THE TIMES DAILY SERIAL STORY

THE VINTAGE

By JOSEPH SHARTS

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Synopsis of chapters already published.

Col. Elijah Bledsoe, chief of the Confederate Secret Service, is at Cold Harbor seeking two spies scheduled to meet there. He identifies one as the Jew, Silber, and suspects first a Captain Freneau, and then the Rev. Mr. Harris, having seen the secret list pass from the Jew's room to that above, occupied by Harris, where the real spy, Captain Grigg, hauled it up with a thread, escaping to the room across the hall, occupied by Miss Delia Coombs, daughter of a Confederate general, to whom he declares his name is James Potts, honorably discharged from the Confederate service. He asks protection, declaring Bledsoe is using his official position to kill Potts as the result of a Tennessee mountain feud. Bledsoe demands she permit her room to be searched, calling upon Burnet, owner of the tavern, to prove he is acting for President Jeff Davis.

During the parley, shots drew Bledsoe and his men to the yard, permitting "Potts" to drop out the window; and in the morning Miss Coombs learns Silberg, and Captain Freneau have been captured as spies. Miss Coombs drives on to Richmond to intercede with President Davis for her brother, imprisoned for some unknown crime against the Confederacy and to make her home with her uncle Philip. President Davis tells her her brother is accused by Gen. Robert E. Lee.

CHAPTER VIII (Continued).

The Prisoner in the Armory.

WHEN Delia Coombs left the old engine house that afternoon, she was still in a tremor from her interview. She walked rapidly uptown, so unmindful of the neat that she forgot to raise her parasol.

On the walls and fences she passed, posters had recently been pasted up. One, a joint proclamation by President Davis and Governor Letcher, called the cittizens to arms. Another, by the mayor, warned them to avoid the fate of New Orleans, for the enemy was advancing upon the city. The third, an independent effusion by one E. B. Robinson, summoned all natives of Maryland and the District of Columbia to rally around him and he would lead them against the enemy "and redeem them from the imputation of skulking and disloyalty cast upon poor refugees by the Shylocks of Richmond."

Fresh as the proclamations were Delia passed them almost without attention. Her mind upon her brother's trouble, she was bustly planning how to find Potts.

The man was probably somewhere in Richmond. But the war and the transfer of the Confederate government thither had suddenly swollen the quiet town into a huge disorderly mart of trade, speculation, and government sycophancy, a mass of dives and boarding houses, and Winder's crude police system was as notoriously defective as tyrannical. In that fluctuating swarm of life, so obscure a character as a crippled private soldier would be like the proverbial needle.

But as the girl neared Main street she grew aware of an unwonted stir. The sidewalks were more thronged than usual; everybody was trying to talk. She began to wonder if the raid, which had drawn out the local troops, had proved formidable, and if the city was in serious danger. Newsboys came running from the newspaper offices shrilling some unintelligible cry at the top of their voices, and people poured from shops and dwellings and gambling hells and snatched eagerly for the dingy little printed sheets. There was a shout from a group of men on the corner of the street. Hats went up. What were they shouting? She strained her ears to catch the words, and walked on more rapidly.

A newsboy came running out of a saloon in full cry, waving his papers.

"Lee's whole army in Pennsylvanaya! Harrisburg captured!"

At the glorious news a shudder of exultation shook the girl. Having no money with her to buy a newspaper, she hoped at least to be the first to carry the glad tidings to her Uncle Philip, and quickened her pace. Jubilant men and women were out on the sidewalks shaking hands, so that sometimes she was pushed and jostled.

As she was about to cross Main street, where the sidewalks were most crowded and uproarious, there came against her a sudden rush of men and boys that swept her back. Evidently the street was being cleared for some procession. Upon the ear fell the sullen rub-a-dub-dub of a solitary drum. confusion reigned, and Delia could only guess what was coming, for she was not tall enough to see over the heads of those around her.

"More Yankee prisoners from Winchester!" a man shouted, running up the street bareheaded and perspiring, his coat on his arm.

