PAULINE'S PENDANT

"Father, it has disappeared!"

Sir Nevil Masterton and I were sitting in his study at Masterton Priory after breakfast when his only daughter, Pauline, rushed in with a white face.

"My dear little girl, what has disappeared?" inquired her father in a soothing tone.

"My pearl and diamond pendant! The one you gave me just before the wedding! Oh, father, who can have taken it?"

Sir Nevil smiled. "You have mislaid it, that's all! We don't have anything so exciting as burglaries here."

"But, father, here is the empty case, which I found in the drawer where I locked it up yesterday morning with the pendant safe inside."

Sir Nevil looked grave. "That sounds odd," he said, slowly. "Tell us all about it, little girl."

The "little girl" was a fine, tall young woman of two-and-twenty. Her mother had died when she was a child, and Sir Nevil's eldest sister, Miss Priscilla Masterton, had played hostess at the priory while Pauline was growing up. She adored her niece, and Pauline could always get her own way so far as Aunt Prissy was concerned.

A few months ago the little household had received a shock—the announcement of Sir Nevil Masterton's second marriage Every one had come to look upon him as a confirmed widower.

The new Lady Masterton was the famous stage beauty, Miss Lydia Beaugarde. She was principal show girl at the Majestic theatre, where her lovely face and matchless figure brought her admiration and a handsome salary; while her strong common sense and excellent capacity for looking after herself had kept all admirers at a respectful distance until Nevil Masterton placed his baronetcy and his rent roll at her feet.

Pauline tearfully explained to her father the exact circumstances of her loss. She was in the habit of locking her jewelry in a certain drawer, and then hiding the keys in the corner of another drawer. The fact that the keys and the case of the pendant were both in their proper places seemed evidence that the pendant had been removed by some one intimately acquainted with its owner's habits.

Her father tried to comfort her, and added: "Leave me to talk it over with Mr. Carter, here. If your pendant has really been taken he is more likely to get it back for you than any one else!"

I realized that to possess a reputation as a sort of amateur Sherlock Holmes involves one occasionally in awkward responsibilities, but I hastened to reassure her as far as possible.

"You are in for it now, Carter!" said Sir Nevil, grimly.

"That's all right," I said quietly. "Just tell me a little about the history of the pendant before we go any further."

"Well, you see," he began "we have a good many family jewels, which Pauline had come to look upon as her own particular property. So that when I brought my wife here, a month or two ago, Pauline did not altogether like parting with what she considered her treasures.

"It was to make up for this," continued Sir Nevil, "that I bought her a pendant, a diamond crown with two fine pear-shaped pearls hanging down on little platinum chains. And it is this pendant that has now disappeared."

"I see " I said, thoughtfully. "What about your servants, Masteryears," he said warmly. "I should ton?"

"They have all been with me for never suspect any of them!"

"What about Lady Masterton's maid?"

"Oh, yes—Rayner! I forgot about her. She is a girl whom my wife has known for a long time and in whom she has every confidence."

I begin to perceive that I was going to have a rather unpleasant time. At lunch every one was talkng about the pendant and Lady Masterton in particular seemed much concerned at her step-daughter's loss.

It was difficult to see what possible motive Lady Masterton could have had for being concerned in the mysterious disappearance of her step-daughter's ornaments.

I found myself wondering whether this brilliant beauty might not have some poor relation in desperate need of money, for whom he might have committed the theft, not daring to part with any of her own jewelry for fear of being discovered. Personally, however, I was much prepossessed in Lady Masterton's favor.

Then another wild conjecture came into my mind. Had Pauline herself simply hidden the jewel to bring discredit upon her newly acquired stepmother?

I was sitting alone in Sir Nevil's study after lunch, when the door was softly opened. I was a good deal surprised to see Miss Priscilla, or "Aunt Prissy," as she was always called.

"Mr. Carter,' she began, in a mysterious whisper. "I want to speak to you about the loss of Pauline's pendant!" Miss Masterton sighed "I am afraid, Mr. Carter, that the information I have to give you is of a distressing character!"

"Nothing can be more distressing than the present uncertainty," I declared.

