

THE SILENT WITNESS

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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No one knew just where the white kitten belonged. The chances were that she came from one of the low gray cottages along the line of the beach. She could generally be found on sandy hillocks at the remote end of the peninsula where she dug sunny nests for herself and basked lazily watching the sandpipers between half-closed eyes. There were traces of distinguished ancestors in the length of her hair, the bushiness of her tail and the blueness of her eyes. Now and then she drifted down close to the water's edge and played with the foam, of which she seemed almost a part, with her snowy fur and her light movements.

There were two persons who came often to that end of the peninsula and who played with the white kitten. The girl who came wore white gowns, so that when the kitten lay on her lap they seemed merged one into the other.

"She is a beauty," the girl said one day in late summer. "I am going to steal her and take her home with me, Richard."

The man laughed lazily. "If you find out to whom she belongs, I'll buy her for you, and save the sin of stealing."

The kitten blinked and yawned. She had always lived by the sea and she loved it. She did not know that,



The Girl Was Very Lonely.

over her head, they were planning to carry her to the city, where she would be shut in from the wind and wave.

After that they talked sweet nothings over her head, but finally they disagreed. The loud voices startled the kitten and she sprang from her resting place and flew down the sands. But they did not notice her. The girl's face was as white as her dress. "I can't give all of my time to you, Richard," she said, "not until after our engagement is announced."

"Then announce it," he demanded. "Why is it necessary to keep it secret, Elizabeth?"

"I have told you and told you," she stated, "that until mother returns from abroad and ratifies it I must not let the world know."

"I am so afraid of losing you," he said, "that perhaps I am unreasonable. But you danced so often with Radcliffe last night that my heart was heavy as I watched you."

"Oh, Radcliffe!" She threw out her hands in a gesture of scorn. "As if any woman would look at him twice when you are around, Richard."

His face cleared at that and they began their walk back toward the hotel, talking peacefully as they went. The white kitten trailed along behind, making mad dashes down the beach, and, at length, rushing on ahead of them, she landed on a ledge hollowed out by the waves. There was a hole in the ledge where a bird had made a nest. Elizabeth stopped and examined it. "It's like a little mail box," she said. "Some day I am going to leave a letter for you here, Richard."

"Every day I shall look for it," he declared, ardently.

After that the kitten stood guard over letters which came to the strange hiding place. Some of the letters were in pale gray envelopes and addressed in a feminine hand, others were big and square with a masculine scrawl. One day a strange man left a letter and when Elizabeth opened it she gasped: "How did he know?"

"What is it?" Richard demanded. "How did Radcliffe know that we mailed our letters here?"

"You must have told him," Richard said. "You have been with him often enough lately."

"Oh, jealousy!"

Her eyes blazed. "Will you never understand that he is only an old friend? Why I have known him from a boy."

"Why should he write you letters?" "It's just some foolishness." She tore open the envelope and gasped.

"What does he say?" her lover demanded.

But she would not tell him, and, jealousy getting the better of him he insisted that she should. The quarrel that followed made the white kitten cringe and then fly down the beach toward the gray cottages. Late that night, however, she scuttled back to the ledge. It was moonlight. The waves seemed created with silver. The white kitten stretched her snowy length along the ledge, half closing the opening to the mail box. The man who came later moved her gently. When he had gone there peeped from the hole the edge of a white envelope.

The spring breeze blowing from the ocean beat against the bit of paper, and the crackling made the white kitten sit up and take notice. She patted the paper with her paw. It gave a little and came half out from the hiding place. Helped by the kitten's eager paw and by the wind it lay fluttering on the ledge. Then the wind took it again, down the beach. Once it went sailing over the tops of the waves, like some strange bird, only to be brought back for the kitten's plaything.

The next morning the kitten was again on the ledge when the girl came. She was alone, and when she had looked and found no letter she sat down on the sands and cried. Presently a man came along the beach, and seeing her came toward her.

"Radcliffe!" she looked up startled. "I thought it was Richard."

"Did you get my note yesterday?" he asked. "Perhaps I should not have written, nor have put it here. But I had seen you two people exchanging notes, and it seemed interesting to see what would happen."