Everybody crowded to the curb to watch the prisoners pass. Delia found herself wedged in among a couple of old women with baskets and three or four children, and happened to get a tolerable view of the street.

Louder and louder sounded the dull tapping of the drum. Then, rounding the corner, coming down from Broad street, appeared a mounted officer, a boy drummer, and a platoon of local troops.

Behind them trudged a dense column of prisoners from Winchester, Milroy's men. There must have been a thousand of them, a solid stream of Federal blue that made staring contrast to the grays and blacks and browns of the crowd. Disheveled, begrimed from their long ride in box-cars, some limping, some bandaged about the head, some with an arm in a sling, some pale, some flushed, some holding their heads high, undaunted by the dismal prospect before them, some drooping from weariness and dejection, some defiantly jaunty, others sullen, they tramped steadily down toward the river, four abreast, flanked on each side by guards at long intervals. Some shouting and cheering was indulged in by onlookers, and much comment, good-natured for the most part. Hoodlums and vulgar women, of whom there were not a few in evidence, flung jeers and curses, but these were always promptly repaid in kind from the ranks.

"Can you direct me to the Hotel Belle Isle?" called out a loud voice from among the prisoners.

"Shut up!" grunted the nearest guard.

"Keep right on, Yank!" several spectators shouted back. "You can't miss it! Board's cheap there!"

But the great majority of the people maintained silence. Not all their faces wore scowls of hate. No vindictiveness and petty malice and taunts were confined to the noncombatants. It was noticeable how the Confederate soldiers from military hospitals, of whom there were many sprinkled through the crowd, had even a word now and then of rough comradship for the captives. Bravery is never spiteful.

At the corner of Fourteenth street, where the column, wheeling southward toward Mayo's Bridge and Belle Isle, came closest to the sidewalk, a crippled Confederate soldier was leaning on his crutch among the foremost spectators. He was so near the prisoners that he might have reached out his hand and touched those upon that flank.

This man, it was observed, had a look of grave and rather cynical regard, and scrutinized the stream of faces before him steadily. He was young, fairly tall, and with the bronzed and hardened expression of a veteran. His tattered butternut clothes mutely evidenced long service. The guards on that flank, as they successively neared the crossing, cautioned him to step back, and sometimes thrust him away. But either because of the pushing of the spectators behind him or because of his own interest in the sight, he invariably resumed his advanced position.

He was assailed from the column by various rough badinage.

"Lookin' for the man that done it, Johnny?" "Johnny, here's your chance to go for a substituot!" "Halloo, pard, won't you join us?" "You're it, Johnny, we tagged you first!"

Sometimes he merely grinned at their remarks, sometimes retorted; but never once did his keen blue eyes waver from their faces.

Near the middle of the column a brown-bearded prisoner with sergeant's chevrons on his sleeve tramped in a stolid, unobtrusive manner, glancing now and then to left or right. While still a good ways off he caught sight of the crippled Confederate at the corner; and the latter, peering down the line, saw him. Neither made a gesture, but their eyes met and held each other like the crossing of rapiers.

"Hallo, Johnny," remarked the Federal sergeant, as he came marching past. "Got any chewin' tobacca?"

"Sure, Yank," drawls the Confederate. "Ketch!" He must have been holding a plug of tobacco in his hand, for he tossed it over the column at once, and the sergeant caught it.

"Here, you!" shouted the mounted officer in charge, who had galloped back along the marching line. "What you doing? Step back there!"

His horse threatened to trample the bystanders. There was a confused struggle, jostling, and incipient panic at the crowded corner, as persons pushed and shoved one another in a frantic effort to get out of the horse's way. The column continued to march on.

At that moment a large, stern-faced man in a black frock coat and slouch hat leaned from a second-story window on the opposite side of the street, pointed to the crossing, and called out in a harsh, resonant voice:

"Major! Arrest the man that threw that! Stop him! There he goes!"

