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 paltry 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 Stratherrick that Mrs. Weyland has been maligned by her enemies.

(Copyright, 1901, by Dodd, Mead & Co.)

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

"Steady, men, steady!" said the leader. "We are 12 to one. Let him jump. He'll have to before long. When he does, strike at his shins—it's no use to strike at his thick skull. Batter his shins. Surround him and batter his shins."

The prisoner in the bedroom looked out; most of the Constables were stationed at the door; beneath the window there were only three or four.

"Jump! Lord love ye!" cried the women. "Drop down. It's nothing. You can't hurt yourself. Jump, jump, you fool! Jump and run for it!"

The men of the crowd made a movement; they drew together; they looked dangerous. The casement window was narrow for a man of the negro's bulk, but he was able to put his legs through, and his body followed after; then, for a moment he hung clinging by one hand to the window-sill, his feet no more than three feet from the ground, and his back to the wall. Had he dropped immediately he might have escaped; at least a rescue might have been attempted. But he hesitated; he hung by the window-sill for half a minute in apparent uncertainty; and the men of the crowd who might have made a rush waited looking on. Had there been a leader among them to give the word, the end might have been different. But they waited, and too long.

At that moment one of the Constables, mindful of instructions, swung round his club and brought it down upon the negro's shins, which are, as is well known, like the heel of Achilles, being the most vulnerable part of his frame. They might have battered on his skull in vain, but the shin—the shin is a negro's most tender part. The man dropped on the ground with a yell of agony; he fell headlong in a heap; he strove to rise, but his enemies were upon him. He received, without an attempt for the moment to defend himself, all the clubs upon his head; he was recovering from the blow upon the shins, he was about to make one more effort, when one among them—was it one of the Constables?—but a Constable is not armed with a sword—ran upon him with that weapon and drove it through his ribs from behind. The negro raised his arms; he sprang to his feet with a hoarse roar, and he fell down dead. The man had come to the end of his tether; for such a one, he had enjoyed a long rope and had been allowed to commit many crimes. But the fates do not allow more than a certain period of lawlessness; it is sometimes short and sometimes long—it comes to an end soon or late. This man was a murderer, a housebreaker, a shoplifter, a highway robber, a footpad—there was no kind of crime that he had not committed joyfully and eagerly; he had set before himself an imaginary hero who broke all the laws. Then the fates at last interfered, the thread was cut.

"Who done it?" asked the Constable, looking round. "Well, the man's dead; if we hadn't killed him he would have killed us."

. . . . . .

The Constables gathered together; the fight was over; at their feet, prone, lay the body of the man they had come out to take. The honor of a Constable is concerned with a successful capture. At the same time, the men of the posse were, perhaps, pleased that a man of so much courage and such vast strength should have been forbidden to make that last struggle and should have escaped the gallows.

. . . . . .

Then came running out of the door none other than Doll, his poor, faithful wife, battered and beaten by her husband's brutality, yet, womanlike, fighting for him and loving him to the end. With a shriek she threw herself upon the dead body.

"'Tis his wife," said the women among themselves. They were whispering now, awestruck in the presence of death. "Look at her. They call her Doll. She married him five or six years ago. You remember? We laughed at her because she had gotten a black man. He was a good husband to her when he was at home, except for a black eye and a kick and a turn of the strap. What odds for a black eye, with such a husband as that?"

They carried the body into the house and upstairs to the room where he had slept. Doll followed with despair in her face. Then the Constables marched away in silence. The landlord prepared for the Coroner's inquest, which would be a thirsty job; and the crowd dispersed—the women still chattering and the men downcast and reproachful. They ought, it was felt, to have rescued so brave and strong a victim of the law.

Oliver attended the inquest, standing modestly at the door. The Coroner and the jury viewed the body. They took the landlord's evidence. The man and his wife had come to his house some days before. They had money, and they took a room—the room which the jury had seen. They paid for the room and for the food and drink which they ordered. They were free with their money. The man never told the landlord what was his trade or anything about himself. For his own part, so long as his customers paid their way and behaved quiet and reasonable he asked no questions; the company that used his house was most respectable; they found the man friendly and pleasant. That was enough for him. When the Constables came to arrest him he was down below, by himself, except for his wife. He fought the whole posse, having for weapon nothing but a chair, which he soon reduced to a leg; being overpowered by numbers, he escaped up the stairs and barricaded the door; he got out of window and was set upon by the Constables. Some one among them who had a sword drew it and ran him through a vital part.