She looked at him reproachfully. "Your joke has made me very unhappy," she stated. "You know how jealous Richard is. He wanted to see the note, and made so much out of a trifle that I would not let him—just to punish him. I told him that he must write to me and apologize. I thought, of course, he would, but he hasn't."

In the days that followed, the kitten and the girl sat often together on the sands. Both of the men had left, and the girl was very lonely. Now and then she played with the kitten, but usually she sat looking listlessly out to sea.

The kitten played, however, racing up and down the sands, chasing the waves, leaping after every stray thing that fluttered in the wind.

One day there came flying down the beach a bit of yellowed paper. The kitten pursued it, leaping high in the air after it as it was carried aloft by the strong breeze. She flattened herself on top of it when she had gained possession. The girl laughed at her antics and, growing interested, caught up the bit of paper crushing it in a ball to throw toward the eager animal. As she did it, a line of writing caught her eye. It was a familiar masculine scrawl. With eager haste she opened it and read the letter that the kitten had drawn from the hole two weeks before.

"Why," the girl murmured, "he did write and he begged my pardon."

The kitten sat and looked at her. She had been a silent witness to the whole story, the petty quarrel, the tragedy of parting and of loneliness which had followed. To her the letter had been a plaything; to the girl it meant life.

The girl flung her arms out with a glad gesture toward the sea. "I shall write to him tonight," she said, "and tomorrow, oh, waves, you shall bring him back to me."

She sped toward the hotel and the kitten was forgotten. But the kitten was content. For her there was the sand, the sea and the wild song of the waves and of the wind.

SOME QUEER TASTES IN EGGS

Those of the Booby and the Noddy Find Favor Among People of West Indies.

"The only eggs considered fit for food in this part of the world," remarked the traveled man, "are those produced by domestic poultry; but there are places where the grocer offers one quite a selection from which to choose."

In the West Indies the eggs of certain sea birds are placed on the market in great quantities and command a ready sale. Most sea birds' eggs have a strong fishy taste, but this is not the case with the eggs of the booby and the noddy, and as the latter always repair to certain rocky islets at the nesting season, the merchants who deal in the product are able to secure a sufficiently large supply to make it profitable. The eggs are slightly smaller than those of a hen; the shells are white with blue and brown markings; and when boiled, the yolk is of a deep yellow and the white faintly tinged with blue.

"Along the northern coast of South America the natives eat the eggs of the alligators that still swarm in their sluggish rivers. The egg of an alligator is about three inches long, and a perfect oval in shape. It has no shell, but is covered with a tough skin. It contains a glutinous substance, but when boiled assumes the consistency of jelly, and is said to have an agreeable flavor."

"The egg of another reptile that is eaten in South America is that of the iguana, a lizard that frequents sandy places. The egg is about the size of a pigeon's, and except in the matter of size is identical with that of the alligator."

Identifying an Aristocrat.

The late Earl Spencer was the first Lord of Ireland created by Mr. Gladstone. It was in the days of his lordship that he was nicknamed the "Red Earl," a title that has only fallen into disuse since age whitened the great red beard which used to spread over his lordship's chest.

A good story is told apropos of Earl Spencer's red beard.

The earl, as Lord Lieutenant, was watching a shooting match at the Dublin rifle range, when he was accosted by a pert looking messenger boy.

"Please, sir," he said, "Mister—'is waitin' to speak wid you. He sez, will you come at wance."

"Are you not making a mistake, my lad?" asked the earl.

"No, your honor," answered the boy with inconvenient frankness. "I was told to look for the man wid the ginger whiskers."

A Baseball Rat Trap.

Little Kate, watching her big brother playing baseball, he being the catcher and having a baseball mask on his face, ran into the house to her mother, exclaiming, "Oh, mamma, mamma, come quick, Willie has got his face caught in a rat trap!"

A girl's substitute for wild cats is to swell her name Maypole or Leopold.

