NO OTHER WAY.

STORY OF THRILLING INTEREST, BASED ON THE WORKINGS OF THE ENGLISH PENAL SYSTEM AND DEBTOR PRISON — LAST WORK OF SIR WALTER BESANT

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Mrs. Isabel Weyland, a widow, is threatened with the debtor's prison. Her chief creditor, Mrs. Brymer, suggests a way out of the difficulty, marriage with an imprisoned debtor, who, for a salary sum, will assume Mrs. Weyland's debts also. He proves to be a young lawyer, Macnamara, who, through no fault of his own, has fallen into dire straits. Mrs. Weyland, in pity, pays his small debt, sets him free, and agrees to marry a negro condemned to die in three days. She then retires in poverty to country life, but later falls heiress to a large fortune and becomes a social queen in London. Here she meets Macnamara, now a flourishing barrister, who pledges himself to her service, and is most attentive to her, to the anger of her brother-in-law, Lord Stratherrick. Mrs. Weyland takes as secretary Alice Fulton, daughter of a former creditor. Stratherrick learns of her marriage to the negro through Miss Fulton's father, a worthless specimen. He then calls upon his sister-in-law and attempts blackmail, proposing that she pay £500 to him to keep the former creditor quiet. The negro returns to London, having escaped both the gallows and penal servitude in the colonies. He blackmails Mrs. Weyland, who calls Macnamara to her aid. He turns detective, and, in disguise, frightens Truxo, the negro, into the belief that his life is in danger. Macnamara secures a valuable ally in Doll, Truxo's real wife, and convinces Lord Stratherick that Mrs. Weyland has been maligned by her enemies.

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CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

"On the other hand, I am empowered to make you an offer—an offer which you do not deserve. Now, listen, Mr Fulton. The offer is this: You are to go into the country, 15 miles at least from town. If you consent to this, and promise to circulate no more stories about bills and fraudulent doings and—and marriages in Newgate, you shall receive the sum of 15 shillings a week. With 15 shillings you can pay for a room and a bed. They will cost you, say, two shillings a week; your food will cost you, say, eightpence a day; there remains for drink and clothes the sum of eight shillings a week at least. There, Mr. Fulton, is my offer."

The man drank off the rest of the tankard. He was now incapable of understanding anything properly; he saw things in a haze, not clearly; he had returned to his ordinary condition—he was half drunk; words and things had no more meaning for him. "Don't waste your breath," he said, thickly, "talking nonsense. I will have my revenge. This is a comfortable house; the company is good, the drink is good and plentiful—I have never before had such a skinful of good drink."

"Very good, Mr. Fulton, very good. Please to step this way with me."

Oliver took the man by the arm. He was quite unresisting and rose murmuring and repeating in broken language that he had always prided himself on having his revenge, and that revenge was dearer than life—with more bombastic stuff of brain he mused.

Oliver led him to the door, where the Sheriff's officer stood like a sentinel. At a signal this man stepped forward and tapped the revengeful bankrupt on the shoulder, at the same time producing a slip of parchment.

"In the name of the law," he said, "you are my prisoner."

Some gleam of intelligence crossed the drunkard's brain. He turned pale; he reeled. "What?" he cried. "Whose prisoner?"

"Mine," Oliver replied. "I am the detaining creditor. The debt is that for drink at the Grapes. I gave you every chance. You will now, in the King's Bench prison, reflect at leisure on the consequences of desiring revenge. You may tell any stories you please—on the poor side. You will have no drink and very little food. I have nothing more to say to you. Officer, take him away."

CHAPTER XXII.

It was Oliver's design to deal with the man of Revenge so that he might enjoy four and twenty hours, at least, of the King's Bench prison, with the full delights of the poor side—those delights with which he was himself familiar. The time of year was still Summer, but late Summer, when the nights are cold. Mr. Fulton would therefore be able to anticipate some of the joys of Winter, with no bed to lie upon, except the hard, bare, unwashed boards; no blanket to cover him, no change of clothes, a crowded room with close and confined air; no food, unless he was so lucky as to share in some of the miserable doles of the prison; and no drink. Four and twenty hours, Oliver thought, of the poor side would be quite enough to quench that burning desire for revenge.