"I—I felt it was my duty to tell you," she said awkwardly.

The faded old maid produced her pocket-handkerchief, and then said:

"Pauline's room is in the left wing of the priory, next door to my own room. Yesterday afternoon I was surprised to see Lady Masterton coming out of Pauline's room when Pauline herself was out riding with her father. An hour later my sister-in-law went out into the shrubbery with a little packet in her hand, which she handed to a rough-looking man waiting there, after which she returned quickly to the house.

"Did any one else witness either of these incidents?" I inquired.

"No," she said, quickly. "It was evident that Lady Masterton had chosen her time carefully."

"But what possible motive could Lady Masterton have for taking her step-daughter's pendant?" I asked.

"You must be aware, Mr. Carter," she said, "that my sister-in-law is a person of very obscure origin. What more likely than that she may have poor relations in pecuniary difficulties, whom she has chosen to relieve in this dishonest fashion?"

I was startled to find my informant furnishing evidence of the correctness of a theory that I had already formulated, and then dismissed. Meanwhile I answered: "I should be very sorry to think that

"TELL US ALL ABOUT IT."

Lady Masterton was capable of stooping to a crime of this kind; but the case certainly looks suspicious. May I ask you however, not to say a word of this to any one else?"

Aunt Prissy rose. "The subject is so extremely painful, Mr. Carter, that you may be quite sure I shall not breathe a word to a soul. Meanwhile, I sincerely hope that you will be able to prove Lady Masterton innocent, after all!"

Old maids are often charming people, and Miss Priscilla was described by her niece as 'a dear," but I could not help feeling that she had not yet forgiven her brother for marrying again; while her views of ladies connected with the stage were old-fashioned and out of date.

At dinner that evening Pauline was anxious to know whether I had made any discoveries.

"Like Scotland Yard," I replied, lightly, "I have a clew. But I propose to preserve the strictest secrecy until I put my hand on the culprit and produce the pendant!"

"And when will that be?" asked Paulie, eagerly.

"Probably to-morrow morning," I answered. "Possibly to-night."

"Then you know who took the diamonds?" exclaimed Pauline, excitedly.

"Yes," I said. "I know who took the diamonds."

I did not look at Miss Priscilla, but I could not fail to be conscious of the triumph in her eye.

"There is nothing Carter loves like a mystery," said Sir Nevil, sarcastically. "Carter, if you really know who took the pendant, tell us, and have done with it!"

"I can't quite do that," I said. "But, if you will all be in the drawing room at 10 o'clock this evening, I shall probably elucidate the mystery."

Immediately after dinner I returned to my room: but at 10 o'clock punctually I entered the drawing room, where I found Masterton, with his wife, sister, and daughter playing bridge.

"Do come in, Mr. Carter!" said Lady Masterton. "We are all simply dying to know."

"Very well, Lady Masterton. But first I want an absolute promise that I shall not be interrupted until I have finished my story, however startling or outrageous my statements may seem. Do you all give me that promise?"

They all answered lightly in the affirmative. Whereupon I added:

"I warn you Masterton, that you will find it very hard to keep your word as soon as I have begun."

"Go ahead, Carter! If I want to break your head, I promise you I'll save it up till you've finished your yarn!"

"All right," I said. "The day before yesterday, in the middle of the afternoon, some one was seen coming out of Miss Pauline's bedroom; and the same person was afterward seen to hand a small packet to a mysterious-looking man in the shrubbery. The person in question was —Lady Masterton!"

Sir Nevil startel from his chair. But I reminded him of his promise, and he sat down again glaring fiercely.

"The mysterious-looking man in the shrubbery was a ne'er-do-well brother of Lady Masterton's who is leaving for Australia in a few days to make a fresh start in life."

Here Lady Masterton was on the point of interrupting.

"Appearances all pointed to the fact that the packet handed by Lady Masterton to her brother contained the missing diamonds."

Miss Prscilla looked discretely triumphant.

"But," I added, "appearances were entirely misleading. The purpose that took Lady Masterton to Miss Pauline's bedroom was to get a book she had lent her the day before, and the packet she handed to her brother was a sum of money she had arranged to give him with her husband's knowledge and consent."

