



CHAPTER XII.

One fine evening in September, towards 9 o'clock, a man might have been seen pacing slowly up and down Boylston street, Boston. He seemed to be waiting for some one, for he looked closely and cautiously at every foot passenger, and even peered right into the faces of some of them. After one hour's walking he halted at the market and retreated to a dark corner.

He had not much longer to wait, for presently a muscular man, clad in a suit of gray, turned the corner, walked a few paces and then halted. The first figure emerged from his place of concealment and, advancing to the man in gray, grasped the latter by the hand, saying: "Barney Hughes, how are you?"

"Very well, De Watts, my boy," replied the man addressed as Barney. "I see your word is good as ever." "How long have you been in the city?" "About twenty-four hours. But this is a poor place to talk, so let's move up the street a bit."

But De Watts proposed a better scheme. "Let's go out to my room, where there are no policemen to order us on, and no one to listen to what we say. Besides, I have comfortable quarters, which perhaps you won't mind sharing with me during your sojourn among our blue-blooded people of 'culchaw'?"

"You are very good," replied Barney. "I guess I'll accept your kind invitation. I want to have an understanding with you. So let us be moving on."

Both men hastened along, and a few moments later were seated in a street car bound for Dorchester. De Watts was one of your well-educated and ultra-clever scoundrels with whom the atmosphere of Boston agrees remarkably well. He was a brilliant talker, a fine musician, could have carried himself with grace even in a European court, and had a knack of making friends with the most distant and reserved people. He could appear as a lady's gallant now, and ten minutes later pose as a low criminal.

It was by exercising these remarkable powers that the fellow had secured the friendship of John Satterthwaite, and so been enabled to spend Max Brett's money as soon as it was entrusted to his care. Barney Hughes will be remembered as the treacherous engineer of the Pacific Mail, during the strike on the Great Occidental Railroad. Barney loved whiskey, and was now willing to stoop pretty low to procure it. He had lately led a very reckless life, and had seen the inside of more than one prison since the night when he had attempted to desert his engine and had so signally failed.

During one of his plundering tours, Hughes had met De Watts. Acquaintance ripened into confidence, and confidence into business association. Each seemed to perfectly understand the other's tactics, and they were not long in discerning that many of their aims and plots were directed against the same people. It was to make final arrangements to further their mutual ends that Hughes had just traveled all the way from New Orleans to Boston.

Satterthwaite, but long ago broke away from his friends, and has been steadily pursuing the downward path for years. The immediate cause of death was doubtless opium, his system having been thoroughly impregnated with the deadly drug."

After reading this a whole train of memories rushed pell-mell through Handford's brain. He called to mind how he had heard, years before and from John Satterthwaite himself, that it was arranged for Emily to marry young Spencer, a son of one of the Great Occidental directors. Handford had thought nothing about it at the time, being totally unacquainted with Mr. Satterthwaite's family. Now it all came back to him. If he remembered rightly there had been some trouble on the wedding day, and the young couple had never lived together—and now Spencer was dead! Now, too, Handford recollected the overcoat at the Chelsea Inn, and the letters, one of them addressed to Harry Spencer. Doubtless Spencer had gone over there to seek an interview with Emily, an interview which had probably been denied by her father. Had he been a detective, Handford might have fostered a professional desire to learn all that could be learned of the marriage and final fate of the unfortunate young man.

"But, after all," he reflected, "I had better stick to every-day work and forget all this romancing."

One evening, some weeks later, Edward Handford was wending his way to his bachelor quarters in one of the suburbs of the city, when he was confronted by a man. At the first glance Handford thought he knew the fellow—at least he felt tolerably certain that he had looked upon the man's face before. Still, he could not be sure. The stranger, who had an uncanny appearance, spoke first.

"Your name is Handford—president of the Great Occidental—formerly general manager?"

"Such is indeed my name and record."

"You are interested in a man named Spencer, I think?"

"No, you are mistaken."

which he referred gently to the fact that he knew of her husband's death, and requested permission to renew a suit formerly pressed in total ignorance of the then existing state of affairs. He waited six weeks, and then, as no reply came, he gave up the idea of visiting old England and, for his vacation, started on a trip through the hills and valleys of New England.

CHAPTER XIV.

The well-known steamer, "Chauncey Vibbard," is making its way up the majestic Hudson, and has reached that point where the stream widens into what is known as the Tappan Zee. It is the latter end of September, and, although a lovely autumn day, the breeze blows down from the Highlands and across the broad expanse of water with remarkable freshness. So much so, that a tall man, with a handsome bronzed face, who is pacing the hurricane deck, begins to think about his overcoat.

He dives down into the checkroom and, after procuring his coat, resumes his walk. The boat is by this time plowing its way out of Haverstraw Bay into the Highlands, and aloft towers the massive form of old Dunderberg. Edward Handford, for he it is, is thoroughly enjoying the grandly romantic scenery and, for a time, his thoughts are all centered upon the river and the hills which enclose it.

