

work her ruin

with her.

For Joseph Gresham is as particular

now as he was in the days of Bessie

Bouverie, that his company shall bear a

public character. When, therefore, it is

announced that he has granted Miss De

en, Louie Montressor falls into such a

fever of delight that she seizes Susie by

both hands and dances round and round

"Fancy, my dear," she exclaims. "the

delight of getting rid of Mrs. Thompson

for a whole week! Won't we have fun,

though, whiist she is away? We shall be

at York, you know, where there are heaps

catch her friend's enthusiasm, "and we'll

eat as many tarts as we like. Louie, with

out having lectures about our teeth, and

be able to take a walk, after the theater,

if the nights are fine, and to go to hed i

the afternoon, and do anything wealike.

Oh, It will be nice, dear, you and I to-

gather, without granny to scold us for

"Rather," replies Louie; "but you must

hang by me, Susie, you know, and not

blab all we may do, in the dressing room;

for I mean to have a real week of it, I

can tell you; and the governor might out

ing to be house bright between us, isn't

"Of course," says Susie, rather wound-

ed by the doubt. "You don't think, do

you, that I'd be so mean as to go and tell

For, in her heart, she has no suspiciot

that if Lonie's worst pranks were sub-

jected to the light of public opinion, they

would incur more than the usual blame

accorded to a schoolgirl folly. So, on the

Saturday before the company moves on

to York, Geraldine De Vere goes up to

London by the night mail, and her two

companions inaugurate their freedom on

Sunday by a dinner of tarts, washed

down with ginger beer. At York (as

Louie prognosticated), the theater is filled

with officers, and the little actress' tri-

As they return from the theater a few

supper, Miss Montressor (prefacing the

umphs begin.

anything you wish kept secret?

everything, won't it?"

"Yes, yes!" cries Susie, quite ready to

As Susie sits down in the little parlot, and Miss De Vere and Miss Montressor take off her traveling wraps she feels as if she had entered upon an entirely new existence. And so she has! Could a wider gulf lie between any two lives than which she has just concluded in Lucas Court, Malisbury, and that which she has begun in theatrical lodgings at Leicester?

"I hope you won't mind sleeping with dear?" said Louie, "because we me couldn't possibly get a third bedroom in this house

"Ob no! I shall like to sleep with rou. and it is so kind of you to let me," cries Susie, gratefully. "I thought I should feel lonely amongst you all at first; but now I am sure I shall not."

of officers. Oh, let us be joyfun. Well, loneliness is not a thing we suffer from in the profession," remarks Miss "It's rather the other way, as a rule: inn't it. Gerrie?"

"I think you take good care not to be lonely," replies Miss De Vere, with an air of superiority; "but for my own part, 1 often wish I were more so.

"Oh!" retorts the other, minicking De Vere's manner; "but then we can't all play 'principal boy' and have rich husbands, you know. You must make some allowances for the smaller fry requiring some relaxation."

"What are you talking about?" says Susie, laughing, with open eyes. up rough, if it came to his ears. It's go

"Why, don't you know that Gerrie ars 'lead' in the burlesque 'principal boy.' with half a dozen changes? Of course, you've seen plenty of burlesques?" "Not one! I have never been inside a theater." replies Susie.

"(sh. you little greenhorn! What a lot rou have to learn! Well, I expect some of De Vere's dresses will open your eyes. "But what did you say about hus-bands?" continues the girl, curiously.

"She is only spiteful because I happen be married, my dear," interposes Mias De Vere: "and I am sure she need not be. for any one is welcome to my husband sho will take him off my hands. "How could they?" says Susie, laugh-

ing again at so ludicrous an idea.

