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FADS AND FANCIES.

By MINNA SCHWARTZ CRAWFORD.

The ever popular separate waist for the coming season shows a great many plaid designs, in both silk and soft wool fabrics...

These waists are made absolutely plain, or with broad tucks or other tailored effects, each side of plait at center front...

Simple models for every-day wear in nearly all cases are made with the full length sleeve, not over full, and finished with a neat little cuff of its own material...

Our prices for made-to-order garments are less than usually asked for the ready-made kind. Visiting Costumes, \$6.00 to \$20...

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A CENTURY OF ROMANOFFS

Continued from first page.

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WANTED FIREMEN AND BRAKEMEN for all Railroads. Experienced men preferred. Firemen \$125.00 monthly. Brakemen \$75.00 monthly. State age, height and weight, important. Name position preferred. RAILWAY ASSOCIATION, Room 19, 25 West 42nd St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

on the market, and I write sometimes. That was as easy as anything. The end of it was that we all went to call on the chief of police. I felt chagrined. They chattered at a fearful rate, and then one said:

"He has been calling himself George Marsh." My heart leaped. "I am George Marsh, gentlemen," I cried, for it seemed to come back to me...

"Oh," I answered, "not—not so long, you know—not so long." Really, it seemed to me that the time was of no importance just then. They spoke in low tones, until my quiet acquaintance said:

"Mr. Marsh, we are in a very difficult situation. We cannot get out of it without your aid. I beg you will not insist on our present informing you of a few details. I want to ask you if, as a very special favor, to help persons in deep distress, you are willing to join our party and accompany us to Philadelphia, free of expense, and at a reasonable compensation for loss of time."

"How long?" I asked, wondering what was coming next. "Two or three days—perhaps," he replied. "I agreed; 'I will go if it will do you a service—because you seem to be agitated to an extraordinary degree.'"

"We started for Philadelphia with no delay, and I found myself in company whose agreeable manners were tempered with a respectful reticence. On nearing our carriage at Camden station I halted and said: 'Gentlemen, you must excuse me if I insist that before going further I be admitted to a knowledge of our errand.'"

"The slender youth seemed fit for remonstrance; but the other, whom I had begun to like, interrupted: 'To be sure. Well, then, I am Doctor Wrangle—this Mr. Harold Martin, son of Mr. Gerald Martin—'

"My double, I suppose?" I said. "Yes," replied the doctor, and I wondered what about his face reminded me of that policeman. "As to our errand," he continued, "Mr. Martin most mysteriously disappeared three weeks ago. We are searching for him, and we want you—a practical lawyer with plenty of leisure, to take up the hunt as an entirely unprejudiced person. The best detectives have failed. We have been seeking a man exactly—yes, I may say exactly like you."

"You display astounding confidence in a stranger," I suggested. "We are desperate," replied he. "Mrs. Martin is frantic with grief and apprehension. Will you allow us to put you in entire charge of the search for a sufficient period to make a study of the case?"

I got into the carriage. At the door young Martin led the way past a pretty maid into a house set with obvious elegance. It occurred to me that the missing Martin lived well when he was at home. The doctor and I waited. Harold ran upstairs. I heard a door unlatch, and a woman's voice cried something indefinite. Then Harold broke in: "Yes, mother," he said; "we've found him."

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"Yes." The doctor led the way toward what looked like a library. "We need you very desperately." "It's very flattering to be in such demand," I replied. "You'll be better than Jolworthy, the police detective who has been bungling the case," returned the doctor. "He has been outrageously careless of Mrs. Martin's feelings. This is Mr. Martin's library."

"Martin lived well, anyway," I said. "A bookman, wasn't he?" "No, a lawyer." "A good one, then." "Yes; good to all but himself." "How?" "Overwork. His last murder trial finished him."

I surveyed the room in detail. It overflowed with elegance. "I've discovered a clew, doctor," I cried, as I stood before a ripping collection of Byzantine teapots. He was by my side instantly, all alive. "Don't start," said I. "I've only discovered that Martin was out of his mind. No sane man could stay out of this library three successive weeks and live."

