The Plunderers

BY C. J. CUTLIFFE HYNE.

Of all the quintet the man at the tiller was the only one who showed signs of energy, and his energy had sulphurous anger mixed with it. He was a bowed, shambling creature, with one eye red and the other missing, with long, hairy, ape-like arms, with an impediment of speech which threw him into paroxysms of temper every second time he opened his lips. Once or twice when his malady stuck him voiceless in the middle of a sentence the other white man laughed, and then when his tongue served him again he would break off from the text and rap out a stream of poisonous cursings.

At last he climaxed these by the only vituperation which no American can listen to unmoved, and the man on the coach roof dropped his indolence like a flash and was on him before he could resist. The aggressor was lusty, and he shook the steersman as a big dog shakes a rat, with ponderous wrenches, and because the sloop carried a strong weather helm when the tiller was let go she ran up into the wind, with her canvas slatting wildly.

"You snake mouthed little skunk, you'd say that to me, would you? I thought I learned you once how far you might go. You've had one eye gouged for this game less'n a month back, and if you fling your twisted stuttering tongue at me any more, by gum, I'll pocket the other."

The blacks on the foredeck chuckled and spluttered, but the big man hove an iron bucket at them, with the curt command, "Quit that yehawin!" which they did with a yell and a sudden veiling of ivory. Then with an indolent sprawling of arms and legs he gained his basking place again on the top of the cabin roof, and once more the steersman got the sloop under command.

The next three boards were made in silence, save for the creaking of the gear when she went about, and then the one eyed man broke out again.

"You're sure it wasn't a government bo-o-o-at, Hank?"

"Government be sugared! She wasn't the right build to start with. Besides, if the government knew this channel at all, you bet it'd be said so in all the papers. And she did know it, or she wouldn't have gone buzing past at six knots without a leadsman. Seems to me some one's spilt, and she's some darned Britisher come to cut out our game for themselves."

"You tire me. Plume hunting's illegal by these bub-bub blessed bird laws, and so's selling whisky to Injuns. As it is, we've trouble enough to sneak in and out of the 'Glades in this sus-sus-sus-s-s-slip of a sloop, so how in hades d'you expect they'd do in a 1,000 ton"— Here the man's infirmity blocked his speech for a full minute. He snarled out, "Oh, I've no use for a blank putty hear like you."

Hank laughed and put tobacco into his mouth. "Go it," he said, "Go it, right close to the end if you like, but bring up short of that, or I'll gouge you, sure's death."

The steersman grimed a spasm of fury. He longed much to use again the unpardonable phrase, but he forebore. He felt that his friend would be as good as his word. So he ceased from speech altogether, and a negro on the foredeck enlivened the silence with the Jordan hymn, giving full value to every possible shake and turn.

A porpoise surged past them making for the open after a day's fresh water fishing, and once or twice an alligator's eyebrows and snout showed like knots of blackwood floating up against the current, for this was territory where the skin hunter's rifle had not scared them altogether into night work. The sloop's pace up stream was small, and it was not till just before night fall that she rounded a cape where high black pines stood up like soldiers on parade around the water's edge and saw the steamer. She was grounded on a sandbank athwart the stream and lay with a two foot list away from the current. Not until they were close aboard of her could those on the sloop see the gold lettering on her counter.

"B-b-both lifeboats gone. Say, that's rum!"

"Port Edes of London," Hank read. "Port Edes? I seem to know that name. Hullo, Nutt! What's wrong now? You look as though I'd said your rich uncle had gone dead."

The one eyed man's face was lit up with an unholy joy. "Don't you know?" he stuttered out. "The biz was in all the papers. That steamboat was bringing out £500,000 in sovereigns. Her port was New Orleans, and she's got there. By gum, I suppose they think they're going to steal it all by themselves."

"Who's they?" inquired the other.

"I guess we shall know that soon," returned the one eyed man grimly. "Hi, you niggers there forward! I s'pose you got razors hid somewhere in yer pants?"

