

OUR FASHION LETTER.

White Mull Very Effective With Black Lace.

PRETTY GOWN FOR GARDEN PARTY

Parasols, Picture Hats and Long Vests—An Up to Date Bicycle Costume—Natty Costumes For the Seashore.

Dust cloaks are now so elegant and elaborate that they form quite a smart toilet. To show the prevalence of gay colors a pink alpaca cloak seen at the races was trimmed with tinted lace and black satin and had large enamel buttons in black and pink touched with gold.

Another smart dust cloak of biscuit colored mohair was decorated with Russian embroidery in shades of red and pink, and the tucked collar was edged with an applique of embroidered poppies cut out in taffeta and shaded with crewel silk.

Many of the newer summer hats are trimmed with fruit and foliage. One



OF WHITE MULL.

shape seen recently had for sole trimming a big wreath of red and white currants which fell over the brim, while the foliage formed a wreath around the crown. Tiny pearls nestle in folds of blue tulle, and their foliage is almost exact to nature.

The pretty little garden party dress shown is of tucked white silk mull trimmed with wide bands of black chantilly lace. The waist has a bolero of the lace, with three narrow velvet ribbons for shoulder straps. The front is of the white mull softly draped. The sleeve ruffles are also of the mull. The sleeves as well as the skirt are tucked perpendicularly. There is a full gathered ruffle around the bottom of the skirt.

The hat is of velvet leaves and black velvet.

Notes of Fashion.

Two items are indispensable to the up to date toilet, the cape ruffle and corage bouquet.

Parasols are in delicate coloring or in white decorated with black or ecru lace. The chine sunshade has a Dresden china ball for a handle and gold wires. The fluffy type of parasol, on the other hand, is lined with puffed or drawn chiffon and rows of soft lace.

Skirts for country wear should be quite short. In Paris they are wearing



WHITE VEILING CHILD'S GOWN.

their morning gowns to clear the ground. All the dressy gowns, however, are unusually long and trailing.

Picture hats are being worn to a lesser extent, particularly black ones trimmed with a single large ostrich feather.

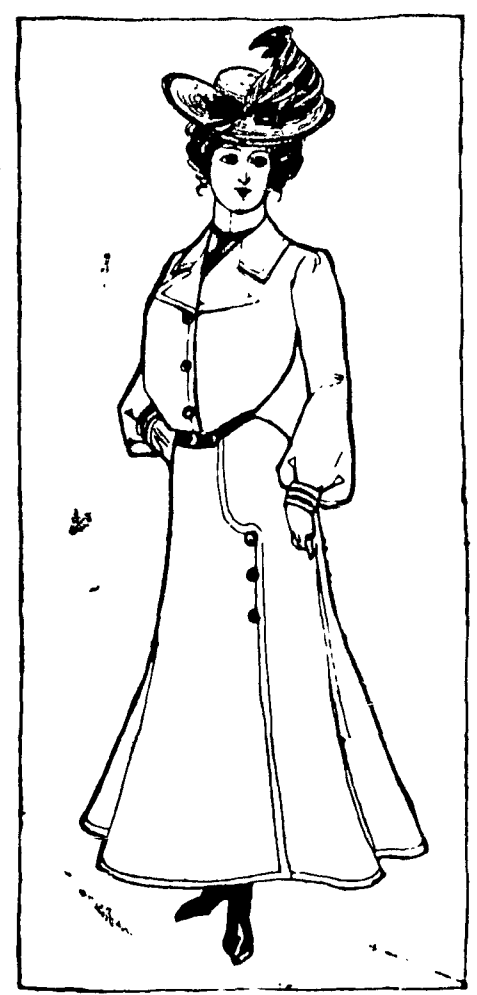
reaching to the waist line. Du Barry veils of black net trimmed with a wide lace edge are very popular.

A pretty child's gown for cool summer days is here shown. The material is white veiling made over tulle and trimmed with narrow insertion. The belt ribbon is of pale blue bouisine.

Useful Cotton Gowns.

Although there is nothing very new in cotton or linen goods this summer, yet the mercerized effect given to these fabrics quite transforms them, and cotton sateen with a foulard effect if made with silk face and touches of silk or velvet introduced on the waist might easily be taken for a silk foulard.

Chino blouses are so woven that they look quite like delaines, and there are



LINEN BICYCLE SHIRT.

several varieties of linen all dyed in soft colorings and eminently suitable for summer gowns. The coarsest makes of linen are quite soft, but firm, and require no lining at all, and the dyed holland is very inexpensive and durable.