He left his man, therefore, alone for the moment. There was, however, one more source of danger, hitherto unsuspected; that, namely, from the parson who had conducted the ceremony in Newgate. Like all his brethren, he kept a register, in which he entered the names of the couples whom he married. Now, Oliver considered, if the man had any suspicion of the wealth to which the lady had attained, he would most certainly have endeavored to make money by his knowledge. As he had not done so, it was probable that he had quite forgotten the name of the bride and even the circumstances of the function. He resolved, however, to find out the man and to ascertain the truth. The mere name in the register without any qualifying description would be of no importance, unless supported by other evidence, because in such cases a name may be easily assumed. A maid servant, an apprentice, a milliner's girl, may assume for the occasion the name and style of her mistress. In itself, therefore, the register would be of no use to its possessor; and, as for other evidence, he was disposing of that by the banishment of one of the two persons chiefly concerned and the imprisonment of the other.

However, it is not a long journey from the temple to the Fleet, and he made his way to the place.

The haunt of the marrying parsons is not a delectable place for the stranger to visit. Nowhere is it mentioned as one of the shows of London; the market, seldom cleaned, is strewn and covered with broken fruit and vegetables trodden into the ground and putrefying; it is encumbered with barrows; it is not only noisome with its unswept rubbish, but it is dreadful to ears polite by reason of the people who are continually fighting, quarreling and cursing. Every other house is a tavern and in most of the taverns may be found a parson in cassock-bands and wig ready to marry couples in a back room at a fee proportioned to the appearance of the pair, namely from 5 shillings or even half a crown to a guinea.

On Fleet Bridge and Ludgate Hill are the men who tent all day long for their masters, dragging in, so to speak, any couples who may happen to be walking along the street or on the hill.

To one of these men Oliver addressed himself. He learned from him first that the clergyman who had tied the futile knot was dead; he had been dead for nearly three years; his calling, it would seem, is not conducive to long life; perhaps because it is too intimately connected with punch and strong drink of various kinds. He was dead, however. Next Oliver was invited to bring the lady when he might be comfortably and safely married by the defunct divine's successor. Thirdly, as he showed no signs of producing a lady, he was earnestly invited to offer the means of procuring a drink for a thirsty throat. Lastly he was referred to the landlord of the tavern where the pious soul had set up his quarters, lived, drank, eaten, slept and died.

Oliver found the place a little way up the market. The landlord was standing at the open door, a man of middle age and forbidding aspect, bearing upon his brow the unmistakable stamp which sooner or later brands the man who leads a life of internal iniquity. No one can deny, I believe, that the landlords of the Fleet Taverns do lead lives of iniquity, if half the reports are true.

"I have come," said Oliver, "to make inquiries concerning the Registers of Marriage kept some years ago by your Marrying Parson."

"Oh!" the man replied. "You would like to see those registers, would you? Pray, sir, why do you want to see them?"

"I hear that the parson is dead. You have probably kept his books."

"May be—may be. You are a lawyer, I perceive, sir. When a lawyer wants to see the register, it is for some purpose of his own, I take it."

"Naturally. You are quite right."

"Well, sir, the register is, perhaps, in my possession. I do not say. Perhaps it is not. May a body ask again why you want to see it?"

Oliver assumed his most lawyer-like air. "Sir," he said, "I need not inform you, it must be plain to a person of your understanding that such a register may be of infinite importance in proving, or substantiating, or the reverse, as the case may be, claims to an estate, to inheritance or to succession. Take, for example, the case of one born in wedlock who cannot prove his mother's marriage, except by reference to these registers."

"Aye, sir, I understand. Or there may be equally the case of a woman who would hide, if she could, the proofs of her marriage. You take me, sir? These marriages, most beneficial to the community, because they are cheap and easy, may be hastily entered upon. You take me, sir?"

"Perfectly. Perfectly. You are quite right. Such a case might immediately arise."

"Well, sir, we come to this. The registers are worth money, especially to lawyers. You must, therefore, pay for looking at them."

"By all means. I will give you a present for looking at the registers kept by this divine—this devoted servant of Hymen, I want especially the register of three years ago."

"High men or low men, turn all the same to my old friend. But alas! good sir—only three years ago? I can show you now the registers of 10 years ago—or even of five years ago—but of three years ago—. You must know, sir, that the cause of the death of my unfortunate and pious friend—he was a member of the University of Oxford, sir, and as full of learning as an egg is full of meat—I say that the cause of his death was that he happened, being in liquor, to set his candle beside the bed and too near the sheets—in consequence of which the latter caught fire, and in extinguishing the flames we not only saved the unfortunate gentlemen, who was lying dressed in his silk cassock, but caused him a fever, which, together with the burns, carried him off three days after."

"And the registers?"

"They were under his pillow while drunk or sober, he always kept them. And what with the fire and the water, they were mostly reduced to pulp and ashes."

"So—they are no longer legible, then."

"Just as they were—brown ashes and pulp, as I said, we threw them away. There was nothing left of them that could be read."

