New Tailor Made Gowns Have Blouse Coats.

RUSSLIN SLEEVES ALSO POPULAR

Boszie . Fancies - Dremses For Fall Millinery-Smart Things For Evening Wear.

Indian and Persian designs of all sorts are having a great vogue. The silks in these patterns come very soft, so that they drape well, and for trimmings they are exceedingly rich.

Collars of lace insertion with stole ends will be worn on the fall coats These can easily be made at home by any one with skillful fingers. One of the noticeable features of the late summer gown is the wide collar of lace, which extends well over the shoulders. Saffor collars of lace in every form are to be seen, as well as the vandyke and round shapes.

The blouse coat still retains the popular favor. It is made with or with out tails and with an open or closed front. The triple coattails with round ing edges are considered very stylish,



(HEVIOT TAILOR MADE as are also the full Russian sleeves gathered into a band of silk or velvet which material is also used to strap the coat.

The fallor made in the illustration is of black cheviot. The blouse incket is collariess, and it has round revers faced with white silk The skirt is piain with the exception of the triple gored flounce.

Artistic Tea Govens. Nothing is daintier for house wear

nthan an artistic tea gown Muslin makes up very prettily for this, provided one combines it with pale colored sashes and lace collars.

One of the easiest ways of evolving such a garment is to cut it on the ernpire pattern, with a round neck and dowing sleeves. A narrow double wat iteas at the back is a pretty break to the broad sash which ties over the bust on an empire gown, and the front can be draped to suit individual taste



POINT DESPRIT NEGLIGIE. It is one of the strong points of a tea gover in fact, that it can be adapted

some of the most beautiful muslins this year are so finely patterned that they recemble foulards. The pale green and white and blue mixtures are parcuincly effective, and the cream spoted musins, will always be in style, althey are not made so much er Suor this meason, but rather over

illustration is made of point d'esprit trimmed with white lace.

The New Fall figts. Flat hats are again to be worn this winter and are quite like the shepherdess shape, which is always so popdiar because universally becoming.

A great many turbans will also be seen, and, when suited to the features it is difficult to find a more chic style. In the matter of dress materials all those bairy stuffs resembling plush and beaver will be very largely employed Mione Wear-Hints About Early In colors green will be foremost, but



Evening Cours of Black.

Nothing is smortly for evening wear than a black gown. This should be of made fussy with shirrings and lace in sertions. Narrow velvet albbons are also used as trimmings and appliqued in funciful designs

Very pretty dresses are made of alternate wide and narrow inscrtions of black chantilly or of black and white



OF BLACK NET.

perhaps the most economical way is to have them free from the lining so that they can be worn over separate slips. medallions or bands, is much used for trimming purposes.

A dainty evening dress of black net is shown. It is very simply trimmed, with narrow black velvet ribbon. JUDIC CHOLLET.

Spoiled a Deed of Hereism. "Uncle," said little Johnny, "tell fne, how you charged with your war horse step or you will regret it all your up the San Juan hill at the head of days!" vour troops.'

"Well," said the battle scarred veteran, "I mounted the flery animal, rose in my stirrups, cried, 'Forward!' and sank the spurs deep in the quivering flanks of my gallant steed."

"Yes!" exclaimed the boy breathlessly. "Go on, uncle. Tell me the rest of it."

"There isn't any more to tell, Johnny," said his uncle, with a pensive o each woman's fancy regardless of high. "The horse balked."-Chicago Tribune.

First Office Boy-Who's the gentleman you jest said "Hello!" to? Second Office Boy-He's a chum of mine. We work beside one another. First Office Boy-On the same job? Second Office Boy-Yes: he writes letters an checks, an I post 'em. the Section about to the Beston Hetality

## The Haunted Barn....

By EDWARD F. KING Copyright, 1 . 1 . og A. S Richardson

For two or three years there had been talk in Rodyn that the Widow Jones had "set her cop" for Silas Pardon, who was an old bachelor and well to do. There was no particular reason why he had nevr married. He had simply been "whomag round," as he expressed P, and he thought it more than Pkels that he would some day might have known you'd do it?" ask the Widow Jor, a to be his. There Was no great rath about it, however, not on his part. The widow had a clear and uncd-puted field, and all was lovely when a dark cloud suddenly. sprend over the horizon that is to say, the Widow Beeman moved on to a farm adjoining that of Mr. Pardon. She came from the west, and things soon began to hum. She had to consult Silas on several matters, and not a month had passed before there was talk that the Widow Jones had a rival. The latter not only heard the talk, but she recognized the fact. One woman can read another like a book about most things and in a case of love one widow can calculate almost exactly on what another widow will do.