Sir Nevil sprang from his chair once more. "Look here, Carter," he said. "Fortunately, you have removed my desire to punch your head. But what the deuce has all this got to do with Paul ne's dia nond's?'

"Ask Miss Priscilla," I said quietly.

"What on earth do you mean?" he inquired, blankly.

"The pendant is locked up in the top left-hand drawer of her wardrobe," I answered. "And if you ask her, she will go and fetch it."

"Is this true?" demanded Sir Nevil, fiercely.

"Yes," she answered, meekly, as she went to the door. And in a few minutes she came back carrying the diamond ornament wrapped up in a piece of tissue paper.

Poor Aunt Prissey's tearful explanation of how she took the pendant, in sudden jealousy, to bring disgrace upon her new sister-in-law, who, she considered, was robbing her beloved niece of her proper rights, was extremely pathetic; but Sir Nevil's chief thought was naturally for his wife.

"Can you ever forgive her, dearest?" he asked, tenderly, taking her hand in his.

"Forgive her. Of course I can!" answered Lady Masterton. "She did it only because she was so devoted to her niece. And I hope that, when she knows me better, she will perhaps become equally fond of her sister-in-law!"

And Sir Nevil always declares that the deep affection that now exists between his sister and his wife dates from the loss and recovery of Pauline's pendant.—Modern Society.

The "Criminal Class."

The notion that there is a "criminal class" is the naive belief of amateur sociologists and "slummers." There is no "criminal" class; there is simply a punished class, or a caught class. Anyone can see that this is so by looking at the world about him for a single day, or, if he cannot see things himself, by reading of things in the newspapers which so imperfectly see them for him. He will see hundreds of men who are doing wrong, committing sins and crimes and violating statutes, but no one ever thinks of looking on them as belonging to the criminal class; no one regards them in any such light at all. And yet men commonly speak of the "criminal" class as if mankind were arbitrarily divided into two distinct classes, one class composed wholly of "good" people, and the other of "bad" people; and they go on to speak as if the "god" were gradually rounding up all the "bad" people, corralling them in prisons and branding them, and as if as soon as they got them all caught and all penned up, the world would be "good."—Everybody's Magazine.

Childhood's Worst Terror.

An examination to 1,500 children recently made in the west of America shows that thunderstorms are by far the worst terror of childhood. Afterward, in the order set down, come snakes, strangers, darkness, fire, death, disease, wild animals, policemen, water insects, and ghosts. In the fear of rats and mice girls exceed boys in ratio of seventy-five to sixteen. In boys fear begins to diminish after the fifteenth year, in girls after the eighteenth.

No Stage Murders in Turkey.

On one point the Turkish censor of the drama is inflexible—there shall be no murder committed on the stage. This is in order to prevent corruption by evil example.

Consequently the dramatic effect of many plays is somewhat marred by the manner in which principals destined to be murdered are rushed off the stage, and, after receiving the fatal thrust out of sight of the audience, stagger back from the wings to sing their death songs.

Why Politicians Disagree.

Crazy people never act together, declares the superintendent of a large asylum for the insane. "If one inmate attacks an attendant, as sometimes happens, the others would look upon it as no affair of theirs and simply watch it out. The moment we discover two or more inmates working together we would know they were on the road to recovery."

A PLUCKY MOTHER

SENDS A BOY AND A GIRL THROUGH COLLEGE.

A Widow's Choice Between a Farm in the West and a Laundry in Boston —Means by Which She Brought Up and Educated Her Children.

One of the honor men at Harvard, class of Nineteen Hundred and Something, was the son of a washerwoman, a widow who earned a living for herself and her two children and gave them both a college education and a profession by means of her washtub and flatiron. Mrs. Blank is now living with her son and daughter in her own home a pretty cottage in a suburb of Boston. Her son is a lawyer with a thriving practice and her daughter, besides being the organist of a church in Boston, is a teacher in a music school.

"Both my husband and I were born and brought up on farms here in New England and on marrying we went out to live on a farm in the northwestern part of Michigan," Mrs. Blank told a Boston Post reporter who found her watering the pot plants on the piazza of her home. "When my daughter was 8 and my son 6 my husband died and I faced the world alone with no capital except good health and a mortgaged farm.