MODES of the MOMENT



HOSE who go up the woods to shoot have been concerning themselves for some weeks past with the new tweeds, no doubt finding them singularly like the old tweeds, and being persuaded that in the matter of their making-up the possibilities are very limited. Even the sportswoman has her skirt narrower than last year, but she steadfastly turns from the attractions of the one-and-a-quarter yard width, and will more wisely adopt a skirt which bears little stuff in it, or the straight and fitting skirt which has a box-plait down the center of the back. Personally I am always in favor of the flat skirt for the genuine walking dress.

Boots are things of beauty, the thick sole being no drawback to the calf vamp and the antelope upper, but you must have the like specially made for you, for the ready-made variety to suit accurately individual insteps is hard to find. Round smoked pearl buttons are an essential to the antelope upper and the calf vamp, which, I may mention, is not a common object of commercial creation, patent leather being far more general; and patent leather, when serious walking is a question of necessity, cannot be considered comfortable, writes Madame Arla, in London Madame. The ordinary leather boots completed with

And we have the knitted waistcoats to consider, and very warm and comfortable these are. Then again we have at our disposal some knitted woolen cravats made with much skill to fit into the small V produced by the low crossed collar of the coat fashionable.

There is, indeed, much cry of wool in the world of fashion for those who go north; and the change to silken or velvet teagowns for the evening, offers the pleasing condition of direct contrast. Narrower and narrower grows the teagown, taking into itself the outline of the tunic and princess dresses, so that it is rather difficult to distinguish "tother from which."

Favorite materials are still charmeuse and metal-traced lace. An admirable example I have met with of dull rose pink satin, with a tulle of fine black net heavily embroidered with pink jewels and thick gold thread. This was filled up to the neck with pale pink transparent tulle, a tightly-fitting collar-band finishing it round the throat, and its possessor was ordered to add to her belongings a long chain of gold set at intervals with pink topaz, it being further suggested that she should enhance the effect by adorning the front of her hair with a spiked coronet comb set with these same jewels.

We must buy our jewels to match our frocks if we want to follow faithfully the mandates of Madame Mode, and a beautiful soft green satin teagown of my acquaintance bearing a tulle of black lace is much indebted to a long chain of olivines and gold, and rose pearls.

Black lace has a revival, many attractive gowns and blouses are made of this, the blouses being mounted over jetted net or ivory lace. A foundation of Paisley chiffon is also amongst the privileges I have seen black lace enjoy recently. Doubtless the autumn will find black lace more definitely established as a fashionable fabric. But here I am, prophesying again—most rash of me considering the vagaries of the dress designers who so deliberately forget in one year a proposition which does not crystallize until three seasons afterwards. But that is the fault of the English; it is well known that we Brits take at least three seasons to become acclimatized and truly reconciled to any distinct change of front—or back.

And while I am talking of lace, I note that this in ivory, embellished with colored silks or golden thread, may well make teagowns. But in a matter of tea-gowns, I really should write dinner-gowns, for, as a rule, there is little time or inclination to lounge over the afternoon cup, and we go straight from our day of strenuous moments to the luxury of a bath, if we can get one, and the consideration of the most careful duty in which we can do decorative duty at dinner. Plain ivory lace dresses were bought in quantities at the July sales, and these with skilful manipulation will achieve most successful evening gowns. I strongly advise that all be made with transparent yokes instead of bare necks, and would further insist that there is much advantage accruing from the use of pale blue satin ribbons carefully concealed and yet revealed through the lace, and the general daintiness of result may be further secured by the use of a chiffon. I have seen a lace tunic looking its very best above an underskirt of pale pink chiffon. And again, in praise of chiffon, I will note a capital frock destined for ordinary evening wear, which showed the combination of peacock blue chiffon with purple chiffon, all the hems being adorned with narrow borders of straight bueg twinkling in the two colors.

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Excellent Mixtures Seen.

But to return to my woods. There are many excellent mixtures in frize, and tweed, and cheviot, showing green and brown, and purple and blue as popular combinations with antelope skin or wide braid for collars, and hems, and cuffs. The box-plaited coat is again an established favorite, with the belt passed through straps placed very low round the hips. Most of the skirts are made in limited corselet fashion, but not all, the leather belt being too becoming to discard. Thick, diagonally-ribbed silk is well used for shirts, and dark foulard shirts spotted with white are also in favor; and, again, those who are most keenly sensitive to cold seek the comfort of a tulle shirt.