For the next three months Silas Par don had a pretty good thing of it Hardly an evening passed without his the shade of blue called nationale being invited over to dinner by one and gray are likewise favored. Many widow or the other, and at brief intercostumes of duil red will be seen, and vals he received hatbands, neckties these will be combined with the new and other practical evidences of the esteció in which he was held. The A great deal of jet will be used, es ruce was about an eva thing. The pecially in trimming hats. Lace vell, two women were of about the same win be worn a good deal on header age, had about the same amount of hats, especially those of black chan property, and when Silas sat down to think it over he couldn't say which he Itish face will still be popular, and liked the best. It hosked as if he would to this will be added clurry in courser be a sure we not no matter which risian hats. It is trimmed with roses Weld to the bern one evening to sack served and knots of pale blue Larisine ribbon - up some wheat for in order and in the midst of his with he heard in voice. you country to wing that no woman frigup at the kitchen ceiling, replied could be there Slaput it down as a !other thin material and should be ghost and got belty rattled. In fact, he got so scared that he ran out of the I irn and left the work to be finished duly related to both widows, and, singularly caough, both looked thought



encouraged it. In fact, both advised him to visit the barn next evening and he promised, but he also had a curlosito know about it and could perhaps be induced to give it away.

club, a lantern and a clear conscience, getting down hammer and nails, he began work. It wasn't five minutes gave a jump. Then, as he listened a woman continued.

"Silas Pardon, pause and think before it is too late!"

He was pausing and thinking, with a cold streak along his backbone, when a second muffled voice exclaimed: "Yes, Silas Pardon, take no rash

Silas didn't pretend to be up on phosts; but, according to all he had heard and read, they didn't go about drew my sword from its scabbard, in pairs. One ghost was always considered perfectly competent to do the trick. Here were two voices and two ghosts, however, and he realized that

> he must fight for his life. "Silas," continued the first voice, "if you are thinking of marrying the Widow Jones, beware!"

That "Beware!" hit the cowering man like a club, and as he squeezed back against the fanning mill the second voice added:

"Look out for the Widow Beeman. Silas! She is trying to snare you. I have risen from my grave to tell you

"By thunder." said Silas to himself as he turned cold all over. "I'd give a flock of sheep to be out of this! I'm a dead man, that's what I am!" "The Widow Jones loves you not. If you marry her, you will be wretched

to the end of your days!" "Beware of snares beware- beware! The Widow Beeman wants you for your farm alone!"

Silas might have heard more, as he felt helpless to move and seemed to be under a spell, but all of a sudden something fell. The noise troke his chains, and he milde two jumps and was out doors. Without eactly knowing what he did be turned and fastened the door after him and then set out on a run for the house of the town constable. If there were ghosts about it was the basiness of the constable to see that time. I'll draw my first hundred on they were duly arrested and punished according to the laws provided for cases of trespass. He had scarcely left the barn when one ghost cried out through the darkness

"You mas rable thing, you! But "And of course you had your little

plan," sneered the other "Oh, I could scratch your eyes out"

and trying the doors and calling each then I had been employed by Simp other names, but they were prisoners It was an hour before Silas returned employment for two solid months. with the constable. The officer had a shotgun, and as he stood ready to enter the barn he called out

"Now, then, you ghosts, listen to me! If you make any resistance, I'll blow your blame-d heads off!

