The Up to Date Woman Has several short remaints. Fur Suit.

WHOLE COSTUMES OF LIGHT SKINS

mantities of Lace and Embroidery Recensery For the Newest Evening Freeks Far Carments For the Little Folks.

Furs were never more beautifu! than ther are this year, and women are not lable gifts for birthdays are those of content with fur wraps only, but must have suits of fur.

Moleskin has more or less taken the place of seniskin, and it lends itself admirably to almost any shape. As a matter of fact moleskin is not heavy. and is therefore one of the best skins to use for blouse and skirts. The prettiest way of treating these skirts is to lecin on the hips some stitched cloth of the same shade, fitting the skirt tightly



EVENING COAT.

to the knees, where some strappings of cloth may be arranged at the top of a bared flounce. There must be a certalk amount of fullness in these plain trimmed with white osprey and tiny akirts, and the flounce should just clear the ground. The bolero or short blouse cloth or stitched silk band, thereby avoiding necessary bulk at the waist.

Für as well as cloth coats are usually lined with cream satin with inner frills of lace when an extra elaborate effect is desired at the neck and sleeves.

Enamel or paste buttons are also added, and these sometimes figure as ornaments on the large fur toques which go with these suits. A large moleskin toque relieved with white chiffon and white ostrich feathers is very amart.

In the picture is shown an elaborate evening cost.

The Coffee Coat.

The coffee cont and the petticoat to match have to a large extent taken the place of the negligee. These fascinating little coats are generally made barely reaching the waist line in the back, but having long tabs in front. reaching almost to the knees. They are trimmed with fine lace, embroidery and every dainty touch known to the dressmåker's art.

One of these recently seen was of pale blue taffeta. The lower edge of the jacket was cut in toothed effect, and lines of white insertion covered the body, imitating the pointed outline.



A DAINTY BLOVSE.

s collar was of all over lace run wagh with ting baby ribbons. The start was of the same taffets, with the d insertings and a wide flounce said by a beading run through with

The state of the s

Coyta Conta

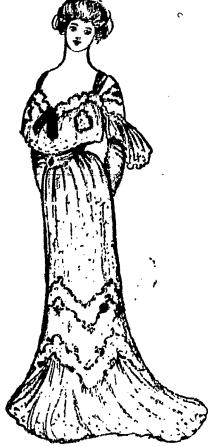
ed with spotted net frimmed with bands of heavy luce and sometimes tiny edgings of fur and lace.

Negligees and coffee conts offer a fine opportunity for combining artistically

In the illustration is shown a dainty evening blouse of chiffon, ribbon and

Elaborate Drennen. At one period lace coatees were only worn at teatine. Now we use them as additions to evening frocks and even

day blouses One thing is cartain we cannot dress well without a good amount of lace and chiffon. Never was the latter more popular, and some of the most acceptreal lace The woman who has to con-



tent berself with imitation lace, bowever, need not despair, for the reproductions of the old patterns are delightfur and in exactly the right shade.

Lace of a course make will be a prominent feature on spring millinery. Some lovely Paris picture hats are of white moire with a regular curtain of fine chantilly lace falling over a brim consisting of endless tuckings of cream chiffon and further adorned with one thick black ostrich plume.

The empire style, with its long, straight lines, gives height to the wear er, but should never be selected when there is any tendency to emboupoint or if the figure is overfull or round.

A particularly handsome evening dress of spotted net and slik applique is the subject of the sketch.

Clothes For Children.

Squirrel makes a charming coat for a small girl, the turndown collar and cuffs being hemmed with crimine. More costly coats for the little ones are made of ermine, with little caps to match replicas of the fashionable flat muffs.

been to the shanty to fix her stovepipe For the child of moderate means. to correspond can be finished with a however, the most serviceable and for her so it would not smoke. smart material for a coat is fawn or swered. And we talked the matter blue broadcloth with a wide collar of over that night down at Bib Ned's. lace or veivet and a wide furry hat to match. This hat can easily be trimmed

CLOTH SKIRT.

at home, but the coat should know the

touch of skilled hands and should be

made loose and comfortable so that it

Pretty children's dresses are made of

that old fashioned material corded

unull. These are made with a deep yoke

and roomy bishop sleeves, the skirt dis-

playing a hem surmounted by a cluster

Many of the large floppy beaver hats

are tied under the child's chin by

means of wide satin ribbons. Two huge

One of the latest skirts is shown in

he cut. It is pretty made up in cloth

The New Pythias.

of me except to benefit bimself."-

"Oh, yes! He never takes advantage

"Is he a friend of yours?"