In a casual way he drops his hands into the pockets of his coat. One of them touches a piece of paper, and, not having worn the coat for some weeks, he tries for a few seconds before looking at it to remember what it may be. At last, giving up this self-imposed conundrum, he draws the document forth and finds it to be a small sealed envelope, bearing a foreign postage stamp and addressed to himself. The envelope is a daintily cut and tinted one, and retains just a suggestion of sweet perfumery, while the superscription betrays the work of a woman's hand. Yes, this is certainly unique among the many missives which for years past have constituted the bulk of Mr. Handford's massive correspondence.

He tries to imagine how that month-old letter came into his pocket unopened, but gives up the speculation—leaving the responsibility to such carelessness divided between himself and his secretary. Finally he opens the envelope and, inscribed upon a sheet of paper bearing the well-remembered heading, "Cheesden Hall, Bucks," he reads:

"Dear Mr. Handford—Papa and I are going to spend the summer in the Catskill Mountains. We shall stay at the Overlook House, and we both hope that you will come and see us there."

"Very sincerely,
"EMILY SATTERTHWAITE."

That is all—but it can have only one meaning. Certainly it is enough for Handford, who reads and re-reads the note almost twenty times before raising his eyes. When he does look up, the boat is at Tarrytown. Handford is off in one instant, leaving his baggage to shift for itself. A ferryboat takes him to Saugerties, where, at the landing, seated behind a pair of smart little ponies, is—Miss Satterthwaite!

One hour before Handford had been entirely devoid of hope. Within that last hour he has read the encouraging handwriting and gazed upon the face of the only woman for whom he cares.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Handford," says the girlish widow—coolly, as though they had parted only on the previous day and under ordinary circumstances, and not a year or more before, when matters were, to say the least, a little awkward.

him as more than a valued friend—for in her heart she really loved Brett. But, like some other individuals of the gender feminine, she rather enjoyed testing the strength of her lover's affection by keeping him in suspense, and would vouchsafe no positive answer to his repeated requests.

Now, as the reader is already aware, Max Brett, while a shrewd business man and experienced man of the world, was the veriest page in knight-errantry, and a mere novice in the brotherhood of love-sick swains. He gradually grew disconsolate, and as a last resource sought the advice of his old friend and landlady, Mrs. Dupont.

"Simperton!" she cried, as she laughed at Brett's tale of woe. "You would be a nice young man to start out to win a wife if there were four or five suitors in your way all the time! Here you have the field all to yourself—you are a clever young fellow, and yet cannot bring matters to a climax—for shame! Let me tell you one or two things that may prove beneficial to you. Miss Spencer undoubtedly well, I'm not going to turn your head. She would make you just the very best wife in the world, but she is not the girl to yield very readily, and especially so if you act faint-heartedly. See, all you have to do is to make her a trifle jealous, and in two weeks you will know the exact date of the wedding!"

"How will I do all this?" asked Max, somewhat astonished at his landlady's strange advice. "It would look rather shabby and mean for me to even pretend to be faithless, and Annette might not like it."

"No, of course not! No girl likes it, but it nevertheless brings them to me. Don't you know yet that, when the average woman is in love, it is necessary for her to feel the pangs of jealousy before she can learn to be anxious? Now, go and think it over, and if you cannot map out for yourself the plan of campaign, you are not the man I take you for."

So saying, Mrs. Dupont hurried off to her room, there to enjoy a hearty laugh, while Max, left to the solitude of his own apartments, like a lone conspirator, set to work to hatch a plot. It was the commencement of his first and last attempt to make a woman jealous.

The following day Mrs. Dupont was surprised to see an express wagon stop at the door, from which the driver alighted to carry a picture up stairs. She hastened to meet him, when the man informed her that it was for Mr. Brett. It was a portrait in crayon of a beautiful young lady, and just as the expressman stood it against the wall, Annette passed by. Of course, Mrs. Dupont lost no time in informing her that it was the property of Max.

"I wonder who she is?" said Annette to herself as she ran upstairs. That night Max and his exacting lady-love together went to theater. On the way the conversation turned entirely upon the muddy streets and the various buildings that lined them. The trip homeward was taken up chiefly in a prolonged discussion as to the merits of the play, and the conversation that was usually carried on before parting at night was studiously omitted. Brett complained of a pain or ache of some character and bade Annette "good-by" in a rather abrupt manner.

(To be continued.)

HOMES IN THE STREETS.

GOWNS AND GOWNING

WOMEN GIVE MUCH ATTENTION TO WHAT THEY WEAR.

Brief Glances at Fancies, Fashions, Fretfulness, Mayhap, and Yet Offered in the Hope that the Reading Proves Restful to Worn-out Womanhood.

REPARATIONS

are being made for a return to fashion-ability of the tight dress sleeve. Just at present the bishop sleeve is in great favor on fancy and shirt waists, and summer dresses generally show no signs of lessening fullness, but remember that summer would not be chosen as the time for such a change, and prepare for a quick shift in the autumn. The designers are busily making ready for it, and some of their models are certainly inviting. Those shown in the accompanying illustrations will be incorporated in gowns for late summer and fall, and it then remains for women to indorse or refuse them. Recalling how long large sleeves of one sort or another have been stylish, it is safe to guess that tight ones will soon come in one shape or another.