"It's very fine to run the poor fellow down, Gerrie," says Miss Montressor: 'but you know he sends you money whenever you want it, and you'd scratch | nights later, and sit down to their fragal anybody's eyes out who tried to take him from you. Why, she's the luckiest girl

little toward gaining his daughter's con-fidence, that Louis Montressor seems the this one, and not a bad choice, by any greater friend of the two to her; and she manner of means. She'll just sait you, would rather run the risk of his anger than of hers. Gresham observes that Su- I must run down again now, and see it sie looks more than usually shy and timble the fadlies are ready to come up? as he meets her at the wings the following evening, and that her muswers to his inquiries are delivered in a low volce, and who has recovered herself by this time. with a somewhat constrained manner.) and determined to go through with it. The idea gains upon him as the exening right or wrong, is full of self-confidence proceeds, and he watches her furtively but noor Susie, with a face alternatel? from the wings, or the front of the house. flushing red and white, shrinks from the and the first thing he does when work is gaze of the strangers' eyes, as if she were fairly over is to go to the general dressing about to sink into the ground, room and ask for his daughter. A chorus "Miss Montressor-Miss Gresham," of shrill voices from within inform him says Captain Fairfax, to his companions, that she has already gone home. His heart is far more wrapt up in his beauti- Captain Horseley, Captain Philip and Mr. ful child than he acknowledges to him- Lindsay," self. So, knowing that professionals soon get into the habit of keeping late hours, how, but Horseley, with an odious famil he puts on his hat and strolls toward Miss harity, shakes both the girls by the hand,

Montressor's lodgings, in case the girls saying: should still be up. The hall door is open. the gas is burning in the passage, and Hope you mean to enjoy yourselves, and Geraldine would seize any opportunity of the landiady every cross and put out by have a july evening, and if you're half traducing her to the manager, in hopes of such unusual proceedings) is standing on as clever as you're pretty, I should say her doorstep; looking up and down the road. As Gresham comes suddenly upon he continues, as he games holdly into those her she starts.

"Ahl sir! is it you? I was in hopes t was the young ladies, for I'm fairly tired | may think what you like, but you're no out sitting up for them."

"The young indies!" exclaims Gresham, "Why, where have they gone?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sir; out to supgood name for its private as well as its per with friends, 1 believe. 1 thought, likely enough, you'd be with 'em. But it's too had of them, it is, keeping me ap Vere a fortnight's holiday, during which in this way, when they know as I haven't time her part in the burlesque will be taken by her understudy. Miss Amy Lovslept a wink with the face-ache for a week TAD A.T

"When did they go? With what friends?" demands Gresham hurriedly. "Well sir, one of the hofficer gentle-

men from the barracks called this evening, after the ladies had gone to the the ater, and asked for 'em by usme, and I told him as they was gone, and he said he ton has now removed to a chair on the didn't think they'd leave so early. And opposite side of the room. He looks earn then he says, 'Hif they come 'ome,' he themen they was a going to sup with."

"Do you know the gentleman's name?" "Ob. yes, sir! It was Captain Fairfax. He lives in Besshorough Terrace. It's to the barra-ks, and I think his number's 16 8 61

"That will do: Ull find him!" exclaims Gresham, as he strides furiously away.

CHAPTER X

Meantime the two girls, having changed heir fanciful dresses as quickly as they can, slip quietly out of the stage door and make their way toward the postoffice Now that the moment for meeting Captain Fairfax has actually come, Susie is almost shaking with fear at her temerity. and Louis has ceased boasting. As they reach the place of meeting, however, and descry a good-looking young man in plain clothes, and a carriage, waiting to receive them, Louis recovers her presence of mind, if not her effrontery.

The stranger doffs his hat at once 'Allow me to hand you to the carriage, he says, as he places the two girls on thfront seat, and settles miniself opposite to them. "And now, Miss Montressor, commences Captain Fairfax. "how can I sufficiently thank your friend and your self for condescending to come to supper with me? You must not expect great things, you know; you will only get bachfare in onchelors' diggings, but elors' your goodness in gracing my poor rooms will glorify them for ever in my eyes." "Oh, it was very kind of you to ask

act by many a mysterious smile) draws us," says Louie, nervously; "and-

Yet she wishes she might tell ner fath- out much account on the stage, I fancy, DAINTY HOUSE GOWNS for Mistress Butterfly herself. But Joseph Gresham has done so but a stauning face! I told the fair Louis

SEVERAL DESIGNS ARE HERE aim. She looks as fresh as a daisy! But PRESENTED.

