

TWO HUNTS OF VIEW.

(Here's First Ending.)
Her little red mouth was Cupid's own
bow;
Her thick shining curls had entangled
poor Fred;
So he knelt at her feet, outpouring his
love.
And swearing he'd die unless she would
wed.
Her pretty eyes scorned him: "What!
marry you, Fred?
Why, I'm a New Woman; I can't," she
said.
(His Second Ending—and Last.)
The years rolled by and the thick curls
were gone;
The maid, sad and lonely, remembered
her dear;
And she sought him now, for her old
pals had flown—
Amidst the current was muddy and low.
But his neck and eyes turned: "What!
marry you, Fred?
Why, you're an Old Woman; I can't," she
said.
—L. B. in Vanity.

PLEASE COMMUNICATE.

In there in this wide world a tall, dark
man of the name of Baron de Gen-
darme? Would he relieve of an in-
tense nervous strain an unassuming
person who never harmed him? Let
him communicate at once with John
Doe, care of Jute Brothers, 260
Wall street.

Where is the man, who, while wear-
ing a brown derby hat, a fur-lined over-
coat, a pink shirt and blue tie clasped
with a gold snake having one diamond
and one amethyst eye, got on a Broad-
way car at Duane street at 6 p. m. this
day four weeks ago, and stood oppo-
site an inoffensive looking, bald-head-
ed man, with red side whiskers. Will
he, too, write? The bald-headed man
was myself and I am John Doe.

It was just 4:45 o'clock when I got on
that same car at Wall street, bound for
my home uptown. I secured a seat,
and was quickly wrapped up in the
financial article of the evening paper.
At Park place all the seats were filled;
at Chambers street all the straps but
the two over my head were peopled.
At Duane street the man with the fur-
lined coat entered, in company with a
short, quietly dressed person, with a
full beard. They sat down, and the
man above me, I heard the man in fur
say: "We had such a good time in
Paris," then I lost myself again in my
paper. But the conversation of the
pair before me distracted my attention;
I tried not to listen to them, for I did
not deem it good manners. My eyes
wandered across the car to the small
messenger boy, who was leaning for-
ward in his seat so that his head came
almost under the elbow of the short
man; the pretty shop girl at my right
pushed close toward me, crumpling my
paper, and craned her neck as if she
were trying to catch the drift of what
was passing between the men before
me. The stout woman with a parcel,
whom I had been pretending not to see,
was hanging to a strap a few feet away,
moving in the center of the car, and
consequently to the speaker. I
turned over a page of my paper, fixed
my eyes on an editorial, and inclined
one ear forward and upward that I
might hear better. From the tall man
to the fur-lined coat came:

"It was positively one of the worst
cases I ever met with, Sam. He talked
of her all the time we were going over
on the steamship, and never let up
while we were traveling over England.
I had been in hopes that he would par-
tially forget her while seeing new
places, but instead he got worse and
worse. If he was love-looney in Eng-
land he was positively crazy in Ger-
many. He never saw the scenery on
our trip up the Rhine, but just sat and
moped and talked of Amelia, whom I
let him. So you see the poison he
took when we got to Paris to find that
they had come over and were staying
at the Grand. There were her mother,
her father, her small brother Willie and
herself."

My paper dropped out of my hands,
and in stooping to pick it up I missed a
part of the story. When I had resumed
my posture I felt the shop girl glide
closer to me, saw the messenger boy
shift toward the edge of the car, and
noticed the woman with the parcel
move a step nearer and try to appear
as if she were gazing out of the win-
dow.

"And did she return it?" asked the
short, bearded man.

"Now, there's where you've got me,"
said the man in the fur-lined coat.
"Sometimes I think she was badly gone
on him, and sometimes I am just of the
opposite opinion. However, she and her
mother gladly accepted the invitation
for the opera that George and I ex-
tended to them. The Vicomte loaned
me his box, and we four went together.
She is a fine girl, and looked very well
that night—tall, slender, dark hair,
peachy complexion, and all that. I at-
tended to her mother, of course, and
George was all devotion."

A truck got in front of the car, and
the gripman vigorously pounded the
gong; the conductor squeezed between
myself and the two men, and rang up
three fares. So, for a time, I lost the
thread of the story. The next that I
heard was when the short man said:
"You couldn't have chosen a better
place for a paper after the opera; it's
one of the most famous in Paris."

"We had a charming supper," con-
tinued the man in the fur-lined over-
coat, "and it cost—"

"Two hundred dollars?" ventured the
short, bearded man.