JUDIC CHOLLET.

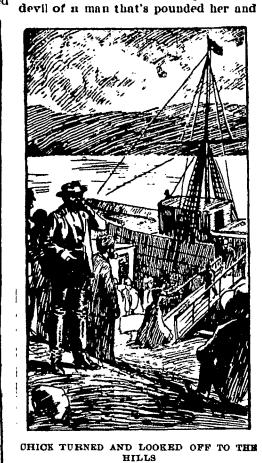
feather pompons often serve as the en-

can be worn another season.

of tiny tucks.

tire trimming.

or wool veiling.



ill treated her until she's cut stick and

run away," said Chick. And Last Hope accepted the theory, and there was a shade more of respectful consideration in its manner toward Sarah.

The strike came in 1896. Chick Benson's horse stumbled down a washout | lackstones." on Cariboo run, and when Chick dug him out he picked up a nugget that turned Last Hope topsy turvy.

As soon as the crowd of gold hunters began to pour in from the river and over the pass Sarah didn't take any more mortgages. Doughnuts brought a dollar apiece along there, and she wouldn't touch a pie unless she saw five dollars' worth of dust weighed out. Just as a side issue she bought out Jim Dailey's share in the Buckeye for a thousand. Inside of four months the Buckeye brought \$300,000 from a syndicate, and Sarah rolled down her sleeves and reckoned she'd take a rest

for a spell. Then things began to hum.

Chick Benson started it. He asked her offhand one day how about it, and she said no, on account of Bob.

That's what we all got. right and watched for the coming of Bob. One day Sarah put on a new,

that settled It. We knew he was consfrom the steamer puffed up as it heard one sadly say. rounded the river bend, she cried for 'Could I have had my master's chance the first time since Last Hope had to start upon the way; known her, and we felt rather inter. Had he been placed where I was placed

IZOLA

FORRESTER

S. S. McClure Company

When Sarah landed in Last Hope

there wasn't anything in sight but a

shanty, some tents and a yellow dog.

She stopped on her way from the boat

landing to pat the yellow dog, and it

followed her into the shanty. The

next day she owned the shanty, adopt-

No other woman had ever seen Last

Hope except old Walla Walla, who

came up the river every month with

skins and dry salmon and a hasband.

Chick Benson sold her the shanty,

and it had about a dozen mortgages

on it. But Sarah was safe. The first

-would have left Last Hope in mourn-

"What made you land here in this

hole in the hills?" Chick had asked

"Thought it kind of a likely place,"

said Sarah, and that was the only rea-

We did not call her Sarah to her

face. Mis' Mooney was the name she

had Big Ned paint up over her door,

and underneath it said "Bakery."

That one word made more excitement

in Last Hope than any killing had for

a year. She'd brought a lot of stuff

up with her on the boat-flour and

baking powder and lard and all the

things that women folks cook with

and a good stove too. We all gathered

near the shanty, real careless and un-

concerned, just as soon as we saw

smoke coming from her chimney, and

we drew lots to see who'd go and buy

first. Choice fell on Chick, and up he

went, sober as a judge. Just as we

were going after him he came out, his

We all made tracks for the sharty.

From that day Last Hope had a boss.

She was not handsome. Her features

were sharp in outline, and her hair was

a neutral mouse color, and she was

thin, but her eyes challenged all that

She didn't get very rich along those

first few months. She wouldn't trust

The fiddle hung on a nail in her back

"Never hear you tunin' up, Mis' Moo-

ney," said Chick one day when he'd

"Bob played pretty well," she an-

"Like as not she's tied up to some

he said was:

"Poughnuts!"

was best in a man.

son she gave for her-coming.

her when she settled for the shanty.

ed the dog and started up business.

Hope's

Madonna

her," said Chici, softly, laying his have greater fame!

hand on his will the won't leave that ignore me now would all be exception to do not be a supplied to a supplied to do not be a supplied to d town by boit. Word rif he'll kiss her Attendance on me here if I had only right before care

Il r Bob he had We felt for first right. !" days he'd : . . for her stove, sent beneath the seas, and the heavy of a caround the place. The gleaming rails o'er which men and Sarah had for or d ham. She made speed what time they foll at ease, him a mince pe Christmas. It was The graceful domes that rise until the only one in Last Hope.

at all. She stood down near the gang. as fast as eagles fly, and her eyes were alive with some we could not tell, but when she gave a quick, half choked cry and sprang The songs that live through centuries forward Chick turned his back and looked off to where the Yukon vanish- Who longed for favors others knew and ed into the arms of the everlasting man who had dared freeclose on her hills.

