

AN ADVENTURE

AT MIDNIGHT

"I'll do it if you will—I'm not scared."

"I'll go you."

The two boys stood on the shore and bright moonlight shone overhead in a great star-dotted field of unclouded blue. Before them was a rare and marvelous sight, one which they had never seen before, but which their fathers had described to them as coming very seldom in generations. It had been a very severe winter and the Great South Bay was frozen over—frozen so hard and so thick that men had crossed that day with wagons. The scene was very grand and solemn. Absolute silence reigned the waters which in the spring and autumn winds were so often boisterous and noisy. No waves splashed on the beach; no breeze ruffled the surface. The bay was dead. For full four miles across to the other shore the ice encroached it, sprinkled with the faintest lacing of snow, which glittered in the moonbeams.

"I'll go you!" said Joel Harris, sturdily.

"Then," said Frye Gates, "let's hurry up for our skates."

They hurried back from the lonely beach where they stood to Joel's house—a little cottage where dwelt the boy's father and mother, and where Frye, from New York, was stopping for a holiday. The youngsters approached the house with the caution of trespassers and rule-breakers, for they knew very well that if their purpose were discovered their skates would not be required, although the skate straps might be unpleasantly employed. Frye Gates, being a compar-

atively adding excitement to their wild trip.

"I looked at the clock through the window," said Joel, "and it's just 10. Mother thinks we're asleep. We can cross the bay, call on the coastguard so that he can swear we've been there, and be back long before man's awake. Won't the fellows be mad! Dad says I'll thaw to-morrow and they won't say we've skated across the bay! Ho-oh!"

It was distinctly scrumptious—a word which you will not find in the dictionaries, but which is readily comprehensible. The ice was a little rough in parts, and of a peculiar billowy formation, but there were no breaks save a few cracks—no holes. They forgot their main object in the delight of the solitude and the fairness of the moonlight. They sung and whooped and felt that they had cast off the shackles of their little world and were free—free of school, and chores and all a boy's troubles. They were monarchs of that immense silent bay.

Suddenly Joe swooped in a wide circle from the straight track and skated slowly back, peering here and there in the thin snow.

"What's up?" Frye yelled, following.

"I saw something queer in the snow—shone out like a flash. I want to see what it was."

They skated slowly about in short circles, when Frye darted on his knees and held up something in his hand—a ring.

"Was it this? It flashed."

The boys examined the ring curiously.



"THE HORSE AND WAGON WENT THROUGH THE ICE."

five stranger, hid in the gloom of the laurel bushes while Joel played a trick familiar to him. He mounted the water butt, climbed the spout to the top of the kitchen, crept along that roof and was speedily at his own bedroom window. In a trice he was out with two pairs of skates, and dislodging the pipe, dropped gently to the ground. But the clang of the steels as he jumped made a loud noise and the kitchen window opened. Joel hid in the shadow of the wall, breathless and still.

"Who's that?" his mother called out. "It's the kids up to some mischief," father's voice spoke from the stove.

"They're in bed," said Mrs. Harris.

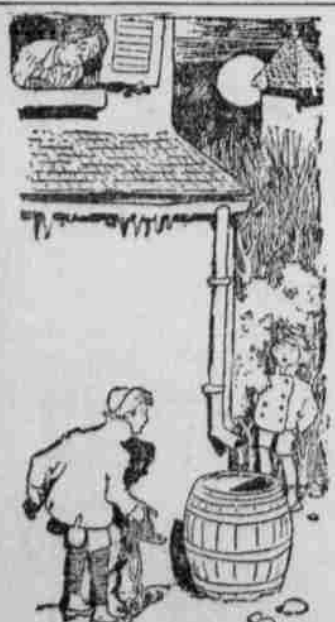
"Then it's nothing," said her husband. "Shut the window; it's cold."

But Mrs. Harris peered out anxiously.

"It may be them!" she said.

"Who's them?"

"The burglars who took Mrs. Van Schalk's jewels at their dinner hour from the great house to-night. The



"WHO'S THAT? HIS MOTHER CALLED OUT."

whole village is astir about it and a reward's offered. Didn't you hear as you came home? They may—oh! Ho-oh, my grandmother's old china and the spoon!"

A roar of laughter came from the stove.

"Shut the window, old lady," cried Harris. "Burglars who aim for the Van Schalk diamonds ain't likely to swoop down on your kitchen dresser. Shut the window; it's cold."

