

## FASHIONS OF TODAY IN PARIS.



TWO MORNING GOWNS.

Gown of spotted blue and white foulard, with white satin collar and sleeve trimming. Guimpe and undersleeves of white mull.

The second gown of white swiss, with red dots, is trimmed with lace and embroidered insertion. This last forms the yoke and trimming of waist and skirt. Hat of white straw and tulle with red poppies and ribbon girdle of red panne satin and red parasol.

Paris letter: The feeling for artistic effects is very strong this season. So strong that a leading couturier is giving the names of flowers or scenes to each of her creations, the dress being built up to carry out the idea of its name.

This idea, of course, is one that every dressmaker cannot manage.

It is used to a certain extent on evening frocks. For instance, I noticed, the other day, a gown in shaded chiffon which gives the idea of a sunset sky with cloudy effects. This is reached by placing three or four varying shades of chiffon, one above another, such as a skirt or purplish chiffon, veiled with a cloud of pink, above which is an upper veiling of pale blue. Such dresses are usually freely trimmed with flowers and are particularly pleasing to the eye, as they give a hint of subtle suggestion rather than an aggressively strong color effect. One of these gowns just ready to be shipped to America was like the lining of a seashell, the first skirt being of a bluish mauve, the second of pink and the top of a watered white mousseline. The latter was garlanded round the bottom of the skirt with wreaths of pink and blue forget-me-nots, above a founce of blonde lace, the baby bodice having a prim bertha of the flowers round the décolletage. There was a sash of blue gauze round the waist, knotted at the side, the ends being passed through an empire wreath of forget-me-nots half way down the skirt and fringed with the same.

I illustrate the prettiest summer gown I have seen recently, which is in white suse with red dots. It is trimmed with lace and embroidered insertion, which forms both yoke and trimming of waist. The skirt is trimmed with rows at each side of the front width and at the top of the circular founce, the lace forming half diamonds in the ruffle. The correct hat to be worn with this costume is of white straw and tulle with red poppies and ribbon. A girdle of red satin is worn and a red parasol carried.

A particularly pretty summer gown which I also send you a sketch of is in white organdie. The waist is made with insertion crossing the full sleeves trimmed with the same. The skirt is composed of rows of insertion to the circular ruffle. At the bottom of the ruffle are three small tucks, with this costume is worn a white picture hat trimmed with white chantilly and pink roses.

Another striking original effect is a gown in blue batiste and lace, with lace trimming on yoke and yoke of tucked mousseline. The skirt is plain but very full and trimmed with lace.

A pretty gown of figured lawn is tastefully ornamented with small squares of black velvet. The yoke is of tucked Persian lawn, a puff of which is let into the sleeve. With this is worn a picture hat and embroidered parasol is carried.

The perfection of the shirt waist seems to have been accomplished this season. From the lace to the wash blouse there is a long stretch of charming models to be considered.

The newest idea in the lace blouse is arrived at by a combination of laces, such, for instance, as using Irish lace with the cream Alencon, the former arranged in motifs or bands in any form that is becoming. Venetian and Cluny laces with the Alencon nets are also used as well as the Bruges lace, employed with nets, and also the pretty

batiste embroideries and the filet laces. The last is shown on one of the prettiest models I have seen. It is made of tucked silk for which net may be substituted. The lace forms the yoke, the girdle finish being drab colored and decorated with silk bands cleverly worked in lace.

Another pretty effect is made entirely of ring spot net and there is a jacket blouse of black mousseline, decorated with a lace design covered with jet spangles. The edge finish falls over a frill of soft cream lace and the yoke is of transparent cream lace.

Another style of blouse which can be varied in a number of useful ways is composed of squares of lace and batiste, the latter tucked cross-wise from side to side and corner to corner, with one tucked to each line. Lace and embroidered squares may be used this way, the back like the front. Any combination one may fancy is admissible, but the squares in smaller numbers, are a useful trimming, set in detached motifs in any form desired.