The knitted woolen coat worn under the long traveling coat is one of the most conspicuous features of dress, and this is to be obtained in all lengths with sewn or knitted hems, hanging straight or belted round the waist. The knitted silk coats have not so many attractions as those of wool, nevertheless they are firmly es-

The Style of 1880.

A fall bride has planned her bridesmaid's gowns after a fashion plate of 1880. The foundation of the frocks will be of silk and the overdress of fine white tulle, made with three skirts, the top one looped up by tiny bunches of pink moss rosebuds, while a wreath of the same tiny flowers will be worn in the hair. Large snug bouquets of the rosebuds, edged with the old-time lace paper frill, will complete these quaint costumes.

No Side Curia.

There has been an attempt to revive the clusters of side curls just covering the tips of the ears, which are suggestive of Dickens' rather backboneless heroines. Though this coiffure sounds so youthful in practice, it is found to have a most aging effect.

Spider Web Veils.

The latest in veils, successor to the comet and the lace curtain designs, is the spider web. This is formed in exact imitation of the web that probably floated over little Miss Muffet's

Save the Crumbs.

Save all the crumbs of bread, if you would be ever ready for a quickly-prepared and tasty dish. When you have enough crumbs, put them in a tin to toast, and when cool crush them with a rolling pin and put them away in a box. Thus they are always at hand for a "sudden fry" of veal loaf, fish, or the like.

established in popularity, the pattern displaying generally a raised ridge and the color dull green or Saxe blue. There are many, however, who prefer the knitted coats made in white, and these can be worn over dresses of any color, a green plaid skirt looking particularly well with a white woolen knitted coat, and a long blue overcoat may be considered the most advisable addition to the scheme.

The all-in-one-piece dress made of an infinitesimal check in brown and white looks well with bands of brown leather and buttons of pearl, and this worn with a white knitted woolen coat may be completed with one of the draped caps in soft dark brown satin with a braid and tasseled ornament at one side. A green knitted woolen coat has charms over a green and blue mixed cheviot skirt with a blue voile shirt and blue hat of antelope skin, and small velvet caps are effectively bordered with knitted velvet, and these are definitely novel.

Useful Knitted Waistcoats.

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SUBURBAN CARS CRASH; FORTY-ONE ARE DEAD

Fort Wayne, Ind.—Forty-one persons were killed and seven were seriously injured in a head-on collision between two traction cars on the Fort Wayne-Bluffton division of the Fort Wayne & Wabash Valley line.

The wreck occurred one and one-half miles north of Kingsland, at a sharp curve. The cars in collision were a northbound local, crowded to the steps, which left Bluffton at 11:15 o'clock, and a southbound extra car from Fort Wayne. They met while both were running at high speed.

The motorman of the two cars had no time to set the brakes when they sighted each other. The heavily-loaded northbound car was crushed and the bodies of the dead and injured were strewn on either side of the track amid the wreckage. The screams of the injured men and women following the crash of the cars brought the neighboring farmers to the scene.

Cancer Bequest Tied Up.

New York.—The right of Columbia college to property worth approximately \$1,000,000 bequeathed to it for a cancer research fund by the late George Crocker, the California millionaire, who died in this city on December 4, 1904, was attacked in the courts. Crocker's stepchildren applied to the Supreme court for an injunction to prevent the executors of the millionaire's will from selling the property or leasing it, pending the determination of an action brought to establish their right to the property.

\$250,000 Graft Admitted.

New York.—The admission that the Metropolitan Street Railway company not only made contributions to the campaign funds of both the Republican and Democratic state organizations, but that its president had been called on repeatedly to take up stock accounts of \$20,000 and \$30,000 carried by certain individuals, inferentially legislators, was made by H. H. Vreeland, ex-president of the company. Mr. Vreeland thought he had taken up in this fashion accounts aggregating \$250,000.

Catch Fish by the Ton.

Los Angeles.—The greatest yellowtail, halibut and mackerel run in the history of Southern California is creating excitement at Redondo Beach, San Pedro, Long Beach and Port Angeles, and attracted several thousand anglers from the city. Fully 1,000 fish, aggregating about 12 tons' weight, were caught off the wharves Thursday, and the sport continued at night under electric light, hundreds more being taken.