The Head Constable also gave evidence. Information had been received that a certain man, the man upstairs, had escaped from the plantations in Virginia, whither he had been transported for life; the man's name was Truxo; he was a negro who had been sentenced to death, but his sentence was commuted. He was ordered to summon a posse and to arrest the man; he brought a dozen Constables with him; there was a fight; the man threatened to murder everybody. The fight was terminated by a sword thrust which killed the man and prevented further mischief and the probable loss of life. Had he been arrested he would have been hanged most certainly. Runaway cases were never pardoned; a man may have one chance, but no more.

The Coroner summed up. The jury found that the man had met with his death in the course of resistance to the law, and that it was justifiable homicide. So all was over. The jury went away. Oliver felt somewhat sorry for the fate of the man who was, after all, in spite of his daring and his strength, a mere criminal, unworthy of pity. He, too, came away. There is nothing more to be done. The man was dead. He had certainly left no papers behind. His widow knew nothing, or remembered nothing, of the event. There was no cause to fear her. She would make a living somehow or other. How do such women make a living?

He did not think it necessary to communicate the intelligence to the captain of the ship. That officer had lost his passenger, but was the richer by his passenger's pay.

Oliver went back to Drury Lane and put off his disguise. "I shall not want it any more," he said. "My business is ended."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Oliver's task was done. Isabel was safe; no charge could now be brought against her; the bridegroom in that terrible marriage was silenced by death; the man of revenge was silenced by drink and seclusion; the Fleet parson was dead, his registers were destroyed; the dressmaker was a woman of many secrets, all of which were safe with her provided she had her ladies' custom. Lord Stratherrick could do nothing but repeat what he had heard, if he should venture to repeat, and his words would not longer be heard. The landlord of the Grapes had no purpose to gain by the repeating of a rumor of which he had no proof. The lady's reputation, in a word, was saved. It only remained to communicate to her the news that the business was now buried and could never be revived. He sighed as he thought of the reward that might be offered him, and of Alice, and of her warning that Isabel was in love with him. For now, in the first flow of gratitude, words might be said, a reward might be offered which, in common gratitude for all Isabel had done for him, he could not refuse.

He owed everything to her—his freedom, his good name, his present prospects, his hopes, his ambitions; he repeated to himself that she had found him in the deepest distress and had taken him out of his misery; he had no right to entertain the thought of any other woman if this woman should haply claim more than gratitude, more than friendship.

Isabel was in her parlor, the room at the back on the ground floor; her own room, where she sat when she was alone, surrounded by her books and her pictures. She looked up when Oliver appeared, with an inquiring glance.

"Madam," he said. "I bring you what I hope you will consider good news."

"You always bring me good news, Oliver. Tell me quickly what your news is. I am more anxious than I can tell you."

"Providence, madam, has been on your side—may I say—on our side?"

"Surely you may say so. But how?"

"Your enemies are finally scattered. You will hear no more of them."

"How? What have you done?"

"Madam, it is not what I have done. It is surely the hand of the Lord. You were in the hands of wicked men. They are silenced and powerless. As for the escaped convict—" he paused, thinking how best to present the story of the last scene.

"Has he gone on board?"

"Not on the ship provided for him. Das alike visum; by the gods the end was otherwise appointed. He has embarked on the ship whose pilot is Charon. Some one—believe you, madam—not myself—betrayed him. The Constables were sent out to arrest him. He fought them, being a fellow of infinite courage, and well-nigh escaped them—for the moment—but in the fight some one—I know not who—drew a sword; and so he fell. Murderer, robber, companion of murderers and robbers, he has met with the death that he deserved, but not at my hands."

Isabel sighed, but not with grief. "He is dead. Alas! Oliver, I cannot choose but feel relieved. You think that he has left nothing—no papers—behind him?"

"What papers could such a man possess, or leave, who knew not how to read or write? He has left nothing—neither papers, nor record, nor history. He has descended into his grave; his place knoweth him no more. Well for him that he has perished in this way instead of the way he feared—and deserved."