"Oh, they were destroyed. Perhaps as well. My friend, you have lost a guinea by this misfortune. Pray, if I may ask, have you found a successor?"

"Truly, sir, there is another divine who hath taken his place. A scholar, they tell me, but he lacks the persuasiveness of his predecessor. He certainly drinks as hard, but he is wanting in the pleasantness which used to make my home a place of resort for gentlemen and wits. I shall have to send him about his business, I fear. When he is in his cups he weeps over his sins—weeps, sir. How can young people be encouraged to marry by a man who sheds tears if you give him a glass of punch?"

From the Fleet Market, Oliver took oars across the river and proceeded to the prison. As he had expected, 24 hours of privation had already reduced his friend to a condition of great humility. He had already sold his wig, his coat, and his stockings, and was horribly and miserably thirsty.

"Sir," he cried eagerly, "I have been looking for you. I have been expecting you."

"Where are your clothes?"

"It is an extortionate place. They give next to nothing for them. The wig gave me a pint of Lisbon; the coat gave me three glasses of punch; the stockings this morning gave me a pint of small ale. And I am already consumed with thirst again. Oh, sir, have pity on a poor, thirsty, unfortunate bankrupt! My throat is like an oven for dryness. For the love of the Lord, sir, give me a drink—give me a drink."

Oliver sent for a bottle of wine. "There!" he said. "It will make you happy for an hour."

The man sat with his head in his hands, moaning, for the consuming fire of thirst in his throat. When the bottle came he seized it and drank off half the contents without the form of pouring it into a glass. "Ha!" he sighed, setting down the bottle with a deep sigh, "it is heaven! I want no better heaven."

"How do you like the prison?"

"Sir—it is—it is—" He drank again. "It is not heaven. All night long I was pursued, sir, by rats. The rats of this prison are as large as cats; all night they ran after me, thousands of rats, there were; and they chased me and no one else. Do you think, sir, I ask you as a Christian and a Briton—do you think that His Majesty's gracious prisoners should be hunted . . . hunted, sir"—(he looked about him with terror in his eyes)—"hunted by rats as big as cats and twice as fierce?"

"Why, sir, if you invite them, so to speak—"

"They ran after me all night—only after me. The other men in the room sat up and cursed me. I did not bring the rats into the prison. They have no pity upon me; they cursed me."

The livid looks betrayed the horror of his mind. "I see them again," he cried, jumping about. Oliver gave him the bottle. He drank again. "Ha!" he said, "they are gone—they are gone. Where did they go to? How did they get into the room?"

"You told me," said Oliver, "that you would have revenge. You said that revenge was dearer than life. As you can not have revenge, I suppose you would like to keep your life."

"Sir, I was wrong. I would rather have drink. Give me drink, and I ask for no revenge. Sir, I was wrong. The lady did not owe me £1200, but less than £100. I thought to cheat the creditors. I did, indeed. I have been deceiving you."

"Not me, sir. You have not deceived me, I assure you. What do you propose, then?"

"Nothing, nothing. Oh! if those rats—" He trembled and shook.

"Now, sir, give me your attention. You are in great misery; you will be in greater misery before long. If, however, you are disposed to sign a statement giving the truth of the whole matter so far as you are concerned, I shall not take you out of this place, where you may be quite as comfortable as outside, but I will remove you to the master's side; I will give you a lodging and 15 shillings a week. Will that do for you?"

"Sir, I accept with joy. Anything—anything—I want protection—Oh!—against the rats. I want drink."

If Oliver had been in the tavern one hour later he would have been edified by the spectacle of the prisoner restored to self-respect and even happiness. He was in the first stage; that of a boastful imagination. "Gentlemen," he said, "I hope we shall be good company. For my own part, I am the great Mr. Fulton, of Ludgate Hill, whose bankruptcy made so great a stir in the city some years ago. I drink to the health of the company. It was for many thousands—a great many thousands. There was a woman who—" he checked himself and looked about the room. "I drink," he repeated, "to the company. This is a pleasant place, and the drink is good, the drink is good."

I do not think that Oliver had occasion to pay that allowance very long; the graveyard of St. George's Church opened, I am sure, before many weeks or months, for the final reception of the poor wretch who had made of his life so terrible a mess and bungle. The tears shed by wife and children were, I believe, few and quickly dried. There is, indeed, one reading of the fifth commandment too much neglected. When a man has fallen so low as to be hopeless; when there can be no reform, but only a deeper sinking in the slough, with no chance of reformation, the children who would most anxiously obey that commandment do well to pray for the best thing that can happen—the speedy dissolution of their parent—with gratitude, praise and thank offering when their prayers are granted.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"We have now," said Oliver, "settled the whole business. The two principals, if we may so call them, are safe; one of them is locked up for life in a debtor's prison. The other will tomorrow be dropping down the river on his way to the Gold Coast, where, let us hope, he will remain for the rest of his natural term."