Back Dividends Are Paid.

New York.—The Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing company declared a regular quarterly dividend of 1 1/2 per cent on its first preferred stock, and back dividends of 8 1/2 per cent on the same shares, payable as follows: Three and one-half per cent with the regular dividend on October 15; 3 per cent on January 15, and 1 1/2 per cent on April 15 next.

ADDED TRAFFIC; ADDED EXPENSES

Figures Show Railroad's Rates Are Not Too High.

Labor is Blamed for Increased Cost of Operation—Regulation Cannot Change Conditions.

Chicago.—William Ellis, interstate commerce attorney for the St. Paul road, presented a formidable array of figures in the freight rate hearing before the Interstate Commerce commission.

Mr. Ellis had columns of figures, the bulk of which almost staggered the representatives of the shippers, which showed that for the past 10 years the cost of conducting transportation, apart from the administration cost, had steadily increased in a proportion out of line with the increase in net revenue. In other words, the cost of furnishing a given unit of service to the people had steadily risen instead of decreasing, as it should, with an increase in the volume of traffic.

"There is a gradual growing cost of operation that is getting worse each year, and is worse the more business a railroad does," he said.

To illustrate this cost, Mr. Ellis took as his unit of service 1,000 tons of freight moved one mile. The cost of moving this in 1901 was \$2.20 on the St. Paul road, and the cost of making the same movement in 1910 had risen to \$2.96, which meant an increase of more than \$4,000,000 to the St. Paul road. Showing how the consumer was affected, the witness presented a table giving the increase in the cost to the shipper on many articles if the new commodity rates should be permitted to go into effect.

Mr. Ellis took the valuation made by several railroad commissions of the property of the St. Paul within their states and declared that the road is worth, according to that basis, at least \$293,000,000. The capitalization of the property thus valued is little more than \$286,000,000. The average net return since 1906 had been about 6 per cent.

The remarkable financial returns of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad during the last ten years were brought out by attorneys for the shippers. The witness for the road was W. A. Gardner, vice president in charge of operations and maintenance of that road.

His testimony elicited on cross-examination by Attorney Frank Lyon for the commission, was, in short, that the company thought itself justified in raising freight charges, in spite of the fact that in ten years it had returned to its stockholders in direct dividends and in unappropriated surplus more than the amount of the capital stock.

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Los Angeles.—The greatest yellowtail, halibut and mackerel run in the history of Southern California is creating excitement at Redondo Beach, San Pedro, Long Beach and Port Angeles, and attracted several thousand anglers from the city. Fully 1,000 fish, aggregating about 12 tons' weight, were caught off the wharves Thursday, and the sport continued at night under electric light, hundreds more being taken.

Back Dividends Are Paid.

New York.—The Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing company declared a regular quarterly dividend of 1 1/2 per cent on its first preferred stock, and back dividends of 8 1/2 per cent on the same shares, payable as follows: Three and one-half per cent with the regular dividend on October 15; 3 per cent on January 15, and 1 1/2 per cent on April 15 next.

WOMEN IN HARD STRUGGLE.

England's Chain-Makers Striving to Better Conditions.

Birmingham, England.—Just how hard the struggle is sometimes between capital and labor, is shown by the strike of the women chain-makers of Cradley Heath, England's most crying industrial scandal.

When the Trades Boards act was passed last year to fix the rate of pay for such sweated trades as this, the employers got the women to contract out; that is, to sign away any benefits under the act, by presenting to them documents they did not understand. So still there are 500 women, mothers most of them, slaving at the hardest labor of forging chains, for not more than a dollar a week, made up of six 14-hour days.

It is an eye-opener to visit this accursed district, where women toil harder than men. Now they are struggling to gain five cents an hour, an increase of 150 per cent. It will bring them about \$2.65 a week if they win.

Sickly children are seen in numbers round these home forges, and even the mere tots are pressed into the labor. Many of the women are not trade unionists, because they have never been able to afford even four cents a week as subscription to the union. Their fight for existence is one of the worst that has ever stained modern industrialism.