Batiste blouses are made of squares

vet and blue ribbon—French streamer flannel united with blue velvet and blue ribbon.

Among the accessories of the toilet which should be mentioned is the fact that at dinner here, and also receptions, lace mittens are very much worn and the indications are that they will be used freely with muslin and taffeta frocks. It must be understood, however, that only those in the finer laces, such as Chantilly, are considered the thing. The fashion is a quaint one and permits of the display of an enormous quantity of rings, in which Parisiennes are just now rejoicing. Light suede gloves are now also considered as smart.

In the way of cravats and ties this is a very dainty season. Most of the cravats are of the stock kind, many being in colored lawns of about eight inches in width, which are wound around the throat, the ends being crossed behind, then brought back and pinned across in front, having lace inserted and bordered lapel ends. Some others are narrower and passed but once around

### BLUE BATISTE AND LACE.



This simple little model is tucked only on the waist. The skirt is cut very full and flaring and trimmed with lace.

of tucking alternating with a plain square, in the centre of which appears a small embroidered medallion, being joined together with bands set on with an open stitch.

A pretty black and white striped silk waist made on the Gibson lines is made with trimming of folds of black satin edged with blue folds which form a collar and sleeve. The hat is of white French straw, trimmed with black velvet.

Arnold Boecklin complains that German art dealers are buying up in Paris the sins of his youth and offering them as his latest paintings. He is also displeased because, at exhibitions, his pictures are placed in a different light from that which he intended. On one occasion his violet-black clouds were thus made to look blue, to every one's amazement.

Selator Stewart of Nevada was talking on the Philippines bill. "You folks waste a lot of sympathy on Nevada," he said. "Don't do it. Nevada has money, and I say to you, Mr. President, that when you have money you don't need sympathy."

The season has not been favorable for the shirtwaist. With frost in Russia and hades in the West Indies, the world's most picturesque fad will hardly play a permanent engagement before the Fourth of July.

Of course, all these pictures of Pelee in eruption were made by artists who were on the ground. If the public was not assured of this fact it might mistake some of the valley scenes for an ordinary call lot.

Five wireless telegraph companies are competing for the government work in Alaska. Marconi is not the only one.

Prof. Le Baron Russell Briggs, familiar to recent classes of students as "Dean Briggs," and beloved by them for his just and courteous treatment, became dean of the faculty of arts and sciences of Harvard university, replacing Prof. Clement Lawrence Smith in that office. Assistant Professor Hurlbut, recording secretary, is promoted to be dean of Harvard college. Both Dean Briggs and Dean Hurlbut will assume the duties of their new offices at the end of the present college year.

The famines in the interior of Russia are coincident with a decline in the humidity, due in great measure to the destruction of forests.



### A ROMANCE OF MANY LIVES' ERRORS.

BY ERNEST DE LANCEY PIERSON.

Author "A Slave of Circumstances," "A Bargain in Souls," "The Black Ball," "The Cruel City," "A Woman's Will," "At the World's Mercy," "The Scarlet Cypher," "The Secret of the Marionettes," &c.

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#### CHAPTER VI.

"By the way," said Hendricks, after a moment's pause, in which each man covertly regarded the other, "where is your daughter now?"

"Eh? what's that?" The question seemed to surprise the banker. Hendricks frowned and his red fingers beat a tattoo on the arm of the chair, while he looked the other firmly in the face.

"As the guardian, or rather trustee, of the affairs of her father, Martin Frale, it is not strange that I should like to see the young lady."

"But, surely, man, you are not—"

"No, I am not going to tell her that her father was driven to crime in an effort to save her mother's life. But if Frale is living it would be a comfort to him if I might carry him the good news of her welfare. You know that even a man who has been years in prison has not lost all fatherly feeling."

"Well, but Martin Frale is dead."

"Granting that he is. It might be that I was instructed to see her, and, being a man of my word, would naturally wish to carry out the agreement."