The window was slammed down and Joel giggled and sped away. In a minute the boys were slipping through the woods at the edge of the town to the shore. At the beach they put on their skates, and in a moment they were off on the ice, the keen cold reddening cheeks and the exhilarating knowledge that they were off without

"It's gold. It must be worth all of a dollar," said Joel.

"There's something on it shines when you hold it right. That's what flashed. Hold it in the moonlight."

"I can't get it right. Say! What's the matter with the moon?"

They looked up and were awestricken. The moon was passing out of sight. A great black shadow was stealing across it.

"I know," cried Frye. "Your dad was talking of it, but I forgot. It's an eclipse!"

Just then a stray beam kissed the ring, and a shaft of light shot from it.

"Oh! Frye!" cried Joel. "Now I know—it's a diamond. It's diamonds that flash like that. Golly! I bet that ring's worth all of \$2!"

And then all the light passed away, and the total eclipse left them in utterly complete darkness.

Joel and Frye felt quickly afraid.

"Let's go home," they said together, and clasped hands and skated as fast as they dared in the blackness for the shore.

They were far out now, nearer the ocean side of the bay than their own home. They skated and skated, but nothing but blackness surrounded them.

"We ought to be there!" Joel cried in trouble, "but I can't see any lights or anything, and it looks the same all round. Frye, are you sure we're skating in the right direction?"

"You ought to know better'n me," cried Frye, fretfully. "You belong here, and I don't."

Joel tried in another direction and again in another. He saw no lights. They were lost on the ice in the middle of the Great South Bay, and the moon still hid its face. Frye began to cry.

Joel kept peering about into the blackness. He saw a deeper shadow than those about and took Frye's hand and slowly skated toward it. When very near they heard loud, angry voices.

"You're a dandy, you are!" cried out a man in very savage tones. "Said you knew the whole country, and get lost same as if you were in an African desert! You're a nice one to put trust in!"

"How could I know this eclipse was going to leave us in this blackness?"

"Well, all I know is, if we don't get over to the sloop soon and make all sail for New York, Van Schalk will catch us like mice. I bet they're after us now, and this snow, confound it, leaves tracks. Ye gods, man, can't you tell which way to turn?"

"I can't. If we go straight on for all all I know we'll run right into Van Schalk and the police."

Joel listened and froze with something else than cold. At once the words of his mother, which he had paid little attention to at the time, recurred to him, about a diamond robbery at Van Schalk's great country house, full of guests for a Christmas house party.

"I'm all alone here, sir," he said. "I know the way."

Joe pointed to the rear.

"I knew you were wrong," cried the man to his comrade-villain. "There's no time to waste. Skate on, boys, and we'll follow. Two dollars when you show us the house!"

On went Joel, white but firm in a sudden determination, gripping the weaker Frye's hand. Plots and plans were whirling through his excited head. It was still pitch dark, and they could easily have skated away from the robbers, but that was not Joel's wish. He skated just in front of the horse.

"It seems a long way!" the man shouted.

"Not far now!" Joel answered, as cheerily as he could.

They moved swiftly. The light in the hotel came nearer—grew bigger. The night lifted; the moonlight came creeping back. Joel increased his speed; the man whipped his horse.

"It's a long way!" yelled the man with a note of sudden suspicion in his voice.

"Not far now!" Joel screamed back, and dashed ahead. "Come on, Frye!"

The moon shone out again, and the robbers howled with rage, for Joel had led them straight to the town, and right before them, among the trees, stood the house they had robbed.

"Turn round and go back!"

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They tried to, but they were close in among rushes where the ice was thin. Squish, crash, splash! The horse and wagon went through the ice into three feet of water, while the boys were running along the beach yelling at the extreme height of their shrill voices: "Help! Murder! Police! Diamonds! Thieves!"

They roused the town; men rushed from the houses; the burglars were caught; the diamonds were recovered, and the boys were rewarded, but—they got well spanked, too, by a judicious parent who looks at both sides of a story.—P. Y. Black, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Snake About Pheasant's Neck.

Back from his gunning trip to Cicero Hollow, Tioga County, John T. Embee brought very odd evidences of the failure of a woodsman to charm a pheasant. Mr. Embee sent a fine, plump, vigorous pheasant on the wing. Around the neck of the bird was coiled a dark-green snake, dried and frozen hard. It had been coiled about the pheasant's neck for at least six weeks when the cold weather set in.