Old Street Dresses and Party Gowns Are No Longer Made to Do Service as Home Garments-Especial Honse Attire Is Now the Thing.

Gotham Fashion Gossip. New York corresp

UCH progress has been made since even the average woman felt that she could wear almost any old dress of mornings, and new, no matter what her calling or the shallowness of her husband's purse, she has especial house attire for the home, and does not wear her old street dresses

and party gowns. Even the slimmest purse can stand a little dress of pretty striped flannellette. with collar, cuffs and belt of pique Such a dress is made with dainty round waist and full skirt, with deep hem just escaping the floor. The huslest little bride, the most practical young housekeeper or the most frivolous daughter of the house can only seem "Thank you ! Yes, I will, but I'm not dainty and suitable in such a gown for tired," replied Susie, in broken, disjointed, the morning hours at home, when she is either really doing housework or mak

portions that her house duties, whether serious or pretended, are in the nature says, 'after the theater, tell 'em,' he says, and startled eyes and crimmoned cheeks, of superintendence rather than of ac-So I supposed as 'e was one of the gen- for a while, and then turns away, with tual doing of drudgery, then this first picture may convey useful hints. This

(To be continued.)

In another minute, he has ushered the

two girls into the supper room. Louie.

"allow me to introduce my friends to you

The cornet and the man on the sofa

"Well, my dears! very glad to see you,

you'd do so. Fax! here's a pair of eyes!

"Be quiet, Jim," cries Fairfax; "you

"I'll eat my head if she'd ever he of-

to say it, or Miss Montressor will be of

fended at any compliment I paid her on

her heanty," insists Horseley. "If she uidn't like it talked about, she wouldn't

show it as she does-would you, Miss

Fairfax, placing a chair for her.

of Lonfe-

fended.

Montressor?"

sentences.

Some Mosquito Facts.

almost a frown of displeasure

Not one, but three species are represented among those who venture into human habitations. The one whose sting hurts the most is a little darkbrown creature, but a goodly sized yellow mosquito and a large-sized black variety, with striped legs, are not backward in making their presence known. Mosquitoes are so natural, so cunning in the manner in which they sting and draw their blood, that it will no doubt surprise most people to be told that sucking human blood is only an acquired taste with them. Dr. Uhler says that their natural food is slime and deleterious organic matter that would be the cause of much malaria were it not eaten by the mosquitoes. "Sucking blood is only an acquired taste," says Dr. Uhler, "but they have learned to do it scientifically. Did you ever notice how quickly they discover and make for places on the exposed parts of your body where arteries full of blood lie near the surface?"

All the mischief of mosquitoes was inherited by the females. The males | jacket bodice having a long basque and neither buzz nor sting, nor do they showing a fitted vest of brown silk, velseem to do anything at all except to vet bars crossing the front and lending man ear and make merry over the an- and each bar and rosette bore an orna-

might prefer, however, one of the lave. ly sliken gowns, with insertion of data ty lace, that are made with soft blouse effect ending in a wide soft belt from which hangs the full skirt. "Pretty enough for a party dress," sighs Dollie. but Mistress Butterfly would never wear such a gown for a party-not she! She wears it in her boudoir, and her silken pettleoat shows through the lace insertion of the house gown skirt, the lace and slik of her chemise through the blouse insertion, and her short, wide-

waisted stays are so lightly boned that

she seems not to have any on as she reclines on her couch and takes late coffee with a "sympatica," as she calls her best friend.

For at home wear after the lounging or domestic duty hours, there are endless gowns. They should be selected according to purse and age. One so simple that it could not offend even a tailor-made girl appears in the third picture. It was gray wool, its skirt shirred around the waist and falling in full folds all round. Its fitted bodice was of the dress goods, with a bolero of white chamois leather slashed as shown. The narrow slik embroidered vine ran down the fronts and around the lower edge of the waist. The stock collar was plain and showed a frilled lace edging, which, with the lace at the wrists, was about all the tailor miss could object to in this dress. Though she may not want to admit it, she is rather at a disadvantage for home gowning. She has a dressing gown to slip over her pajamas, and after her "tub" she puts herself into a bath toweling robe. Of course, she does not do any tea gown lounging.