"Not quite that bad," replied the
other. "Two hundred and fifty francs.
When the waiter handed me the bill I
thanked my stars that I had been to
my bankers that day, but my thanks
giving was short-lived, for I found that
my wallet was gone. I had taken it
with me when I left the hotel, and so
could only conclude that my pockets
had been picked in the crush at the
close of the opera. It was very em-
barrassing, but I simply had to ex-
plain the truth. George said it was all
right; he would settle. But when he
felt he was being picked, he could not find it
either. It had been taken from his in-
side pocket. We did not have a word
between us, so of course there was no
row. The waiter called the manager,
and I tried to explain. None of our
party could speak much French, and
things got worse and worse tangled.
The manager wanted his money at
once; he did not propose to be ches-
tled. All my explanations and apologies
and declarations that I would pay the
bill next day were in vain. The argu-
ment between us was becoming more

and more heated, when I felt a hand
laid on my arm. Turning, I saw a dark
Frenchman bowing politely. In broken
English he said: "Pardons, monsieur,
I will pay the bill and you can pay me to-
morrow." He held out to me a hand-
ful of gold coins. I declined his
offer, but he insisted, it would cause
him much pain if I refused; he simply
wanted to help "me American" get
out of so hole. The upshot of it
was that I accepted 250 francs and paid
the bill. I promised to call on our bene-
factor next day and return the money.
He then handed me a card with his
name, "Baron de Gendarme," on it, and
withdrew.

The man in the fur-lined coat fumbled
in his pocket and drew out a card
case, from which he took a small piece
of cardboard, which he handed to his
friend. The woman with the parcel
tried to get a glimpse of it by looking
over the short man's shoulder. The
short man passed the card back, and
murmured: "H-u-m!"

"He was a splendid looking fellow,"
the man in the fur-lined coat continued;
"tall, straight, with bright black eyes
and a long sweeping mustache, and the
most gracious manners. Next day I
called at his apartments on the street
named on the card, and returned the
money. We had a very pleasant little
chat, and became quite friendly. Be-
fore I left he accepted an invitation to
dine that evening with our party. That
was the beginning of our acquaintance
with De Gendarme. From the first he
seemed to have taken the greatest in-
terest in Amelia; he paid her the most
delicate and respectful attentions, al-
ways looking to please her. He was a
man of decided gifts, and she liked him.
Poor George began to take a back seat.
It cut him up awfully. Every day the
Baron came. Now it was to take up
here and now there, always in a body,
but George and I divined what it was
that really attracted him. Things went
on until—"

"Faras! faras! please," cried the con-
ductor, edging his way forward among
the crowd.
In this babel of sound I lost a part
of the narrative. The conductor retired
finally, and I heard:
"After that there was nothing else
to do. The Baron said that his honor
was at stake; that he had been called
a scoundrel and a liar, and he pro-
posed to avenge the insult. George declared
that any man who dared to make love
to Amelia, even though she did like it,
would pay for it. I tried to pacify him,
but it was of no avail. The challenge
was sent. George chose pistols. A se-
cluded spot just outside Paris was
named as the place for the encounter.
George spent the day in a gallery prac-
ticing with a revolver. His shooting
was formidable. I tried my best to
persuade him to withdraw, but he re-
fused. He would see the business
through, he said. He always was a
spunky lad, Sam."

"That he was," said the short man,
stroking his beard. "Why, I remember
when—"
"Wait till I finish," interrupted the
man in the fur-lined coat. "We went
out by train that night to a little vil-
lage near the spot chosen. We stayed
at a near hotel for a few hours, and at
5 o'clock in the morning went to the
ground. The Baron was already there
with his second, and a surgeon. He
courteously shook hands with me and
expressed regret at the outcome of our
acquaintance."

The woman who was standing rattled
her parcels ominously; the pretty shop
girl moved closer to me and craned her
neck further; the spectacled man op-
posite, who had been all the time lost
in his paper, stopped reading and lean-
ed forward unobtrusively.

"George was coolness itself," contin-
ued the man in the fur-lined coat. "He
handed me two letters, one of which I
was to give to his mother, and the other
to Amelia. If he felt the sun had just
risen and we could see plainly by the
time the men took the pistols, which the
Chevalier, the Baron's second, and I
dared marked off twenty paces apart.
George's face was smiling and con-
tentious as though he was sure of his
game; the Baron was quiet and danger-
ous looking."