The snake was about a foot long and so tightly and firmly was it fastened that the pheasant could not possibly claw it away. How it got there cannot be explained. Some say the reptile tried to charm the bird and falling in that coiled itself about the bird to strangle it. Falling in that the snake hung to the bird's neck for warmth and rather than let go died in its efforts to vanquish the bird.

Gunners say it is the strangest necklace for a pheasant they ever saw. It did not interfere with the bird at all.—New York Sun.

A Model Indian Wife.

The young Indian wife of to-day is clean, a fairly good cook and tidy with her house. She is not yet well versed in the art of decoration, and red and green are predominating colors in all of her rooms, whether in harmony or not. The house has good furniture, but it is strangely arranged. The lounge is a favorite piece of furniture, and one sees it in every Indian household, always in the parlor. If the Indians have a piano or organ it goes into the bedroom. The young buck's best saddle also goes into the parlor, and in many houses it is hung upon the wall. Red ribbons are tied to everything, even the tail of the cat, for no Indian household is complete without a cat and a dog.—Chicago News.

"Frye!" he whispered. "Let's go! They're bur—"

Two big hands fell on the boys' necks.

"What do you want here?" a great voice growled, and in a second the breathless boys were pushed to the spot where the two men were talking. A light road wagon with one horse stood on the ice. Two men were at the horse's head.

"Did you find any look of shore?" one cried, as the boys' captor led them up.

"Not a bit! It's as black as ink! But here's two kids I found skated around."

One man lit a match and examined the boys' faces.

"What's up?" said he.

"We were skating and got lost," said Joel.

"Belong round these parts?"

"Yes, sir."

"We're lost, too. Look here, if you want to earn a dollar apiece will you guide us to the coast shore? Surely you can tell which direction that is in?"

Joel looked around in perplexity and fear, and, as he did so, his keen bright eyes, familiar with every light on the bay, detected what none of the others did—a faint twinkling in the rear. He knew the light in the tower of the big hotel near his home. He was about to speak, when, for he was a sharp boy and a brave one, he remembered what his mother had said about a reward for those lost diamonds. He remembered, too, the ring dropped on the ice. He had no doubt these were the thieves. Frye was shaking with cold and crying. He could not even nudge Frye.

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Saved Their House in Two.

John and William Arbuckle inherited a horse and lot at Elwood jointly from their parents, but neither was willing to buy or sell at the price the other was willing to give; and, after much dickering they became angry and refused longer to hold the property jointly. It was then agreed to saw the house in two from roof to basement, and the work was begun, and at the direction of the two brothers workmen began on the roof with large crosscut saws and each wall was sawn through until the foundation was reached. A large crowd witnessed the destruction of the house, and commented on the folly of the brothers. A fence will be run through the middle of the lot, each brother taking one side.—New York Sun.

WHITE HOUSE KITCHEN

IMPROVEMENTS HAVE BEEN INTRODUCED IN RECENT YEARS.

The Great Fireplaces, Brick Ovens and Heating Griddles of the Original White House are Still There, But Not Used—How a State Dinner is Cooked.

The present kitchens in the White House are directly under the family dining room and butler's pantry in the northwest corner of the basement. The original kitchen, which was used as such from the time that Mrs. Abigail Adams was its mistress until Mrs. Lincoln's regime, was in the central part of the basement. In what is now the engine room, the great fireplaces, brick ovens and heating griddles are still there, but the room is just under the shadow of the wide front porch, and must have been a dark place for work at its best. That was probably the reason why Mrs. Lincoln had it changed to its present sunny corner.

When Mrs. Harrison came in she found it very different place from what it is now. The floor was then sunken and broken, there was wooden wainscoting, and all the woodwork was festooned with that lame of the Washington housekeeper, roaches. The rats and mice had literally taken possession and for a while it seemed that they were going to remain in it spite of all that she could do. She tried every exterminator in vain, and then she gave the entire basement a general renovation. In the kitchens and laundries the sunken floors were taken up and the remnants of the decomposed wood on planks, with cart loads of filthy dirt, were removed. When a solid foundation of Potomac clay was reached she had the present firm cement floors put in. All of the woodwork was torn out, and the clean, white tiling which now makes these rooms so bright was substituted. This did away with the rat and mice nuisance, but it was not until Colonel Bingham, the present efficient superintendent of public buildings and grounds, put in his perfect sanitary system of plumbing that they were able to cope with the roach pest.

