A MIDNIGHT TRAGEDY;

—OR—

The Crime of the Broker's Office.

—BY—

W. F. MOTT.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"Mr. Paxton, I presume," said Stanmore.

"Yes, sir, at your service," responded the detective."

"Then I have a note of introduction for you," said Stanmore, and he presented a letter, which Paxton read, after which he arose and shook hands with the old gentleman warmly.

Stanmore's introductory letter was written by the Chief of the New York City police, and it stated that the bearer, Richard Stanmore, Esq., was the writer's personal friend.

The letter concluded in these words:

"Any assistance you may render Mr. Stanmore, who will make his business known, will be duly appreciated by myself and well remembered by the gentleman in question, who is a man of vast wealth."

The letter was duly signed.

"Mr. Paxton," said Stanmore, "I have interested myself in the case of the murder of my old friend, John Oakburn, and I desire to especially engage you to solve the mystery of his fate."

"I am already working up the case on my own account."

"Very well, I will add an incentive which will perhaps not be ill-advised. Find the assassin of John Oakburn and secure his conviction and I pledge myself to pay you the sum of $25,000 cash, the day the work is done," said Stanmore.

"That is a small fortune; I am yours. I shall work for money as well as fame, now," said Paxton.

"Good, and now I wish to give you a few items of information," continued Stanmore, and he went on to tell Paxton of his discovery that the marked money was in the possession of Pratt and Weeks.

Previously to his appearance at Garrison's office, and before he knew that the money missing from the broker's safe was marked, Stanmore had chanced to be in Pratt & Weeks' office and he saw the latter counting a large sum of money and noted, without thinking of the significance of his discovery, that each note was marked with a small red "V," as the banker said the money paid John Oakburn was marked.

"We must get hold of the marked money; I'll take out a search warrant," said Paxton.

"No," said Stanmore, emphatically, "I object to that. I know the devilish cunning of those scoundrels. They would find a way to get the money beyond your reach the moment you presented yourself with your warrant of search—if, as I suspect is the case, they have not already cunningly secreted the money. No, no, Pratt & Weeks must not know that anyone possesses the knowledge that they have the stolen money. Eventually, however, I pledge you that they shall be made to pay out the stolen money under circumstances which will make any attempt at denial of their knowledge that it was stolen futile."

"Perhaps some stratagem may accomplish that. I fancy you have no love for Messrs. Pratt & Weeks," said Paxton regarding Stanmore curiously.

"I love justice. But listen; Levi Kredge, Mr. Garrison's janitor, is a man upon whom suspicion may rest," answered Stanmore, and he went on to tell how he had seen Kredge come out of the private entrance of Pratt & Weeks' office and the reasons he had for suspecting that he was a spy employed by Pratt and partner to watch Garrison.

Such suspicions Stanmore entertained from the moment when he knew that Kredge was listening at the door of the interior department of Garrison's office.

At this moment the conversation between Stanmore and Paxton was interrupted. A man whom the detective recognized as a night watchman employed on the block where Garrison's office was situated, entered.

CHAPTER XI.

The appearance of the watchman was a source of the greatest satisfaction to the detective. He had desired to question him, but had been unable to do so by reason of the man's absence. He had been called away from the city on the day preceding the night of the murder.

Paxton greeted the watchman familiarly, addressing him by the name of Kemp.

"I want to speak with you in private, Mr. Paxton," said the watchman.

"You can speak fearlessly before this gentleman," answered Paxton.

"All right, sir. I heard you were asking for me at my house, and though I just returned from the country, I hurried to call here. You know my beat is around the block in which Jason Garrison's office, where the murder was committed, is located."

"Yes, and I wish to ask if you had noted any suspicious circumstance which might be important for me to know. The man who supplied your place on the night of the murder had nothing to tell me."

"Well, I saw something. Last Monday night—two nights before the murder—I saw a man prowling about Mr. Garrison's office. He was at work at the street door when I discovered him. Thinking to arrest him, I tried to take him by surprise, but just as I was about to seize him, he discovered me. Then he was off like a shot. I pursued him, but he gave me the slip after all. I obtained a good look at his face though when he turned and saw me at the door."

"This is news, certainly," said Paxton, as the watchman paused.

"But I have not told you all," the latter added. "After I gave up the chase of the man I discovered at the door of Garrison's office, I returned there and made an examination. I found wax on the keyhole, and of course I knew at once the fellow had been taking a wax impression."