There was no resistance. As the door was flung open two glosts, each much the worse for weer and tear, ] stepped out and quietly walked away in different directions in the darkness. Silus and his club ruised, and the officer had his gun leveled, but they did pot st % or strike. Both stood with open mouths and bulging eyes for a club and exclaimed

"Waul, Henry, I'll be hanged!" And the constable lowered his gun and felt of his head to see if it was on by the month at my new position, and his shoulders and replied

"Waal, Silas, so'll I" Nothing imore was said for five minutes, then as they walked up to the widow he hardly decided to marry thouse to get a draw of older before The cut shows one of the latest PR (While tathis happy frame of mind he parting the officer sententionsly ob- found that in that establishment no

"Silas, within are curns critters," Silas got a pitcher and glasses, drew embarrassment and Dolly's distress calling his name. It was a women's the different poured it out, then, look it I could not see the house agent, she "Yes, Herry, they be "

A Plorida Disenchantment.

Down in Florida some years ago at a small street radioad, a little affair fellow, for the rent?" that did not amount to much, but was to iden. They delinot produposon the ident clear for all ordinary purposes. One ple from the lower flat to see if I was of ghosts as he expected, but rather day in the course of a discussion the cowners were accused of being old to gies and belaind the times. "Why don't ou get together and be up to date: they were risked. You really ought to have a modern equipment for a place of this character instead of an old road of roule drawn cars that date a back to the flood "

After considerable deep meditation and with many insgivings the road was ordered changed to an electric line, and an eighty horsepower equip ment was ordered. The outfit arrived and was hetall - but for some reason ! failed to operate properly. An outside expert was then called in to exarribe the plant and locate the trouble. At a special directors' meeting he reported that the rated efficiency of the plant was eighty horsepower and that eighty horsepower was being used for the actual operation of the! road. At this one of the directors i jumped up and exclaimed excitedly "Flighty horsepower for what we used to do with six mules? I guess we had a better go back to the mules"-Elec-WAS OUT OF | trical Age.

A Wonderful Feat.

Recently a party from the embassies see if the voice wouldn't enter into con- at Constanti nople went to inspect the ill, not having noticed me go out for a versation. Neither widow knew that international lifebout service on the the other had been informed, and the Black sea coast. At one of the life advice was strictly private and confi saving stations they thought they | ing." dential. Silas had a creepy feeling as would like to test the conditions of lifeboat work; so, clothing themselves ty to learn what the voice might say. in bathing costumes and cork jackets, If there was a pot of gold or a deposit they each took an oar in a lifeboat, to of coal or oil on his farm, a ghost ought the huge delight of the Turkish boat men, says the London Telegraph. One of the secretaries of the British em-At 8 o'clock at night, armed with a | bassy is never seen without an eyeglass and is said even to sleep with it. Silas Pardon sauntered out to the barn on this occasion he was faithful to his jacket and eyeglass. All the proper exercises were gone through, and finalbefore he heard his name called, and ly the boat was capsized and righted | ly I smiled and drew her to me. Silk of contrasting Color, whether in his knees went weak and his heart again by its own crew. As they crept out from under the capsized boat a with all his ears, the muffled voice of how of surprise went from the Turks, position, its owner taking it as a matter of course that it should be there.

Donald Complied.

A gentleman having an estate in per?" the highlands, as he was going abroad for some time, advertised the shootings to let and told his gamekeeper, Donald, who was to show the ground, to give it a good character to any one who called to see it.

An Englishman came down, and, inquiring of Donald as to how it was stocked with game, first asked if it | would be late and that I had received had any deer.

Donald's reply was, "Thoosands of the messenger. them."

'Any grouse?" "Thoosands of them too." "Any partridges?"

"Thoosands of them too." "Any woodlcock?" "Thoosands of them too."

The Englishman, thinking Donald himself up.

"Well, they are no so plentifu'. They like yoursel'."-London Standard.

**0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0** THAT ONE

## HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL

By CHARLES WELSTEAD & Congres d. 1 & 1, by A S. Richardson

Q+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0 "Dolly, there is no use worrying, dear." I put my arm about her waist. "We'll be all right in another week's fars then, and you shall have it all." She wiped the tears from her eyes

and looked bravely at me. I kissed her. "Cheer up, little wife, it's foolish to worry so Now 1 must off to work, and I I'll be home early."