I could hear the messenger boy
breathe rapidly; the shop girl's elbow
trembled against my own; the woman
who was standing convulsively clutch-
ed the strap. I fixed my eyes steady-
ly and without abatement on the
speaker, as he continued:

"Everything was ready. The Chev-
alier and I stood to one side. He slowly
counted. Three was the firing sig-
nal. He reached two, and there was a
loud scream behind us. I turned and
saw Amelia running wildly toward us,
followed by a half dozen men. Behind
me I heard two sharp reports, and a
loud groan. When I looked around,
there lay—"

"The car stopped suddenly, and the
man in the fur-lined coat left the sen-
tence unfinished.

"Seventeen!" cried the conductor.
"Our street," said the short man,
nudging his friend. With that he dived
through the closely packed car, and
with his comrade at his heels, quickly
disappeared.

I shall never forget the look on that
messenger boy's face. It was one of
the utmost despondency.

The woman with the parcel heaved a
loud sigh—whether of relief or sorrow
I do not know, as she got off the car at
the next stop. She told the conductor
that she had gone past her street and
wanted a transfer back. The specta-
cled man opposite muttered something
and gazed abstractedly at his paper.
The pretty shop girl turned toward me
with tear-filled eyes and asked:

"Do you think it was George who was
killed?"

"Madame," I said solemnly, "would
that I could relieve your mind and my
own. Perhaps we may know some day."

She left the car without a word.
When last I saw her she was in the act
of getting on a down-going car, having,
I presumed, ridden farther than she in-
tended.

At dinner at our boarding house that
night I told the fragments of the story
that I had heard. Leut. Swash be-
lieved that George was killed, and he
declared that he ought to know, since
he carries in his body a French bullet
received in just such an encounter.
Miss Sharpe was inclined to be senti-
mental, and said that George must
have killed De Gendarme and married
the girl, since all stories end in that
way.

Several persons ceased to dispel the mys-
tery if they would—De Gendarme, the man
in the fur-lined coat, the short bearded
man, or George, if he is alive—New
York Sun.

OUR FASHION LETTER

HAND WORK TAKES TIME AND COSTS MONEY.

Embroidery is in High Favor—The
"Habit" Back Returns—A Prac-
tical Gown for the Amateur Dress-
maker—White Cloth Dresses.

Embroideries and applications, by hand;
such are the themes in decoration,
even of simple frocks.

A woman took a length of navy blue
crepe de chine to her knowing dress-
maker lately. This woman is a fad-
dist where the combination of navy
and forget-me-not blue is concerned.
"How shall I have the blouse made,"
she asked the modiste; "some simple
way. You know I wear it with a navy
blue skirt and a corset which has a
light blue vest."

The dressmaker pondered a mo-
ment. Then she said: "I should
think you would like it trimmed with
waters of light blue velvet in gradu-
ated sizes; small at the throat, larger
at the corsage, and diminishing again



Stylish Autumn dress for the
country place in modeste silk
trimmed with chestnut colored vel-
vet and trimmed with gullure.

toward the belt. You would want five
lines of waters on the front of the
waist and three at the back. The vel-
vet pieces are buttonholed on to the
waist with fine stitches in silk of the
color of the velvet."

The woman thought that would be
pretty, and asked the price of making
it. The modiste named a sum which
was twice as much as the woman is
accustomed to paying for the making
of her silk waists. "Everybody ob-
jects to the prices this winter," said
the dressmaker, "but what can I do?
Hand work takes time, and it is next
to impossible to make a dress or a
waist without more or less fancy
stitches with the needle."

Stitchery long has been praised as
the very proper occupation for wom-
en. With fashion demanding needle
work, the highways and byways are
scoured for women who can do it.
Dressmakers are so harassed to find
those who can do handsome embroi-
dery and workmanlike ornamental
stitches that under some circum-
stances they are willing to let fine gar-
ments be taken to private houses for
embellishing. Never was there such
opportunity for the woman who want-
ed to earn pin money. Better yet, for
those who wish to make a serious
work of stitchery. Of course, much
better prices may be had by sewing
directly with the women who will
wear the dresses. I have not heard of
any one undertaking it yet, but here
seems to be opportunity for embroi-
derers to go out by the day to work
with dressmakers.

In such high favor is embroidery
that the very kindergarten stitches
are honored in the observance. A
handsome white silk waist brocaded
in a tiny pattern which serves for a
background has embroidery of "cat-
tails," small, done with white
stitch, all over the waist. The very
beginner can do the stem stitch. No
shadings are required. And silk-in-
is not much smarter than mere out-
line, unless one can do the stitches
which the Japanese and Chinese use
in their embroidery; those which give
such soft effects.