"Column halt!" roared the mounted officer, and, looking up amazed, saluted with his saber the man at the window. "What is it, Colonel Bledsoe?"

But even in that brief interval the crippled Confederate soldier had slipped through the heaving, excited throngs on the sidewalk and disappeared.

CHAPTER IX.

The Wolf At Richmond's Gates.

DELIA'S fervent zeal to clear her brother's name seemed a flame uselessly kindled—there was nothing upon which to expend its heat. June deepened into dusty July while the devoted little woman vainly sought a clue to the mystery. It remained as unsolvable as ever.

Time, nevertheless, brought one rather heartening syptom. The government's jealous seclusion of Capt. Floyd Cooms was gradually relaxed, formal charges and supecifications were filed against him, and he was permitted to set about preparing his defense and to receive one visitor a week.

On Floyd's behalf Delia wrote to various officers of General Lee's staff for information. But the Army of Northern Virginia was then upon its great forward movement into Pennsylvania. All was confusion on the roads. Forays and incursions and the cutting of telegraph wires took place constantly.

The Federal forces from down the peninsula sometimes raided even to the outer defenses of Richmond, and it was an inauspicious time for the dispatch of letters. Several of Delia's inquiries never reached their destination, while others, hastily answered at bivouac by fatigued men who were under the stress of great impending events, threw no light on the subject. She was forced at last to await the outcome of the supreme campaign.

As for the cripple, Potts, he seemed to have vanished into the swarming Richmond populace like a pebble thrown into water. He had said, Delia remembered, that he could not read; but she hoped his attention might in some way be attracted to an advertisement, and inserted one in all the city newspapers announcing that: "If James Potts, a native of East Tennessee, a disabled soldier from the troup artillery, who was wounded at Chancellorsville, would please call at her residence on Clay street, he would learn something to his advantage." For two weeks she kept this notice running daily, in spite of the ruinous rates charged.

It was a revelation to her when she saw how many persons resided in Richmond who answered to the name of Potts and claimed Tennessee as their native State; and it was remarkable what villainous countenances most of them had. By ones, twos, and threes they called. They hung about Philip Vaughan's dooryard and spat tobacco juice upon his doorstep.

They were prepared to swear to anything in order to learn something to their advantage; and on ascertaining that they could not possibly be the Potts who was wanted, they cheerily asked the loan of a few dollars, or at least a square meal, in requital of their trouble. Binah took a broom to one Potts whom she discovered removing Mr. Vaughan's shirts from the washline, and chased him half a block down Clay street. The old mammy and young Betsy both firmly maintained that the china tureen disappeared from the pantry under the coat of a bewhiskered Potts whose broken dialect suggested a birthplace in Germany rather than Tennessee.

Most of these men were able-bodied, and probably all of them were impostors, for the city was full of thugs and thieves, and robberies were occurring every night. One, at least, of those who answered the advertisement, as Delia afterward learned, was a detective sent by Winder. But the man she so anxiously sought did not appear; and finally, because it was too heavy a drain on her depleted purse in those starvation times, she stopped the notice.

Nothing remained, then, but to pray that something might occur to throw Potts across her path again. She prayed for it earnestly every night.

The mule, pony, and antiquated carriage which had brought Delia and her two sable attendants to Richmond had been sold shortly after their arrival. It would have been a needless expense to keep them, and money was too scarce. Lymus had been appointed a sort of gardener and general factotum out of doors at Philip Vaughan's establishment.

(Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.)

No Excuse for Skirt Breaking Moorings

Don't under any circumstances allow your skirt to slip from under your belt. in these days there are so many devices for holding the blouses, skirts, and belts in place that there is no girl who cannot find one to answer her purpose if she only tries. If all such devices fail then never wear separate garments, have your waist and skirt sewed together under the belt. Don't forget, too, that the placket needs hooks and eyes, or snap fasteners! Safety pins for this purpose are untidy to say the least.