"Say," drawled his friend, "you'd mebbe better go slow, Billy Nutt. That steamer does look asleep, but if you start making yourself ugly too soon somebody may wake up and pull off guns at us."

"Shoot or no shoot," retorted the man at the tiller, "I'm going to have some of their plunder before a dozen hours are over, or else be a deader. I've never had a chance like this in all my life before, and I'll never geg-geg-get another."

"You bet not," agreed the other. "Nor'll I. That's why I'll stand in with you over this deal down to the last chip. I reckon," he added in a lower voice, "we can count well on the niggers too. They're not exactly a camp meeting crowd. They're toughs that a racket like this'll suit as nat'ral as chicken stealing."

CHAPTER XIV.

RESULTS IN LONDON.

"How awfully ghastly!" said Amy Rivers. "Yes," said Fairfax. "Those anarchist people ought to be shot down like dangerous wild beasts whenever they open their mouths. Think of it! Not only a fine ship but £500,000 in specie blotted out of existence by this murderous bomb. It will come fearfully heavy on some of the underwriters. There will be a black pay day at Lloyd's when they settle up over this. You never saw such excitement as there is in the city. Papers were selling at half a crown apiece."

"And is it certain that poor Mr. Cambel is drowned?"

"I'm afraid practically so. The two lifeboats were picked up next morning and their crews taken into Mobile. When they came to count heads, it was found that the captain, Cambel and one of the engine room hands were missing. In the hurry to escape they seem to have got into neither lifeboat. The telegram says that no other boat would have lived a minute in the sea that was running at the time, even if one had been lowered, and the mate, who writes, does not think that this was even attempted, because the Port Edes sank before they had driven out of sight. We had a private cablegram at the office before I left, and that told how other steamers crossing that part of the [illegible] on the lookout, but up to then [illegible] so much as a scrap of wreckage had been sighted. So I fear it is past a doubt that she sank like a stone in deep water and took those poor fellows down with her."

"It is horribly sad, especially when one remembers what I heard this morning. Hamilton, the girl Mr. Cambel went wild about six years ago, is out in Florida this minute and free. Duvernay, the man she married, died six months ago of malarial fever. You know, Mr. Cambel was engaged to her just after he left Cambridge and went as an attache and was desperately fond of her, as I imagined he could be, and when her people forced her into marrying the other fellow he threw up his post and wandered into all the most out of the way corners of the earth to try to forget things. What makes me so interested is this: I've just found out that she was a Miss Mabel Kildare before she was married, and when I was a child I used to know her sister Elsie very well indeed. In fact, I believe we were some sort of cousins, and for half a year we had the same governess together and were as intimate as two children could be. Then her sister married Mr. Duvernay, who had a colonial appointment, and Elsie went with them abroad, and we dropped completely out of touch with one another. Strange, isn't it, that I should hear of her again the same day that brings news of poor Mr. Cambel's death?"

"It's a small world this," said Fairfax sententiously, "and coincidences are the commonest things in it. I suppose in a novel the pair of them ought to have come together and forgiven the past and married and settled down in a villa residence, with ivy and clematis attachment, and lived happily ever afterward. Unfortunately real life is balder and far less romantic."

"You seem out of spirits," said his fiancee, linking her fingers over his arm.

"I suppose I am. To begin with this Port Edes business isn't calculated to enliven one, and then on the top of that I've had another taste of your blessed guardian's business methods which have nearly sickened me out of the office altogether. You know about this Brothers Steamship company which he is trying to float? Well, we had a preliminary meeting today—quite 1,000 people, and all, comparatively speaking, poor. They were for the most part the gang he preaches to on Sunday, with a sprinkling of skippers out of work and other seafaring folk who had saved a trifle of money.