Naturally the first attempts in this direction do not constitute a startling change, but are more in the nature of



A SOP TO THE ADMIRERS OF PUFFS.

a compromise, still some of them are pronounced departures. Sleeves are seen that fit tightly from wrist to shoulder. Over the shoulder, rather as part of the neck finish than as an addition to the sleeve, a little frill may hang, or there may be a slight draping—as if a lace edged handkerchief were folded cornerwise, the point under the arm, the ends tied on the top of the shoulder and the edge of the handkerchief draping the sides of the arm a bit at the top. Such fullness or drapery as there is is positively away up at the top of the arm, and frequently at the sides of the top, so that the line of the arm from wrist up over the shoulder is unbroken. Evening gowns are made with the arm exposed and undraped from the wrist to the tiny line of shoulder strap on top, while an arrangement of puffs set on the bodice under the arm spreads to either side of the arm at the top. Another daring change is shown in the first picture. Here is a dress of biscuit-colored silk, its sleeve fitting tightly from wrist to shoulder seam and armhole. A frill is then set in the armhole, which falls over the top of the arm. The frill has a little heading of pleated mauve satin that stands up smartly on the top of the shoulder. In many cases this frill is slit, and that makes more apparent the tight fit of the sleeve beneath. Such a sleeve seems to add much to a woman's height, and she who has nice arms is sure to hail the return of a close fit for them as a good thing.

For her who cannot all at once give up her beloved puffs, there is a sleeve that fits closely from wrist to shoulder, and then is reinforced by a puff perched very high up on the arm and frequently divided on the very top of the



A HALF-WAY COMPROMISE.

arm, so that the tight fit shows. Such a sleeve is very dressy, and when the puff is made of light and gauzy stuff that appears nowhere else about the dress, one realizes that its removal will not interfere with the harmony of the gown and will leave it with an entirely undraped sleeve. In the example sketched for the second picture, the sleeve puff was organdie, and the tight sleeve and bodice were of

linon, over which came embroidered ribbon.

In the next picture is presented an ingenious compromise, a sleeve that at the first seems to be only the drooping-puff-top and close-fit-below sleeve that has been so generally worn, but it is really a sleeve that fits closely all the way up, and the puff, its outlines carefully following those of the long popu-



EVEN ELBOW SLEEVES TURN PROPRIETIC.

lar sleeve, is set on at the back of the arm where it gives the usual outline to the whole bodice, but at the same time does not interfere with the lines of the arm itself. When the puff is made of a material contrasting with the rest of the sleeve the arm, as it shows close fitted, becomes the more conspicuous, but as a rule this transition sleeve endeavors to make itself inconspicuous by the use of one material. But one fabric was employed in this gown, tan cloth, which was simply trimmed with ecru embroidery. Even greater concession to the tendency to cling to a fashion once adopted is accomplished when the tight-fitting part, though it follows the outlines of the arm, still wrinkles and does not look too plain. The objection to this "dreadful plainness" is chiefly made by possessors of arms that are just a little too thin.

The elbow puff is too dressy and too becoming to the woman whose fore arm and elbow are pretty to be dispensed with at once, but it is significant that its new designs, too, point the way to tight sleeves. As shown in the fifth of these sketches, the puff is pushed up high and the sleeve is brought to the elbow by a close fitting band or cuff finished with a fall of lace that hangs behind the elbow. In a little while the cuff will be all there is of the elbow sleeve, and will have extended over the shoulder, while the lace at the elbow will constitute the only elaboration of the sleeve, except the pretty curves of the arm itself. This upper puff is not only subject to being rolled up on the arm so far that it is hardly a puff at all, but it is slit lengthwise and then pushed toward the back of the arm, exposing at the front a tight fitting effect, while at the



PUFFS THAT ARE PRESENT BY SUFFERANCE.

back the sleeve has still the look of the tight lower sleeve finished with the puff top. This treatment is displayed in the final picture, where blue, green and red striped silk gives the sleeves, and green silk the remainder. In the preceding gown the fabric was white silk striped with pale blue, the plastron being richly appliqued white satin.

Objectors to a return of tight sleeves will be resorted to by women whose arms are not big enough to stand the test. They'd better take to exercising. Rub the arm round and round, clasping the arm with thumb and finger and then twisting this ring about the arm from wrist to shoulder, making the ring so close that the twisting is not easy. Remember that to rub up and down—that is, from the wrist to the shoulder, is to reduce the flesh on the arm, while the round and round motion increases the size and adds to the muscles. Nothing but patient kneading and rubbing with oil will help bony or sharp elbows, and no padding can be successfully applied to them. Remember, too, that a sleeve too tight stops the circulation, makes the hands red and tends to attenuate the arm. A sleeve may be made very tight at the wrist and very long, and without bagging it may be rather loose above the elbow. This will give an effect of taper to the arm. It seems a pity that the fashion of slipping down the fullness or the elaboration from the shoulder to wherever it is most becoming to the arm seems not to be longer countenanced. As for the woman with pretty arms, and she is usually a girl that is pretty generally, when you suggest tight sleeves to her she responds with a smile of welcome that will make the coming change progress rapidly.

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