Isabel bowed her head. "Can I pretend to be sorry?" she asked. "If we may not desire the death of a sinner we may at least acknowledge the hand of Providence when a sinner is cut down. It might have been myself. Oliver, can I forget that I once held that man's hand while the parson declared that those whom God had joined together man must not part?"

"Dear lady, there was no marriage. He was already married."

"The marriage was in my mind; it was in my intention. I can never forget the shame and the humiliation of it."

"Let the memory of the day and the hour perish. Dear madame, forget the man and all. As for the other, the poor drunkard, who, in his sober moments talked of revenge; who pretended that you made him bankrupt."

"What of him?"

"You know that he is in the King's Bench Prison. He is now submissive and repentant—that is, afraid he will get no more drink. I have ventured to pledge your word for a small allowance, which will give him a sufficiency. It is the best place for him, believe me. At the tavern where he lived he drank all day long. He would have been killed in a few days or weeks. Already he had begun to see rats and creeping things, which is the worst sign in the world. He will live longer in the prison, if it is worth while to prolong a useless life in the hope of repentance. But he has had a fright. He will never again talk of revenge. If he does he will have to go back to the poor side, where there is no drink to be obtained except for money. And he will have none."

"I must tell his wife and Alice where he is. Oliver, it was my sin that found me out when this man was taken to my brother-in-law with his story. He goes into a prison, where he will die—a pauper. I am free and rich."

"Madam, you have done kind and good actions. These are like guardian angels for you. They stand between you and evil. That man's life has been a long course of drink, with the evils that drink brings with it. Do not waste your pity upon him."

"I will not. Poor wretch!" Yet she was wasting pity upon him. "Perhaps his wife will go to see him."

"There remained the Fleet parson. Madame, you will not be surprised to hear, perhaps, that shortly after you saw him this worthy divine went to bed drunk; it was not, I believe, an uncommon ending of the day with him; the candles set fire to the sheets, and in the extinguishing that followed, not only his life was lost, but his latest book of registers was also burned irrecoverably. Madame, said I not that Providence was on your side? Affiavit Deus: the Lord hath once breathed and your enemies are scattered."

"The Lord hath sent also a faithful and most loyal friend." She gave him her hand. He stooped and kissed it. She took his hand in her own and held it. He changed color, thinking of what might be in her mind. "There," she said, softly, "henceforth you are my brother. Do you understand? My brother." Alas, Oliver would never understand what it cost her to confer this title upon him. He only thought that Alice had been mistaken. "My brother," she repeated. They were, he thought, tears of relief—nay, of gratitude—for her release. But they were not. They were the tears with which she could not choose but offer when she made surrender once for all of the dream that had filled her soul until it became a part and parcel of her life, insomuch that without it there seemed no joy or hope of joy left at all. "All that I have is yours. Promise me that if you want anything that I can give you, you will tell me. It will be my happiness—my chief happiness, my brother—to watch your happiness." To promote him she was giving up to this loyal and true gentleman the bond which would have made him her own for life. "But I cannot help you. Wealth, honor, rank, office—all will be won by yourself for yourself. We women can only look on. There is a great future before you. And I shall sit and watch and thank God—yes, Oliver, thank God—all my life for you and your success."

She released his hand; he saw the tears rise to her eyes and roll down her cheek. He stood before her too deeply moved for speech, too deeply moved even to kiss her hand. At length he found words.

"Madame, remember what I owe you. Think what you have done for me. Could I do anything, think of anything, while there was a service left undone for you?"

"Nay, but you make too much of a simple act." She dried her tears. "Oliver," she said, "there is one thing that I must do for you. Oh, one thing I must do—and that tonight—immediately."

"What is that madame?"

"It is the thing that is dearest in your thoughts and lies nearest to your heart. Oh, Oliver, you have preserved my reputation. Indeed, I think you cannot know how great a thing you have done for me. My sin—my grievous sin—found me out and followed me even to this place when I thought myself secure. I was threatened, you know. Those who threatened me were ruthless. They wanted to rob me of all and to tear from me my good name. And heaven knows that I had deserved all—all—all. But you, best of friends, you saved me! Oliver! Once more—what is the thought that is nearest your heart?"

"Madame," he stammered, "what should it be but my ambition and my hopes?"

