

SUMMER RUSSIAN BLOUSE.



This nobby effect is in red Venetian cloth. There is a green velvet upper to the collar, outlined with red braid. The red plaid vest includes a delicate green effect.

Fashions at the French Capital.

Paris letter: Already, I suppose, in America, plans are being made for the summer exodus from the cities, and one will be wanting to order their sporting and other outing costumes. There is just now in the ateliers here an epidemic of displays of automobiling, cycling, mountain and yachting frocks, to all of which the up-to-date woman must give attention. Though the ensemble of these costumes de sports is trim and elegant, they are much more fanciful than for several seasons past. The automobile is the only costume which indicates severity, and this, beside the other gowns, does appear exceedingly straightlaced. The most popular combination for these garments appears to be black, speckled with faint white spots, although they may be seen in blue, brown and dark red; serve homespun and cheviot being the favored materials. The smooth-surfaced goods seem to have been neglected altogether this season.

A high standing collar and black satin tie finish off the neck of the shirt worn beneath the jacket and produce a natty effect. The skirts of these costumes de sports are an inch and a half longer than those worn last year. The new soulers de sports are of plain, soft leather, buttoned and both broad-toed and flat-heeled.

A pretty mountain costume seen in the Rue Auber was in black cheviot, with tiny spots of white. Although the skirt was made divided the plaits hung together so deftly in front and back that one could never have noticed the seam. The jacket inclined to be long and was trimmed in stitched bands of the goods. Quite a number of little pockets were dotted about the front and there was a tiny one, intended for some inconceivable purpose, under the wing in the sleeve. With this costume, rough straw sailor hat, in deep red, banded with red velvet, piped with white.

A suit for the feet is made of red velvet, with the top of the skirt, the shirt and the lower part of the jacket in a tone which extends to the knees. The hat has a space of red velvet, under which is a belt of black and white cheviot. A Breton fisherman hat, trimmed with soft chamois and silk spotted with white complements a very natty outfit.

How the styles may deviate all summer, and away superior to the gowns of past summers. Everything possible has been done to make style consistent with comfort. The soft, easy stock is a great improvement over the old-time stiff linen collar. Gibson model shirt waists are attractive and easy, while skirts are cut on very becoming lines and fall just low enough to be of no burden to the wearer as they require no holding up. In fact, the athletic woman and the grace and daintiness, whereas the former were things wonderful to look upon.

Tennis suits are either of white pique or white duck. The blouse is generally shaped on Gibson lines, while the skirt has an inverted plait in the back and three small buttons on either side of the front.

In the linen, lawn and batiste gowns an infinite variety of styles is being shown.

I have illustrated some of the most novel of these, which show distinct types, and are considered exactly the thing by the greatest arbiters of mode.

A linen gown which is considered quite chic is made with an Eton, outlined with embroidered bands, an underwaist of striped batiste and short sleeves of linen showing full sleeves of baliste.

There are bands of embroidery on the skirt which is made with a very full shaped ruffle.

Another charming effect illustrated is in white lawn trimmed in black Chantilly. It is a simple but very charming model with corsage and skirt made of box plaits.

Between the plaits at the top of the waist and the bottom of the skirt is a design of lace. A wide girder of foulard is worn. The upper sleeve is a box plait with applique of lace at the elbow,

the point running over full, while the lower sleeve is of fine tucks. The yoke is of the tacked lawn with stock to match. Black lace ornaments are used and a white hat with black quill completed the simple effect.

A handsome summer gown has a blue figured lawn bolero edged with narrow black lace, worn over a white lace corsage. Straps of narrow black velvet, fastened into the belt, form the lower part of the bolero. Over the shoulders black velvet is fastened with rhinestone buckles and ornaments of tacked chiffon edged with black lace. The elbow sleeve is fastened with narrow velvet ribbon, with full undersleeve of white chiffon. There are ornaments at the head of the shaped ruffe of tacked chiffon and lace outlined with velvet. A fan and lace outlined with velvet. A ribbon goes appropriately with this costume.