Endless variety in dainty at home wear is presented in the short-skirted gowns. Nun's veiling, cotton crepons, chambrays, cashmeres, wash silks, taffetas, each and all, may be used. The skirt should just touch, but not trail. Upon the house dress the utmost elab oration of needlework is often lavished in ruffles, tucks, insertions, hem stitchstay lazily by and watch a spry and a pretty finish. Two rosettes marked ing, etc. Dainty colors are suitable energetic female cavort around a hu- the waist line, both in back and front. even for those who, away from home, confine themselves to black or dar



was sketched in light brown cloth, the



"I'm afraid you're not comfortable, Miss Gresham. Won't you sit down?" says

The sound of her voice attracts the gea ing a pretense at it. tieman who erstwhile occupied the sofa, If her silver spoon was of such proestly at the fair face with its white brow,

on the boards, Susie. Has a husband well off and comfortably settled down in trade in London, whilst she has full liberty to run about the country as she chooses, and checks on him whenever she likes." 'My husband was perfectly aware when

I married him that I should not give up the profession," says Miss De Vere lofti-

Susie looks puzzled. "But how," she ventures to ask at last. "can you be married when you are Miss De Vere?"

At that both the young ladies burst out laughing.

'My dear, you are really too fanny! Whenever did you hear of a girl using her married name on the stage?"

Well, I can't understand it," says Su sie, with a perplexed shake of her bright head

Never mind, dear! You'll know all the ins and outs of it soon enough." replies Louie. "Come now and have dinner, and afterward we'll out your things to rights before we go to the theater."

Susie's little head is completely turned with the excitement and novelty of her position, and she is as eager as a child to agree to everything her companions may propose to her. She accompanies them o the theater, in a blissful state of stupefaction, and views the performance from a side box as if she were passing through a dream, not being able to believe afterward that the beautiful pink-and-whit boy she saw, in a blue satin dress, with goldien curls, can possibly have been Geraldine De Vere, who has dark hair and eyes a d a frackhed complexion, any more than the the graceful little shepherdess. who looked so demure and danced and ang with him, in a short skirt and cherrysolored bodice, can have been the laugh ter-loving Louis.

During the evening Joseph Gresham tters the box in which she is seated, with her eyes fixed upon the stage, and elews her delight with the utmost satis-

"Enjoying yourself, my dear?" he says, inquiringly

"Oh, father!" is all that Susie can gasp

"It's well put on," he continues, with managerial pride, as he looks over her aboutder at the brilliant scene upon the stage. "You won't see a prettier buresque than that anywhere round Eng And how would you like to be ugst them, Susio-en?

With Louis and Miss De Vere, father Ob. so much

"So you shall be, then. You can go on with the crowd to-morrow evening, if yon're a mind to. There are plenty of granes in the wardrobe."

A few days inter her Ambition is gratiin a few weeks her natural aptitude both perents make her feel quite at ho In the boards, and in a few months looks back with amazement at the life has left behind her, and wonders how could have endured it for so long in Nature triamphs over the habits many and the actives' shift feels as if had alver breach what it was to live i the struct and over the stage, not to be average and any expressed whoboards; and in a few months

a letter from the pocket of her ulster, and holds it up to Susie triumphantly. "It's come, my dear?" she cries;

come. I couldn't even whisper the good news to you, with that officious creature. Amy Lovell, walking home with us to night-but I told you it would come-and

"What has come?" inquires Susie, arrested in her fierce attack upon the bread and butter.

"Why! an invitation for you and me to supper. You saw the stage box full of officers to-night? They sent round this letter just as we were coming away Didn't I say you and I would have a lark together, before we left this old hole behind us-ch. Susie?" "But who has asked us?" says Susle

with opened eyes. "We know no one here. We can't go and take supper with strangers.

"Not know any on here!" echoes Louie "Speak of yourself, my dear! You may not have acquaintances in York; but you forget I have played here about twenty s before.

"Are they friends of rours, then, Louie?

"Of course they are. Do you suppose should accept an invitation from people who are not friends? The gentleman who has asked us is a sort of cousin of mine. He would think it awfully unkind if we didn't go." "Oh. fancy!" exclaimed Susie, childish-

ly: "and what is his name?"