"I do not mean your ambition; I said your heart, Oliver, not your head."

"Can it be other than the continuance of your friendship and my service?"

"That is still your head. I said your heart, Oliver—your heart. Answer me faithfully, my brother."

"Madame, what am I to say? You know not what you ask."

"You think so? You shall see. Tell Alice that I would speak to her. Will you ring the bell?" He pulled the bellrope.

"Child," said Isabel, when Alice appeared, "we want your help. No one can put it right except yourself. Perhaps you know. I have asked Oliver to tell me what is nearest to his heart. He seems unable to reply. Will you help him?"

The girl crimsoned and then turned pale. "Madame," she said, "how can I know Mr. Macnamara's heart?"

"Little hypocrite! How badly you play that part! Why, child, you were never made for an actress. Look at this man; he has no words of reply to a simple question. Well, there is no one who knows Oliver's heart better than you yourself. For you have betrayed yourself. It was on the night of the thunder storm. I was sitting here; and voices—your voices—came up to my window from the garden. Alice, my dear, they were the voices of you and Oliver. I heard what you were saying. Shall I recall those words?"

"No—no—no, madame."

"Then, Alice, you must help me. I have asked Oliver to tell me what is nearest to his heart. He seems unable to reply. This eloquent lawyer can move a jury, but he cannot move himself. Will you help him?"

The girl crimsoned, and then turned pale. "Madame," she stammered, and then, like her lover, she remained silent.

"I am a woman, Alice. Therefore, I have eyes to see. I am not like those foolish men who see nothing and understand nothing. Do you believe that I have not observed certain looks—of the kind called betraying looks—in Oliver's eyes? Do you believe that I have forgotten those words? Ah, Alice, for loyalty and love, where is thy equal if it be not thy lover? Tell me honestly, what is nearest to his heart?"

Then Oliver took the girl's hand and made answer.

"Madame, let me answer for Alice. I have ventured to love this maiden."

"Why—there! There! Alice, do you hear? He repeats what he told you in the garden. But I forbid you to repeat what you said!

"He dares to say that he loves you. Why, Alice, your lover has consigned your father to a debtor's prison. Can you forgive him? He will be a prisoner for life. We shall not, to be sure, starve him—but—can you forgive him?"

"Madame, my father is—what you know. Oliver could not commit an act that was cruel, or unjust, or anything but right and honorable."

"But consider, willful girl, Oliver has his name and fame to make. Would you hamper him at the outset?"

"Madame, he has done me the honor to say that he loves me. I will not hamper him. I will let him go free from any promise. It is enough that I have heard him say once that he loves me."

"After all," said Isabel, laughing through her tears, "you are a pair of fools. You think that you can live on words and vows, and poetry, and promises and hopes. It is like living on air instead of mutton chops. Let me advise, let me provide. Alice, my dear, take his hand. Child, you blush and tremble. See—men have no shame—he takes your hand without a thought of trembling. You will marry him tomorrow morning, or the day after, when you choose. The sooner the better, Alice, my dear. Oliver has become my brother—you are my brother, Oliver, are you not?"

"Madame, you say so."

"Therefore, Alice, you will be my sister. It is a tender relation. Child," for Alice burst into tears and fell at her feet, "it is duty, it is gratitude; it is atonement. For oh, my dear, my dear, if my sin has found me out the Lord has granted forgiveness. Ah! dear Lord!" She clasped her hands. "In mercy thou rememberest not past years."

(The end.)

HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN EASTER HAT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

glorious at Easter. Let her hie herself to the shop and purchase three yards of tulle, the color depending upon the shade of her Spring suit. If it be gray, then get a faintly nickel tone of tulle. If the suit be blue, then get white tulle. If it be a brown, then select a pale coffee-colored stuff, a cafe au lait tulle. If it be black, then again have refuge in white. If you do not like colors at all, choose all black tulle, which is always ladylike and very easily handled.

Take the tulle and lozenge it. This means cut out circles of black velvet the size of a dime, and attach them to the tulle at intervals of two inches. A little depends upon the style of the woman, for a small person should not attempt the daring results of the majestic style of women, but should content herself with fewer dots.

When the tulle has been lozenged, and for this there is really nothing quite as modish as a faint yellow tulle with black spots, then wind it around the brim of the hat. Let it go round and round, and then let it start around the crown. Try to drape the whole hat with it, without covering it entirely.

