THE MASKED WOMAN

By ALICE T. SHERWIN

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During the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell there appeared in one of the stalls (or shops, as we would call them) in the Royal Exchange, London, a masked woman who sold small articles, such as gloves, laces, neckwear and other goods, called by the Britons haberdashery.

One day the Marquis of Lorenton, who since the defeat of the Cavaliers had kept himself away from London, passed that way. The estates of his father, the Duke of Ethelstone, had been forfeited on account of the family's adherence to King Charles I., and the marquis was in sad straits for a living. He stopped at the stall of the "masked woman," as she was universally known, and entered into conversation with her, pricing such articles as he saw on her counter. Then, with a sigh, he turned away, saying:

"I would fain buy of your goods, mistress, but I am without means."

"Select what you wish, sir, and pay when Charlie comes home."

Now, the term "when Charlie comes home" meant in those days "when Charles, eldest son of the beheaded king and legitimate heir to the throne, is recalled to assume his rights as sovereign of England."

"I see," said the marquis, "that you are a royalist. Mayhap you are, like myself, an impoverished noble."

"I am a royalist, but I am simply the masked woman making an honest living. These gloves would, I think, fit you. Will you let me try them on your hand?"

The marquis permitted her to try the gloves on him, but not with the expectation of buying them. He liked to feel her fingers on his own.

"There," she said when she had finished; "'tis a perfect fit. Take them and pay, as I said, 'when Charlie comes home.'"

But the marquis stubbornly refused to accept credit, especially from a commoner, for the woman had said, "I am simply the masked woman," and he went away.

But there was something in the figure, the voice, the carriage of the masked woman that appealed to him in a way he could not account for. Wherever he went the masked woman in fancy went with him. Waking or sleeping, he saw her moving about in her little booth and heard the sweet sounds of her voice.

So it was not long before he again found himself at her counter pretending that he came to look over her goods, though in reality he came to get another glimpse of her.

"What can I sell you this morning?" she said.

"Indeed, Mistress Masked Woman—I know not your name—I am lounging today, and I like to come here to see you sell your wares. I would that I could give you my custom; but, alas, I have none to give. The Roundheads have taken my all."

"Mayhap they have spent it for psalm books."

"What they have spent it for I know not, but this I know—it is hard for me, who have always had a sufficiency, to get on with nothing."

"May I sell you the gloves today?"

"Alas, I have no more the wherewithal to pay for them than when I was here before."

The masked woman took up the gloves the marquis had tried on the day before and, making them into a packet, handed them to him.

"Would you give a poor woman pleasure?" she asked softly.

"I would not rob a poor woman," he replied, drawing back.

"I ask you to permit me to do you this favor."

There was that in her tone which appealed to him. He took the packet and kissed the hand that gave it.

The marquis was seen no more at the masked woman's stall after that for some time. Then one day he drove up in his carriage and purchased the whole stock of the masked woman. When she congratulated him on coming to his own he told her that a cousin had died and left him a legacy.

When the marquis drove away he did not take the stock with him, though he left the money for it. That was his last visit to the masked woman's stall, for soon after "Charlie came home." There was great rejoicing among the Cavaliers that after the rule of the Puritans the rightful king had returned from France. Then the masked woman disappeared from the exchange.

But the marquis thought of her by day and dreamed of her by night. His estates were restored to him, but he was not satisfied, because he longed for her and knew not where to find her.

One evening he drove to a fete given by the king. The young dowager Duchess of Abergild, whose husband had fallen in the late war, was present and approached the marquis.

"Have you still the gloves?" she asked archly.

The marquis recognized her voice as soon as she spoke. "I have," he replied, "but have never worn them. I hold them too precious to be used."

The duchess, having been cut off from her income during the protectorate, had the choice of emigrating to France and there being supported by the French king or earning her own living. She had chosen the latter alternative.

Before the marquis came into the dukedom he married the masked woman.

GLEANINGS OF FASHION.

Peplum Robes In Foulard the Latest Cry of La Mode—Jet Blouse Sets.