"Don't trifle, please," said the doctor, looking pained. "But my opinion of Martin was fixed. 'No sane man could quit these teapots three weeks.' I repeated. 'No Mormon could be lured from these Mongolian ivories, or these amazing brasses, or this luxurious Thackeray; hence, the poor devil is mentally askew. Clew one for me; has Jolworthy so much?'"

The doctor only pointed to the library table. "Look over his papers," he said; "his diary is there, too, at the top of the pile. 'Look over his papers, the library will see.'" I read aloud the last entry:



Ladies' stylish suit in garnet chevrot, serge, broadcloth, or Panama. The Panama Jacket has a vest and standing collar of cream white broadcloth and is trimmed with fancy braid. It is an entirely new model and destined to be extremely successful. The pattern 2155 is cut in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Price 15 cents.

The plaited skirt is a thirteen gore model, trimmed with braid. It is much easier to make and more economical in cut, especially in such materials as Panama or cashmere than some of the plaited skirts with fewer gores because of the greater ease in adjusting the plaits. It is a beautiful style for either silk or woolsens. The pattern No. 2156 is cut in sizes 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. Price 15 cents.

Ladies' Fancy Waist in light yellow taffetas plaited into a square yoke of cream colored Irish lace. The yoke extends across the front only, and is finished with a narrow lace band or silk edging. The collar and cuffs are of the same lace and finished with edging to match. The back has three tucks on each shoulder, stitched down for about five inches. The pattern 2101 is cut in sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Price 15 cents.

Ladies' five-gored, plaited skirt in walking length. A very desirable style for separate skirt or as part of a costume. It has the stylish front panel effect and closes with an inverted plait at back. The pattern No. 1125 is cut in sizes 22 1/2, 24, 25, 26 1/2 and 28 inches waist measure. Price 15 cents.

To secure these patterns state size and number plainly, and enclose fifteen cents for each pattern desired. Address all communications to FASHION CORRESPONDENT, 290 Broadway, New York City.

some money. Poverty brings good results at times. It did me good and started me on the right road. "How do I live on so little? Why, that's simple. My restricted diet, now that I have a good salary, is simply a matter of choice. It is the healthiest and happiest way to live."

Facts From Many Lands. A substitute for wireless telegraphy, limited, however, in its application, has been invented by an officer of the artillery branch of the United States army. Simple signals can be given by means of an enormous shutter, with slats a foot wide. These slats are painted various colors and are operated by a lever. The present high cost of the wireless system may give the shutter an important place in the signal service.

Maurice Chaulin, a French inventor, has perfected a clever apparatus for killing mosquitoes. It consists of a small lamp—electric or oil—hung between two rings, the rings being connected with tiny vertical and parallel chains. These chains are charged with a current of electricity, sufficiently strong to kill instantly a mosquito which touches any two of them at the same time. The light in the lamp, which is entirely surrounded by these chains, attracts these insects to their death.

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One day the two went out hunting. The lad shot a duck, which fell into what looked to be a shallow stretch of water. The boy plunged in after the game, only to find himself swiftly sinking in a treacherous bog. His cries brought his father, whose great strength enabled him to extricate his son, even after the latter had been swallowed by the bog up to his neck.

Both returned to the palace wet through and chilled, and the boy in a high fever. In the middle of the night the father wished to go to the boy's room to see how he was.

A little later the Czar, clad only in a bathrobe and slippers, was quietly slipping to his boy's room. There he remained for some time watching beside the sleeping child before returning to bed.

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"Thank God for Woronzoff!" exclaimed the Czarvitch, with a dry smile and a sigh of relief.

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There is only one way to judge a range and that's by trying it. You can't tell a good range by the way it looks on the outside, any more than you can tell what a piece of machinery will do by looking at it. That's why we say, try an IMPERIAL for 30 days free, in your own home. Two send it to you freight prepaid, cook with it for a whole month, and if you don't find it the handsomest looking, the best baker and the most economical in fuel of any range you ever saw, send it right back, you don't have to keep it. If you like the range and decide to keep it, you can pay for it in easy monthly payments.