Pale green and old rose are the two leading shades in the colored linens. A bicycle costume of tan linen is here shown. The double breasted blouse is fastened with white pearl buttons, which also appear on the skirt, which fastens down the front.

The hat is of cream straw, trimmed with two pale blue quills and a knot of brown velvet.

Gowns For Cool Days.

We are promised many cool days this summer, and the wise girl takes this fact into consideration in getting together her wardrobe. Dresses of foulard, alpaca and serge are now being made in a number of attractive ways.

The foulard gowns are made skirt and waist style, with prettily cut unlined skirts, and both waists and skirts are trimmed with rows of feather or cut stitching done in black silk.

The brilliantine or mohair dresses are made deftly in blouse fashion,



OF CREAM BRILLIANTINE.

the skirts are box plaited or tucked. White dresses made of this material are the very latest craze. They are trimmed with touches of black, blue or red and are much used for seashore and mountain wear. If a jaunty gown is desired, the sleeves are made three-quarter length, and a little lace run through with black velvet beading is introduced. Blue and red brilliantines are also popular in a lesser degree. White hairy serge and wool canvas are made up in a similar manner.

The pretty seashore costume shown is of cream white brilliantine. The waist is made blouse fashion, with a yoke of lace. There are three irregular straps of striped silk on the shoulders, and a piping of the same silk appears around the edges of the blouse and down the front gores of the skirt. The sleeves are the very latest thing. Irregular strappings of the silk outline the hips and the bottom of the faring skirt.

JUDIE CHOLLET.

Old John The Carrier

By SCOTT CHALMERS

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Rugby stared out into the drizzling twilight. The outlook was no less gloomy than his feelings.

"If it had been any man on the force but old John Compton, I wouldn't take the thing to heart. But to think of old John being arrested, prosecuted, imprisoned! By heavens, I feel as if it were one of my own flesh and blood."

The young inspector dug the toe of his boot viciously into the thick rug. His elder companion and fellow work or tapped the table nervously.

"The evidence is overwhelming, and yet well, I suppose we'll have to call him in."

Rugby silently picked up his hat and left the room. The chief leaned back in the great revolving chair and reviewed the case.

John Compton was a widower, residing with his unmarried daughter, and had been a mull carrier for over twenty years.

The managers of the Nelson department store which lay on John's route, claimed that their mail had been systematically robbed of money orders and cash sent loose in letters. Before lodging any complaint they had conducted a small detective campaign of their own.

Twenty letters containing money had been sent to many places to be forwarded to the concern. Only fifteen came to light. It could not be argued that the missing five had been lost in the mails. The Nelson people pointed the finger of suspicion at old John.

John had gained white hair and honor in the postal service. During the first ten years of his work there was not a single mark against him. In the second term there was just one he had been marked "late" because of the illness of his daughter.

Rugby was detailed on the case and prepared ten deucey letters inclosing marked money. He took them to various points within a few miles of the city and had them directed by strange hands. He saw them arrive in the postoffice, saw them placed in the old man's pouch, saw him start out with them. Then he followed the old carrier with a feeling almost self-condemnatory.

After covering half of his route Compton stopped for ten minutes at his own home, which was in a flat-house. He came out whistling and went on his way. Rugby was sent in a dim nook of the Nelson office when Compton reached the little window and handed over the mail. Instantly he counted the deucey letters. Only six of the ten had been delivered.

These were the facts that Inspector Smith was reviewing as he sat in the dull twilight. When Rugby and Compton entered Smith's office there was a look of wonder in the old man's eyes, but no trace of guilt or anxiety. When told of the charge, he smiled almost childishly. When ordered to empty his pockets, he complied without the least hesitation, yet of the \$12 he laid on the table no less than \$10 was in the marked money. When this was pointed out to him, his confiding smile vanished, and he turned pale as he said:

"Why, I got this money only two hours ago. I gave a ten dollar bill in exchange."

"Then of course you can name the party and clear yourself?" asked Smith kindly.

"Of course I can. It—was—was—"

There he stopped. A queer change came over his face. His lips quivered like those of a trusting child who had unexpectedly received a blow from the hand it loved. Suddenly he drew himself up and looked from Smith to Rugby.

"Do either of you gentlemen believe that I have turned thief in my old age?"

"We don't want to believe it," was the reply, "but letters have been stolen, and you have the money that was included in them."

"And yet I am as innocent as either of you."

"I hope so. Where did you change the money?"

"I can't say," he replied, with tight lips compressed lips.

"Do you know who took those letters?"

A spasm of pain crossed the old man's face, but he quickly recovered.

"I do not know."