There are two kitchens, a small one to the west and the main one leading out of it, which is about forty feet long by twenty-five feet wide. Both rooms have the cement floors, while the walls are wainscoted to the height of six or eight feet with white tiles. These rooms are supplied with every modern kitchen appliance. Over on the south side of the large room is a great hooded range covering almost the entire wall and provided with numberless baking and warming ovens. In the center of the room is a long deal table, and suspended from the ceiling directly over it is a mammoth circular swing on which are hanging the cooking utensils, brass kettles and pans shining like burnished glass. Over on the north side of the room are two closets reaching from ceiling to floor. Their upper parts are shelved and filled with tinware and crockery, while the lower is divided into flour, meal and cereal bins, with other compartments for sugar, salt, spices, etc. Over to the south side are the sinks and appliances for dishwashing, while on the north, underneath the big windows with their ground-glass panes, are the side tables. In the northeast corner of the family kitchen, which is furnished on a smaller scale in the same manner as the larger one, is the dumbwaiter, where the food for the dining-room is sent up to the butler's pantry.

As may be imagined, it is something of an undertaking to prepare all of the viands in these kitchens for the state dinners which are given each winter in the Executive Mansion, but that it is done is no faultless manager reflects credit upon those who manage the state dining-room. A curious incident happened at the trial, in 1784, of Louis Housart for the murder of his wife. Among other pleas in the bar to aid at the proceedings, he pleaded "that there were no such persons as John Doe and Richard Roe." To this it was replied that there were two such persons in Middlesex, one a weaver, the other a soldier, and this fact was sworn to. This legal fiction was abolished on October 2, 1852.—London Chronicle.

John Doe in England.

Forty-nine years ago to-day died two near relatives—in the legal profession—of the celebrated "Mrs. Harriet"—John Doe and Richard Roe. For centuries their connection with landed property had been extensive and peculiar. If Smith wished to eject Jones, Smith became John Doe, the plaintiff, and Jones was compelled to join in the legal comedy by becoming Richard Roe, the defendant. Those names were also inserted in criminal proceedings as pledges to prosecute. A curious incident happened at the trial, in 1784, of Louis Housart for the murder of his wife. Among other pleas in the bar to aid at the proceedings, he pleaded "that there were no such persons as John Doe and Richard Roe." To this it was replied that there were two such persons in Middlesex, one a weaver, the other a soldier, and this fact was sworn to. This legal fiction was abolished on October 2, 1852.—London Chronicle.

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The biggest of the eight pythons in Central Park manager took a notion that it would not wait until Tuesday for its weekly meal, and, gliding down from its perch on the tree trunk, it swallowed the two-foot iguana, or green lizard, that lived in the cage with it.

The lizard, which had a row of projecting sharp horns from its back, objected but could not get away. Its body had disappeared, but its tail still wriggling a protest when Keeper Jake Cook entered the monkey house, where the reptiles are.

There was a decided bulge in the snake's graceful lines as it later spread itself out to digest its breakfast.—New York Sun.

A New Sort of Otter.

The giant of the otter family has been discovered in South America. The ariraha, as it is called, has a hide which appears to be much too large for its body. In liveliness it surpasses even the playful seal. An ariraha has been tanned and had a hound for its playfellow. At a certain hour the captive goes to the door of its cage and there whines and yells until turned loose in the garden, where it rushes around, barking joyously.

It deftly catches the fish thrown to it, and skillfully prevents the dog from appropriating any of the dainty food.

all servant hire, with the exception of the cook, coachmen and one maid, all usual repairs and ordinary refreshments.—New York Sun.



A farmer in Addison, Me., has a sheep which in one season yielded two fleeces, one black as ink, and the other white as snow.

In some parts of the North of Scotland fisherfolk turn back if a hare or pig crosses their path, and at sea they never pronounce the name of the hare, the salmon, the trout or the dog.

The lines of sleeping cars in France must bear a ticket indicating to the passenger the date of the last cleaning, and they must be thoroughly washed and subjected to a high temperature.

The Alaska Indians have a violin closely resembling in form the primitive instrument of the same kind used among the Persians and Turks. It has two strings and is played with a small bow.

An eccentric Ohio man made his own coffin five years ago, and when he died the other day, it took considerable muscular persuasion to get his increased girth into the box. It was done, however, and two men sat on the coffin lid on the way to the grave, at the expressed wish of the dead man.

Red-headed Indians are very rare. One of them, belonging to the Passanaguddy tribe's reservation at Pleasant Point, near Eastport, Me., recently died there, aged sixty-nine. His name was Soplei Hauey, and all through his life he was shunned by the other members of his tribe because of his bright red hair.