"Did he kiss her?" he asked. No one answered. Last Hope had witnessed Are not the names of men who yearned

the meeting and was struck dumb. . came up from the landing, her head _at every glance held high and her arm around him. It None came from him who might do was then that we made the acquaintance of Bob. He wasn't any bigger'n a pint of cider; just a poor, little, crooked chap about fourteen, with big eyes, like Sarah's. And she? As she smiled on us Chick took off his hat. It was the smile of the Madonna, and Last Hope worshiped from afar.

That night Chick put on a clean collar and went to the side door of Mooney's bakery, and there was resolution in his eye. When he came back to Big you down as a believer in spooks". Ned's, we were waiting for him.

widow, and and I've got her. That in the hall of a roadside inn, which poor little tad was all she had left, and called itself "the hotel of the place," it wanted money to make him straight, but owed its prosperity chiefly to the so Sarah just packed up, put him in fact that there was no "place" to school and made tracks for the place speak of thereabouts. where money grows in the ground. She's got a pretty good crop, and she man" asked the major in a leisurely needs a manager; also Bob needs a fa- way. mouth and arms and hands full. All, ther; that's all. You're cordially invited to appear this day week, and the party, "may be defined as somethere'll be a banquet." He stopped. Last Hope cheered wildly. Chick raised his hand for a final word. "And, boys, jor, "and, of course, it lets me out. I Sarah says she'll make the doughnuts don't believe in the existence of anyherself. Just please add an echo to thing at the bottom of nothing." that last yell for Bob "

The Office Cat.

Though not dignified by any other ly timid people often make the best name than "the cat," the feline pet of soldiersanybody, so some of us gave her morta certain Broadway office building as gages. Chick Benson mortgaged his thoroughly enjoys the conveniences of it" said the major. horse and saddle, and she got some the skyscraper as any of the tenants blankets, too, and a gun and a red for who pay high rents and who answer tremulous folks who persuade themjacket and hood, and finally, when Len to the big names gilded on the doors of selves they have seen-what-you-may-Dyer fell over Bald mountain one day the offices, says a New York writer.

lar's worth of biscuits and doughnuts. higher skyscraper adjoining by the mischievons son of the junitor and com- lieve what I can tell you, and---" placently installed itself in the restaurant on the roof of its new about.

By and by "the cat" was bereft of its provender by the closing up of the restaurant, so it took to prowling about young woman in blue serge. the big building in search of rats and mice, and its slpekness testified to its prowess as a hunter.

But climbing the stairs of a skyscraper is no more attractive to cats than it ride a wheel now on all occasions is to men, and what are elevators for, when a wheel is possible. Time was at any rate?

At first "the cat" would watch its chance to slip on the elevator when passengers entered or left the cage, but now its sharp "Meaow!" is as much heeded by the elevator men as the country at a gallop, without stopping shout of "Up!" or "Down!" by one of to so much as wing at any ditch or the tenants.

A Veritable St. Cecilia.

een and pretty. She was also devoted to music and spent hours practicing on a large pipe organ. This, together with the fact that she invariably wore a rapt expression when so engaged, earned for her the nickname of "St. Ce-

It happened that Margery's mamma was called to town and left her five- that point. year-old daughter in charge of an obliging neighbor. This lady undertook to then-I was riding Cruiskeen along a amuse her young guest by showing her bit of freshly made macadamized a collection of prints, among which was road, just as good and hard a bit of a copy of the familiar presentation of road as that I superintended myseif. the patron saint of music seated at the It was about 10 o'clock in the mornorgan.

"This, my dear," said the obliging hostess, "is a picture of St. Cecilia." "It doesn't look a bit like her." spoke

up the tiny visitor. "Why, how do you know?" inquired the astonished owner-of the print.

"How do I know?" returned the equally astonished Margery. "Why, St. Cecilia is my own first cousin. She ed horses, and I knew all of them. teached me my prayers an' how to play

A Tartar Courtabin.

