing Paul did not forget the poor wretch who was lying in the cavern mangled and torn by the dog. Clarence and two Indians went and brought Morris to the camp, where Kate carefully

dressed his wounds. He was the only man living save Belcher, who had robbed Paul, and told them where the treasure could be found, also making a full confession of his crime, admitting that Lackland had hired them to detain Paul in Alaska until he, Lackland, should win a certain lady's hand and heart.

The second day after the startling incidents narrated above the little camp was broken, all the dog sleds secured and porters, packers and Esquimaux set out for the Klondyke. Providence favored them, for there was no snow fall during their march.

At the Klondyke Ethel Berry gave them a reception in her shanty. Her amazement was unbounded to learn that Laura was in Alaska, and still, strangest of all, Paul had found a father who had been dead twenty years.

Kate went to Dawson City and established her laundry, though Jack tried hard to dissuade her. She said until she was Jack's wife she would support herself, and as there was no priest or parson on the Klondyke she saw no chance to marry until they left. Kate did a big business that winter, and as soon as the spring of 1897 came and the pass was open our friends went to Juneau and took a ship for San Francisco.

Paul had not only recovered his gold, but much more, which he took out that winter, while his father recovered his gold. Jack Ralston was worth seventy-five thousand dollars, while Clarence Berry and his sweet, brave little wife were rich several times over.

It was several months before the real fate of Lackland and his companions was known. After their failure to abduct Laura Kean the three men dared not return to the land of civilization, but went to Sheep Camp.

One morning, while the camp was still buried in sleep, there came a peculiar rumbling sound from the southwest side of the mountain, and, like an avalanche, the great glacier came rumbling, thundering down, burying tents and shanties and men beneath it. Some fled and a few escaped, but when the debris had cleared away several were missing. Buried deep under the landslide were Lackland, Cummins, Allen, Morris and Belcher.

Some one had gone on to Fresno and broke the news to Mrs. Miller by degrees. She could at first hardly believe her son alive, and it was still more difficult to believe the husband, whom she had for twenty years thought dead alive. When she was told that she would see them that very day, she swooned for joy.

She was at the depot when the train came in and Captain Miller, shaven and shorn, and dressed in the garb of civilization, looking twenty years younger than when a wanderer in the Klondyke, stepped from the train to receive his fainting wife in his strong arms.

There was a wedding, of course there was. No story would be complete without a wedding, and in this there were two, for Jack Ralston would insist on being married to his faithful Kate on the same day Laura and Paul were wedded.

Clarence and Ethel Berry, who contributed so much to bring about the happiness of their friends, were present, and declared they never enjoyed but one other event more—that was their own wedding, of course. As these young people are wealthy beyond their fondest dreams, as they have tasted the bitter cup of poverty, and take delight in making others happy, it is safe to predict that their millions will not be squandered in frivolity, but the world will be better by their having lived, toiled and suffered.

May they live long to enjoy the golden riches taken from the treasure house of the Ice King on the Klondyke.

The End.

THOUGHT IT WAS PIGS.

Young Girl's Apt Description of Champion Snorer's Efforts.

Mr. J. has a great and growing reputation for snoring—his intimate friends say he is in a class all by himself and cannot be matched.

A few summers ago, while J. and his wife were on a driving trip, they stopped overnight at a hotel in Sullivan county, says the New York Tribune. The hotel was a frame building, the bedrooms were divided by thin board partitions, and the acoustic properties were so good that any sound much louder than a whisper in one room could be distinctly heard in the room adjoining.

Shortly after J. and his wife were shown to their room another party, consisting of a mother and two young daughters, arrived and were put in the room adjoining that of the J's.

That night, J., being very tired, slept soundly and—his wife says—nobly sustained his reputation as a sound producer.

The next morning, while they were seated at breakfast, the new arrivals or the night before were ushered into the dining room and were given seats at the same table, opposite J. and his wife.

The younger daughter was of a very talkative disposition, and after giving her views on things in general suddenly broke out with:

"Oh mamma! this place is just like the real country—every time I woke up last night I could hear the pigs."

J. and his wife resumed their driving trip immediately after breakfast.

In His Father's Place.

Benham—I believe our boy is going to be the fool of the family.

Mrs. Benham—It's quite probable; it's very likely that he will outlive you.

HANDSOME TAILOR-MADE FROCKS.

Never since the tailor-made woman appeared on the scene a dozen years ago, have the coats, jackets, skirts and suits been as handsome as those shown this autumn.

Perhaps the long lines are responsible for their beauty. That is the chief feature of the frocks and gowns that are to prevail in the world of fashion the coming season. Even where the skirt is broken by double circular flounces the long, graceful effect is still sought after and must be obtained to give the costume the proper style.

While in former seasons it was the plain cloths that were trimmed with silks, braids and fur, this year the tailors are putting trimmings of every description on their creations, composed of the mixed tweeds and chevrons. So much will be used this winter that all of the handsomest suits for either walking, shopping or visiting will be trimmed with some one of the popular furs.

Especially graceful was a gray costume that was recently sent home from the workshop of one of the best

tailors. The dress was of a mixed tweed, and a distinction was given it by the black fur that set it off.

The skirt was long and narrow at the hips, with the full, flowing train. The front breadth was plain and reached from the waist line to the ground. On either side of it began the thin circular flounce that made the skirt handsome. Where these began were narrow bands of broadtail. In the waist the same effect was carried out by the round collar, while between the fur bands was a fall of white chiffon that formed a vest.

The full flowing sleeves had three bands of the fur, and the dainty chiffon was made into the under sleeve that is to be one of the fashions of the winter.

For the wee maids the full box-plaited skirt is seen on many a school dress. Plaids, checks and plain cloths are the things that mammae are making into suits for small women.

In green plaid a pretty school frock was made, and it was brightened by a red velvet collar. The skirt was plaited and the waist was trimmed back into revers at the throat, showing a white gamp of broadcloth. A broad red collar laid out onto the shoulders, and neat narrow cuffs of the same fabric trimmed the sleeves. The pretty frock was finished at the waist line with a narrow belt of the velvet.

Sailor-like is a frock of dark navy blue serge, with a broad collar of white. The skirt has a broad box plait in the front and narrow ones all about. The waist is also plaited, and a bit of white serge shows as a vest, and a big collar completes the frock.



Green Plaid Frock.

Mixed Tweed Costume.

Dark Blue Sailor Frock.