Ellison was silent. During an experience not brief with men he had never met with such a human enigma. Who was this man? At least, he knew much and was amiable and might be easily managed if treated with kindness and consideration.

"Then you promise that if I tell you where the daughter is—he did not have the courage to say 'my daughter,' in face of the facts presented—you will be silent respecting her origin?"

"I am listening."

"Can I trust you?"

For a moment the face of Hendricks relaxed and he smiled.

"It seems to me that just now we have reasons to trust and yet distrust the other. One will safeguard the other. You need, however, have no fear that she will ever learn whose daughter she really is. I know that you can mean no harm, and that she is safe. But I should like to see her for reasons it is not necessary for me to state."

"Very well. After the terrible affair of the other night, I thought it best to have her removed to the home of her old nurse."

"And where might that be?" and the question came as if Hendricks was dealing in court with a recalcitrant witness.

"The nurse is housekeeper for the one lawyer that this town affords, named Jared Henslow."

"Henslow?" the other repeated, rubbing his forehead.

"What, you know him?"

"How should I know him? But the name is familiar. I once knew a man of that name."

"Well, she is there."

Hendricks rose and stood for a moment looking down on the floor with a strange expression on his face.

"For this last information I thank you. As the friend of Martin Frale, of course, I have no doubt that she has led a happy life all these years."

"She has been brought up as the daughter of a rich man should be," replied Ellison, theatrically. Then, remembering that he was not addressing an ordinary visitor, he continued: "I am quite sure that if Martin Frale was living he would never have regretted having trusted his daughter to my care."

What, after all, does it matter if some trickery were used in the matter to retain the fortune in the family, instead of allowing it to be scattered among a dozen perhaps worthless relatives of my wife? Martin Frale's daughter must have gone to an asylum as a child and never known what happiness meant but for this strange circumstance in her life. She has been carefully reared, has enjoyed everything that money could purchase. Could Martin Frale, were he living today, wish her differently off? Would he attempt to drag her down to his own level of luxury? Would he take her from the luxury in which she has been bred to a different life—one of possible misery?

"As the spokesman of Martin Frale, I believe that he would do nothing of the kind," said Hendricks in a low voice. She would hardly love her old father with the brand of shame upon him—the father she never knew. She would not be a woman to care to change her lot for the sake of carrying possible comfort to the declining years of an old convict."

Job Hendricks at this juncture seemed to be particularly interested in a picture on the library walls, for he turned his back on his companion and said, after a pause: "Ah, you are well provided here. I should like to feel that I was going to be so comfortably lodged for the rest of my life."

"You are not in very prosperous circumstances, then, Hendricks?" ventured Ellison, who thought he saw the way now to offer a bribe which his guest had rejected with such scorn a short time before.

Joe Hendricks turned about and puffed down in a chair again. "I dare say I am as prosperous as I deserve," he said. "My wants are few and I am getting on in years. A man don't need much when he has reached my age."

"Still there are comforts that might make life easier."

"I know what you are thinking about, but oblige me by not approaching the subject again."

The banker was silent.

"Tell me," said Hendricks, after a pause, "are there no clues that would point to the fact that some other person must have committed the crime, rather than young Barnett?"

"Nothing as yet," replied Ellison, as if weary of the subject. "Of course, as I told you, I am interested in setting the young man free, and so at the first opportunity I sent to New York to bring down an expert detective to take charge of the case. The police are doing something, of course, but I thought I might do a little independently."

"And what is the result?"

"Nothing as yet. He only arrived yesterday afternoon, and has spent the time since in interrogating the servants."

"Well, I should not wonder if I took a fancy in the matter myself if all else failed."

"What, you?"

"Yes, why not?" replied Hendricks, calmly. "I am interested, as I tell you, in this young man's affairs and anxious to get him free. Sometimes you know an amateur is able to do more than the argus-eyed professional, for he brings originality and fresh ideas to bear on the subject. These moss-covered bureaucrats go plodding along in the same rut year by year."

