

Son Issues Cards for Mother's Wedding.



Mr. Thomas H. Grossmith requests the honor of Mr. ———'s presence at the marriage of his mother, Marie Louise, to Mr. Cyrus Mettler, on the evening of Thursday, the third day of April, at half-past eight o'clock, at No. 167 Summit avenue, Jersey City Heights.

This invitation, sent to many persons in Jersey City, N. J., and New York, caused surprise, because the son of the bride-to-be issued them. This is in accordance with a promise made when Mrs. Grossmith's first husband was on his death bed. She agreed that

in the event of her marriage a second time she would allow her son to make the announcement.

Mrs. Grossmith is well known in Jersey City society. She is wealthy and still conducts the large rose farms established by her first husband in France. The roses are raised for the manufacture of attar of roses, and the perfume is shipped to New York, where Mrs. Grossmith conducts a successful business. The wedding will certainly be one of the largest as well as the most interesting ever seen in Jersey City.

HETTY GREEN'S HUSBAND IS DEAD.

Only Known as Spouse of the Richest Woman in the World.
Edward H. Green, husband of Mrs. Hetty Green, died at his home at Bel-



lows Falls, Vt., recently. He had been confined to his bed for several months with a complication of kidney diseases, and for a week before his death had fallen rapidly. For two days he had lain in a stupor and was unconscious to the end. Mr. Green was born Feb. 6, 1821, in Bel-lows Falls. When a young man he was a member of the firm of Dean & Co., Boston. The company failed, and Mr. Green went to London, and later to Manila, P. I., where he remained seventeen years, first as an employe and later as a partner in the firm of Russell Sturgis & Co. In 1867 he married Hetty Howland Robinson. Two children were born to them in London—E. H. R. Green, now president of the Texas Midland railroad, and Sylvia A. H. Green. Mr. Green returned to this country in 1875 and for a time was president of the Louisville & Nashville railroad.

Not So Bad a Place.
A noted crook who recently finished a sentence in the prison at Mounds-

ville, W. Va., told a friend a few nights ago that he need not dread being sent there for a few years.

"Why not?" inquired his friend.

"Because it's not so much like a prison as most of the pens are," was the response. "To start with, the prison lockstep has been abandoned, and the men now go to their meals and workshops in files of four, and it's just like marching in files of four of any other procession."

"And is that what makes you think it's easy?" his friend interrupted.

"Of course not," said the man who recently released. "To tell the truth, it's less like a prison than any penitentiary I know of. You have your task and all over that is extra and you can blow your money as you please."

He explained that the prisoners are permitted to buy porterhouse steaks, chickens, smoking material and whatever they may desire in the line of confectionery.

"Then," concluded the ex-convict's friend, according to the Washington Star, "the prison is not as bad as it's painted."

Penitential Pillar.

A superstitious man, Umataro Nagal, living at Akasaka-Ku, in Japan, lately built a stone pillar about twelve feet high and six feet wide, costing 1,000 yen, in the premises of the Shounji temple, at Tokio, in memory of the rats which were recently hunted and destroyed wholesale throughout the city in order to prevent the spreading of the pest. He was said to have been disturbed at night by horrible nightmares, in which he was chased and tortured by thousands of these rodents. He attributed these nightmares to the spirits of the rats. Hence the penitential pillar.

Work of Electric Plow.

At the electric congress just held in Moscow an electric motor plow was exhibited which turned a furrow 12 inches deep.

Home and Fashions

General Matters of Interest Only to Our Feminine Readers.

Tips On Colors.

White makes a woman look big, innocent, winsome and classic. Clear white is for the blonde; cream white for the brunette. It is not the woman in white who has all the attention, and the wide-eyed young thing in white, with a blue ribbon, who captures all the beaux. "It added to thy charms, Andromeda, when, clothed in white, thou didst traverse the isle of Seriphos."

"Black suits the fair," Ovid tells us, it became Briseis; she was dressed in black when she was carried off. It is the thinnest color a stout woman can wear; indeed, the woman who wears black to best advantage is she who is stout and has black eyes and hair. It is an echo from Paris that in gowns of certain colors flesh seems to shrink, in others to expand. A subdued shade of blue, heliotrope, and olive green, with black, of course, are the colors under which flesh seems least ostentatious, while wedgewood blue, pale gray, and almost any shade of red are to be avoided. Mauve and the higher shades of green are the two colors that in decoration about the throat and shoulders are especially helpful in diminishing the effect of the flesh.

Fretty Silk Waist.

A work of art in silk waist: is the color of the linen batistes so much seen and is combined with white and cream insertions, black baby ribbon and silk embroidery in a deep cream color. It has a round yoke made of alternating bands of cream lace and white embroidery. Between these bands are rows of black baby ribbon. From yoke to waist are flat plaits and on each plait at intervals of one and a half inches are triangles of embroidery of the deep cream-colored thread. The back of this waist has three graduated box plaits reaching from shoul-

ders and above which are added several rows of black baby ribbon going around the arm.