"Shelf commenced the business with prayer, which is right enough at its proper time, but struck me as being particularly out of place there. The audience, however, groaned approval, and their confidence in the man seemed to be strengthened. He followed this up with a clever speech about the profits to be made out of the modern sea carrying trade and enlarged upon the notorious fact that the losses of the business largely arose from the lack of interest on the part of shipmasters and the officers. This last, he said, would be entirely removed in the Brothers Steamship company, because by the article of association no man would hold a responsible position on any one of their vessels who was not an actual shareholder of the company. And then he pointed out that there was an 8 per cent. dividend guaranteed on preference stock and a certain 15 per cent. or 18 per cent. on the ordinary and wound up with another dose of cant. The company, he said, would not be alone content with earning income for its bondholders. It would have as its equal object the spreading of the gospel and t e civilization of England to the uttermost parts of the globe.

"Then the meeting cheered and amended and wrote out an application for 10,000 £5 shares then and there in the room on forms which were handed round, and when it dispersed Mr. Theodore Shelf and I drove back to the offices.

"'Look here,' I said to him, 'you've put me down on the directorate of this thing, with a salary of £1,000 a year. I want to resign.'

"'What on earth for?'

"'Oh, shall we say I haven't sufficient money loose to take up enough shares?'

"'But' he said quickly, 'you needn't take up any. You can draw your first quarter's salary and pay that back to the company's bankers on your first call. That will qualify you.'

"'No,' I said, 'I'm not going to do that. I'm going to be mixed up with this new company in no degree whatever. Flatly, I don't believe in the thing one bit. It's a notorious fact that freights are so low just now that thousands of tons of shipping are laid up because it can't be run at a profit, and if you put more in commission freights will tumble down still lower.'

"'You speak from your ignorance,' he said. 'I should remind you that I am by far an older man and have a much deeper experience. The business of Marmaduke Rivers & Shelf is a lasting monument of what my humble talents can accomplish and you will some day see for yourself the newer company on an equal footing. Did you not notice what enthusiastic confidence in its prosperity those humble friends of mine showed this afternoon?'

"'A fat lot they know about the shipping business,' said I. 'In the mood you worked them up to they'd have believed in an advertising stockbroker's circular if only there were a text at the head of the page.'

"Shelf pulled the check string, and his brougham stopped against the curb. 'Mr. Fairfax,' he said 'your attitude pains me. Let us part here for the time, and let us both pray that when next we meet you may be in a more Christian mind,' whereupon out I stepped and came along here to Park lane. Amy, dear, I don't like the look of things at all. The other business—the Oceanic Steam Transportation company as it is called officially—is by no means in a healthy condition, and remembering that it seems to me that starting this new company is something very nearly approaching a swindle I believe that Theodore Shelf, knowing that he is in low water, is getting desperate."

"I don't know about the last," replied the girl thoughtfully; "but, as for being in low water, there I think you are wrong. Every week here they seem to spend more money than they did the week before. Mrs. Shelf was at a picture sale yesterday and bought two old masters at 4,000 guineas apiece, and it isn't likely she'd throw away that sum on what is absolutely and entirely a luxury unless money were pretty plentiful with her."

"It can't go on at this pace," said Fairfax. "I know what the limits of the business are, and I am certain it can't stand the drain which all this gorgeousness must entail. Last year the profits were almost nil, and yet did Mrs. Shelf retrench at all? Not a bit. She goes in for more and more display every week she lives. This pace must bring about a wreck and if the Oceanic Steam Transportation company goes down it is an absolute certainty that this new Brothers company will be swamped with it."

"And then?"

"More than 5,000 poor people, for the most part old, will find that the savings of a lifetime have vanished into nothingness before their eyes. It is an awful thing even to think such a suspicion against a man, but the idea is growing upon me, and Theodore Shelf saw what I thought when he showed me out of his brougham this afternoon."

"Then what," asked the girl in a horrified whisper, "will you do?"

"Nothing. What can I do? To breathe a word of it aloud would be a libel, and if I did not get sent to jail they would pack me off to Hanwell as a malicious madman. Shelf's name is as good as a banknote in the city this day, and for everybody's sake I trust I have wronged him foully, and that it may always continue so. But, Amy, dear, I have a heavy foreboding on me that in less than half a year's time there will be a mob of wretched people shooting themselves or going to the workhouse because he has ruined them, and they haven't the pluck or the thews left to commence life afresh."

CHAPTER XV.