"Is there no other way with the man Fulton than making him a prisoner?"

"My dear madam, I did not propose to leave him on the poor side. I have, believe me, a lively recollection of that side of the prison. The man blusters about revenge. I have placed him where revenge is impossible. Revenge, he says, is dearer than life. Very good; we shall see what starvation, with no drink, will do for our friend. He has now, as I was sure he would do, submitted himself. I have, therefore, with your permission, given him the means of living—and drinking. 'We do not drink to live,' he would say; 'we live to drink.' So long as he can drink he is as happy in the prison as out of it.

"As for the other man, I will go this evening, in order to make quite sure of his readiness for departure. He is now reduced to terror unspeakable, and will, I think, give us no trouble."

He assumed his disguise once more—it turned out to be for the last time—and he repaired to Great Hermitage street, in order to take his sable friend on board ship and to leave him there, in comparative safety, until the sailing of the vessel. It was at nightfall, just after sunset, that he arrived. He encountered the very thing which he had held up before Mr. Truxo, as a danger, without believing it himself. How it was done, or by whom, he never discovered. The sailors and the lightermen would, one is sure, considering their own lives, scorn the work of an informer, and would refuse with indignation to take the wages of infamy. But there were occasional craftsmen who also used the house and among craftsmen may sometimes be found here and there one with an eye to the reward, rather than honor; to personal gain, rather than the general welfare. It must have been one of those who betrayed the heroic negro, hero of so many burglaries. As to the discovery of the fact, namely, that Mr. Adolphus Truxo was one who had escaped from the house of bondage and the plantations in Virginia, that had certainly been revealed, confessed with pride and proclaimed aloud, by the hero of the adventure himself, when in his cups. The rest is easy of surmise; given a man with a feeble sense of honor; given a man, also, who, while in drink, declares the truth boastfully; what more certain than an information laid at Bow street; a claim of the reward offered for such information; and, very possibly, the things which Oliver was enabled to witness that evening when he arrived on the spot?

First, he found a great crowd of men and women both, gathered together in the street before the tavern. They were violently agitated; the women were all talking together and all as loudly as they could, so as to be heard above the rest. Oliver heard broken parts of the exclamations. "They say he has settled two at least; two are dead; more than two, six at least are knocked o' the head, beside two desperately wounded. He is fighting them all together. He's a lion, not a man. They have sent to the town for soldiers. Where is Doll? They say that Doll brought in the Constables. She is with him; she is looking on; she has sold him; she is fighting with him; hanging is not good enough for her; she is standing up for her man. He is upstairs in his bedroom. Doll keeps the stairs with the poker. They are going to starve him out. He will set fire to the house; the landlord has run away. The man will be hanged if they take him alive. Shame to hang so proper a man, though black of color!" And so on, with contradictory statements, but all tending to show that a fight was going on and that Mr. Adolphus Truxo was defending himself valiantly.

As for the men, they formed in groups, they whispered to each other; they looked dangerous. It was evident that they were thinking of a rescue.

Oliver pushed through the crowd to the front.

At this moment the man of whom they were speaking appeared at his window, that of a first-floor front. He threw open the casement and stood before them all, roaring like a bull at bay; he was a man proper. His rough waistcoat was torn open, he had no coat, his broad, square shoulders and his deep chest were exposed; it was surely impossible for a man to look stronger or more terrible; he had a wound of some kind in the face, and the blood was trickling down; his fierce eyes flamed like those of a wild beast in wrath; he bellowed with rage inarticulate. There was no longer any touch of terror in the man; face to face with the danger, all the brute surged upward with the lust of fight. Such he must have looked when, to procure his freedom, he fought and slew the overseers in the plantations of Virginia. Oliver regarded him with admiration, as he made one more, and the last, fight for escape.

He also perceived at once that unless the men in the crowd attempted a rescue there was no hope for the man. The posse that had been brought out against him consisted of 20 men; they were armed with clubs, and they were a determined company. Some of them stood guarding the door of the tavern; the rest were gathered under the window at which the negro stood, defying them. He had no weapon; he shook his huge fist at them; he defied them, he cursed them; within could be heard the shrill voice of Doll, who guarded the staircase. Some of the Constables showed on their heads and faces the marks of recent encounter in bruises, wounds and bleeding places; these were due to the defensive efforts of Doll, and they increased the determination of the men to effect the arrest. The head Constable stood out in front, exhorting the man to surrender; but his words were neither heard nor regarded.