Among the newest pretty over garments observed and illustrated is a jacket of tacked peau de soie, edged with white taffeta, embroidered in black dots. It is made with large turned-back cuffs and vest of white polka dotted silk.

A nobby summer Russian blouse, also illustrated, is of red Venetian cloth and has a green velvet upper to the collar, which is outlined with red braid. The vest is of red, with a fine green plaid.

A very clever coat idea, which is being executed for the wife of an American multi-millionaire is carried out in that useful yet most becoming natural creamy tone Indian tussore silk. The fronts are graded by sumptuous red flit lace, on the inner side supported by a border of tabac brown velvet. The velvet, braided over with a gold tulle galloon, also forms a charming collar. Cloth of tussore color forms the borders of narrow straight flounces which

front and surround the accordion-plaited skirt of the coat and also the dainty cape about the shoulders. The coat is simple enough for a race wrap, practical enough for day driving and elegant enough for evening outgiving.

Another garment suitable either for day or evening is a coat of black taffetas embroidered with little bunches of pink roses and finished with a lovely long collar and an accordion plaited pink chiffon lining. A delightfully picturesque evening coat is in white spotted blue green taffetas with some very quantity gunged silk trimmings and soft Alencon lace trimmings. A cloak of delicate Alencon lace is transparently mounted on rose-pink accordion plaited chiffon and has the sweetest diamante black silk collar.

Black taffetas coats never had the same vogue before as they are to have this season. They are worn short and long for any and every purpose. I saw in a leading atelier yesterday a contrasting pair of three-quarter taffetas coats. One of these was straight and ample, the other close-fitting with long plaited basques. Both were decorated with that trimming par excellence of the modish coat, linen gupure. The loose coat was faced down its fronts as well as on collar and sleeve cuffs, by the chic linen gupure. The other, of close-fitting style, is spotted with guirre medallions and otherwise finished with black chiffon trills. They are both coats suitable for day or evening wear and both almost indispensable garments.

A SELF-MADE WOMAN.

The Early Life of the Empress of China.

Edward J. Dillon, in "Success" for June: "Tsu-Tsi, the empress of China, has lived in a period of transition. Within the space of a few decades, the stormwind, imprisoned for ages, burst over the time-forgotten land of China, where peace had found a sure harbor for generations, shattering creeds and customs, hopes and strivings. The sacred city of Mukden, where the moldering remains of the founders of the Manchu dynasty mingle with the living roots of hardy pine and weeping willow, became a Russian town, and the very capital of the empire was plowed into chaos of ruins; but, amid the crash of the old and the onslaught of the new, Tsu-Tsi alone endured, keeping her seat on the tottering throne and bowing neither head nor knee. Truly, this woman of fate would seem to live a charmed life, and to be the possessor of some mystic Ariadne clue which helps her thread her way through the wilderness labyrinth which time and the white race have so skillfully woven for her people and herself.

Hardly less strange is the fact that freshness of youth, which, clinging to her still, despite the years and the worries that have fallen in their train, combines with so much else that strikes and fascinates to raise her to a place high above that of the average of her contemporaries. With a frail form with eyes keen and stern in repose, but soft and arresting when the features relax into a smile, a voice that sings the soul when used in anger, yet soothes and softens, like dulcimers' strains, when addressing her friends, she can attune herself to every mood and touch the wellspring of most people who come within the sphere of her personal influence. Despite her 65 years, years of storm and stress, age has not yet wound his soft white blossoms round the brows—still furrowless—of Tsu-Tsi, nor bleached the mellow color of her cheeks. She is the allegory of perpetual youth.

To say that this daughter of an obscure and penniless buckster is a self-made woman, who, by dint of will power and insight, won her way to a throne whence she molds the fate of a people of 400,000,000, is to convey but a faint and far-away idea of the part she has played in carving her own curious career.

Connecticut pays a bounty of \$1 for each fox killed within its borders. Last year the payments on this account amounted to \$1,272.

DAINTY LAWN GOWN



The blue figured bolero is edged with narrow black lace worn over a black lace corsage. Straps of narrow black velvet are fastened into the belt from the lower part of the bolero, passing over the shoulders and fastening with rhinestone buckles. The elbow sleeve is closed with narrow velvet ribbon, the full undersleeve being of white chiffon.