"The question as I put it to myself was whether I should remain in Michigan and work and pay off the mortgage, allowing the children to go without a proper education, but to have the farm free of debt on their coming of age or to sell out and take the money left after paying off the mortgage and bring them East where they could get an education.

"After two weeks thought I decided to sell out and come back to the East.

After everything was settled and my railroad tickets were bought there was less than $100 left. But I had good health and had been accustomed to hard work all my life, so the small amount in my pocketbook didn't worry me.

"This was the question that kept my brain busy on that long trip from the West. If I went out as a cook, while I would have my meals and quarters furnished I would be compelled to put my children in an institution. On the other hand I could keep them with me and have a little home of our own if I took in washing. That decided me in favor of becoming a washerwoman.

"My first care after arriving in Boston was to get shelter. It was two small rooms in a cheap but decent part of Boston. One room was for washing and cooking, the other for sleeping and living.

"The second day I entered my children in the public schools and set out to hunt washing. I appealed first at a large school, the very music school in which my daughter now teaches. I came away with washing from four girls.

"I worked for the students exclusively for two years. Then having saved up enough money to rent larger quarters I hired an assistant and began to take lace curtains and fine starch clothes. In less than three months I had more work than I and my assistant could do properly, so I hired another woman to do the plain things while we did the fancy work.

"When my daughter was 18 she finished her course in the public schools and announced her intention of staying at home and helping me. After much talking and reasoning I found out that besides wishing to help me she had been twitted by her schoolmates with being the daughter of a washerwoman. When she told me that I knew that the moment had come for her to learn one of the most important lessons of her life.

"I made her get her things ready and I took her right out and entered her as a pupil in a woman's college near Boston. In the child's presence I explained to the president of that college just what my work was and all about it. I didn't intend to allow a child of mine to feel that she had the slightest occasion to be ashamed of her mother for doing honest work.

"The president of the college must have understood my motives. In any event she could not have been more polite and courteous to the first lady in the land than she was to me.

"Didn't I allow my children to help me? Indeed I did, all they could. My son carried home the wash and after he entered Harvard often called for it Monday mornings.

"If he ever was snubbed he never told me of it, but I fancy that never happened, at least not often for the men who are working their way through Harvard do so many things that people have become accustomed to seeing them work. Then, too, boys are not as a rule so mean to one another as girls, and my daughter as a child was inclined to be supersensitive.

"Long ago, when few people were educated, it didn't count so much, but now from my observations I would advise that if you can's give your child an education and also leave him an inheritance in money you should give him the education and let him earn his own money."

When She is 25.

After celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of her birth, the average woman's chief aim in life is to not look her age.—Chicago News.

TAILORING FAD FEATURE.

Is it Extravagance and Simplicity Go Hand in Hand.

At a fashionable gathering one may see the development of the "coatee," which differs essentially from the accustomed "pony" jacket as it does from the Eton and bolero and other jacket shapes. The point of departure from the old models is at what would once have been the sleeve line or the shoulder line which is, indeed, a "vanishing" point.

A pleasing color scheme is suggested in the semi-dressy tailored costume shown in the illustration. It is developed in a soft dull mauve canvass of coarse weave though elegant texture. The skirt is stitched with folds of its own material piped with cords of periwinkle blue. The upper fold is very deep and stitched only along the upper edge, simulating in effect the two-tier skirts which threaten to be a leading mode.

One straight seam appears down the center of the back of the coat which is semi-fitting. Both front and back are quite plain, the braid binding forming the principal trimming, as delineated in the illustration. The sleeves are cut in one with the coat, and are rather close fitting and seamless. They are stitched with tiny bands of the piped canvass and fall over undercuffs of braid. A stitching of braid sandwiched between facings of canvass forms the collar.

Through the mesh of the canvass can be distinguished a silk lining of curious blurred design combining the mauve of the gown with the periwinkle blue of the trimming. The hat is mauve crinoline trimmed with blue plumes.