WONDERFUL SHAMPOO DESTROYS DANDRUFF

"At last we have a dependable remedy for hair and scalp troubles," writes Mae Martyn in the Los Angeles Press. "The problem of lifeless, streaky, unattractive hair and dandruffy, itching scalps seems to be solved. I find these conditions disappear as if by magic by shampooing with a teaspoonful of canthrox dissolved in a cup of hot water.

"The rich, creamy lather of this shampoo removes every particle of dust and dandruff and when rinsed out, the hair dries quickly and evenly. This shampoo seems to invigorate and put new life into the hair and scalp. It makes the hair glossy, fluffy, and easy to do up and keep looking nice. Canthrox is inexpensive and has the approval of every woman who uses it. It is good for both light and dark hair."

Miss Gillett Hostess at Luncheon In Compliment to Mrs. J. S. Sherman

Wife of Vice President Entertained at R Street Home.

Miss Amaryllis Gillett was hostess at a small luncheon today at her residence, on R street, asking her guests to meet Mrs. Sherman, wife of the Vice President. Some of those in the party were Mrs. J. W. Dwight, wife of Representative Dwight of New York; Mrs. R. C. Copley, wife of Representative Copley of Illonois, and Mrs. C. D. Hilles, wife of the Secretary to the President.

—✦—

Mr. and Mrs. Wolcott Tuckerman closed their residence on R street today and left Washington for Shinnecock, L. I., where they have taken a cottage for the summer.

—✦—

Mrs. Robert Shaw Oliver and Miss Marion Oliver, wife and daughter of the Assistant Secretary of War, will leave town about the last of the month for a few days' visit to Mrs. Oliver's daughters, Mrs. Frederick K. Stevens and Mrs. Joseph Choate, jr., in New York, before going to Murray Bay, Canada, for the season.

—✦—

Mrs. D. P. McCartney will close her Washington residence early next week, and go to her summer home, the Anchorage, at Osterville, Mass., to join her sister and niece, Mrs. William Manning Irwin and Miss Annie Irwin, who preceded her there several days ago.

—✦—

M. Tailhand, third secretary of the French embassy, has been transferred to Peru.

—✦—

Paymaster General Thomas J. Cowie, U. S. N., and Mrs. Cowie have returned from Atlantic City.

—✦—

Mr. and Mrs. J. de Bree Higgins have gone to Shawnee-on-Delaware, Pa., for a few weeks.

French Secretary And Wife Luncheon Hosts

The First Secretary of the French Embassy and Mme. de la Rocca entertained at luncheon today the counselor of the embassy, Mr. Lefevre-Pontalis, the Military Attache and Countess de Chambrun, the new third secretary, Mr. Maugras, and the vice consul, Mr. Deneint.

—✦—

Gen. A. W. Greely, U. S. A., sailed from Boston last evening for London, where he will spend several weeks.

Mrs. Greely will close their house on G street next week and go to Boston where she will join her daughters, the Misses Greely, who are now visiting their brother-in-law and sister, the Rev. Lawrence Adams and Mrs. Adams, at Hudson, N. Y. After spending several days visiting in Boston, Mrs. Greely and her daughters will go to South Conway, N. H., where they have taken a cottage for the season. In July they will be joined by the general.

—✦—

Mr. and Mrs. H. Percival Dodge, who are spending some time in Boston, will spend a few days in Albany before returning to Washington next week.

—✦—

Mrs. John F. Rodgers left Washington this morning for her summer place at York Harbor, Me., where she will spend the season.

—✦—

Mrs. Wotherspoon on Visit to New York.

Mrs. W. W. Wotherspoon, wife of Brig. Gen. Wotherspoon, U. S. A., has gone to New York for a few days.

—✦—

Mrs. William Belden Noble and her daughter, Mrs. Sherman Miles, wife of Lieutenant Miles, U. S. A., a son of Gen. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., are leaving the city tomorrow for Manchester, Mass., where they will spend the summer.

Cards Out for Marriage of Miss Nannie Campbell.