So far conventionalized designs are
more in vogue than those which aim
to reproduce the appearance of the
natural flower. Kensington stitches,
with the colorings, say, of wild roses,
are likely to give an effect of stand-
ing out too much from the dress.
Harmony or gentle contrast is the
rule with the new embroidery. This
precaution once in mind, embroidery
may be combined with lace, spangles
and applications of many materials.

An artistic and lovely method is to
emphasize some portion of a brocaded
pattern by working the design itself
at intervals. A white brocaded satin
waist has the nondescript design pick-
ed out at regular intervals with black
embroidery, silver spangles and coral
shell-heads. These emphases are made
into medallions by surrounding them
with oval whirrings of coral tuile
against black. The waist is to be
worn with a white satin skirt at a
formal dinner.

One of the strange fancies of fash-
ion is a return to the "habit" back,
the close-fitting skirt, which went out
only recently, charmed with immode-
sty. But the new "habit" back is
made with a difference. There are
lines to break its width, and the
skirt otherwise is cut to flare from a
point a dozen inches below the belt.
An irrepressible example of the new
smooth back comes in a garment

which has a bolero front and a prin-
cess back. The long line at the back
would give height even to a little wa-
man. Some skill is required for mak-
ing such a dress, inasmuch as the
back is of one length from neck to
train, while the bodice and skirt are
separate and disconnected at the
front. The skirt closes at the left
hip.

A simple way of obtaining the flat
back and full effect in the body of the
skirt is to lay four plaits on each
side, and stitch them flat twelve inches
down the skirt back. The fullness
which will escape after the stitching
ceases is desirable. Although there is
considerable disposition to trim the
backs of skirts with plaits and lace
and attachments, the aim is to keep
them flat.

Not so much success as might have
been expected has come to the bea-
sons which have appeared of late in
coats. They must be readily that
they require almost daily pressing.
But they are regarded indulgently by
many because they do tend to give
height to the wearer. And then they
serve for a change.

A practical gown for the amateur
dressmaker is of prune-colored cam-
el's hair, cut with sheath skirt which
flares and trimmed with fur at the
feet. Every twelve inches around the
skirt there are "ladders of serpents"
tongues. Black velvet in graduated
lengths is applied against white taff-
eta silk. The waist has the same
method of trimming. Mink or sable
fur outlines the neck and the hem of
the skirt. Though this last luxury
may be omitted if one should not have
it, any of the winter clothes would
develop well on this model. And the
decoration, should it be used by pre-
ference on a house gown, may be sim-
plified in the sewing of white ribbon
"tongues" rather than those of silk.
Ribbon is not smart enough for an
outdoor winter gown.

A handsome white cloth dress in
princess form illustrates that style of
dress engagingly. I suppose that
comparatively few women who read
this account number white cloth
dresses among their winter neces-
sities. But it is just as well to know
about such costumes. They offer hints
for dresses which are practicable. The
design shows an attractive method of
stimulating the modish needlework.
Rows of medallions from pompadour
silk, gayly colored, encircle the skirt.
And one line of them outlines the cor-
sage.

The medallions are framed in nar-
row pieces of stitched white cloth.
The silk for the medallions is cut
from the pattern without reference
to the pattern. This is a pretty idea
for the trimming of separate blouses.
The needlework would be too trou-
blesome or too expensive. The smart-
est framing for the medallions in any
case would be the material of the
dress stitched.

I want to speak of one more frock
made with needlework effects. The



This handsome costume may be
developed in silk, velvet or wool.
Cranberry, satin, prunella, cov-
ert cloth, broad cloth or the new
figured taffeta are desirable ma-
terials, with the popular cluny or
chantilly lace and vest and sleeves
puffs of contrasting color of silk.

material is opal blue basinet silk.
The trimming is an inset band on the
skirt of opal blue chiffon outlined with
black embroidery. Medallions out
from black and white figured taffeta
silk are applied upon the ruffles and
the body of the skirt. Smaller
medallions and more black borderings
appear on the waist.

A pretty effect of completeness is
given to the costume by making the
chemise and sailor collar of the
black and white material, which is
used to form the medallions. The
sleeve sleeves and fronts of the bolero
are laced with narrow white velvet.