A ROMANCE OF MANY LIVES' ERRORS.

BY ERNEST DE LANCY PIERSON.

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

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CHAPTER VIII.

Job had no trouble in finding his way to the lawyer's house, despite the gathering night. He walked like a man who is sure of his way. As he came near the humble looking cottage he paused for a moment in hesitation.

"Looks like the abode of innocence and peace," he muttered. "Foxes are careful not to betray the character of their holes from the outside. I wonder how the years have dealt with the man of his ambitions would be satisfied to rust in a country town all his life."

He approached nearer the house, and stood for a moment looking up at the windows.

"Not a light in sight. I wonder if the family are all away. At least, she is here, and that is all I care for. I should not like greatly to come in contact with the lawyer."

He moved around to a side of the building, and stood for a moment debating what to do under the circumstances. The place wore such a deserted look that he was undecided.

As he stood there in the shadow of a tree he was aware of a step in the road, and drew back closer into the shadows. A man came into view whose features he could not make out, but who seemed to be dressed in well-fitting clothes, and carried himself with a certain jaunty air.

The newcomer as he approached the house seemed to be looking from right to left, as if he feared to be seen. He walked past the building, peering into the shadows. Job Hendricks crowded back against the fence along the bushes and wondered why he was not discovered.

The stranger, having satisfied himself that there was no one in the neighborhood, went up to the front door of the cottage and rapped on it softly in a peculiar way.

Job had instinctively drawn near to watch what happened. Presently the door was opened cautiously, and an elderly man with a white beard, shading a lamp with one hand, appeared in the doorway. He appeared to be surprised to see his visitor, for he uttered an exclamation that was hardly expressive of welcome. The other, without a word, slipped into the hall and the door closed noiselessly behind them.

"So Henslow is up to his old tricks again," muttered Hendricks. "He still receives people by night on the sly. I wonder who that fellow was? It seems to me that his figure was familiar. Bah! What difference does it make? I have something more important on hand than the lawyer's visitors. It will take him occupied for a while, so matters could not have arranged themselves better for me."

On the side of the house was a small gate which evidently communicated with the rear of the building, and Job, after a moment's thought, pushed the open and entered a narrow path that led along the walls of the house.

As he made his way slowly and cautiously along he became aware of a strange humming sound, as if some one were crooning a lullaby. The moon had now risen, and as he reached the back of the house he saw a slender woman, his feet making no noise on the grass. Then he stood for a moment contemplating the girl's figure. It was her singing he had heard as he came along. She sat there, her face resting on one arm, which was flung about a lower branch of the tree, looking very sad in her black dress, which accentuated the palor of her face.

Job did not move his eyes, fixed yearningly on the white features, while his lips moved, though not a sound came from them. Many minutes he stood there motionless, as if he could not look enough at the girl before him. Though he made no sound or betrayed any more life than the trees in the garden, she seemed to learn instinctively that she was not alone, and turning, rose with an exclamation:

"Who are you—what do you want?"

As she spoke she advanced a few paces toward him in the moonlight. She did not betray any fear at seeing a strange man in the garden at night.

Job sighed as if he really expected a different greeting.

"Don't be alarmed, young lady," he replied, hoarsely. "I am only desirous of being of service to you."

"Who are you?" moved in spite of herself by the deep feeling he put in his simple speech.

"A friend—that is all. I bring you a message—"

"From Dick?" eagerly.

"The same."

"Let me have it," holding out her hand.

Job, fumbling in his coat for the note, she stamped her foot like a spoiled child, and exclaimed:

"How clumsy you are—can't you see, you stupid man, that I am burning with impatience?"

He finally drew forth the letter and handed it to her with trembling fingers. Having seized it, she paid no further attention to him, but ran over to the porch of the house, where a lantern, burning dimly, hung from one of the pillars.

Job watched her while she read the lines, her pale face transfigured.