Mrs. M. E. Campbell has cards out for the marriage of her granddaughter, Miss Nannie Reed Campbell, to John Roper Durisoe, jr., Wednesday evening, June 14, at 8 o'clock, at her residence, 1332 R street.

After July 1, Mr. Durisoe and his bride will be at home at 1332 R street.

—✦—

Dr. and Mrs. Fitzsimmons Going to West Virginia.

Dr. Paul Fitzsimmons, U. S. N., and Mrs. Fitzsimmons, will go to the mountains of West Virginia for the summer, tomorrow.

—✦—

Dr. and Mrs. Theodore W. Richards left Washington today for Jamestown, R. I., where they will spend the summer.

—✦—

Mrs. K. Upshur Moorehead has taken a cottage at Cazenovia, N. Y., for the summer and will leave Washington about the middle of the month.

—✦—

There will be a musicale and strawberry festival on the roof garden of Providence Hospital, tomorrow evening from 7 to 9 o'clock, under the auspices of Providence Hospital Alumnae Association.

—✦—

Mr. and Mrs. Thropp Will Depart This Week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Thropp will close their house on Twentieth street the latter part of the week, and will go to their summer place at Earlston, Pa.

—✦—

Signor Breda, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harmer Reeside, for several months, will sail from New York June 20 for his home in Italy.

—✦—

Mr. and Mrs. J. Sprigg Poole will close their residence on R street about the middle of the month, and go to their summer place near Rockville, Md., for the season. They will be accompanied by their debutante daughter, Miss Katherine Riggs Poole.

—✦—

Miss Stella Carusi, who spent June week in Annapolis, returned to Washington last evening.

—✦—

Representative George F. Huff and Mrs. Huff have closed their New Hampshire avenue residence, and have gone to their summer place in Greensburg, Pa., for the season.

—✦—

Mr. and Mrs. Hague Will Go to Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Hague will close their residence on I street within a fortnight, and go to their place at Newport for the season.

—✦—

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Hopkins will leave Washington tomorrow for their camp at Ashland, N. H., where they will spend June.

—✦—

Miss Hazel Cox has as her guest her cousin, Miss Elsie Farnum, of Oakland, Cal.

—✦—

Former Justice Henry B. Brown and Mrs. Brown will close their residence on Sixteenth street Monday and go to the Berkshires for the summer.

—✦—

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Torney Simon, of 1730 P street, will sail on the Majestic, of the White Star line, tomorrow for Southampton.

—✦—

Mr. and Mrs. Henry May and Miss Isabel May will sail June 8 for Europe.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES SENT BY READERS TO

The Times Question Box

Times Inquiry Department:

Will you please tell me what will prevent excessive perspiration in summer? I am troubled in this respect, and it is especially annoying, as I wear black, and even the largest shields do not prevent the moisture from soaking through my waists.

Very truly yours, MRS. S.

You might use an astringent, such as alum, in your bath water. I do not advocate the checking of perspiration, however, as it is far better to be annoyed by this than by the ills that follow inactivity of the pores. There is a powder on the market that is said to prevent perspiration, the name of which I will give you if you will send an addressed envelope to this department.

Times Inquiry Department:

Will you kindly tell me through your valuable column what is the value of an $80 note of the United States issued in 1775; and also where I can dispose of it? Hoping to see an answer in the columns of your paper, I remain, Yours truly, W. W. R.

From the foremost coin and old money dealer in the District I have the following regarding your bill: A nominal value of about 10 or 15 cents attaches to Continental money, which applies alike to all denominations. There is no demand for it, because it is of little value. It is easily obtainable from dealers at about 25 cents per note in good condition.

Times Inquiry Department:

Will you please tell me if a teacher holding a No. 1 graded school certificate from West Virginia would be allowed to teach in the District of Columbia without standing an examination? Also state what salaries are paid teachers in the different grades and if there is a shortage of teachers in Washington. Truly, AN INQUIRER.