I had more than a mile to go to the warshouse and had to walk every step of the way. Not a penny did I have to my name and had not had for three "And I'd like to pull your hair out by weeks. That is why Dolly was crying It is true that I was holding a posi-Then the ghosts began moving about | tion at a salary of \$100 per month, but kins & Co. only three weeks previous and could only weep and scold about it. Iy, and prior to that I had been out of

> Dolly and I were living in a fairly good section of Harlem when I was working for Black Bros. & Co., and, like most New Yorkers of my class, lived up to every cellt of my two thou sand a year. When a receiver stepped into the wholesale firm of Black Bros. I, with others, stepped out. I had one weel's salary coming to me, and that was all Dolly and I owned in the world besides our household goods

So for those two weary months of my idleness we kept up appearances by Dolly's able management of my last \$40 salary, but the climax had come. The landlord, to use an expresmilimite, and then Silas lowered his sion of the street, had been making inquiries and was "getting wise." He wanted his rent for one month at least , and that at once. I had been engaged it was a hard and fast rule never to allow the employees to draw money before their salaries were due

I had tried to borrow a deliar or two from some of the others, but I soon fone toward the end of the month had | bing my offices where you tackled them. anything to space. Hence my financial Lie quiet, my man, "he went on as I

[said, because I had such a 'horrid nasty way of losing my temper 1. So she undertook the straightening out of the whole financial tangle

"Well, girlie," said I when I reached next day. His little adventure was one of the famous summer resorts was shome that night indid you fix him, that

"Yes, dear" she replied, "but right ful and were evidently struck by an supposed by its proprietors to be sufficient the middle of it up came Dr. Tem-



I LET OUT A YELL AND LEAPED AT HIM. day or two, and, oh, dear, I do believe the heard that beast of an agent talk-

"Never mind, Dolly," I said cheering-"The doctor will never whisper it. He's a good fellow, and I believe he has half an idea that we are a little | listeners when he concluded, and one down on our luck. He's got thousands and to spare. Hang it, he might give"-

"Oh, George, how could you?" "I never said anything, dear."

what was it the agent said?"

"No, but you came very near a sugin a way that appeared careless, and, glass and solemnly embarked in a cork gestion. You know you wouldn't take a cent of his money." And as she straightened up her little frame proud-"No, dear; you are right. However,

> "Oh, it was horrid. He has a voice for the secretary's head appeared with | like a bull, and he called out as he left the eyeglass firmly fixed in its proper; the room, 'I'll call Monday for it, mind, and I expect to get it,' and just then , Injuns." Dr. Temple came around the bend in the stairs."

> > "Never mind, dear. What's for sup-There was very little; but, then, we

vere both used to that now.

Saturday had come. Here it was althe warehouse. It was the usual busy end of the month, and we were all working overtime. Early in the evening I sent Dolly a note telling her I my salary. I would not intrust it to

In half an hour we were released. and I hurried home. Dolly was sitting up waiting for me, and on the table; supper was prepared. Bob, my big Newfoundland dog, greeted me at the door. He, too, seemed to be aware that the father of the house was coming home with \$100, and he had just was drawing the long bow, asked if cause to rejoice, for Bob's meals at there were any gorillas. Donaid drew home had been cut down for the past month.

We were half through supper when jist come occasionally, noo and again, my wife asked to see the money. I had not offered it to her purposely to tease | battle raged fercest.

ner. I could not keep from a little loke, so with malice aforethought had left the money in my overcout pocket. told I solly wher - to find it. It was a one hundred dollar bill, and at the office bestore I can envny I had folded it as simil as possible and sealed it up after rolling it in a long narrow strip of that water proof paper so much used in large wholesale dry goods houses for wrapping purposes. It made a bulk about half the size of an

Dolly hunted and hunted, but to no wail. I saw she was looking worried. "There is nothing here, George, but this old piece of w rapping paper," she said. "Surely you Liaven't lost it. How careless of you to carry money in your

OVERCORE DOCKET" I winked at Bol's and tossed him a trust of bread. He caught it and wagged his tall with satisfaction.