"How she does seem to love the poor fellow," he murmured, with a certain longing in his voice, as if speaking of one of whom he was envious. "It must be a satisfaction to be loved like that."

It did not take her long to read the message and then, thrusting it in the bosom of her dress, she returned to the man who stood waiting, eyeing her with an air of uneasy interest.

"I don't know who you are," she began.

"I don't matter," he added humbly. "But you are a friend of Dick's, and, therefore, a friend of mine," and she held out her hand. He took it in his great rough paw and held it so long that finally with a quick gesture she drew it away, regarding him curiously.

"Why poor man, you are weeping," she said.

Job dashed his hand across his eyes and laughed nervously.

"Me, ma'am? Well, that would be curious, wouldn't it?" Then, after a pause, as if trying to collect himself, he said: "I have a daughter once. Had she lived she would have been about your age. That's why it makes me feel kind of upset."

"Was it long ago you lost her?" she asked with genuine sympathy in her voice.

"Many years, my child, many years." Then, as if wishing to change the subject which had become painful to him, he said: "I hope that note I brought you is the means of cheering you up. You have troubles of your own—"

"The deepest trouble that can fall on a daughter," with a catch in her voice, "to lose my mother—and then, Dick should be accused. But they can't do anything to harm him, will they?" seizing Job's arm eagerly.

"No—no, of course not," he said slowly.

"How doubtfully you say that," pitifully. "But when he is innocent, then we shall get him off, no doubt, but it will take time. You see, they pretend to have a great deal of evidence against the lad, and that counts for a great deal in court of law. But there—"

As he saw that her face, so smiling a moment before, had changed and was now fearful and anxious. "We'll clear the boy somehow or other. I may be able to lend a little help myself."

"You are very kind and I thank you in advance. We have need of every trial," and she held out her hand again, frankly, while Job raised it to his lips.

"Now you will see Dick again?"

"If it is possible—and perhaps I shall have as much luck as I had today," and he told her of his experience.

"Oh, there is so much to tell him that I should never know how to begin. But I am sure this separation cannot last long. Papa, I'm confident, believes in his innocence, as if he has done nothing as yet. It is because he has been so prostrated by this terrible affair to be able to think clearly."

"I believe—I am sure that your father will do what he can for the school teacher," replied Job earnestly. "Don't be discouraged, my dear, for the law, you know, moves slowly, and it will take some time to get him freed." Then as he glanced up at the house and saw a light in one of the windows, he said:

"But it is time I was going, miss. For certain reasons I don't fancy meeting with Mr. Henslow or any of the rest of the 'scops."

"But you haven't told me your name yet."

"No, sure enough, I haven't."

"I should like to know the name of one who has been so kind to us."

"It don't matter much, miss, what an old piece of driftwood like me is called," he stammered.

"I never heard Dick mention that name before."

"Probably not, since we never met until today, and then for the first time." She looked at him in such a puzzled way that he smiled.

"Just let me down as one who wishes young people well and will do all that lies in his power to see you safely through this trouble."

She fixed her eyes on him for a moment wistfully, and then with some hesitation, as if asking a favor:

"I would like to write him a long letter, but it would take some time. There is so much that I want to say to him—"

"Then you need not write, there is a way direct and generally better," he exclaimed a voice so near that they both started.

"Dick! you here?" exclaimed the young girl as the school teacher stepped out of the shadows.

"Yes, the real article," and he drew her toward him and kissed her.

"There's nothing ghostly about that, is there?" and he held her out at arms' length with both hands, smiling as if the shadow of the bars had never separated them.

"Come, you don't seem glad to see me," as she did not speak.

"Glad? That is a faint word to use, but if all seems so strange that you should be here."

"Strange, but true."

"Then they have set you free?" eagerly.

"No such luck. I freed myself. I could not rest satisfied with sending you a mere message, when, only a few weak hours stood between me and freedom; so I kicked them out and here I am. Let us make the most of the opportunity, for it may not recur again."

He paused a moment and looked around wondrously when she said: "You were talking with a man when I came up. Who is he? These are his sons?"

Job Hendricks had taken advantage of the meeting to slip away in the dark.