"Describe the man," said Paxton.

"He was a well-made young fellow, with light hair and mustache and blue eyes. There was a small scar across one of his eyebrows, I think. That's the best I can do for you in the way of a description; you know I only had a glance at him," replied the watchman.

"This account of the man seen at the office door accords with the description Stuart Harland gave of the man who took his overcoat," said the detective.

"I think I could recognize the fellow again if I were to see him," said the watchman.

Paxton asked several more questions and then the watchman took his departure. Stanmore, too, withdrew and the detective found himself alone.

The watchman's story had confirmed his theory that the man who had the skeleton keys and wax impressions was the assassin of John Oakburn or the confederate of the murderer.

But Paxton determined to place Levi Kredge under surveillance, for he entertained a suspicion of the janitor which had been materially strengthened by the information that Stanmore had given him.

That very day the detective placed one of his most reliable assistants on Kredge's track, and he also directed another co-laborer to shadow the brokers—Pratt & Weeks.

The quest for the man who had taken Stuart Harland's coat and whom the watchman had seen at the door of Garrison's office was continued, and Paxton began to think he had the game well in hand.

Little did he anticipate the startling and mysterious developments that were to follow, as he advanced in the campaign against the mysterious assassin.

When Stanmore found himself in the street at the conclusion of his interview with Paxton, he turned to a cab stand, and, entering one of those convenient vehicles, he directed the driver to proceed to the residence of Jason Garrison.

"Marks & Bock have informed me that Pratt & Weeks are the unfortunate broker's pressing creditors. The loss of the money which has found its way into the hands of those Wall street bandits may place Garrison at their mercy," said Stanmore, mentally.

While he was approaching Jason Garrison's home Daniel Pratt was leaving the broker's residence.

An hour previously, while Garrison was wondering why he had not yet heard from his importunate creditors, there came a loud ring at the doorbell, and a servant admitted Pratt.

Garrison received him in the library, and a stormy scene ensued. Recriminations were exchanged, and both men were enraged. Pratt persistently demanded his money, and controlling his passion said:

"On account of the loss which you have sustained by the robbery, we have delayed calling on you, but now we can wait no longer."

"You know I am unable to meet your demand. The theft of the money with which I had meant to pay you prevents my doing so. If you would grant me time?"

"Impossible; my partner will not consent."

"Can I make no terms with you?"

Pratt did not immediately answer, but he made the transit of the room several times, while he furtively glanced at Garrison.

Finally, as though he had arrived at a decision upon some point which he had been considering, he said in a low voice:

"Mr. Garrison, there is one way in which all this might be arranged without inconvenience to yourself——"

"How do you mean?" asked Garrison, eagerly.

"I admire your daughter!"

"Sir!" thundered the broker.

"Hear me; I am honorable in what I say. I would make your daughter Edna my wife."

"Never! Never!"

"But if you consent your debt will be canceled. I promise you that."

"Your proposition is an insult. I would choose rather to see my daughter in her grave. Go! Leave my house, you infernal scoundrel, for I shall do you an injury," cried Garrison.

White with rage Pratt hastened from the room, but at the door he paused and hurled back the threat:

"I'll turn you into the street; I'll beggar you unless you think better of this. You shall have one more chance. I'll call at 6 o'clock for your final answer."

The street door banged behind him a moment later.

Edna Garrison had heard all.

It chanced she was in an apartment adjoining the library, and the voices of the two men, raised in anger as they were, reached her distinctly.

Edna joined her father as soon as he was alone.

"You are my own dear, dear father. You spurned that villain as you should have done!" she cried, throwing her arms about his neck.

Jason Garrison caressed the golden head that nestled affectionately on his bosom, and he said:

"The future looks dark for us, my dear. My greatest hope now is that I may be able to negotiate a loan on my Colorado property. I did not dare to mortgage it before for fear of spoiling the sale, which I thought was sure to be made. Fortunately, Pratt & Weeks do not know that I own real estate in Colorado and they will not seize that."

"We will hope for the best, father," answered Edna, cheerfully.

A few moments subsequently, while father and daughter were still conversing, the bell rang again, and immediately the broker's servant presented Richard Stanmore's card.

"Stanmore," muttered Garrison, "I know no one of that name, but you may show the gentleman here."

Edna retired, and Stanmore entered the broker's office.

Stanmore introduced himself, and a short conversation ensued which we need not dwell upon.

