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FADS AND FANCIES.

By MINNA SCHWARTZ CRAWFORD.

pattern No. 1490 is cut in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price 15 cents.

The ever popular separate waist for the coming season shows a great many plaid designs, in both silk and soft wool fabrics, which are now on the ascending wave of fashion for all but the most important and dressy occasions.

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Braids and the old-fashioned "cow-tooth" trimming, made of heavy satin ribbon are being much used for garnitures on both jackets and skirts.

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.

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.

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Ladies' plain shirtwaist without lining. The very newest idea for waists of flannel, challie, silk, madras or linen.

Healthy and Happy on Twelve Cents a Day. Augustus Riley, a clerk in the War Department, seventy-four years old, declares that he spends less than twelve cents a day for his living.

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.

Dearest," he said, as they were at breakfast, "there is but one fault I can find with your doughnuts."

time his first child was born. With tears in her eyes the Czarina asked the forgiveness of her husband because it was not a boy.

It is not of record that he reiterated this sentiment as daughter followed daughter, even to the number of four. However, in this case, like father, like son.

When Alexander III had been notified of the assassination of his son, he was in the city of Moscow, and he was in the city of Moscow, and he was in the city of Moscow.

He was in the city of Moscow, and he was in the city of Moscow, and he was in the city of Moscow.

A CENTURY OF ROMANOFFS

Continued from first page.

At that moment came the second explosion, which shook the whole city, and a minute or two later, when the Grand Duke Michael bent over the mangled body of his brother and asked him if he wished to be removed to a nearby house, he caught these faint words:

"Quick, home—carry to palace—there die."

CZARS AS HOME LOVERS AND HOME MAKERS.

In these last words of a great emperor stands revealed the latter day Romanoffs' love of home and family. Historians unite in declaring that both Alexander II and his son and successor, the third Alexander, in their home life were above reproach; and though Nicholas II is being damned for many things these days, even his bitterest enemies credit him with being a good husband and father, and an intense lover of his home.

The apple of Alexander III's eyes was his son George. It was pathetic to see the father, a giant in stature, with the strength of an ox, with hands that could crumple a plate of silver, tagging around after and doing the bidding of this delicate boy.

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. The Czarina, thinking of her husband, objected, saying that the trip through the long, winding corridors to the other end of the palace would be dangerous, especially as he was still chilled from his experience of the afternoon.

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.

A day or two later the chill had settled in the Czar's vital organs; how it came to do so was brought out by the doctor's questioning. And a few weeks after that the Czar was lying cold in death.

"THANK GOD FOR WORONZOFF!" Another story of this same Czar's parental tenderness has been told 'round the world.

When Alexander traveled by rail his train was always divided in four sections, that the Nihilists would not be able to locate the section in which he was secreted and thus blow it up. But, despite this precaution, the bomb throwers did ascertain once on which section the Czar would travel, and it was promptly blown to bits.

The Czar succeeded in extricating the Czarina, his daughter and himself from the wreckage, strewn with dead and dying guards. A little group, they stood, unguarded and in the midst of carnage, on the barren steppe. Suddenly the nerves of the child gave way; she flung herself into her father's arms and sobbed out:

"Oh, papa, now they'll come and murder us all!" And the Czar, oblivious to the probable truth of his child's heart cry, comforted her, and was discovered so engaged when protection arrived.

Alexander III was not without a sense of humor; its possession is a saving grace to a Czar even.

It was while he was Czarvitch that he assumed command of the famous Preobrajenski regiment, a portion of which recently revolted against the Czar. Shortly after he had taken command it became necessary for the names of the officers to be read to him. German name after German name was read off. Clear down to the letter "W" not a Russian name was read. Then "Woronzoff" was sung out.

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

During his fatal illness the Czarina, the present dowager Czarina, was in constant attendance at her husband's bedside. They held hands like two lovers by the hour. One day, turning to his physician, the sick man, who had been told that death was only a question of weeks at best, exclaimed:

"I have even before my death got to know an angel."

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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 then, and I am a lawyer by profession, though riveted to literature. I live in the city of Boston, at the Winterset hotel.

"The young man who spoke little but looked at me hard said: "And how long have you lived in Boston, Mr. Marsh?" "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. "Yes," 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."

The door closed. I found the doctor regarding me intently. "Well, sir," he remarked, as if expecting me to say something of importance. "Mrs. Martin was expecting me, then?" I inquired. "Expecting you?" "Yes—or some one in my capacity."

"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 the trial, you will see."

I read aloud the last entry:

"Jury has now been out twenty-eight hours. My head spins. I'll walk in the park an hour to tone me up."

"That," I declared, "is where Martin went to smash."

"It is," assented the doctor. "Can't you some way connect that jury business with the mystery? Can't you make that and the walk in the park and the dizzy head mean something to you? Put yourself in his place, Mr. Marsh, can't you?"

"Can't see it," I replied. "I'm not a Vidoux, you know. In short, I make nothing out of it."

"Nothing at all!" cried young Martin, in a despairing voice. I turned to see him at the door with a lady whom I supposed was his mother. They had been eavesdropping, and I did not like that. I bowed formally. In spite of Wrangle's detaining hand, Mrs. Martin, a most attractive person, I must admit, came quickly to my side and sank down with her arms about me.

"My darling!" she whispered. "Won't my love help you to see it all as it is?" I leaped to my feet and flung the woman off. Wrangle's face was an added insult.

"By heaven, sir!" I cried; "if this is a joke, well, well, and I started for the door. 'I don't wonder poor Martin left home.'"

Just then the detestable Jolworthy entered. I read insolent intentions in his eyes and met them in perfect kind. "They've enough of you, sir," I growled, savagely as I could. He grimaced insultingly. "Oh, drop this bluff," he said. "It makes me tired."

"Will you leave, sir, and let me finish my business with these people?" I demanded, very angry. Jolworthy sneered audibly. I started for him. He dodged around the library table. I vaulted over it. As I alighted Jolworthy, possibly somewhat cut up by my violence, extended his fist quite vigorously. Something cracked back in my head, and I could do nothing but fall on the floor.

It will always seem that it was a very long while later when I awoke. The slender youth and his mother were over me. They looked strangely alike—then it began coming back. Why, I was in my house. My wife and boy—

"Mr. Marsh," he said, "are you better?"

I was irritated. "Harold," I cried, "what's the matter with you? Don't you know your own father? Who is Marsh, and what's the matter with my head. Helena, how does all this happen? Why, Helena?"

My wife threw a towel one way and a bottle of camphor the other, after which she shrieked in a loud voice and cast her arms about my neck. I will not say what she said into my left ear. I discovered that my right ear was covered with a huge damp towel.

Harold was yelling like an Indian buck. And then that great boy kissed me. I was angry.

"Be quiet, you silly people!" I cried, striving to look not too deeply disgusted over such hysteria. "Now, tell me, did the jury report?"

Harold whooped and Helena began to cry.

"Harold," I commanded sternly, "something has happened. Tell me!"

"Yes," cried Wrangle, who had been standing behind me all the time. "Tell him, Harold, all of it—beginning with three weeks ago."

I related my son to be truthful at all times, but I did not believe all he then said. After he had done I turned to Wrangle.

"What brought me out of it?" "That thundering rap Jolworthy gave you," he answered, grinning.

"I don't know who Jolworthy is," said I, going over to Helena and taking her in my arms then and there; "but, white or black, or whatever, I insist that he be invited here to dinner and that the best in the house be his."

But Helena did not seem to care about Jolworthy.

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