Now take the brim and pick out the tulle until it lies in big folds, the lozenges in plain sight, and let the folds be heavy and open and soft. Catch them with big buckles of steel, or silver; or, if you feel very poor, with nothing at all. But at one side set a big velvet knot and your Easter hat will be complete. It will not equal a positively new one in your own estimation, but it will fool nine out of ten persons who view it.

If you wear a veil, let it also be dotted, but for this use the oval, long, narrow ones, sewed on here and there, but never cover the eye or the tip of the nose.

The ribbon sash or scarf in the Easter hat will be among the novel sights. One hat, a straw with round brim and rather high crown, is trimmed around the brim with a long plaid scarfs, but the scarf, instead of draping the brim or lying in folds, is threaded in and out in long stitches, around the outer edge of the brim, four stitches being required to go around the brim. At the back it is tied in a bow with ends.

Another scarf is threaded in and out, but this one is threaded around the crown itself, and for the threadings there are big straps of straw, through which the ribbon is run, like straps upon the face of a piece of insertion. The scarf is very wide, and lays in many loops and ends.

There are so many ways of using this sash, this season. There is some attempt to have it hang down at the back, in sash ends, and you do see many hats so treated, but, truth to tell, the style is not very becoming to many, and it is positively prejudicial from a standpoint of good looks. It certainly takes height and grace to wear streamers hanging down one's back with good effect, and the woman without either will do well to consider.

The scarf is used in place of ribbon to some extent, and pretty it looks in its devious windings. It is a decided adjunct to any hat of straw design, and no wonder that it is used in such a variety of ways.

An Easter Scarf.

There is a new scarf scheme for draping the top of a hat and bringing the scarf around the neck from the back of the hat to a point under the chin, where it is tied, and then down to the waist, where the ends hang down again nearly to the floor. But this is possible only with the very decorative hat, and is more suitable for the garden party than for calling or for church; and in the last capacity it is positively out of place.

The scarf colors are the Scotch ones, the green and red combinations and the pink and green plaids. Then there are the stripes, which are seen more than the plaids, and in which satin and silk are mingled.

The uses of the quill this Summer will be varied. The long, straight or colored quill, with stiffness written all along its length, will be placed with one companion just at the front of the straw turbans, and at the front of the rough-and-ready hats and the ready-to-wear ones. These two quills lie from right to left right across the front, with the end of the quill and the tips projecting. Just how they are fastened on it does not plainly appear, for they are not visibly stitched.

Another quill arrangement is that made possible by the straw hat that is cut away at the left side. Here there is a knot of velvet and through this knot, two quills are pulled. They are quills of two colors, one color extending along one edge of the quill; another along the other edge, so that the two halves are different.

The quill is better upon an outing hat than upon an indoor one, for it is not for ceremonious wear, and is almost entirely relegated to the golf field and the woodland expedition.

AUGUSTA PRESCOTT.

RAGE FOR SWISS MUSLIN NOW.

They Are Not Cheap, but They Are Very Beautiful.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10.—(Special correspondence.)—It requires very acute powers of perception to discover the one particular fashion that is bound to dominate the slowly developing season. There is nothing new or striking in sleeves, trains, collars, fit of skirts, or fullness of waists. No positively novel materials have been as yet displayed, and pastel tints and primitive tones contest with usual liveliness for supremacy. The whole art of dressmaking just now seems to lie in taking one feature from each of the past productive seasons, and welding all the peculiarities together in a euphonious costume. It doesn't matter in the least if a befo' de war sleeve is hung on to an Empire coat basque, or a habit backed skirt is worn with a Louis XVI waist, for variety is the spice of fashion and every woman is privileged to consult her own taste and figure and dress accordingly.

TWO ST. GALL MUSLINS AND A BLACK AND WHITE SUMMER WOOL COSTUME.

Swiss Muslins.