The French dressmakers have
thought of the prettier way of mak-
ing a woman appear long-waisted.
They take the pudginess of persons
and impart an apparent grace and
length to the belt-line. The frock
which has just been mentioned gives
some idea of this clever ruse. For
an actual belt a width of black satin
encircles the waist, its color is used
Then the top of the skirt is trimmed
to imitate a pointed bodice. In the
case of the blue basinet dress the de-
coration is of plaited blue chiffon and
black and white embroidery.

This suggestion may be of more
value than a waistline jacket to some
women. For with fitted gowns all of
us must look long-waisted.

He-What do you call your cor-
set?—Exposition.
He-That is an old name for a cor-
set. One of the names for a cor-
set is a corset. It is a corset.

IF A MAN SINGS

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
We will not care at all
The music that we have known
Will all be forgotten and lost;
The golden voice that we heard
Where now the music falls.

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THE LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS JEWELS

Along the white road, amid the vast
stillness of the winter night, there was
a gleaming, like the dust of diamonds,
whose particles sparkled into mince
flames when the moonlight glauced
thwart the snow, which seemed to sing
beneath the snow of two passers-by.
Crisp and frosty it was.

"Christie, oh, little Christie! don't thou
feel how my love binds me fast to
thee?" murmured a youth's voice, and
handsome Jean took the hand of the
maiden, whose red lips quivered as if
in response to the glistering of her
beautiful eyes.

With her slender fingers smoothing
down a lock of hair, Christie looked
down at the youth, the girl spoke
as follows: "I think Rose will be at the
pavilion (midnight repeat), so let us
hurry on. Don't thou know her lover
has given her a gold cross and also a
ring of gold with an amethyst setting.
Last month my grandfather gave me
a gold cross, too, but it is so small a
one. What will he give me? I wonder
for New Year's gift."

Poor, handsome Jean, pressed her
hand, and swiftly, softly, bent down
and imprinted a burning kiss upon it.
But pretty Christie seemed not to no-
tice what he had done, and signally
continued: "Many, many jewels have
great ladies. Is it not a fine thing,
Jean, to be a great lady, with jewels
and gold—to be rich and beautiful?
Jean, rich and beautiful!"

The poor fellow gazed with gloomy
yet yearning, love-glancing eyes
upon her; for his love for her was as
new than deep, no less hapless
than ardent, and impressed upon him a
look of wild sorrow. If riches had only
been his, how he would have lavished
them on the girl beside him! And now,
in a mad, bewildered way, he dared to
speak, as if to his own heart; but
Christie knew not of this.

"Stop!" she said, warningly.
They walked on in silence, until, when
the woodland grew sparse, a red flick-
ering light invited them to enter the
house.

Eleven o'clock struck in some distant
church tower, and the first clang of a
bell trembled athwart the clear out of
dark shadows. Christie, starting,
turned toward her companion, and
with a wistful eye, whispered: "If we
could only believe the old folk, Jean,
'What dost thou mean, pretty Christie?'"

"Dost thou not remember, Jean, the
legend of the Broche yonder?" and
she pointed through the window to a
lofty crag, coldly shining above the
forest, the legend of the rock that
every Christmas eve is chief, and
remains thus, and while midnight
completes its twelve strokes, her loved
of wonder rock and its hidden treas-
ures? Surely, Jean, thou canst not
fail to remember! What if we venture
up there; what if it all should be true,
Jean?"

Inordinately was in her voice and
eyes, yet she smiled as longingly that
the youth said: "Let us go; then, dear-
est, let us discover if it indeed
be true."

So, taking leave of the kind people
assembled for the revels, they set
forth once more, raining faith with
every forward step that led them toward
the crag, as they both silently recalled
the ancient story, handed down from
pire to pire for ages of a castle that
once reared upon that height in gloomy
towering battlements, and how
defiance to all the power of earthly
side, until one night, along with its
sacred lord and his accursed
wealth it was on a sudden swallowed
up by the yawning maw of the moun-
tain, which the wrath of God sent
down, leaving that hideous gap that
frowned from afar upon the forest and
the fair plain blooming beneath it.

Many a traveler there had come, and
the old folk of the border, gathering
at the Broche, told of the horror which
universal joy the Christmas world cele-
brates the birth of the Redeemer, and
miracles are permitted to manifest and
aye-mankind. Had the great rock not
been seen to open as a door upon a
pile of treasure, letting one gaze into the
dark passages that suddenly opened
with the supernatural light of the
long-trusted legend, the legend of
wonder rock and its hidden treas-
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