Dressy Morning Gown.

Morning gown of ivory white nun's veiling, with fitted back and half loose



fronts, the latter bordered with a group of tucks and edged with black velvet. Through these passes a black velvet girdle fastened with an old silver buckle over the plaited front of the nun's veiling, or taffeta.

This front is crossed at the top, leaving a slightly low neck. The wide shoulder collar is of yellow cluny purple, bands of which finish the flowing sleeves and the bottom of the skirt.—Le Costume Elegant.

True Luxury.

True luxury to the mind of the average woman consists in not thinking about clothes at all; in being caught out in the rain without having to give a thought to one's apparel; in being able to ring a doorbell without considering whether the brass will leave a mark on one's glove and so render its time of usefulness a trifle shorter. It's not the average woman who saves her gowns until they're hopelessly out of date and then cuts them down for her daughters; it's the exceptional member of her sex who economizes in this foolish fashion.

Keep Violets Fresh.

It is worth remembering that a corsage bunch of violets may be worn several times if a little thin cotton batting which has been dipped in salt water is wrapped around the stem each time before the tin foil is wound about it. When not in use take off the foil and batting and put the stems in a glass of water which is slightly salted. The bunch should be kept in a cool room, with tissue paper twisted over to exclude the air.

LOUIS XIV. HABIT COAT.



In pale blue taffeta, embroidered with volubilis flowers. Pale pink chiffon folded front. Plaited white silk muslin skirt, with two rows of lace applied in wavy form, headed by a ruching of the muslin. Lace starting from top of stock at the back. Buttons of the "art nouveau." Large felt hat faced with plaited silk muslin, velvet crown and long white plume.

HALLOWAY'S SECRET

By Elliott Walker.

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Jack was abstracted that evening. Even the clinging hand on his arm and the soft voice of Isabel, as she rippled out the events of her day, failed to rouse him. It was only a short distance to the theater and they walked. It would be over by eleven, then he would take her home, then to his own rooms, then—? Would he sleep? How would he pass the night? How would it seem in the morning? He shivered a little. The girl pressed his arm close to her side.

"Are you cold, dear?" she asked; "what is it?"

No, Jack Holloway was not cold, not tired exactly—just a little upset—it was nothing. He laughed and the sound seemed hard and jangled to his ears. He glanced at the happy face by his side and a wave of awful reproach swept him. She must never know. His brain whirled a bit—if she did learn what would it be to her? He had seen her when the dreadful news of her father's sudden death was broken to her. The memory of the stricken face, the agony in her eyes, had often risen before him. Then he had comforted her. Now—? He must not think—there must be some way out of the dreadful tangle. He made an effort and began to talk—business, gossip, anything.

The orchestra was playing a medley as they walked to their seats. The melody broke into "The Old Kentucky Home" as the usher slammed down the chairs. Holloway took unnecessary time in taking off his overcoat. Was it fate? That air of all others! Could he sit there and smile and talk? He must! Occasionally the melodrama dulled his sense of unrest and he forgot. Then the quick, sharp pang of remembrance to sting and horrify him. He kept looking at his watch—would it never be over?

Isabel chatted happily during the interludes and pressed close to him during the emotional scenes. It was so comforting to have Jack all her own. Her young heart throbbled in sympathy with the woes of the heroine and tears came to her eyes. She could feel Jack so near her and his presence stilled and helped her. He was so handsome and strong, and how intent he seemed on the play.

The walk home seemed so short to her—so long to him. He kissed her mechanically as he left her and apologized for being such poor company. Isabel did not mind; beyond the fact of his rather unusual silence she had noticed nothing. Only a few months now and she would be Mrs. Jack—that was happiness enough. And, of course, she must not expect him to talk when he was tired. Happy, blue-eyed, sunny-haired Isabel! How little she knew of the black despair crazing her lover's brain.

In his own rooms at last with the doors carefully locked the man turned on the lights and threw himself into a chair, tore a letter from his pocket and read it over and over again, while his face grew white and great beads of perspiration gathered upon his brow.

"My own Jack!" the letter ran. "I am not dead after all—it was all a mistake. I left the company the very day of the fire and have been abroad with Maxey's troupe. Just returned last Saturday. Jenkins told me where you were and that you thought I had been cremated with the other girls. How dreadful for you, love. Won't you be glad to see little Maudie? No wonder you have buried yourself in Milwaukee. Well, I shall reach there Friday and will tell you all about it. Good-bye until then. We will make up for good this time. Your devoted wife,

"MAUD."
Holloway sat looking at the letter. "His devoted wife!" Back, back traveled his thoughts. How did it all begin? Where? Could it have been but a year ago—that short, mad episode? Oh, fool, fool! what had possessed him! He saw as in a dream the gay lights of a southern theater, a graceful dancing girl, an introduction behind the scenes; a private room at



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the Westera, where dainty fingers played with dainty dishes and wine sparkled and foamed; bright eyes pleading him, red lips inviting him, daring him, a rich voice entralling him—Maud!