Smith and Rugby looked at each other helplessly. Finally Smith spoke.

"You know of course, Mr. Compton, the gravity of this offense and the penalty?"

Compton staved slightly. His voice was firm but so low that the two inspectors could hardly catch the words.

"I know the penalty, yes, prison. It's useless to have any trial. I will plead guilty. The less fuss there's over it the easier it will be for others."

His voice broke on the best word. The inspectors instantly suspected that he was shielding the real culprit. Smith acted quickly. He laid his hand cordially on Compton's shoulder.

"See here, Compton, we can't believe this of you. It's our duty to place you under immediate arrest, but we're going to give you another chance. We're going to investigate further, and we ask only your word that you won't jump the town."

The old man seemed terror-stricken. He avowed his guilt in piteous tones and begged to be arrested, but Smith and Rugby were firm and sent him from their presence a tottering, solitary man.

For the next few days, while John went over his route like one in a dream, Rugby investigated the life of the old carrier's daughter. He quickly discovered that she dressed far above her station and income, and indulged in several expensive vices. Marked bills were traced directly to her, and when taxed by Rugby she broke down and confessed. Every morning when her father stepped into the kitchen for the cup of coffee which seemed to strengthen him during the remainder of his route she had rifled the mail bag as it hung on the entry rack. Rugby and his chief realized that the disgrace of the daughter would be as fatal to the old man as his own arrest, and for once they failed in their official duty. They forced the woman to sell her jewels, which were one of the passions of her life. With the proceeds they made good the losses of the Nelson company.

She had been recklessly mad for money, and had neither thought nor cared for the gray haired man who fairly worshipped her and was willing to go to prison for her sake. But now she seemed to dread the sight of his white hair, the loving gaze in his eyes. She finally went to Denver, ostensibly to visit friends. She never came back.

Old John, who had been simply told that the real culprit had been discovered, lived on the letters he received from Denver. If he realized that the inspectors knew the truth, he never gave any evidence of the fact. He died before the daughter, who had plunged into reckless dissipation in the far west and had sunk too low to write the longed for letter, and he never knew that strange hands, the hands of men who worked with him and loved him, would at last lay him to rest and rear the shaft above his lonely grave.

Chinese Can Sleep.

Generally speaking, the Chinaman is able to sleep anywhere. None of the trifling disturbances which drive us to despair annoy him. With a brick for a pillow he can lie down on his bed of staves or mud bricks or rattan and sleep the sleep of the just, with no reference to the rest of creation. He does not want his room darkened, nor does he require others to be still. The "infant crying in the night" may continue to cry for all he cares, for it does not disturb him.

In some regions the entire population seem to fall asleep as by a common instinct, like that of the hibernating bear, during the first two hours of summer afternoons, and they do this with regularity, no matter where they may be. At two hours after noon the universe at such seasons is as still as at two hours after midnight. In the case of most working people at least and also in that of many others position in sleep is of no sort of consequence.

It would be easy to raise in China an army of a million men—say, of 10,000,000—tested by competitive examination as to their capacity to go to sleep across three wheelbarrows, with head downward, like a spider, their mouths wide open and a fly inside.—"Chinese Characteristics."

The Grace of Abhorrence.

The duty of abhorring evil is one that is general in its nature. It admits of no exception of favored vices. We are very liable to excuse the sins which we "are inclined to" while roundly condemning those we "have no mind to." It is one of the weaknesses of poor human nature that if a sin is agreeable to us we discover or invent excuses for it. It is not so bad as some other sins; indeed, in our case, it is not certain that it is a sin at all. We have a certain right to do what we would blame others for doing or we even say to ourselves that it is merely conventional wrong, but in fact no real wrong. Whatever is wrong without exception in our own favor we ought to cultivate the grace of abhorring it, for we may be certain that if we allow ourselves for any sin we have taken down the bars to its commission and one sin being made easy opens the way to another, and another until the conscience is seared as with a hot iron.—Pittsburg Press.

She'd Been There Before.

Gerald—I am afraid I shall forget some parts of the marriage service. Geraldine—Fear not, I shall be with you.—New York Press.

A DETERMINED LOVER...

By HARRISON M. GRANT

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There wasn't a doubt in the mind of Thomas Dingwell, bachelor and farmer, that he would ultimately marry Lizzie Carter, schoolteacher and daughter of Uncle Ben and Aunt Mary Carter, his nearest neighbors.