Your friend would have to submit to an examination in the District, and even then she would stand a poor show of getting a school, as normal school graduates have the first choice of positions in the District public schools. With a graduating class of eighty-three last June, and one equally large, if not larger, this year, it can be easily seen that there will be no shortage of teachers. Salaries begin at $500 for the kindergarten grade, $600 for the first grade, and so on with promotion when vacancies occur.

Times Inquiry Department:

Will you please let me know through your Inquiry Department what nights Simoloff and Russo will sing in "Il Trovatore" at the New National Theater? E. H. R.

Russo will sing on Monday night, and at the Wednesday matinee. Simoloff sings on Tuesday and Wednesday nights.

FOR LITTLE FOLK JUST BEFORE BEDTIME

The Sandman's Stories

UNCLE TOM'S BATTLE.

"WAS you ever in war, Uncle Thomas?"

Little Ezra knew that if he could find something that interested his Uncle Thomas he could get him to tell him a story, and when Uncle Thomas told a story it was always a true one and most always it was exciting and thrilling.

"Well," said Uncle Thomas, "I never was exactly in a war, but once I was exactly in a battle, and that for a boy is as bad if not worse than being in a war."

"How did you get into the battle?" asked Ezra, "and was it just a fight or was it a regular battle with guns and swords and lots of noise?"

"Oh, yes; there were guns and swords and there was more noise than I ever want to hear again of the same kind."

"Tell me all about it so that I will know just how it was," said Ezra, climbing up into Uncle Thomas' lap and sitting up very straight. "Tell me how it began and how it ended and all in between."

"Well," said Uncle Thomas, "it was when I was a small boy not much larger than you are, although I was big enough to go in swimming, and the town where I lived was right where the Northern and Southern armies were nearest to each other. In fact, some of the Northern and the Southern soldiers were camped on one side of the town and some of the Southern soldiers were camped on the other.

"One morning two other boys and I thought we would go in swimming down in the creek which ran through the town, and we had just taken our clothes off and were going into the water when he heard the sound of a gun, and in a minute more we heard half a dozen shots, and then all at once we saw men running toward the creek, and it looked just as if they were pointing their guns at us. I tell you we dressed faster than we ever dressed before, and we started to run toward home, but when we did we ran right into a lot of soldiers and the noise kept growing louder and the guns kept firing faster, and we could hear the bullets as they whistled through

the air, and we made up our minds that if we didn't want to be killed the best thing for us to do was to get under cover.

"There was an old house right at the edge of the town that nobody had lived in since I could remember, and as fast as we could we ran for that. The windows had been broken out with stones, and without very much trouble we got inside, and at first we went down into the cellar, for we were sure that the bullets wouldn't get down there, and that we would be safe, but we hadn't stayed down there very long before we wondered what was happening outside, and one of the other boys said, 'let's go upstairs and see what it looks like now.'"

"Could you hear the guns all the time?" asked Ezra.

"Oh, yes; we could hear the guns, and the bullets, too, for some of them struck the sides of the house, and we could hear a kind of spatting sound when they hit. Well, we all decided to go upstairs, and when we got to the first floor we decided to go up to the chambers on the second floor because we would be able to see better up there. Over at one end of the long hall, which ran through the house, we found a little window, and we figured that it was so small that it wasn't likely that a bullet would come in there, and then at the other end of the hall we found another window just like the first one, so we divided forces, two of us boys staying at one window and one at the other, and from one window two boys could see the Southern soldiers, and from the other one boy could see the Northern men. The longer we watched them the less afraid we got, and pretty soon we were shouting to each other the length of the hall, and telling each other what we could see."

"Which window were you at?" asked Ezra.

"I was at the window which looked out on the Northern men," said Uncle Thomas, but since I had friends and relatives on both sides, I didn't cheer for either side only when I saw anybody get struck I would call out: "They've hit another one," and the boys at the other end of the hall would do

the same thing. Once in a while we would hear shots that sounded louder than the rest, and then we knew that they were firing cannon, and that rather frightened us because we knew that if a cannon ball hit the old house we were in it would go right through it."