THE PLUME HUNTER'S DINNER PARTY.

The one eyed man, Billy Nutt, and his friend and partner, whose name was apparently Hank, without further attachment, made a livelihood by transgressing the laws of the United States and supplying a strong demand .Ladies of society wished for egret plumes and other feathers for external adornment, and the Seminole of the Everglades desired corn whisky for his stomach's sake, and white game regulations forbade collection of the first, Indian's protection acts vetoed lawful distribution of the second. And for the transgressor there were distinct and heavy penalties.

But, to begin with, State's law does not cary very far in the Everglades of Florida, which is the home of outlaws, and in the second place Mr. Nutt and friend were both "wanted" on several counts already, among which unjustifiable homicide ranked high, so that they were men entirely reckless and inclined to look upon p aching and illicit whisky pedling to the aboriginal as the mildest of mild peccadilloes. Moreover, as in furtherance of their business they were extremely well armed and apt to shoot first and reflect afterward when annoyed, they were not persons to be argued with by any of the more gentle methods.

The three men on the steamer were in no way prepared to receive these dubious visitors—were, in fact, completely oblivious of their approach, being still chained in the deepest slumber. The sun had drooped below the tree tops, and already the night noises of the forest were beginning—the rattle of crickets and toads in the trees, the grunting of the bullfrog in the swamp, the dry rustle of the jar flies and the warm hum of the never sleeping mosquito. In the darker tree aisles there commenced the brief light snappings of fireflies, and in the black shadowed water of the bayous were other phosphorescent glows, like these, only coming from the eyes of some prowling alligator.

The sloop ran down her jibtopsail, and as the iron hanks screamed along the stay a negro trotted nimbly out along the flat bowsprit top to secure the sail in its gaskets. The wind was dropping with the sun, and because the current raced manfully down the bight where the stranded steamer was lying the sloop made but a fathom or so to the good by every board across the river. The one eyed man danced a barefoot tattoo of fury on the floor boards of the cockpit at this slowness, and his loose limbed partner, who still sprawled on the cabin roof, chuckled with easy amusement. But the breeze held long enough for their purpose. They ran up above the steamer, and the stream ground their planking against the rust streaked iron. A pair of davit falls hung down, with the blocks weed covered in with water, and overhauling one of these they made it fast round the bitts. Then, swarming up the other fall, the whole five of them gained the bridge deck above.

Instinctively when once their feet were on the warm gray planks each man, black and white, handled his weapon ready to fight any one, as might be demanded of him, but no one appeared to seek explanation of their presence, and from starting about them they took to staring at one another rather foolishly. If one has been expecting a brisk game of murder, and one meets with empty silence, it rather spoils the sequence of ideas.

"Come to think of it," said Hank in an oppressive whisper, "if there'd been an anchor watch, they'd have hailed us before we got this far. I bet the old man's asleep in the charthouse. 'Twouldn't be a bad idea to bottle him."

(Continued Next Week.)

"Gamblah From Chicago."

Here is a story that comes all the way from Florida, a state that overflows with darkies. There was a small church, wretchedly out of repair, with a terribly leaky roof, and the negro pastor fervent-prayed for funds to make repairs. A collection was started. One brother put in ten cents.

"Ten cents from Brudder Jones. De Lord bless Brudder Jones."

Then a quarter of a dollar was received. "Brudder Johnson a quartah. De Lord bless Brudder Johnson."

The collector reached a gambler, who happened to go into church out of curiosity to witness a darky service, and who had had a big winning night. He put a twenty-dollar note into the hat.

The almost breathless collector said: "Wha's de name, sah?"

"Never mind the name, I am a gambler from Chicago."

"Gamblah from Chicago, twenty dollahs," shouted the collector.

The pastor rolled his eyes up, and raising his hands, said, with a voice choking with emotion: "Twenty dollahs, gamblah from Chicago. May de good Lo'd bless and prospah de noble gamblah from Chicago."

From Puck.

Anecdote of William the Conqueror

One day King William the Conqueror was seen to kick himself, whereupon the estates of the realm voted an address to the throne, calling for an explanation, provided, of course, if it were compatible with the public interest.