Although he had been courting her for three long years and had never actually asked for her hand, there wasn't a doubt in the mind of Lizzie Carter that she would some day be his wife. It was what folks call a slow courtship, and, though Lizzie's mother sometimes remarked that she would never have wasted three years of her time on any man, there was no real complaint until about the end of the third year. Then one evening as Uncle Ben was talking the cows Aunt Mary wandered down to the barnyard and sat down beside him on an upturned bushel measure and said:

"Benjamin, something's got to be done."

"Good Lord, Mary, but you don't say so," he gasped as he let up on the milking.

"Yes, sir, something's got to be done," she continued, with a grin on her face. "That Tom Dingwell has been hanging round here long enough, and our Lizzie has fooled away time enough, and now they've either got to get married or break up."

"Why, ma, how you talk! What's come over you all to once?"

"It's come over me that I don't want no more nonsense. It didn't take us but a year to get married, and why it should take Tom and Lizzie three times as long I can't make out. I've got a plan, and you've got to help me with it."

"Shoo! Shoo!"

"Never mind those flies. It's a plan to bring Tom to time or scare him away and let a better man come along now, Benjamin, you listen."

Uncle Ben leaned back on his milk stool and listened and he was so interested that even when the old cow got tired of waiting and moved off he scarcely noticed her going. The talk lasted a quarter of an hour, and when

And Tom almost carried her to the carriage, and, climbing in after her, he gave the old mare a cut and sent her, along to Squire Joslyn's at a three-minute gait. The squire was at home. Ten minutes later the knot was tied, and Tom was saying to his bride:

"By gum, but I've got you, and you can't get away! Now I'll take you home, and if your folks or that young squirt has got anything to say they'll find themselves locked in the smoke-house, and I'll be saying, 'Sorry, don't you know, but you were too slow about it!'"

Like Father, Unlike Son.

The Lambert, the well known English medical weekly, has been inquiring into the question of the transmission of genius from father to son and has found that the sons of great poets are generally dull dogs. Poetic fervor is evidently a spiritual flame that burns itself out in the generation wherein it is kindled. Indeed it often seems to burn out the very aptitude for paternity, or is it that the poet is generally too poor to permit himself the delight of fatherhood? However it may be, many eminent English poets can never be accused of having "dull dogs" of sons because they never had any sons at all. Cowley, Butler, Otway, Prior, Congreve, Gay, Phillips, Savage, Thomson, Collins, Shenstone, Akenside, Goldsmith, Gray, Johnson and Keats all died without leaving offspring, and Pope, Swift, Watts and Cowper were never married. Dryden's, Addison's and Parrell's descendants did not pass into the second generation, and the descendants of Shakespeare and Milton became extinct in the second and third generations. Sir Walter Scott's baronetcy expired with his son.—Harper's Weekly.

Close Quarters For Washington.

At the time, now some years ago, when subscriptions were being solicited for the erection of a statue in New York city to President Washington, says a contributor to Short Stories, a gentleman called to secure a contribution from an old resident, who, although wealthy, was a little "near."

On learning the object of the visit the rich man exclaimed:

"Washington! Washington! Why, Washington does not need a statue! I keep him enshrined in my heart!"

In vain were the visitor's solicitations, and he was naturally indignant at the parsimony of the millionaire.

"Well, Mr. R.," he remarked quietly as he rose to leave, "all I can say is that if the Father of His Country is in the position in which you describe him he is in a tight place!"

"Venus" in Disgrace.

A woman in Summerville who was the possessor of a solitary but beautiful piece of statuary was one evening giving a party. Shortly before the guests arrived she looked through the rooms to see that everything was in order. Missing the "Venus" from its accustomed place, "Lee," she asked of the old butler, "where's my piece of statuary?"

"Miss Weeny, you mean, ma'am?" answered Lee, looking obstinate.

"Yes, the 'Venus.' Where is it?"

"Well, Miss Margit, ma'am, I jest thought as gemmens was expected dis evening I'd better set Miss Weeny under de stahs."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Tom stood there like a man turned to stone, and for a minute the quarrelling of the hens on their roost sounded in his ears like the thunder of Niagara. He had lost Lizzie. She didn't want to see him, even for a last goodbye, and Uncle Ben and Aunt Mary had no further use for him. As it all surged up in his soul he turned, walked down the path and out of the gate and paused not as the stuck up young man called after him.

"Sorry, don't you know, but you were too slow about it. I'll tell the dear girl that you called."

Tom reached home intending to cut his head off with the ax or choke himself to death on an early turnip, but all of a sudden he began to get mad about it. He had been thrown down, and thrown hard, without notice, and he wouldn't stand it. Lizzie and everybody else knew that he intended to marry her after a while—after the price of corn got above 45 cents—and no man should step in and take her from him.