Foulard gown lengths for the classic peplum style known as peplum robes are one of the new things shown in the shops. The foulard, which is of heavy, soft twill weave, has a yard and seven-eighths of small polka dotted ground, with a border all round of large dots. The rest of the pattern, of which there is an ample quantity, is plain, separated from the figured length by a line of hemstitching through which to cut. The robes come in full range of street colors at $40.

The Russian coat that is closed from left to right is one of the very latest novelties. The model illustrated is cut to form the points at the lower edge that are so smart. The sleeves may be either plain coat affairs or slightly full and finished with pointed cuffs. For warm weather linen and other summer suitings will be charming made from this model.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

FANCY BLOUSE COAT.

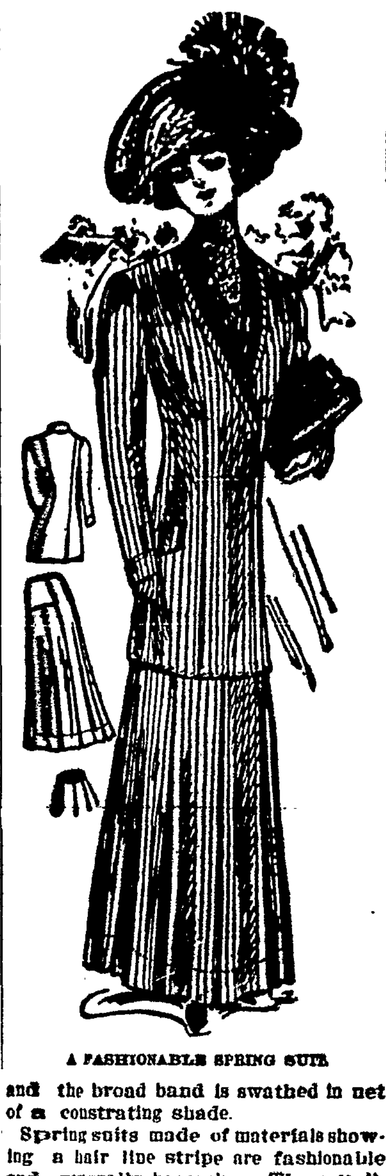
This May Manton pattern is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 6558, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

CAUGHT ON THE WING.

The Summer Girl Will Wear Airship and French Cook Shaped Hats.

The airship hat is one of the latest in millinery. It looks exactly like a "Merry Widow" turned up both back and front until the edges of the brims meet on the center of the low crown.

Another freak hat of the spring is the French cook shape. The soft tam crown is a mass of net in one color, and the broad band is swathed in net of a contrasting shade.



A FASHIONABLE SPRING SUIT.

Spring suits made of materials showing a hair line stripe are fashionable and generally becoming. The suit illustrated combines a short coat with a box plaited skirt. It is golden brown in color, with the coat faced in satin. The fastening is with crochet buttons.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

These May Manton patterns come in sizes for the coat from 34 to 44 inches bust measure and for the skirt 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Send 10 cents each for these patterns, giving numbers—coat 654 and skirt 6438—and they will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

A Bright Girl

By DORA GOODRICK

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Abercrombie, who was a bachelor, did not spend his time dawdling around clubs and drawing rooms. He owned a splendid yacht, the Theta, big enough to sail anywhere in any waters, and in this yacht he made his home. He contributed quite a number of inventions to assist scientists in making deep sea soundings and investigating ocean currents and at the time referred to in this story was endeavoring to simplify sea signals.

Abercrombie sailed to the Philippines among other places, where he was welcomed by the United States officials, especially the officers of the army. Among the families of the officers he met Miss Leila Turnlee, the daughter of Colonel Turnlee, commander of the —th infantry. Miss Turnlee understood his device readily.

Now, the way Abercrombie knew that Miss Turnlee understood his contrivances was because she always said "Yes" and "Indeed" and "How clever" exactly at the right time, and when he asked, "Do you follow me?" she always replied, "Perfectly."