"Come down," cried the women. "Jump on their heads. It's your only chance. Jump, ye devil, jump!"

(To be Continued.)

IN FILMY WHITE FOR MORN AND NIGHT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

But does it really pay? By the time you have bought your taffeta or your satin and your lace, and your ribbons, and hired your knife pleating done at the plaiter's, and got your skirt cut out at your dressmaker's, have you not spent as much as though you bought the skirt outright?

There is, however, something that can be done at home and that is the making of the petticoat that is silk half way up. The upper part of this is of colored lawn and the lower part consists of a silk ruffle. The latter is buttoned on at the top. A pink lawn top can have a pink silk flounce very deep and easily renewed, when it is worn out. In this manner one is always sure of a silk petticoat without having it cost $8 each time.

There are silk substitutes, too, pretty moreens, and now there is a stout moire that is being made up into petticoats and which wears forever. The poplin petticoat, with a silk ruffle, is lovely and affords a use for the poplin gown which hangs in every wardrobe and which refuses to wear out, though it is the heroine of many a season.

Poplin, brilliantine, moire and the new shiny half silk and half cottons are an excellent investment from the standpoint of future generations, for your children will go down into the camphor trunks in the latter part of 1950 and come up with them as good as new.

The up-to-date silk petticoat is so tight around the hips that you wonder if you ever dare to sit down in it. Fortunately it does not show how much it "draws," under the gown.

It is essential that this petticoat should fit tightly, though not that it should be such a skin-close affair as some that were recently turned out, for the Newport wear of a woman of fashion.

Around the knees all changes, and there cannot be too much fullness. A positive fluff takes the place of tightness.

The Big Foot Flounce.

There is the petticoat with the graduated flounce, which is better than the one with a straight flounce. This gradually widens toward the back, where it is very deep. The front of the flounce is full, but the back is much fuller and is designed to set out the big box plait, or the full double side plait, which is the feature of the backs of the new gowns.

The new Princess requires the Princess petticoat. One cannot wear a Princess gown over a petticoat cut on the old order, with a band or with a ribbon tying it. The band would show through and the ribbon bow would certainly be visible.

The Princess petticoat is an affair that comes up above the belt and is cut Princess fashion. It buttons down the back. It is bust high and its buttons are very flat pearl ones. Its top, at the bust, is trimmed with a nice little ruching if the bust of the gown can bear so much fullness. The foot of the petticoat has its deeply ruffled cascade, or the Princess petticoat may have the new tier ruffles. There are three ruffles, one set over the other. The first or under one is very narrow and falls to the ground. Then over this one is set a wider one, which also falls to the ground. Then comes the top ruffle, or the only one that you see, and this also falls to the floor. Thus three ruffles are required to produce the full fluffy effect of the new model of the Princess petticoat.

It is a pity when one is spending one's money that one should feel it incumbent to spend so much upon underwear. It does not show. Yet there are those who will tell you that it does! Who will stoutly maintain that a lady is known by her undergarments and that a woman carries herself better when well dressed underneath, and that she cannot present that "fit" outside appearance unless she be so clad. AUGUSTA PRESCOTT.

A SUMMER OF BLACK AND WHITE.

The Ideal Combination of the Approaching Season.

IT is the early shopper who catches the sweetest worms of Summer fashion, for, strange as it may seem, after April the prettiest things are gone. For weeks the shops have been bursting with dainty textiles, and the wise Summer girl will be she who hastens her buying, if she wishes to shine like the flower of May. The Summer fabrics are cheaper now than they will be later on, which is a point above all others surely to hasten the laggard.

Prime favorites of the new season will be certain embroidered Swisses, whose designs are as delicate as if stamped, and which are in the faint hues of organdy. One seen—a soft maize with turquoise blue and black leaves—had been made up with blue ribbon borders to the flounces and a narrow black velvet sash. Black is to trim everything, and black and white will be considered a more than ever ideal combination. A ready-made gown photographed this week details one of its most charming effects.

Costume in Black and White.

French organdy and chantilly lace are the materials of this effective gown, whose foundation is of simple lawn. The skirt shows the hip trimming which has been found so becoming to slight figures, and the arrangement of the kilted frills and lace bands below suggests the lines of the old graduated flounce. On the round bodice the lace outlines, in rows, a little bolero effect, which is topped by a shirred yoke, edged with a double kilted frill. The close lower portions of the puffed sleeves are only basted in, that the sleeves may be worn elbow length when desired.

For elbow sleeves, those coquettish aids to pretty arms, are seen in most of the airy gowns. Deep flounces, narrowing at the inner arm in the sweet, quaint old way, finish them all, and there are narrow ribbon sashes galore.