Among the Tchulian Tartars a curious mode of "popping the question" exists. The Tchulian bachelor in search of a wife, having filled a brand new pipe with fragrant tobacco, stealthily enters the dwelling of the fair one upon whom he has bestowed his affections, deposits the pipe upon a conspicuous article of furniture and retires on tiptoe to some convenient hiding place in the neighborhood, local inette requiring that he should ...ecute this strategic movement apparently undetected by the damsel of his choice or any other member of her family. Pres- was the canter also the echo of Cruisently he returns without further affective trot? tation of secrecy and looks into the apartment in a casual sort of way. A single glance at the pipe he left behind thing, knowing that there was no But Last Hope said Sarah was all his proposal. If it has been smoked, he goes forth an accepted and exultant bridegroom; if not, the offer of his dress and combed her hair different, hand and heart has been so irrevocaall fully and wavy. And she asked bly rejected as not to be even worth a only a little bruised. And Cruiskeen Chick if the fiddle was good still; # , pipe of tobacco.—London Express.

men would not praise his name; "If he should happen to be mean to Had I been favored as he was I would

had his chance!"

Sharity bakery. The wires whereby men's messages are

they seem to pierce the sky, But today she didn't see any of us The mighty ships that cleave the main

plank, watching the people come off, The disks and tubes through which men see o'er space's broad expanse thing. Whether it was love or fear Are not the works of him who sighed to have some other chance

are not the songs of men

tossed away the pen: The names upon the noble arch that makes the artist glad

for chances others had! When Sarah faced us again, she Of all the wonders of our age that rise

much had he some other's chance. -8. E. Kiser.

Well, now, major," said one of the party in knickerbockers and golf stockings, "I would never have put

The party here alluded to was a "Boys," he said softly, "Sarsh's a party of bicyclists, gathered together

"What do you call spooks, young

"A spook," drawled the doctor of thing at the bottom of a happening that never happened."

That's funny enough, said the ma-

"I thought not," said number one. "You don't look like a naturally timid man. Of course, I know that natural-

"And what has timidity to do with

"Well, it's generally these nervous. call'-em, isn't it?"

Dyer fell over Baid mountain one day and never came back, she foreclosed on his fiddle that he'd mortgaged for a dol-white thing had been tossed off the white thing had been tossed off the frightened and tremulous person, performing the control of the frightened and tremulous person, performing the control of the frightened and tremulous person, performing the control of the con hada you may be the more ready to b "Go on, major," was the general chorus.

"And can swear to, if---" "Never mind the awearing," said the

"I will tell you." 'But you will tell us, won't you?" the young woman gently pleaded.

"Very well, then, as you all know, I when I looked down upon bicycleslooked down on them from the back of a fine, bonny gray, about sixteen hands—a beast that would take me four miles in half an hour at an easy fox trot or carry me straight across

"Now, about that fox hunt of Cruiskeen's-he was an Irish horse, with Margery's cousin, Cecilia, was eight. and Irish name—there was a certain individuality which I learned by ear after a few months, just as you learn how to know a familiar tune. If I had lent Cruiskeen to any of you, for instance, and you were bringing home a party of horseback riders. I could instantly have distinguished Cruiskeen's trot among all the others. Now I want you to pay particular attention to

fence that might occur on the way.

Well, one day-I was out west ing, when the sun was terribly hot.

"Just as I got to a clump of young larches that had been planted along the road about two years before, I heard a horse coming along the roadcoming toward me. Cruiskeen had been at a walk, but when I heard the hoofibeats of the other horse I spurred were few people about there who own-

"So here was Cruiskeen trotting on toward the north, we'll say, and this other horse was cantering easily from company has the money to pay for the the north southward I should have services of expert chemists, and by met the man on horseback in about a their skill, combined with continual

the clump of larches I was very much surprised to see—nothing. There wasn't a sign of man or

beast anywhere on that road. "At the same time the easy canter turned into a trot."

"Echo, of course," the doctor suggested.

"Doctor." said the major, sadly, "did you hear me say I could swear to Cruiskeen's trot anywhere? or were

"Well, let me finish. While I was wondering at the strangeness of the him enables him to learn the fate of other road where a horse's trot would sound like that within leagues, Cruiskeen suddenly shied to one side of the road, and shied so violently as to throw me clear out of the saddle.

"Luckily, I was not seriously hurt,

THE CHANCES OTHERS HAVE IN SALE STORE AND SALE STORE HE wanted to poor fellow. He was look ing. When the first smudge of smoke "I might be rich, I might be great," I line away along the road in the direction he had come from, neighbor violentiy, with his eyes staring. I never saw a quadruped such a picture offright in all my life.