There is by no means an unaccountable enthusiasm felt and expressed at the moment over the Saint Gall and Zurich muslins that are just out of their Swiss packing cases. The art of the perfect muslin still dwells in Switzerland, and those foreign manufacturers have risen nobly to the present demand for something refreshingly interesting. A beautiful embroidered Swiss muslin is an investment much as the black silk was regarded in the old days before we all walked in silk attire. These muslins are not cheap, but they are very, very beautiful, and they are worth every cent put into them. It is a sort of fad among the rich women to have lots of Swiss things made up, as a few years ago the rage was for ginghams. While snow is on the ground exquisite cloudy muslins are worn as informal afternoon-at-home dresses, and by hostesses at quiet luncheons, etc.

These are made high in the neck and long in the sleeve, and are garnished almost wholly with ribbon. A very clear notion of the way the Swiss muslin and ribbon is brought into harmonious connection can be gained from the sketched group of three afternoon frocks. The one to the left is a particularly lovely bright peach pink St. Gall muslin, embroidered in small gray figures. Black peau de soie ribbon, with a touch of plain white muslin in the neck and at the elbows, are the only contrasts used with this, and yet the result is gay and crisp and full dress in the extreme. To the right a charming lilac muslin, embroidered in delicate black cobweb lines, is garnished with black Liberty satin and with ribbon of the same type.

All these muslins are founded on crisp lawn, and for evening wear they are trimmed with bands of coarse cream white or ecru braid lace, while their full receipe calls for a plentiful use of Venetian bead chains in the most bizarre colors and shapes.

It is as well to mention here that in colored beads they are making not only the long and elaborate neck chains, but the most attractive evening chatelaines that are showy and very eminently useful. These consist of three to four strings of beads hanging from the waist and falling at varying distances on the skirt. One chain ends in a tiny gauze on Impeyan fan, another in a wee bead bag for holding a handkerchief; to a third is attached the dance card, and from a fourth dangles a small lorgnon, through which laces can be recognized across the biggest ballroom.

In evening gowns a new and lovely sphere of usefulness has been found for delicate Mexican drawn work. Complete overdresses of the most filmy muslin, gauzelike India mull, and exquisite handwoven French handkerchief linen are decorated with elaborate borders, panels, etc., or drawn work of extravagantly elaborate description. With the overdress comes, as a rule, a deep-shaped flounce with the covering and sleeves for a decollete waist. Laid upon a colored silk, over which one thickness of white chiffon is cast before the drawn-work robe is applied, the effect arrived at is the richest and most delicate that we have seen in many a long day. Another highly commendable evening novelty is the use of garlands of big or little roses, made wholly of white bebe ribbon and glittering with spangle hearts. A deft-fingered woman can make these roses herself, and they positively glorify a simple gauze or net gown into noticeable splendor.

The white shirtwaist, made of everything from lace lawn to the heaviest burlaps, promises to push the colored blouses off of the counters. Nearly all of them are tempting in shape and finish, and their only formidable rivals in color are striped wash silk blouses, after which the heart of woman strangely hankers. With the white waist any sort of fancy neck decoration is suitable, and white belts, of leather, that can be cleaned with pipe clay, or stitched linen that can be starched, or silk, are, any one of them, the proper waist finish. Every shirt sleeve is completed with a soft and fancy cuff, and it is only the woman who is very young and slim, or who is a trifle behind the times, who wears her blouse buttoned in the rear. As a rule American women have lovely, graceful and eminently well-corseted figures, but she should be exceedingly pretty, coquettish and possess a true genius for clothes who would dare to assume with any seriousness this positively childlike fashion.

Styles for Children.

It has come to this, that the luxurious, we might say effete, American child wears frocks cut from the same roll off which its mother's gown has been taken; and one miss of 10, who went shopping with her mamma and who was shown some extremely pretty lace, gravely dismissed the very idea of its purchase by reproachfully regarding her parent and saying, decisively: "Yes, it's quite pretty, but as I never wear anything but real lace you need not buy it for me."

That settled it, and docile mamma bought something more pleasing to the small critic at $30 a yard. It was used to deck a cream silk warp nuns' veiling evening dress, which material has been selected by the juvenile for gaslight wear. It is very pretty and very transparent, and as a rule is dropped over a colored slip, while the cut is preferably in Princess shape. Girls of 10 and upward have unanimously elected to wear their hair in Colonial fashion, and the little Mamies and Patties and Ethyls display big pompadour rolls just like big sister's rolls with rats under them, to give the required reliability to the puff. The girlish locks are then drawn softly down on the neck, and there fastened in a real queue with a wide-winged black velvet bow, the backbone of which is made solid by a buckle of brilliants. Other little girls, too young to have their minds made up on questions of frills and furbelows, and who wear just what indulgent mamma thinks fit, continue to patronize the sweet old babyish fashion of banging tresses and flaunting ribbon bows, set on the crown over one temple. Their little frocks are charmingly childish, too; sashed or belted at the hips, short of sleeve, flat in the neck, and the whole costume, for the evening, is completed by strap slippers and lisle socks.