The parasol which accompanies the charming gown pictured is of white chiffon, with close quillings of black lace heading several rows of tucks. The English walking hat is of black and white straw, trimmed evenly with wings in the same combination, and black tulle and velvet.

One of Fashion's Fancies.

The spoils of Bacchus are seen in the new millinery, in neck fixings and on dance gowns. Grapes! grapes! everywhere, says Fashion, and she hands us the fruit as if covered with a delicate hoar frost, in purple and white and silver, and in the hugest bunches. Sometimes the great balls are glued over with a fine tarleton—for grapes are easily broken, remember—and when the fruit is white, with the deep green leaves of the natural vine, the effect is exquisite.

A dark-eyed Bacchante wears a boa of white raveled silk, showing Madame Mode's disposition of her fruit in neck fixings. A stylish hat, which may or may not be worn with it, is of coarse white Manila braid, with a brim wreath of white roses veiled by a Spanish fall of black lace. To conclude on the subject of the fruit boas, remember they are only for very dressy occasions, garden parties, carriage wear, etc. So, weary shoppers with straggling locks and dusty hems, go not forth garlanded like the wood nymph!

A Walking-Hat.

Few walking-hats are seen, hats which sit the head rather flatly and are pushed over the face, without a seductive fall of some sort at the rear. Sometimes of lace, sometimes of ribbon, flowers or fruit, the dangling tail is always an aid to looks, so it is not surprising it is to be continued. For, of course, we all know the tail began last Summer, but whether it is to increase in length remains to be seen. In such a tentative manner started the "streamers" of the long ago. The black and white braid hat pictured gives the present length for the rear falls, which in this instance is of the thin white lace which fills in the underside brims. Three of the popular pearl ornaments and a crown wreath of pale pink roses are the other trimmings, and with the confection a black and white collet of spotted net, velvet and lace—this put on in scattered, butterfly bunches—is a suitable neck finish.

THE NEWEST CORSET-COVER WTH RIBBON ARM STRAPS.

Still the Dainty Wash Bodice.

The girl who knows how to sew will be dull indeed who has not a charming wardrobe this Summer, for the new wash bodices are as simple as they are pretty. The daintiest of them are made of dimity, in pale colors and white, tucked all over, and showing lace insertions in straight and undulating bands. The popular sleeve for them is elbow length. The neck is finished with an unlined stock in the waist material, and the garment fastens at the back with small pearl or linen buttons.

With three skirts and six of these waists in white and colors, the most modest Cinderella may go triumphantly through the Summer. As to the materials of the skirts, let them be of white duck, black serge and brown linen. NINA FITCH.

Household Notes.

Gold decorated china for use and ornament was never more in evidence than at the present time.

Cranberry shortcake makes a good Winter dessert. Use two layer cakes and rich cranberry sauce for filling.

The newest fairy night lamps are shaded in dull, soft tones that prevent the light shining through too brightly. Some of the latest candle-stick holders are flower shaped, the rose or chrysanthemum being a favorite design. In the center appears a fancy candle.

A liniment that is simple to make, but is very efficacious in results, is composed of kerosene, camphor gum and sweet oil. Put a pint of kerosene into a quart bottle, add as much camphor gum as will dissolve, adding a little more gum day by day for three days; then add a half a pint of sweet oil, shake thoroughly, cork well, and put in a safe place for future use. For burns, cuts, bruises, stiff neck or joints, sore throats, bunions and a few other ills to which flesh is heir, relief is said to be almost magical when this liniment is applied.

A strip of rubber tissue which is one of the standbys of a hospital is a good thing to have about the house where it can be put to many and varied uses. The tissue is not alone valuable as a curative agent for scalds, burns, sore muscles or joints, but it comes in handy at mending time. If the small boy tears his jacket or the small girl her frock, draw the edges together, lay on a little square of the tissue, cover with a patch and press with a moderately hot iron until the tissue, which is made of pure gum, is dissolved. Tissue is not expensive, but it should be kept between two sheets of paper and placed where the air will circulate around it.

Straw canvas, such as is sold by the yard, makes excellent covers for flower pots. An especially fine quality is utilized for wrapping bouquets that are to be placed in jardinieres or wicker baskets.

Fashion Notes.

Reseda green and gendarme blue have somewhat supplanted brown for fashionable street gowns.

The feather fan is again fashionable, but in miniature form that is exceedingly effective. The mounting is almost always of tortoise shell.

Owners of old-fashioned earrings are finding new use for them by converting them into hatpins. Cameos, onyx of various tints, carnelians and other stones mounted in gold make handsome hat anchors.