"Why, certainly," replied the sovereign, graciously. "The doctor told me I should pay for it when I ate lobster for supper last night, and now I'm footing the bill, that's all."

His words were variously received. The loyal Normans laughed heartily and vowed his majesty was perfectly killing somehow, but the disgruntled Saxons kept straight faces, and more than intimated that they had heard the joke before.

Reckless.

From the Somerville Journal.

Once in a while you see a girl who doesn't care if people know how old she is. She is usually seventeen.

The best housekeeper is the one who passes less time in making things clean and more thought in keeping them clean as she goes.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

False teeth are the only ones that can be extracted without pain.

Ever notice how a man whose wife is away visiting is watched?

You needn't take any pains to give the devil his due; he'll get it.

Every good farmer has three or four jobs laid up for a rainy day.

At the summer resort every summer is the hottest one they ever had.

What are you mad about most frequently? In our case, it is because we are old.

The family skeleton usually comes out of the closet to referee the family quarrels.

How many times some men can make fools of themselves without finding it out.

A good many people make promises to lecturers and candidates that they never keep.

The amateur gardner is usually an adept at explaining why his garden isn't better.

People talk about "different temperaments," when they really mean different tempers.

It is particularly easy to deceive a woman when it comes to saying nice things about her.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who referred to the harness on his horses as "gears?"

The world seems to accept the doctrine that man should give his friend a little the best of it.

Occasionally there is a good man who is also so stupid that he will not know heaven when he sees it.

One reason fewer girls than boys know how to swim is that girls rely on someone teaching them.

Hit John Barleycorn every time you get a chance. Even behaving his best, he is meditating mischief.

If a man is sufficiently in love, he imagines he thinks poetry, even though he doesn't attempt to write it.

We have noticed that when a woman hears that another woman was never in love, she says "Bah."

Some men are so mean they like to take their wives' advice so they can tell them later how worthless it was.

The new neighbors next door always turn out better than their furniture looks when it arrives on a wagon.

It is a remarkable crowd of children who can play games for twenty minutes without quarreling over who is "it."

"You are no peach," we heard a young man say to a girl at Forest park, lately; "there are no peaches this year."

A farmer sitting in front of a store said to a reporter today: "We farmers are very busy in the harvest field now."

When an agent calls to collect, he is not near as polite as he was when he called to coax you into signing the contract.

The Lancaster Literary society will next Saturday night settle the question —"Can a shiftless person help being shiftless?"

When a widow says she will never marry again, she usually follows the statement with a proviso beginning with "unless."

There is at least the consolation to the girls that it is a greater compliment to be called a peach this year than it was last.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who described his anger by saying he was "mad enough to bite a tenpenny nail in two?"

How much useless talk we indulge in. Keep track of yourself some day, and note how much time you waste in talking foolishness.

Judging by what happens afterward there must be a lot of bad luck omens attending every wedding which are not noticed at the time.

When a man kills himself for a woman he gets lots of sympathy, but when a woman kills herself for a man she is laughed at.

Years may come and years may go, but the time will never arrive when a man will sit up and patch his wife's clothes after she is asleep in bed.

The man who butts into a family row has a large bump of good judgment compared with the visiting ball player who starts a fight with the umpire.

The United States buys about 60 per cent. of the total diamond output of South Africa, but there are still a good many girls who haven't been supplied.

If a man borrows your lawn mower, and fails to return it, don't become discouraged, and let your grass become ragged; borrow another lawn mower and go to work.

It is going to be hard when a woman gets to heaven and finds herself flying around in a one-piece robe, with no cause for feeling in the back if her skirt and her waist are together.

An unfortunate child is one whose mother has a short memory. She doesn't remember when she refuses her children pleasures that only yesterday she was a child, and begged for them herself.

A pretty and modest girl shocked this reporter recently, and this reporter is a tough old man. The girl wore a seemore waist, and, when she stopped to play with a cat, the sight was tolerable dreadful. Are these waists worn because they are comfortable, or because they shock the men?