"Did any of them hit it?" asked Ezra.

"Not while we were there, but afterward there were dozens of holes in it where shells went through. Well, we stayed there all day until it began to get dark and the firing began to stop, and then we went downstairs and out the window and started for home. And when I got home my mother was so frightened she was sick in bed, for she was sure that I had been killed, but really I was safer in the old house than I would have been at home, for some of the fiercest of the fighting was right there where I lived, and one of the cannon balls had gone right straight through a big oak tree that stood in front of the house and the shock from the cannon firing had broken nearly every window in the house."

"And did you get any of the bullets?"

"No, I didn't get any bullets that I remember, but I did get a piece of the shell that went through the oak tree."

"Have you got it now?"

"Yes, it's in the library there, and you have seen it lots of times, only you did not know what it was."

"Was that the nearest you ever came to getting shot?" asked Ezra.

"I guess that was the nearest I ever came, but once I thought I was a great deal nearer."

"When was that?"

"That was when some hungry soldiers caught me carrying a pair of chickens over to Aunt Lucy's house, and told me they would shoot me if I didn't give 'em up."

"Did you give them up?"

"No, I wouldn't let them have them, and finally I got them over to Aunt Lucy's house, but that is a story that I will have to tell you some other time."

Tomorrow's story, "Stubby Tail."

Semi-Fitting Coats For Negligee Wear

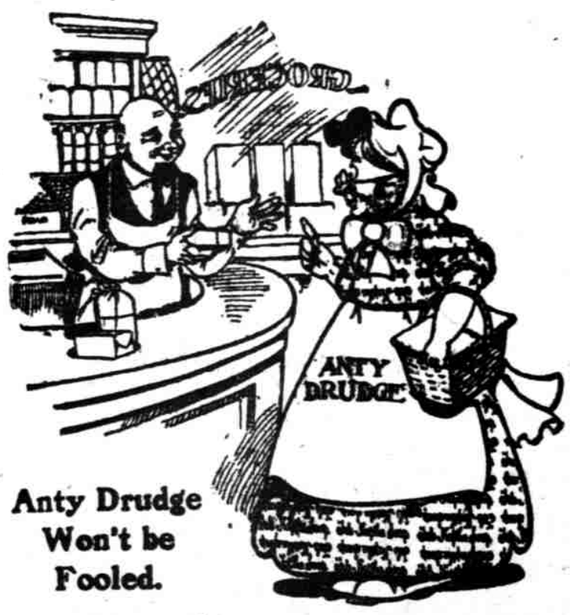
Instead of the one-piece negligee held in at the waist with a silk cord or ribbon, many women delight in the semi-fitting coats or tunics to wear with a lovely skirt of muslin or silk.

These coats and skirts are made of the thinnest stuffs, many of the coats having a sheer silk lining in white or colors, while through others flesh tints show.

As a rule the coats reach to the knees and often have deep slashes at the sides, held together with ribbons or cord. The sleeves are wide kimonos, coming not quite to the elbow.

Fels-Naptha itself does the work of loosening the dirt from the fabric which every other soap leaves you to do with the washboard. With Fels-Naptha there's no backache, no long bending over the wash-tub as with other soaps. Your clothes will wear twice as long, because boiling or scalding softens the fibre and rots the clothes. And they'll be whiter and cleaner.

But Fels-Naptha must be used according to the simple directions on the red and green wrapper---and in cold or lukewarm water.



Anty Drudge Won't be Fooled.

Grocer—"There's your butter, tea, and baking powder. Now as to soap, I want you to try this instead of Fels-Naptha. It's said to be the best in the market."

Anty Drudge—"Say, Mr. Grocer, that's enough. Unload this basket. I don't know but what you've given me a fraud butter or tea, or a hurtful baking powder. But I do know you are trying to fool me into buying an imitation of Fels-Naptha. It don't go with me. After this I'll go where I can trust the grocer to give me what I ask for."