"Fairfax! Frederick Fairfax! Doesn' it sound romantic? And poor Fred was always such a favorite of mine, too. 1 should break my heart if I couldn't him for an hour before we leave York; and you will go with me, dear, won't you?

"Just a lady or two to meet us.] haps, and some of Fred's friends. It's sure to be a very quiet affair, though. because he asks us to go straight to his rooms from the theater.

"Louie." says Susie presently, "will father he angry with me, do you think?" "He won't let you go if you tell him of

But then I oughtn't to go, surely "My dear child, you're a baby, and don'

understand these things. Your father's the 'boss' of this company, and obliged to be very strict with them. He isn't a hit strict in reality (as you know), but if he didn't hold the reins tight, they'd be all over the shop. If he gave you leave to go to this quiet little supper. Amy Lovell would probably call him unjust if he objected to her attending a masked bull. He must pretend to have the same else, but if you don't mention it, neither will he."

So Susie is drawn into the plot, simos against her will, because her conscience will not satisfy her she is acting right, and yet, child-like, she cannot help a feeling of excitement and expectation rising in her breast when she thinks of the coming pleasure. A supper, after the theater, with officers and ladies. It is a new experience to Stais. She has never attended what she calls a "grown-up" party before, and she cannot help being elassed at the idea.

E E CARLADON

please Cantain Fairfax, we musta't stay late, indeed we must not. I promised our landlady to be home by one. I hope you

have some ladies to meet us." "Of course ! I have two very charming friends coming at least, they promised to do so; one is Miss Robins, from the Trocadero-I dare say you know her.' "No, we know nobody in York," replies

Louie: "except yourself. 'Your pretty friend is very silent," oh

sie, who is sitting in her corner, with a these cavities by rapidly moving wings rapidly beating heart, that seems to pro- | causes the buzz heard when Mrs. Mosphesy a coming calamit. "I hope she is quite well?"

"Susie!-oh, yes," says Louie, "she's well enough; and she'h talk enough, as oon as she knows you a little better. But I dare say she is tired she uns so much dancing in the last act."

The carriage stops at the door of a house in a modest looking terrace, and jumping out, Fairfax belos the girls to alight, and shows them at once into a room on the ground floor, which has evidently been prepared for their reception. Wax candles burn on the toilet table, and maid servant is waiting to help them off with their things.

"Where's Miss Robins? Hasn't she come yet?" exclaims Fairfax, as he runs up to the supper room above.

The three men who turn to greet his entrance are very different in appearance. One is a beardless boy of twenty, a cor set in the regiment, with a face as smooth as his mother's, and fresh from her kiss. His name is Paul Lindsay, and he is generally called "Pauline" by his face tious comrades. The next is a much old er man-older, indeed, than Captain Fairfax, though he bears the same rank, be ing a Captain Horseley (Jim Horseley), as he is more familiarly known in York. where his name is a by-word for hard drinking. The third guest is not more than thirty, though his dark hair is flecked here and there with white, as though he had passed through some heavy sickness or trouble. He has a singularly bandsome face, with dark blue eyes and regular features, but there is an indecribable air of languor apparent in everything he does or says, as though he were quite indifferent to what was passing round him. The other men's faces are lighted up with pleasant expectation as Fairfax enters, but the expression of this man's features does not alter, as he leans back on a sofa, carelessly playing with an ivory paper knife. To the question regarding Muss Robins the answer is in the negative

"No! she hasn't come! Have you brought the other girls, Fairfax?" "Yes; they're down stairs. I wanted er to be here to receive these girls. They're superior girls, you know, used to society, and that sort of thing, and they're rather shy. Miss Montressor has been used to see things done properly. She particularly asked if ladles were to be

"Who's the other, Fax?" demands Captain Horseley.

"One of the prettiest creatures you ever maw in your life; at least, so she looked to me from the slight glimpse I had of her in the passage. Size's a Miss Greekam-

noyance she is causing to the man or woman with nerves.

Entomologists say that the male mosquito is even too modest to eat, or, at who spends her mornings in her own any rate, nothing has ever been found in the stomach of one.