Mrs. Turnlee was much pleased that her daughter had a mind capable of receiving the explanations of Abercrombie's inventions by Abercrombie himself, not that she cared anything for the inventions, but she hoped her daughter's vigor of intellect would lead Abercrombie to become interested and possibly that a fine catch would fall to the family. The good lady had dragged half a dozen children over many territories in the western portion of America during her younger days and had known what it was to get settled in quarters to be immediately ordered to some other station or turned out by a ranking officer. Abercrombie's yacht was preferable to an adobe hut or log apartment even when fixed. In other words, Mrs. Turnlee desired that her daughter should marry elsewhere than in the army.

At dinner one evening at Colonel Turnlee's quarters Abercrombie was explaining to the family his new system of sea signals. Colonel Turnlee, who was a West Pointer and should have understood anything in the signal line, knew but little of what his guest said. Mrs. Turnlee understood never a word. Miss Leila did not need to ask a single question. It all seemed to go straight to her brain and find a lodgment there.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Abercrombie. "How did you good people come to have a daughter so much brighter than yourselves?"

"Leila has always attended the best schools," said the fond mother pointedly. "Besides, she has scientific tastes."

"I have never met," Abercrombie declared enthusiastically, "one who has taken in everything I have said so readily."

"She inherited it from her grandfather, Admiral Turnlee," the mother pursued. "He wrote a book on coral reefs and another on volcanic formations. Children always take from their grandparents rather than their own fathers."

Colonel Turnlee, who was cracking nuts, did not notice his wife's aspersions on his own generation.

"Do you think, Miss Turnlee," said Abercrombie, "that if I were to send you a message by my code from my yacht out in the bay you would understand it?"

"I think I would," replied the girl demurely—"that is, if it were not too long."

"Very well. Look out for one tomorrow afternoon."

"How shall I reply? I have no signals."

"You can write or, better, telegraph."

Miss Leila made no reply to this. Possibly she was timid at being put to the test, fearing that she might fail. I don't know how she felt about it. I only throw this out as a suggestion. Her mother had confidence that she would understand the signal perfectly and furnish Abercrombie with fresh evidence of the brilliancy of her intellect. The colonel went on cracking and munching nuts, but said nothing. When the dinner broke up he had to go over to see the commanding general, and Mrs. Turnlee received a visit from the major's wife. This left Abercrombie and Miss Leila alone together for the rest of the evening. Abercrombie in order to give her a better chance to pass the test to come off next day coached her a bit, asking her a few leading questions concerning it. He discovered that she did not know as much about the code as he had thought she did. He left her doubting that she would be able to telegraph him a correct answer to his message.

The next day at 3 there were evidences on the Theta of a desire to communicate with some one. Abercrombie himself was holding up little flags and running them down again. His message was, "You are a very bright girl." When the signaling was over Abercrombie waited for her telegram. It did not come, but later Colonel Turnlee's orderly brought a note. It read:

Your flattering offer of your heart and hand comes so unexpectedly that I should have time. But my own heart says now and always "Yes."

Abercrombie read the missive with a stare. He married Miss Turnlee, but even as his wife she would never tell him whether she had understood his message or not.

MILLINERY NEWS.

Nothing Very Startling In Hat Shapes So Far—All Sizes to Be Seen.

Apparently any sized hat will be smart in the spring. Turbans will be worn, and the tailored hats are simple and attractive.

Rough braids are the latest fancy of fashion. Hemp is the favorite in white and yellow, and the natural colored leghorn is second choice.

The success of the flower hat is daily attaining greater dimensions, and the flowers employed in developing it are getting lovelier in coloring as well as in beauty of outline, so they successfully rival the natural blossoms.

RUSSIAN BLOUSE COAT.

Maline bows, the bigger the better, are very strongly featured in the spring millinery. Black bows as well as those of white are much favored.

Every variation of the blouse coat is to be worn in the spring. The coat pictured includes the slightly full sleeves with deep cuffs that are always pretty, and it is made with a smooth fitting peplum that is attached to the blouse beneath the belt.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, [illegible], and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

FOUND IN THE SHOPS.

New Cotton and Silk Materials That Will Be Worn In the Summer.

One of the new Irish linen suitings of the round thread ramie comes in all the most used colors at 20 cents a yard.