"It's there, dear," I said, "in that very pocket you are fumbling in now." "No, it's not, I say. There is only this," and, as she caught me laughing, she threw the small lump of waterproof paper containing the bill across the rooms at me.

Bob jumped in the air and heavens above, caught the package in his great jaws, gave a gulp or two and stood wagging bls tail.

I let out a yell and leaped at him. He bolted around the room, out into the hall and down the stairs.

"He's swallowed the money," I shricked at Dolly as I rushed after the dog down the long stairway. I heard Dolly scream; them there was a loud bark and a growl from Bob on ahead of me and almost simultaneously a flash and a sharp report from a revolv-

er. Before I could realize what it meant I felt a stinging blow on the side of the head and went headlong down the states or my face. For a second I was knocked stupid. I remember a gruff voice cursing me as the huge form of a man sprang over my body and runfor the street.

The whole house-hold was aroused. Dr. Temple came to my aid in a few minutes, and I was lifted up bleeding and taken to his office.

"Faithful brute, That dog," I heard Temple say "He's lying on the landing below. Those Lurglars nearly did. for you, Mr Moore- They were rob attempted to rise from the couch on which they had placed me.

"Oh, burglars be hanged!" I cried. "The dog, doctor the hundred dollars where's bolly? the dog the money. If there is any burglar, it's that miserable dog Makehirn give it up. Doctor, let me out of he re" I yelled at the top of my torce as they again tried to

force me back. "His head," said the doctor to my wife as he moved to get a fresh hold of me, "t hat blow was a musty one, but he'll be all right in a little while."

This was exaspersating to me. "Oh, tell t.im, Dolly, quick!" I cried. "The dog Bots the hundred dollars. Hang it! Get themoney, I say - get it?"

"The dog's dead," said the doctor quietly "The burglars shot him." "Well, getthe morrey! Do you hear?"

I continued to shout I saw I only took at me appealingly, then whisper to the doctor. He gianced around quickly, picked up a small satchel and rushed from the room, followed by all except my wife, who came weeping to the couch where I lay She was telling me of my narrow escape which the doctor returned laugh ing. In a sliver list rume at he held up

to view a small package. "Dolly its the handred dollars!" I yell of hy sterready, and feel back in a faint from sheer exhaustion.

He Had a Close Call.

I was sitting by the redhot stove in a New England village inn when a citizen who had been out west and returned a week or so before my arrival entered the office and was at once asked to relate some of his adventures. He soon started of with a story about an avalanche sliding off with a mountain and burying 10.000 head of cattle under the stones and dirt. He was there and saw it all, and he was the one who carried the bad news to the owner of the cattle. There were looks of doubt on the faces of some of his of them finally asked of me:

"Stranger, do you think such a thing

possible?" "It is not impossible," I answered. "But wouldn't at least one of those cattle have got away?"

"Not necessarily so. Their tails might have got twisted around the bushes.

"So they might. Did you see any, twisted tails, Hiram?" "Hundreds of 'em, but I forgot to RAV SO."

"Then that makes it all right, and I hope you'll go ahead and tell us about Next morning the story teller paid

me an early call, and, after shaking hands, he said:

"Stranger, I want to thank you for twistin' them cattle's tails around the bushes in the way you did. I got too big an avalanche and too many cattle, most midnight, and I had not yet left, and if you hadn't chipped in as you. did I might have been turned out of

the church for a liar." The Fighting McCooks.

The McCook family was well represented in the war, and the members were generally "bunched" as the "fighting McCooks." General Alexander Mc-Cook had as one of his staff officers Adjutant Cleneral Dan McCook of Illinote. Other members of the family were Captain Edwin McCook, who belonged to Logan's regiment; Lieutenant Edward McCook, who was in the regular army: Major Anson G. Me-Cook of the Second Ohlo, Captain Henry McCook of Illinois, and Sheldon Mc-Cook, lieutenaint in the mayy. They bore themselves bravely and won the title "fighting McCooks" where the