MARY DEAN.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

O. R. & N.
UNION PACIFIC
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.	6:30 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. McDOE, 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.

PORTLAND & ASIATIC STEAMSHIP CO.
For Yokohama and Hong Kong, calling at Kobe, Nagasaki and Shanghai, taking freight via connecting steamers for Manila, Port Arthur and Vladivostock.
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, 3:30, 9:40 A. M., 5:05, 11:30 P. M. Sunday only, 9 A. M.
Arrive Portland daily, 8:20, 10:50 A. M., 1:25, 3:10, 4:30, 6:15, 7:40, 10 P. M. Daily except Sunday, 6:35, 9:50, 10:50 A. M.; except Monday, 12:40 A. M.; Sunday only, 10:05 A. M.
Leave for Dallas daily except Sunday, 5:05 P. M. Arrive Portland 9:30 A. M. Passenger train leaves Dallas for Airlie Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:50 P. M. Returns Tuesdays and Saturdays.
*Except Sunday.

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

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.
For South-Eastern Alaska
Leave Seattle 9 P. M.
Steamships COTTAGE CITY, CITY OF SEATTLE or ALKI Feb. 4, 14, 16, 19, 28; 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. PUSTON, 249 Washington st., Portland; F. W. CARLETON, N. P. R. R. Dock, Tacoma; Ticket Office, 113 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.

THE GREAT NORTHERN
Ticket Office 122 Third St. Phone 630

LEAVE		ARRIVE
No. 4 6:15 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.
JAPAN - AMERICAN LINE
STEAMSHIP KINSHIU MARU
For Japan, China and all Asiatic points will leave Seattle
About February 25th.

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.	9:40 P. M.

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

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

Burlington Route
FASTER TIME TO CHICAGO
The time of the Burlington's Limited between St. Paul and Chicago has been shortened 35 minutes.
Leaves St. Paul 8:25 P. M.
Arrives Chicago 9:20 A. M.
All the transcontinental trains connect with it.
All the ticket agents will sell you tickets for it.
Presume you know the Limited is electric-lighted, and is one of the most beautifully appointed trains in America.
TICKET OFFICE: Cor. Third and Stark Sts. R. W. Foster, Ticket Agent.
P. S.—Did you hear that we had cut 35 minutes off the time of the St. Paul-Chicago Limited? Leaves St. Paul 8:25 P. M.; arrives Chicago 9:20 A. M.

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.

NOME SAILINGS
The first-class S. S. Portland will sail for
NOME
Leaving San Francisco.....April 19th
Leaving Seattle .....April 26th
For freight and passage, apply to NORTHERN COMMERCIAL CO. 645 Market Street, San Francisco. Or Empire Transportation Co., Puget Sound Agent, Seattle, Wash.

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 40.

YES IT'S A FACT
YOU DO GET THE BEST OF EVERYTHING IF YOU TRAVEL BY THE
North-Western Line
and it costs no more to travel on their famous North-Western Limited than it does on inferior trains.
Go East Through the BIG TWIN CITIES—Minneapolis and St. Paul.
All through trains from North Pacific Coast connect with trains of North-Western Line in Union Depot, St. Paul.
CALL OR WRITE FOR INFORMATION.
W. H. MEAD, General Agent, 248 Alder Street, PORTLAND, ORE.

DOMINION LINE
SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!
New Service to Mediterranean.
The New Gigantic Twin-Screw Steamers "Commonwealth" and "Cambroman" will sail from Boston to Gibraltar, Algiers, Genoa, Naples and Alexandria, Egypt, as follows: "Cambroman," Feb. 25, 1902. Send for Mediterranean illustrated booklet to agents. THOS. COOK & SON, P. C. Gen'l Agents, 621 Market st., San Francisco, Cal.