The males can't make a noise, because they haven't a pair of sonorous cavities near their wings, as the feserves Fairfax presently, alluding to Su- males have. The air hurled against quito is drawing near .- Baltimore Sun.

> Automatic. Every day a signal gun is fired from

the citadel in Hallfax, Nova Scotia, which, as we all know, is a British military and naval station. Twenty years ago the sergeant in charge of the gun daily regulated his watch at a jeweler's shop. Subsequently, this plan was discontinued, and a flag signal system was adopted. This was succeeded by a time-ball signal system. Some years later, on account of the frequent interferences with the signals by fog. a new arrangement for the firing of the gun was perfected. A wire is laid from the jeweler's establishment to the citadal, and this is connected with a clock which automatically fires the gun. When the minute hand reaches the proper point the circuit is completpleated front of white slik, the collar ed, and the cannon is discharged by an electric current passing through the clock. The military authorities at the citadel are able by means of a switchboard to cut the gun out of the circuit, connecting it only a few minutes before the firing is to be done.

Paper Dress.

It is said that Japanese soldiers are being dressed in paper clothing. Their shirts and tronsers are all composed of specially prepared paper, of a yellowsh color. They are bound with linen binding, and are partly pasted together and partly sewn with a machine. The soldiers are said to prefer paper cloth ing to any other. When the clothes, which are very durable, are worn out. they are simply thrown away and replaced by new ones.

Burns Dressed with Milk. A French physician has obtained good results in dressing burns with milk. Compresses are soaked with milk and laid on the burn, to be removed night and morning.

Preserving Fruit with Boras. Experiments are still being tried in England in preserving fresh fruit in bornx. It has been found perfectly uccessful with cherries, and is being tried with vegetables.

This gown cannot fail to be pretty.

mental buckle. One step further toward luxury

brings to view the Mistress Butterfly, sunny boudoir. For her there are all sorts of dainty lounging gowns, but the graceful billows and folds of lace and silk falling from throat to heels that have long been accepted as beautiful for house lounging dresses are giving place in novelty to princess affairs that follow the lines of the figure and wind away into a long train. Over such a gown is worn a soft shoulder drapery that crosses over the bust with long scarf ends that hang to the hem. For the slender and rounded form such a gown is perfection, but-and the "but" is heavy enough to dissuade a great many from all notion of such a dress For a more democratic lounger than Mistress Butterfly is the second gown that the artist sketches, but its trainless princess cut is quite as stylish as the one just described, and it demands -alas! quite as perfect proportions in its wearer. Yet its materials made it of more general interest than the other made it possible of attainment by women to whom boudoir, as applied to their own exclusive room, is too high sounding. It was cut from rose colored cashmere and furnished with an accordion



ONE LIKE THE LAST

shades, and no matter how elaborate the house gown may be it must have a certain simplicity in effect. For the afternoon the need of simplicity is not so great, and here comes a chance for the woman whose wardrobe must necessarily be small, for she can have her gown sufficiently ornate to serve both in and out of doors. Two models of this sort are portrayed in the remaining pictures. The first was in dahlia broadcloth, its skirt trimmed with sigzags of black military braid. The fitted bodice had a full vest of black satin that booked in the center, the fastening being hidden in the folds. The cloth fronts were slashed and the edges finished with braid, braid ornaments showing in the corners. The revers were set high up and were wired to frame the face pretfly. Slashes in the sleeve puffs permitted black satin to puff out, crossed by ornamental straps and buttons.

The other dress of double use was in green cloth, the front of its skirt inpping over with overskirt effect. Its hem was finished with black braid, which also ran up the front and formed a leaf-shaped ornament in the corner. The blouse waist was Nile green liberty satin, was gathered at neck and waist. and was finished with a wide black satin girdle. Its stock collar was cloth, and the cloth figaro and epsulettes had braid trimmings. Copyright, 1996.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, having attained her sixteenth year, has just



FOR A LATER HOUR IN THE DAY. being in one with its upper, yoke-like portion. Frogs of white silk cord held the fronts together, and the epaulettes

and guipure over rose satin.