Becoming flower toques for youthful faces are made of forget-me-nots. One designed for a pretty blonde had a full crown of white cloth and a brim of the forget-me-nots. On the left side was a white aigrette.

Pocket-books, card cases, hand bags and feminine belongings in leather of the latest design are dull finished and green tinted, with mountings in gold of a bright hue. A jewel or two adorns the more expensive and elaborate specimens.

A pretty waist for afternoon wear is composed of strips of embroidered and sequined net and black velvet ribbon an inch wide. It is made over a silk crepe lining. It has a small habit basque and low cut collar, all the edges being finished with tiny frills of black pleated chiffon.

Indications of the coming fashions point unquestionably to the fact that the most attractive evening dresses are to be made with lace or chiffon skirts, and Louis XVI bodices of brocade, the shoulders of these to be held with fichus, and decked with ribbons, the fastening down the front to twinkle with diamond buttons.

Many of the arbiters of fashion are predicting the Watteau style of dress for next year. In some of the court gowns being made by English dressmakers the trains come from the waist, except just in the center, where the breadth is brought up to the top of the bodice like a Watteau, while the sides are overdraped with deep falling lace.

Princess gowns of velvet are very fashionable. Gray-green is one of the favorite colors of the moment, and velvet and panne dresses are being made of it, with accompanying trimmings of lace and chiffon of the same hue. For day wear this color is often made up over waistcoats and brocaded white satin, and it looks wonderfully well with chinchilla and old lace.

Loosely knotted ties of soft silk are used to give a touch of color to street costumes. This is artistically shown in a gown of willow green panne whose short bolero is trimmed with scroll work of cloth applique. There is a large collar of tambour muslin on the shoulders with a pale blue silk scarf tied loosely beneath it and peeping in front, a clever mode giving a tiny bit of color.

In day dresses the present newest departures are in coat bodies, nearly all of them inspired by the riding jacket worn at the time of Marie Antoinette. The basques are often cut away over the hips, but quite long behind, the ornamentation relegated to revers on the front, embroidered and appliqued in lace, and generally edged with narrow bands of sable, the sleeves widening in a bell fashion at the wrist. Deep gauntlet cuffs generally figure on the sleeves, worn over bell sleeves of lace and fur

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

O. R. & N. — OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC

THREE TRAINS DAILY FOR ALL POINTS EAST

UNION DEPOT.	Leave.	Arrive.
CHICAGO-PORTLAND SPECIAL. For the East via Huntington.	9:00 A. M. Daily.	4:30 P. M. Daily.
SPOKANE FLYER. For Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Gt. Northern Points.	6:15 P. M. Daily.	7:00 A. M. Daily.
ATLANTIC EXPRESS. For the East via Huntington.	8:50 P. M. Daily.	8:10 A. M. Daily.
OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE.		
FOR SAN FRANCISCO. SS. Columbia— Feb. 6, 16, 26. SS. Geo. W. Elder— Feb. 1, 11, 21.	From Ainsworth Dock. 8:00 P. M.	5:00 P. M.
FOR ASTORIA and way points, connecting with str. for Ilwaco and North Beach, str. Hassalo. Ash-street Dock.	8:00 P. M. Daily ex. Sunday. Sat. 10 P. M.	5:00 P. M. Daily, ex. Sun.
FOR CORVALLIS and way points, str. MODOC, Ash-street Dock. (Water permitting.)	6:45 A. M. Mon., Wed., Fri.	6:00 P.M. Tues., Thurs., Sat.
FOR DAYTON, Oregon City and Yamhill River points, str. Elmore, Ash-street Dock. (Water permitting.)	7:00 A. M. Tues., Thurs., Sat.	3:00 P. M. Mon., Wed., Fri.

TICKET OFFICE, Third and Washington. Telephone, Main 712.

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THYRA SAILS ABOUT FEB. 28.

For rates and full information call on or address officials or agents of O. R. & N. Co.

EAST VIA SOUTH — SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY — SUNSET OGDEN & SHASTA ROUTES

Leave	Depot Fifth and I Streets.	Arrive
*8:30 P. M.	OVERLAND EXPRESS TRAINS for Salem, Roseburg, Ashland, Sacramento, Ogden, San Francisco, Mojave, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and the East. At Woodburn (daily except Sunday), morning train connects with train for Mt. Angel, Silverton, Brownsville, Springfield, and Natron, and Albany Local for Mt. Angel and Silverton.	*7:45 A. M.
*8:30 A. M.		*7:00 P. M.
*4:00 P. M.	Albany passenger ...	*10:10 A. M.
*7:30 A. M.	Corvallis passenger.	*3:50 P. M.
‖4:50 P. M.	Sheridan passenger.	‖8:25 A. M.