"As soon as I could get my senses together, I could distinctly hear the invisible horse trotting away. It had passed on, and the hoofbeats were get-

ting fainter and fainter." "You see," said the young man, was had first startel the conversation, "hat was an Irish horse. Irish horses are

like Irish humans-imaginative." "That only accounts for Cruiskeen's shying Mr. Perk's," said the blue serge young woman, "not for the major's hearing the hoofbeats. And the

major isn't Irish; he is-"Pennsylvania Dutch, young lady," said the major. "Now if the company wants to hear the rest of the storyor the sequel, if you like why just walt till I light this cigar." "Light lamps and forward," came in

chorus from all parts of the hall. "The sequel, my incredulous friends. was the discovery of a murder," saidthe major in his most matter-of-fact

"Yes, a murder. Cruiskeen could hardly be got to go any further, but I had business to attend to at the post, and that was still four miles. away.

"Considering how incredulous all you civilians are, I need hardly tell you that the fellows at the post would not easily have swallowed a story like mine. Some would have called it sunstroke; some might even hinted at intoxicating liquors.

an insinuation which I could not have borne. So I said nothing about the matter at headquarters. I simply transacted my business, mounted Cruiskeen again and turned his head home. ward.

"When we came to the clump of young larches poor Cruiskeen began to tremble. I was obliged to dismount and lead him by the bridle.

"We had passed the spot where Cruiskeen had shied on the way to the post, when he gave a jerk at the bridle and pulled back. I knew that I had found something—a trail.

"All I could see when I stooped to look at the bank of the drain was a mark, as if someone had kicked the earth away with the heel of a boot. But that was enough.

Well, I needn't give you all the details of my search. Somehow, I feit that I was looking for blood trails, but I found no blood. I only found the branches broken and bent, making a trail right into the middle of the clump. And at last I found the body.

Yes, the poor fellow had not been! dead twenty-four hours. He had been shot right through the head. He had an empty revolver holster on his belt. and he wore spurs on his boots.

"The question was, where was the

"Cruiskeen and I solved that mystery, too. The murderer, fearing that horse coming riderless to the next farm, or still more to the settlement further on, would arouse suspicion, had killed the horse, too, and with the assistance of some accomdragged its dead body through the rail fence, evidently removing two rails for the purpose.

"That was a 'curious coincident.' I

suppose, doctor?" "Did they catch the murderer?" the voung woman asked.

'I am sorry to say, my dear young lady," said the major, "that the murder was traced to an enlisted man of my own regiment, and it came out that his wife, a half-breed Indian, had suggested the crime and helped him. in it. The victim was a young drug drummer."

Then the whole party lighted up and wheeled home to the city.

Keresene Beeswax Now.

The busy little bee was long ago cheated out of his monopoly in the honey-making business by artificial honey manufacturers. Now he is left to improve the shining hour as best he may, for his corner on wax is rapidly slipping away from him. Paraffine. a product of crude petroleum, is taking the place of beeswax in commerce very largely, and half the "wax" candles of to-day are pure paraffine and never saw the inside of a beehive.

ern line of Chicago, is the place where this wonderful wax is made. Cleveland, O., has a paraffine works, but it is only a small affair compared to the Whiting plant. The paraffine works are quite distinct and apart from the oil refinery-which is near the lake front-and is quite a large plant in itself. The oil treated here is the "residual oil," or oil from which all itluminating and fuel oils have been distilled practically worthless by an outsider.

As it is pumped from the oil refinery into its first receptacle, the "tar g'ills", -huge piles of iron and brick with inup, just out of curiosity, for there numerable pipes-it has the appearance of liquid tar or New Orleans molasses or anything else that is dark. heavy, sluggish, and looks as unlike the beautiful candles as possible. The work, this ropy, dark stream becomes "But as we turned the corner by a thing of beauty.

A parallel could easily be drawn between the paraffine works and a beehive, only instead of one building. there are many, each under its own manager, and each doing its part in converting this worthless-looking refuse into wax.

Death Levels all Ranks.

"No," exclaimed the mother Turkey. "I would prefer my children not to you asleep when I said that? And associate with those incubator chiers." "Because they are so heedless and don't know how to feather their own nests?" queried the Duck.

"No. it isn't that so much I have brooded over," replied the Turkey, "But there's something so artificial

about them." "However, when the incubator chicks heard this they thought of the funeral baked meats of Thanksgiving and remarked significantly: "Death levels all ranks."

Whiting, Ind., just over the south-

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> alw con wer