"Then you have engaged in such business before?" and Ellison, who had never ceased to wonder what manner of man he had to deal with, cast a searching look at his companion.

"Perhaps," and Hendricks smiled.

"Come, why should you want to know so much about a poor stranger. If Martin Frale was standing before you I suppose you could sift him heart and soul in a moment."

"I don't see why you keep referring to that unfortunate man," said Ellison with a grimace. "Let the past bury her dead. He was an ignorant man, a poor miserable fellow who is well out of the way. He did one good thing and that was to trust his daughter to my care, for which he received a good sum in return. You may be a friend of his, and so naturally refer to him now and then, but you will oblige me by not mentioning him again."

"Certainly," in a low voice, "and yet you ought to have a certain feeling for him since you have adopted one of his blood."

"Time has changed all that. She would never be taken after all these years of culture as one of the wolf's breed."

"You are disposed to be complimentary. You might speak well of a man whom you were once not afraid to acknowledge as a friend," said Hendricks. "If we both started in the mire, and I was fortunate enough to rise from it, is there any reason why I should not have a longing to forget the past and everything connected with it?"

"A noble, a commendable desire," replied the other. "I will wish you good day," and he moved to the door. "I think you will do all you can to help Barnett—I know you will, and before the other could frame an answer he had opened the door and gone out."

Ellison sat watching the door in a dazed sort of condition, as if he half expected him to appear again, but Hendricks did not appear. Then, after a moment's hesitation, he rushed out into the hall, crossed it and passing through a narrow passage and then a dressing room reached the windows that opened on the park in front of the house.

He saw Hendricks pass through the front door and walk with a lazy air down the main avenue that led to the gates. Not once did he stop to look back at the house that he had just left.

Ellison, who was watching, saw him disappear beyond the lodgekeeper's gate and returned to the library, shaking his head and muttering to himself.

As he entered the room he started back in dismay at the sight of a strange man in tattered clothes who was seated at the desk he had just left, and was puffing on a cigar that he had evidently extracted from one of the drawers.

James Ellison slammed the door behind him with an angry gesture, which did not in the least seem to disconcert the shabby individual with the cigar.

"I wish you wouldn't make such a noise, Jimmy," remarked the latter as he blew a smoke wreath into the air and watched it fade away. Ellison stepped forward and pushed him into a sitting position, his every gesture betraying the anger he felt.

The shabby man shook off the grasp, made a pretence to brush his dirty sleeve, and, looking up calmly as he drew a long puff on his cigar, said with an air of blasé weariness:

"I wish, my dear fellow, you would not be so rude when you meet a man. Really, I expected kinder treatment from one I have learned so long to love."

Ellison uttered an oath, turned away, walked up and down the room several times and then, pausing before the ragged individual, who was inspecting his cigar with a critical interest, said:

"Could you not tell, you fool, when I warned you from the window that you were not to be seen around here?"

The other waited till he had shaken

the ashes from his cigar and then replied in a very mild voice:

"Really, my dear brother, you are getting to speak very harsh in your old age. Why should I be warned off the premises by a wave of the hand, as if I was under a commanding officer?"

"You will do what I tell you," cried James Ellison. "I did not even know that you were in the neighborhood. Now if you want money, you shall have it," and as he spoke he drew a roll of bills out of his pocket.

The other laughed hoarsely and waved him aside. "Later will do. What are you so worried about, anyway? Have I asked for anything yet?"

"No, not yet; but I thought I would forestall you. Now, oblige me by keeping out of sight for a time. I have troubles enough of my own, as you must know if you have been in the neighborhood for many days."

"Well, you shall have it."

"You are ready to agree to anything. My man, you seem to be in a peck of trouble," as he noticed that his brother was pacing up and down the room.

James Ellison came over and laid his hand on the other's shoulder.

"Trouble enough. I have reason to believe that Frale is still living. He was here but an hour ago, or one who resembles him."