*Daily. ‖Daily except Sunday.

Rebate tickets on sale between Portland, Sacramento and San Francisco. Net rates $17.50 first class and $14 second class. Second class includes sleeper; first class does not.

Rates and tickets to Eastern points and Europe. Also JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU and AUSTRALIA. Can be obtained at Ticket Office, No. 254, cor. Washington and Third.

YAMHILL DIVISION.

Passenger Depot, foot of Jefferson street. Leave Portland daily 7:20 A. M., 12:30, 1:55, 3:25, 4:40, 6:25, 8:30 P. M. Daily except Sunday, 5:30, 9:40 A. M., 5:05, 11:30 P. M. Sunday only, 9 A. M.

Arrive Portland daily, 8:30, 10:50 A. M., 1:35, 3:10, 4:30, 6:15, 7:40, 10 P. M. Daily except Sunday, 6:35, 9:30, 10:50 A. M.; except Monday, 12:40 A. M.; Sunday only, 10:05 A. M.

Leave for Dallas daily except Sunday, 3:05 P. M. Arrive Portland 9:30 A. M. Passenger train leaves Dallas for Airlie Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 3:50 P. M. Returns Tuesdays and Saturdays.

*Except Sunday.

V. A. SCHILLING, City Tkt. Agt. R. B. MILLER, Gen. Frt. & Pass. Agt.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

THE GREAT NORTHERN

Ticket Office 122 Third St. Phone 630

LEAVE		ARRIVE
No. 4 6:00 P. M.	The Flyer, daily to and from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Chicago and all points East.	No. 3 7:00 A. M.

Through Palace and Tourist Sleepers, Dining and Buffet Smoking-Library Cars.

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About February 25th.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

For South-Eastern Alaska

Leave Seattle 9 P. M.

Steamships COTTAGE CITY, CITY OF SEATTLE or ALKI, Feb. 4, 14, 19, 19, 25; Mar. 1, 6, 12, 16, 21, 24, 31.

For San Francisco

Leave SEATTLE at 9 A. M. every fifth day. For further information, obtain folder. Right is reserved to change steamers or sailing dates.

AGENTS—N. POSTON, 249 Washington st., Portland; F. W. CARLETON, N. P. R. R. Dock, Tacoma; Ticket Office, 114 James st., Seattle. M. TALBOT, Comm'l Agt.; C. W. MILLER, Asst. Gen'l Agt., Ocean Dock, Seattle; GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen'l Agts., San Francisco.

Salem, Independence, Albany Corvallis and McMinnville.

Steamer POMONA, for Corvallis, leaves 6:45 A. M. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Steamer ALTONA, for McMinnville, leaves 7 A. M. Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

OREGON CITY TRANSPORTATION CO., Office and dock, foot Taylor st. Phone 46.

NORTHERN PACIFIC

TIME CARD OF TRAINS

PORTLAND

	Leaves.	Arrives.
Overland Express	2:00 P. M.	7:00 A. M.
Twin City, St. Louis & Kan. City Special.....	11:30 P. M.	7:45 P. M.
Puget Sound Limited for South Bend, Gray's Harbor, Olympia, Tacoma and Seattle.....	8:35 A. M.	5:20 P. M.

Two trains daily to Spokane, Butte, Helena, Minneapolis, St. Paul and the East.

A. D. CHARLTON, Asst. General Pass. Agt., 255 Morrison street. Portland, Or.

Astoria & Columbia River Railroad Co.

LEAVES	Depot Fifth and I Streets.	ARRIVES
8:00 A. M.	For Maygers, Rainier, Clatskanie, Westport, Clifton, Astoria, Warrenton, Flavel, Hammond, Fort Stevens, Gearhart Pk., Seaside, Astoria and Seashore Express, Daily.	11:10 A. M.
7:00 P. M.	Astoria Express, Daily.	3:40 P. M.

Ticket office 255 Morrison st. and Union Depot. J. C. MAYO, Gen. Pass. Agt., Astoria, Or.

WHITE COLLAR LINE

STR. TAHOMA, DALLES ROUTE.

Winter schedule—Leaves foot Alder street every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, 7 A. M. Leaves The Dalles every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning, 7 A. M.

Stops at all way landings for both freight and passengers.

ASTORIA ROUTE.

STR. BAILEY GATZERT (Alder-st. Dock.) Leaves Portland daily every morning at 7 o'clock, except Sunday. Returning, leaves Astoria every night at 7 o'clock, except Sunday. Oregon phone Main 351. Columbia phone 351.

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