A peculiar tombstone rests over a grave in a cemetery near Evansville, Wis. A corner of the marble slab is adorned with the sculptured resemblance of a bunch of young onions, and it hangs over the edge of the stone as if carelessly placed there. This is in accordance with the wish of the lady buried there, who was very fond of onions.

Ruling Passion Strong in Death.

Tales of the prison house generally come to us from chaplains, and make for edification. Not altogether consoling, perhaps, from that point of view, but interesting to students of all-round human nature is a little episode which lately happened at the grimmest jail in the London district. In the prison infirmary was a man who had served many successive terms for theft, and was now wasted away and at the point of death from consumption. How he lingered on was a puzzle to the doctor, who, with his stethoscope, leaned over him for a last time. As he did so, he saw a tremulous shadow of a hand raised to his waist coat pocket, and his watch abstracted and put under the dying man's pillow. It was his last effort; a smile of triumph passed over his face, and he was dead.

The same "ruling passion strong in death" was exemplified within the memory of Yorkshire sportsmen by a fox that was not born in that slim county for nothing. When the hounds were in full pursuit, a rabbit was started, and was caught at two or three leaps by the fox himself, full of sport. With the hounds close at his heels he carried his prey for 300 yards, and then tarried, where he enjoyed his meal in peace, despite all efforts of hounds and huntsmen to the contrary.—London Chronicle.

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New York City.—Young girls are never so charming as when simply dressed. The very pretty May Manton waist shown is specially adapted to the



Faced Wrap.

A mode-colored loose wrap to cover a dinner dress is of fine warm cloth. It is lined throughout with squirrel fur, but this doesn't show from the outside. Around the high storm collar and down the front passes a wide scarf of white chiffon. It is half a yard wide, and tucked in groups of four inches in the course of its descent. There is a deep hem to the scarf. It is tied beneath the chin in a soft bow-knot. The scarf ends hang down to the knees. The wrap has loose sleeves with outside turn-back cuffs. It is quite loose, back and front.

Belted-in Coats.

The young girls take to the long coats as ducks take to water. If the coat is more than three-quarter length, and it is close fitting, it should be belted in, to be up to date. One does not attempt to belt in a box front coat, but the ulsters are often belted, especially at the back. These belts are supposed to give a good line to the figure. The belt is supported by under-arm straps, and so from under the arms the belt may hang loose, it is unbecoming to fasten it in front.

Dressy Bags.

There are any number of variations upon the chateleine bag, beautiful things that one carries on the wrist, with the chain given a turn on the fingers as a safeguard. One in undressed alligator is of a soft castor color. A gold mounting shows up well on antelope. Exquisite ones in beads done in gay figures are designed to hold opera glasses and kindred tridles.

A Walrus Skin Novelty.

A handsome chateleine bag is made of walrus hide. The deep wrinkles and corrugations in this leather are very conspicuous. Set with either silver or French gilt mounts, the walrus bag is extremely handsome. It makes an uncommonly showy piece of leather work, and, it need scarcely be said, is unusually substantial.

Irish Lace Popular.

The popularity of Irish lace in walking costumes is extended now to the hats, many of these being formed of thick, hairy beaver, trimmed with a

Woman's Theatre Waist.

No style of waist is more fashionable than the one which gives a bolero effect. The May Manton model shown

Slender Growing Figures. and can be made suitable for school or evening wear, as it is cut high or low neck, with plain or fancy sleeves. The original forms part of an entire costume, and is made of pale pink wool crepe de chine with trimmings of narrow black velvet ribbon and simple cream lace, the elbow puffs being of pink chiffon.

The lining is snugly fitted and can be made high or square neck as preferred. The full lower portion of the waist proper is gathered at both upper and lower edges, and arranged over the lining, on to which the square yoke is faced. The upper portions of the sleeves are slightly full at the shoulders, but are cut in points above the elbows, which allow ample freedom for the soft puffs. Both waist and lining are closed together at the centre back.

To cut this waist for a miss of fourteen years of age, three yards of material twenty-one inches wide, two and seven-eighths yards twenty-seven inches wide or one and five-eighths yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with one-half yard of chiffon for elbow puffs, three and one-half yards of lace insertion, ten yards of velvet ribbon a trim as illustrated.

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Slender Growing Figures. and can be made suitable for school or evening wear, as it is cut high or low neck, with plain or fancy sleeves. The original forms part of an entire costume, and is made of pale pink wool crepe de chine with trimmings of narrow black velvet ribbon and simple cream lace, the elbow puffs being of pink chiffon.