A new cotton poplin of mercerized satin surface is to be had in odd and other French colorings at 25 cents a yard.

A cotton suiting of homespun in crash appearance is in the shops in all shades. It is a yard wide and costs 20 cents a yard.

Rough shantung that is half silk and cotton and of strong weave and rich luster is 39 cents a yard.

Belted coats make a novel feature of the spring styles. This one is chic and smart. The little vest is most effective. It is finished with long revers, and the peplum extends just below the hip line. All suiting materials are appropriate for its construction, and the trimmings can be silk or moire velours.

BELTED COAT WITH PEPLUM.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

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A Japanese Spy

By FRANK MARTINDALE

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During the wars in Japan between the adherents of the mikado and the shogun the mikado's troops were besieging a fortress which both sides wanted.

But there is one matter of importance concerning it that is pertinent to this story. The mikado's army was very small, and a force of the shogun's was coming up to the relief of the besieged. This force was expected within a week. The success of the mikado depended upon how long his enemy's supplies would hold out. If there were enough for but a few days the besiegers might remain and reap the benefit of their labors. If the provisions should last longer than that they would better be off before the relief force came up or they might be overwhelmed by a superior army.

To know what supplies the defenders of the fortress had would be of inestimable value to the besiegers. It meant a possible possession of the point of attack, and it meant a prevention of a possible annihilation of the emperor's army and the probable loss of his crown.

The devotion of the Japanese people under such circumstances is a wonder. It is that devotion which enabled them to force a peace upon the Russian bear that had threatened to "walk all over" their little island and take possession of it. It is that devotion that has enabled them to [illegible] themselves while cultivating the commercial methods of western civilization.

There came a noble to the mikado and said to him:

"O mighty emperor, it is on account of your majesty's virtue that I feel an impulse spring up within me. My ancestors are looking down upon me and smile pleasantly upon me as I yield to the inspiration. I will disguise myself and obtain admittance to the fortress. There I will observe for how many days your enemies are supplied, and I will return and advise you of the facts."

"I am well pleased," replied the emperor, "that my virtue [illegible] in you such a worthy motive. You have my permission to go into the fortress and observe the supply of food our enemies have and return and tell me. I will [illegible]"

So the noble prostrated himself before his majesty and turned and went away. [illegible]

"This man," said his captor, "is a noble who supports the mikado for the position he [illegible] titled. He has been among us in the raiment of a shepherd and knows just how many days' supply we have on hand. What shall we do with him?"

"Crucify him," said the shogun.

With that they were leading the spy away to crucify him when the shogun called to them to bring him back.

"If you will go to the wall," he said to the spy, "and tell your people that we have supplies to last several weeks I will spare your life."

"That I will do," said the spy. "My ancestors call to me to stand firm and they will receive me at my death joyfully, but I have a wife and children in the mikado's camp, and I am loath to leave them for my ancestors, whom I reverence greatly, but have never seen. I am so weak as to yearn for my wife and little ones."

"Go, then; tell them what I have said to you, and I will in time return you to those you love."

The spy was conducted to the wall and stood upon it, the soldiers of the shogun keeping in the background. He signaled the besiegers to come near that he might speak to them. So they all drew as near as they dared, the family of the spy coming with the others. The spy stood looking at them benignly as they drew near and saw his wife and little ones looking up at him anxiously, knowing that he must have been discovered by the besieged people and that a great crisis was at hand.

The shogun sat in the center of the fortress, rejoicing that he had found a means of deceiving his enemies and sending them off when near the accomplishment of all they had been so long striving for. About him stood his soldiers waiting to hear the spy tell his people of the abundance of supplies there were in the fort.

Then the spy raised his hand for silence and said to them:

"O my people, I have examined the supplies that there are in this fortress, and there are but enough to last two days."

A thousand spears were hurled at him, and he fell on the wall.

"O my people," exclaimed the mikado, "our ancestors are taking him to their bosoms."

Then he gave orders to move on the fortress, and the defenders, being discouraged, gave way before them. So it was not long before the [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

JUDIC CHOLLET.

[illegible]