Enthusiasm never wanes among women of fashion in discussing the varieties of figured silks offered in the shops, and the fancy of the designer has run riot in this elegant bit of Japanese blue pongee with woven designs of wild roses and foliage, most daintily tinted, as shown in the second illustration.

The flowers are done in pale pink embroidery floss and the leaves are in two or three shades of green; both stand out boldly and upon first glance appear to be hand-embroidery, but when one prices these exquisite fabrics one soon finds out the difference, for after all they are not so very expensive. The skirt is simply made with a key border of flat insertion at the bottom, below which is a similar trimming of dull green pongee.

At the waistline skirt and fitted bodice meet under a girdle of green silk, with long streamers. The fronts of the blouse are arranged in bolero effect, the ends being tucked and drawn down over the girdle, where they are found with flat insertion. Bands of green pongee outline the vest, meandering from under lapels of pale blue eyelet embroidery. At the top of the girdle, these bands cross, being laced through a large oblong buckle. The Japanese sleeves are simple bound with green and fall over undersleeves of batiste.

Completing the costume is a dull green mohair braid trimmed with wheat and small silk roses.

[illegible]

Corsets, Gloves, [illegible] Made of Paper.

A clever German [illegible] paper yarn, which [illegible] lolin, and from which [illegible] rics of almost [illegible] this paper cloth is said to be [illegible] excellent substitute for [illegible] linen and even silk.

Rugs and carpets of any [illegible] are made of paper yarn [illegible] Circle. Although these [illegible] coverings can hardly vie in [illegible] with Persian and Turkish [illegible] they are mothproof, light and [illegible] As a substitute for jute in the [illegible] facture of bagging the German [illegible] has a future before it, for [illegible] that jute is not the cheapest [illegible] material in the world.

Spun paper fibres have been woven into hats and shoes which Germans at least, have not hesitated to wear. Last year about 7,000,000 [illegible] paper towels were made, which [illegible] at wholesale for about two [illegible] apiece and looked for all the world like linen.

So easily is the yarn woven into a cloth of any design or shade that paper clothes have recently made their appearance. Lighter than linen, these paper suits are said to be nearly as warm as wool.

A man's three-piece suit [illegible] no more than a dollar. Such paper suits are quite unlike the paper waistcoats which are occasionally worn, for they are not merely [illegible] of paper sewed together, but are made of cloth woven from [illegible] yarn or thread and are therefore porous and hygienic.

The paper thread out of which this remarkable fabric is made is [illegible] proof, and is neither brittle nor hard; it neither shrinks nor stretches and at first glance cannot be distinguished from cotton.

School Frock for Young [illegible]

Extreme simplicity characterizes the models for school [illegible] young girls, though they are very smartly. Combinations of materials are to be in great vogue, especially the checks and plaids [illegible] plain clothes, canvasses [illegible] This model has the circular [illegible] in narrow breadths, which are [illegible] ed into plaits at the [illegible] allowed to widen [illegible] tom to produce the [illegible] Its sole trimming [illegible] the plain cycle [illegible]

[illegible] the front and [illegible] and form [illegible] They likewise appear [illegible] the turn-down collar.

GUIDES TO HEALTH.

One of the best [illegible] dandruff [illegible] aconin, one-half [illegible] in alcohol to fill two [illegible] Apply with medium [illegible] night, rubbing in well with [illegible] tips.

A tablespoonful of [illegible] phosphate of lime [illegible] meal will be found very [illegible] the teeth are soft and [illegible] of whole wheat bread [illegible] beneficial. When brushing [illegible] always brush away from [illegible]

Indigestion and lack of [illegible] are usually the causes of [illegible] Exercise must be taken [illegible] care need in the diet. [illegible] water should be used [illegible] The cure is a long one [illegible] of getting the whole system [illegible] condition.

The Uses of [illegible]

An article of food [illegible] that pays for its [illegible] ever in the course of a [illegible] meat changes. [illegible] of meat proves [illegible] spite of the best efforts [illegible] and in such cases [illegible] thing to be done [illegible] cheaper, and [illegible] meat with [illegible] agreeable [illegible] meat [illegible]