Then days of infatuation, nights of sweet revelry, promises, pledges and the quiet ceremony. Then the awakening! Quarrels and kisses, bitter words and tender embraces; his demand that she leave the stage, as she had promised; her angry refusal; the morning he had waked to find her gone, with the note pinned to his dressing table; the two weeks of angry silence; the news of the awful holocaust in the city where her troupe was playing; the doleful journey, the grim certainty of her

breadful fate; the dismal search, then a thing dug from the charred ruins—Maud!

And she had been alive all this time and had never written? Had taken up her life and been silent. Now, like an avenging Nemesis she was appearing from the hated past to wreck all that he held dear.

Yet in a way he had loved her. He could almost hear her singing "The Old Kentucky Home" in her rich voice and the sweep of her banjo with the pink ribbons. A faint perfume clung to her letter. It brought back a torrent of old recollections. She was his wife after all, and they had passed many happy hours together. What in God's name should he do?

Who was the woman he had buried—had wept over? He remembered how he had turned from that grave with a vow for a better life—a prayer for a manly career where he might be of some use.

After that came Chicago and his wonderful winnings on the Board of Trade—a few feverish weeks—then he drew out a rich man. Milwaukee, and more financial success, then everybody's hand, society, Isabel Canning! Isabel!

The man rose wearily from the chair and paced up and down the richly furnished rooms. He took a revolver



"My darling!" he said huskily; "please do not ask me about it!"

from its case on the mantel, looked at it long, put it back. No, not that! He emptied a very little of a white powder from a small bottle into a glass, added a little water and placed it near his bed. Yes, he must have sleep. Tomorrow would be Friday.

In the gray of the early morning Holloway arose. His head was heavy and ached dully from the morphine, but he had slept. The day had come—how would it end? He was rich—perhaps he could buy Maud off—money would do much. He would tell her all—arrange for a divorce in Louisiana. She should have her price. If she would not agree the heavily loaded weapon in his pocket now might as well end it.

All day long the man sat in his office waiting. She would probably send a message from her hotel. She might come to him direct. No one ever knew what she would do. Oh, if he only knew her train.

At six o'clock that evening he was still waiting. His bookkeeper came into his private office. "Ill, Mr. Holloway?" he asked. "You didn't go to lunch."

"No, Joe, not ill exactly," answered the broker, "but not feeling quite right."

"Sorry," said the clerk politely. "Here's an evening paper—terrible railroad wreck, it says. Southern express went through the trestle at Cordonia. Seventeen killed. The Maxey troupe was on the train. Some of the girls dead. That's awful, isn't it? Here's a list."

"Let me take it!" cried Holloway, reaching out a trembling hand. "Where—where's the list?" The bookkeeper pointed it out.

Jack glanced at it and fell back in his chair. "Call a cab, quick!" he cried. "I've a friend among those poor people. I'm going down there."

The astonished clerk ran downstairs. "Maud Hudson—killed!" murmured Holloway with dry lips. "That's her stage name. Poor—little—Maud. If she's really gone I'm—" he stopped, repelled at himself. "It's better so," he thought, "it might have been both of us before we got through."

Isabel looked anxiously for her betrothed for the next three days. It was cruel for Jack to go away and leave no word. When he returned he was very pale, very tender with her.

"I lost an old friend in that fearful wreck at Cordonia, my darling!" he said huskily; "please do not ask me about it—I shall never be able to speak of it."

And Isabel has never asked, and in her happy married life has forgotten.

Cost of London's Government.

Statistics taken from the new "London Manual" show that the total cost of London government is £16,002,873, or about \$80,000,000, which is about seventy-two shillings per head of the population. The borough councils spend £2,884,860; the boards of guardians spend £2,513,714; the school board, £2,402,951; the expenditure of the London county council is £2,247,845. Street improvements carried out by the county council and not included in the above figures have cost £5,929,820 in the twelve years ending March, 1901, which is the period in which the county hospital has been in existence.

House Once Occupied by Stephen A. Douglas.



On Thirty-fifth street, Chicago, at the rear of Douglas Monument Park, stands a small frame house that attracts no attention except that it seems rather out of place among the fine residences and large apartment buildings. Few people except the very old timers are aware that this unpretentious cottage was once the

home of the great Stephen A. Douglas and occupied by him in his palmiest days. Gossip tells us that Abraham Lincoln had slept there, and that great men of that day had been guests under its lowly roof. At any rate, it is one of the few historic places still remaining of which Chicago can boast.