The lining is snugly fitted and can be made high or square neck as preferred. The full lower portion of the waist proper is gathered at both upper and lower edges, and arranged over the lining, on to which the square yoke is faced. The upper portions of the sleeves are slightly full at the shoulders, but are cut in points above the elbows, which allow ample freedom for the soft puffs. Both waist and lining are closed together at the centre back.

To cut this waist for a miss of fourteen years of age, three yards of material twenty-one inches wide, two and seven-eighths yards twenty-seven inches wide or one and five-eighths yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with one-half yard of chiffon for elbow puffs, three and one-half yards of lace insertion, ten yards of velvet ribbon a trim as illustrated.

John Doe in England.

Forty-nine years ago to-day died two near relatives—in the legal profession—of the celebrated "Mrs. Harriet"—John Doe and Richard Roe. For centuries their connection with landed property had been extensive and peculiar. If Smith wished to eject Jones, Smith became John Doe, the plaintiff, and Jones was compelled to join in the legal comedy by becoming Richard Roe, the defendant. Those names were also inserted in criminal proceedings as pledges to prosecute. A curious incident happened at the trial, in 1784, of Louis Housart for the murder of his wife. Among other pleas in the bar to aid at the proceedings, he pleaded "that there were no such persons as John Doe and Richard Roe." To this it was replied that there were two such persons in Middlesex, one a weaver, the other a soldier, and this fact was sworn to. This legal fiction was abolished on October 2, 1852.—London Chronicle.

Park Python Eats a Lizard.

The biggest of the eight pythons in Central Park manager took a notion that it would not wait until Tuesday for its weekly meal, and, gliding down from its perch on the tree trunk, it swallowed the two-foot iguana, or green lizard, that lived in the cage with it.

The lizard, which had a row of projecting sharp horns from its back, objected but could not get away. Its body had disappeared, but its tail still wriggling a protest when Keeper Jake Cook entered the monkey house, where the reptiles are.

There was a decided bulge in the snake's graceful lines as it later spread itself out to digest its breakfast.—New York Sun.

A New Sort of Otter.

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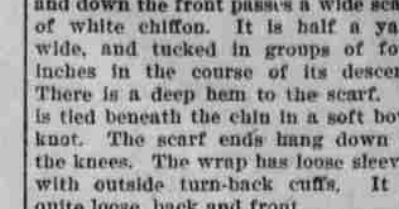
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New York City.—Young girls are never so charming as when simply dressed. The very pretty May Manton waist shown is specially adapted to the



Faced Wrap.

A mode-colored loose wrap to cover a dinner dress is of fine warm cloth. It is lined throughout with squirrel fur, but this doesn't show from the outside. Around the high storm collar and down the front passes a wide scarf of white chiffon. It is half a yard wide, and tucked in groups of four inches in the course of its descent. There is a deep hem to the scarf. It is tied beneath the chin in a soft bow-knot. The scarf ends hang down to the knees. The wrap has loose sleeves with outside turn-back cuffs. It is quite loose, back and front.

Belted-in Coats.

The young girls take to the long coats as ducks take to water. If the coat is more than three-quarter length, and it is close fitting, it should be belted in, to be up to date. One does not attempt to belt in a box front coat, but the ulsters are often belted, especially at the back. These belts are supposed to give a good line to the figure. The belt is supported by under-arm straps, and so from under the arms the belt may hang loose, it is unbecoming to fasten it in front.

Dressy Bags.

There are any number of variations upon the chateleine bag, beautiful things that one carries on the wrist, with the chain given a turn on the fingers as a safeguard. One in undressed alligator is of a soft castor color. A gold mounting shows up well on antelope. Exquisite ones in beads done in gay figures are designed to hold opera glasses and kindred tridles.

A Walrus Skin Novelty.

A handsome chateleine bag is made of walrus hide. The deep wrinkles and corrugations in this leather are very conspicuous. Set with either silver or French gilt mounts, the walrus bag is extremely handsome. It makes an uncommonly showy piece of leather work, and, it need scarcely be said, is unusually substantial.

Irish Lace Popular.

The popularity of Irish lace in walking costumes is extended now to the hats, many of these being formed of thick, hairy beaver, trimmed with a

Woman's Theatre Waist.

No style of waist is more fashionable than the one which gives a bolero effect. The May Manton model shown

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