(To be continued.)

SOME HINTS ON ROSE CULTURE.

Advice Given to Amateurs Regarding Planting and Care.

Portland Oregonian: An interesting and valuable study of roses and rose culture was presented by F. V. Holman at the meeting of the Portland Rose club. Mr. Holman's address was along popular lines, dealing with the home culture of roses among those of limited experience, rather than with the expert growing of choice varieties.

A brief outline of the suggestions made is as follows:

Position—Attention should be given to choosing a place for rose bushes. All roses require some sunshine, but some thrive only in the morning sun, while some thrive best in the hottest places.

Drainage—Portland soil is a clay dirt and drainage is to dig a hole two or three feet deep and place in it a layer of stones or charcoal.

Planting—Hardy varieties can be planted in the autumn, and will make a much more rapid growth than if planted in the spring. Tender varieties, however, must be planted in the spring.

Pruning—The spring is the proper time to prune rose bushes, but if their growth has been so great as to make them top heavy they must be pruned in the fall, as they are in danger of breaking.

Spraying—On account of numerous pests that infect rose bushes frequent spraying is necessary. The common pests are the aphid, midew, rose caterpillar or leaf roller, and yellow leaves.

Fertilizers—Fresh cow manure, well rotted stable manure, and chicken manure are all excellent fertilizers. Portland soil is deficient in potassium, which can be made up by using hardwood ashes. Bone dust or salt-peters may be used to advantage.

Watering—In the blooming season water should be used sparingly. The bushes should be sprayed with water. On the back of rose leaves are little pores, and it is so important that these be kept open as that the pores in the human skin be kept open.

Mulching—The ground should be kept loose and covered by something that will hold the moisture. Grass cut from the lawn is excellent for this purpose.

Disbudding—A rose bush has only so much vitality; hence if we allow too many buds to bloom the roses will be inferior.

Fall Blooming—Allow the bushes to rest through July, then water them heavily in August for fall blooming.

Protection in Winter—As a rule roses in this climate need no protection, but if they have been covered, remove the covering gradually, and re-move the final covering out a week or more before the bushes just uncovered to the sun would probably result in their being killed.

Something to Study.

The court of last resort in New York, in affirming the conviction of anarchist Most and overruling the contention that the Constitution gave him the right to publish the emphatic article for which he was tried, says:

"The constitution does not give to a citizen a right to murder, nor does it give to him the right to advise the commission of that crime by others. What it does permit is liberty of action only to the extent that such liberty does not interfere with or deprive others of their equal right."

That is a paragraph which could well be studied by those congressmen who oppose necessary anti-anarchist legislation on the plea that it would restrict the right of "free speech."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Doc" Smith, the Republican boss of southern Michigan, got his title in a peculiar way. Some time ago he bought a farm near Adrian, Mich., which was principally productive of dockweed. The neighbors began to speak of the farm as "Smith's dock farm." It was not long before the farm was known as "Dock Smith's farm," and after that the contraction to "Doc" was easy.

Mrs. Helen M. Rockwell, who has just celebrated her 98th birthday in Chicago, has seen every president of the United States except Washington, and had the distinction of meeting Lafayette upon his return to the United States.

The New Jersey legislature should never have allowed the anti-pigeon shooting bill to die with the session. It thus fulfills the promise of the same lobby that boasted for many years that it bought immunity from similar adverse legislation in New York for the paltry sum of \$1,500 a year.

A promoter has been writing frequent letters to Senator Hanna urging him to furnish funds for the excavation of Noah's ark, which, he insists, is resting imbedded in the eternal snows of Mount Ararat. The object is to bring it to the St. Louis exposition for exhibition purposes.

American shoes are now securely introduced in Berlin, and notwithstanding the great progress made in the German shoe manufacture by American methods, are displayed and sold not only by one large, handsome American shoe store, but by many prominent retailers throughout the city.

Wireless telegraphy stations have been set up and communication established between Washington and Baltimore, there being a sentimental reason for the experiments, as the route is the same as that over which the first telegraphic communication was carried on by Prof. S. F. B. Morse.