The brother sank back in his chair and uttered a long-drawn whistle, as he cast away his cigar.

"Come, this matter is serious," looking up. "And where might this person have gone?"

"I told him where Grace was now living. It seems that he was very anxious to see her."

"You should have told him nothing," James Ellison laughed.

"When you meet a stranger who informs you of a great secret of your life I suppose you would advise me to show him the door. If not Frale himself (and he speaks like an educated man, while the other was unlearned), at least he knows enough to give me a great deal of trouble. But why am I wasting all this time on you?" as he seemed to notice for the first time his brother's rags. "Go your own way and I will go mine."

The ragged man arose and twisted his mustache with a dainty air.

"My brother, you have said that once before, and then, bending over the table, that stood between them and shaking a soiled finger in Ellison's face, he said, 'You are very naughty now, but I believe that we shall both go down together, and now to make myself beautiful in a suit of your clothes,' and he opened a door and passed through, while his brother dropped into a chair, overcome with impotent rage."

(To be continued.)

### AN IRISH SHOWER BATH.

Experience of a Lady Visitor to a Little Seaside Town.

T. P. O'Connor in London M. A. P.:

I recently heard a good story in the west of Ireland. It concerns the rising little seaside town of Lahinch, a place which has recently developed tremendously through the tourist and golf booms. A few years ago the public baths, like most other institutions in the village, were very primitive. They were situated in a little cottage, which was just above the high-water mark. Shower baths were a specialty, and they were to be had in a room which had a bathtub placed in the middle of the floor. On pulling a string a perfect deluge of bracing sea water came through the ceiling.

A lady visitor once stood ready in the tub and gave the dread signal. But instead of the usual avalanche of green water there came from aloft the gruff voice of the fisherman-proprietor of the baths. "If ye'll move a taste more to the west, ma'am," said the voice, "ye'll get the full benefit of the shower." Looking up, she, to her horror, descried the old fisherman standing by an aperture in the ceiling and holding a barrel of sea water ready for the douche! Whether the lady moved to the west and received the shower or not, the chronicler does not relate. But Lahinch has made giant strides since."

Too Smart for His Paps.

The 12-year-old son of a Topeka (Kan.) fond parent recently became the proud possessor of some guinea pigs. A day or two after they were safely corralled in a cage he went about bragging of his new acquisition among his playmates. Now, it seems, these youngsters knew of a "sell" in which guinea pigs play a prominent part. They started to "hook" the youngster, and they caught him hard and fast.

He felt so badly about it that he started to "sell" some one else. His father was the victim.

"Do you know, papa, if you hold a guinea pig by the tail that its eyes will drop out."

His father laughed outright.

"Why who in the world told you such stuff as that, Louis?"

"The boys all say that," answered Louis, sober as a judge, "and it's so; yes, sir."

"Oh, nonsense," said the father, still laughing.

"Well, you go to the cage and hold one up, and you'll see."

Just to humor the boy, the father went out. In a moment he came back, looking—well, looking just like a man who has been badly sold.

"The little rascal got me that time," he remarked to a friend.

"But I don't see the point," said the friend.

"Don't you?"

"No."

"Well, guinea pigs have no tails."

Thrifty Foreigners.

Nothing more beautifully illustrates the small thrift of foreigners than the mails. For instance: While we write for transmission abroad over 73,000,000 letters a year we receive only 59,000,000.

While of unpaid and short-paid letters we send 1,369,752, the foreigners afflict us with 2,165,552, on which we are obliged to pay postage. While we send abroad 49,157 postal cards with paid reply, they send only 27,713. We write more single cards than they do, beating them nearly three-quarters of a million in a total of 7,800,000. In short postage they impose on us annually to the sum of about \$300,000. For sending and receiving this mail our government pays \$2,250,000 a year.

The death is announced of Major General Fawcett, known for his explorations in central Asia, Mongolia and Tibet.