For seventeen years an Atchison woman has concealed the fact that she was related to the Bobgers, a particularly worthless family. Then one of the Atchison woman's family died, and the Bobgers, as kin, appeared at the funeral. It was too much for anyone to bear and she has been prostrated ever since.

An Atchison expert in flirting says that when you take hold of a girl's hand, and she doesn't say anything, but gets that cold, steel gray look in her eyes, as if she had sick headache, you had better let lose and run. But if the girl grabs her hand away, and says: "Now you stop!" the expert says keep right on; it's all right.

THE PIERROT COLLAR.

There is a little collar now in fashion which has been suggested by those worn by Pierrots on fete days of France. It is made of linen, gathered into a ruff about three inches wide, and then is tacked to a bodice or jacket somewhere between the neck and shoulder. On "exclusive" summer suits the Pierre collar is quite the newest feature.

As a rule, these suits have first a flat collar of the goods, rather round in shape and under which the Pierrot collar is basted. It is never sewed tightly to the jacket, because it is frequently taken off for the purpose of laundering. Extra Pierrot collars are sometimes supplied with a suit.

The edge of this collar is finished with hemstitching or it is bordered with very narrow lace. This latter should, if possible, be real.

The Pierrot collar seems to be regarded as indicative of many things. Its quality and fineness are scanned much as if it were a handkerchief. In fact, for summer evening wraps it is being made entirely of the finest real lace, duchess or Venetian rose being none too good for this pert little collar.

The women to whom the Pierrot collar is most becoming are those with broad shoulders. It is not at all desirable for women whose shoulders would slope down from under its jaunty fulness. It appears on many summer blouses, particularly those of plaid silks.

FOR FEMININE EYES

LETTER DONT'S.

Don't use a typewriter for social correspondence or business paper.

Don't fail to use clean paper and envelopes to match.

Don't omit your address and the date either at the head of the first page or at the foot of the last.

Don't forget to write legibly; the recording angel would not be overworked if letter writers would observe this rule.

Don't seal a letter of introduction when handing it to the person who is to present it.

Don't forget that a business letter should be brief and to the point.

Don't send money in a letter without registering it.

Don't fail to answer promptly all correspondence.

Don't omit to reply to all the questions asked of the various points raised by your correspondent.

Don't forget to affix correct amount of postage; if in doubt have the letter weighed.

Don't fail to inclose stamp for reply when writing to a stranger, requesting some personal favor or some official information.

Don't forget that—

Every sentence should begin with a capital.

SOCIETY'S FAVORITE FLOWER.

From the New York Press.

Whatever the shortcomings of the "400," the members of this over-advertised body cannot be charged with neglect of flowers. It is a hopeful sign in a woman to find her fond of flowers, and women of the "400" seldom have been seen in a happier light than at present, when they are engaged in rivalry over the cultivation of dahlias.

The dahlia is a common plant in Enrope, in many parts growing wild. It is a rarer plant in this country, and as it belongs almost exclusively in the hothouse it has been developed to a beauty not approached in the most favorite spot abroad. There is some doubt as to the one who receives the credit for the sudden growth in popularity of the plant. The Vanderbilt conservatories are now stocked with it. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt has marked the dahlia as her favorite flower, and so with Mrs. Clarence Mackay. Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney is another lover of the dahlia, chiefly because of its rainbow tints and its rare value for decorative purposes.

Mrs. Mackay seems to have the lead in the friendly rivalry just now, for she has a dozen plants of truly surpassing beauty. The hearts of the flowers are of variegated brown, with the long, soft, golden petals tapering off to white. The secret of the variety belongs alone to Mrs. Mackay and the Mackay horticulturist, and the Mackay country place in Roslyn finds an adornment even more alluring than the dahlia effects in the Vanderbilt and Whitney homes.

FOR THE WASHDAY.

When through boiling your clothes on washday, put your flatirons in the boiler and let them remain there till the water is cool. Wipe dry, rub a little sweet oil over them, and wrap each one in a newspaper and put away till next day's ironing.

Sweet oil rubbed all over the wash boiler when clean and dry prevents it from rusting.

One pint of beer in two quarts of starch gives the curtains a delicate cream color.

SAVE WITTY CLIPPINGS.

A neat little booklet for an invalid can be made by saving witty clippings and pasting in a small scrap book. Often when one is not able to read lengthy articles, something bright and witty will help brighten the day. It should only be loaned and passed along where it would probably be the most appreciated. Little pieces can be pasted on cards, and are much more easily held by persons lying in bed. Bright pictures, comic and otherwise, are nice for children, and afford amusement to the impatient little sufferers who must remain in bed.

MARGUERITE FREY.

Marguerite Frey, the Denver girl who won a national prize the other day for being the most beautiful woman in America, is a young business woman of 19. The following catalogue of her tastes and aims is interesting in these days when a pretty face is supposed to be an excuse for a girl to rush to the stage or be mixed up in unsavory scandals. This pretty girl, whose face was chosen as the most artistically beautiful among 100,000 faces of lovely women, is a devoted daughter and sister, and a great home lover. She says she likes best in the world—after her mother, sisters, brothers and home—music, moonlight, roses, white kittens, chocolate creams and sad love stories.

She hates gossip, affectation, cruelty, envy, snakes and rare meat.

Her ideal of a good time is: A bunch of violets, a box of creams, a rowboat on a still lake, with the moon shining on the water, a good looking man rowing, and somebody singing in the distance.

Her greatest ambition: To be a good girl.

Her greatest hope: To be worthy of what she considers her great good fortune.

Her greatest fear: An unhappy marriage.

Her dearest friend: Her mother.

Her best chum: Her brother.

The one she loves best of all: Her big sister.

This natural, girly girl was selected as the beauty of America because of her perfect profile, her roses and cream skin, her large melting blue eyes, her mass of crinkly golden hair, her perfect white teeth, and the purity of her expression. Her figure is slight and graceful, and at the same time she is active, strong, and a lover of outdoor sports.

TO MEND SILK STOCKINGS.

Silk stockings are among the expensive luxuries of a girl's wardrobe. The first cost is considerable, and they do not stand hard wear.

When the first stitch breaks their beauty is much impaired if not actually destroyed. That one tiny break rapidly runs down the length of the stocking, and if not quickly mended the open strip speedily widens and the case is hopeless.

The usual way of mending is to sew the raveled edges together with over-and-over stitch. This may stop further raveling, but even with the greatest care there will be a fuzzy seam, very conspicuous on the plain part of the stocking, and most unsightly on any part.

A better way, which only requires patience, is to pick up the stitches and crochet the edges together with a fine needle, and fine silk of the same color.

The seam then will never be noticed by any one but the wearer.

TO BLEACH EMBROIDERIES.

Dip an old pillow case or something similar in very deep bluing water, let dry, and if not very blue dip again, and dry again. Use the bag to bleach colored embroideries, such as doilies and centerpieces and things which cannot be boiled lest the colors fade. Wash the pieces, dry in the shade, then put in the blue bag and hang in the light several days. They will come out almost as white as new.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

French embroidered handkerchiefs are being replaced by those done in Maderia embroidery, and the new style is attractive. This embroidery is done in the southern part of France, although judging from the name one should imagine it was done in the island of Madeira. It takes its name from the work for which the natives of that island are famous. Madeira embroidery first was seen in the doily sets for the table, and is still extremely fashionable and effective. The work on the handkerchief is newer and still more charming.

CHECKED TAFFETA VISITING GOWN.

Very graceful is the princess gown depicted in the sketch. The princess idea is accentuated by having the skirt perfectly tight-fitting over the hips; below shows a graduation of the material. The bretelle effect is also combined with the skirt; the side gores extend over the shoulders and meet a similar extension from the back. A cap is added to the bretelles falling over each shoulder. Suitable development can be had in taffeta, chiffon panama, shantung, rajah, checked or striped voile and linen. A fine lingerie waist worn with this skirt makes a pretty costume.