Suffice it to say that when Richard Stanmore took his departure, as he presently did, Jason Garrison held his check for the sum of seventy-eight thousand dollars.

"You have saved me from ruin," said Garrison, whose gratitude was boundless, as they parted at the door.

"Do not mention it, sir. It affords me pleasure to think that I am foiling the plot of Pratt & Weeks to ruin you. Ours has been merely a business transaction. I have loaned you a sum of money; you have given me valuable Colorado property as security for the loan. You have nothing to thank me for. Rather should I be grateful to you for the opportunity to block one of those villainous games. I'll crush those vipers yet!" answered Stanmore.

His last words were uttered in a fierce voice, full of intensity, and Garrison felt that in him the Wall-street villains, Pratt & Weeks, had a dangerous foe.

Stanmore pressed Garrison's hand, and a moment later he had left the house into which he had brought hope and joy.

True to his promise, Pratt called at the Garrison residence promptly at six o'clock that evening, but, acting upon his master's instructions, the servant refused to admit him.

Pratt left the door fuming with rage and vowing vengeance.

What was his surprise, however, upon returning to his office to learn that during his absence Jason Garrison had called and settled his indebtedness in full.

"Where did he get the money?" demanded the irate schemer?

"Therein is the mystery," answered Weeks.

"My scheme has failed. With the father in my power and the lover in prison charged with murder, I meant to bring the girl to my terms," muttered Pratt, and after a moment's reflection he added:

"But the game may not be entirely so yet. Edna Garrison may not be beyond my reach after all."

Pratt's motive for wishing to fasten the crime of John Oakburn's murder on Stuart Harland is clearly discernible now. The conspirator regarded the young man with all the hatred such a nature as his could feel for a successful rival. He had determined to wed Edna Garrison. Stuart was an obstacle in his way to be removed. But Pratt was one who was invariably governed by mercenary motives, and it was remarkable that he should seek to wed the daughter of a ruined man.

Stuart Harland received a visit from Paxton the day following that which witnessed his interview with the broker and with his betrothed.

Harland, of course, preserved profound secrecy regarding the motive for his secret journey on the night of the murder, but he told Paxton of the suspicion regarding Levi Kredge which had occurred to him. He also related the incident of his having detected the janitor listening at the door of the private office.

Paxton gained no further information from Stuart, and he left the young man after assuring him that he could rely on him to make every possible effort to detect the cashier's assassin and thus prove his innocence.

That same day Paxton's auxiliary, who was shadowing Levi Kredge, reported that the fellow was constantly in secret communication with Pratt & Weeks, and further, that he had learned that the treacherous janitor had been playing the spy at Garrison's office for a long time.

"You have done well, Sayer. I am getting considerably interested in this Levi Kredge, and I'll relieve you from duty and take the place of his shadow for to-night. I'll take him when he leaves Garrison's office to-night," said Paxton to his agent.

The latter assented, glad of one night off duty.

The office of Jason Garrison had been reopened, as usual, on the day following the settlement of his indebtedness to Pratt & Weeks, and business was being transacted there as heretofore. Thanks to an advance of funds made by Stanmore, in addition to the cheque which liquidated Pratt & Weeks' claim, Garrison was enabled to go on with his business.

Levi Kredge still served as janitor.

Previous to John Oakburn's murder the janitor who swept the office after business hours had always turned the keys over to the old cashier when his work was done, but now since money was to be kept in the office over night, Kredge was allowed to retain the keys, that he might open the office in the morning and arrange it for the business of the day, before the arrival of the clerks.

That night after the clerk had left "Garrison's," Paxton, very cleverly disguised, sauntered by the building, and, seeing his agent on the watch near by, he signaled him to be off, for he had seen Kredge enter the office, and he meant to begin shadowing him when he came out.

Darkness had fallen when Kredge appeared on the street.

The janitor cast a swift glance up and down the street, but he did not observe Paxton, who stood in the dense black shadows of an arched door directly opposite.

As though assured that he was unobserved, Kredge darted into the passage where the detective had discovered the footprints in the soft earth under the rear window of the broker's office.

Paxton stole across the street to follow Kredge, and just at that moment Richard Stanmore turned an adjacent street corner and the two men came face to face.

The detective's disguise prevented his recognition by Stanmore, but Paxton made himself known with a word, and added, hurriedly:

"I am in pursuit of Kredge, and I cannot pause a moment. You can accompany me if you like. I need not warn you to observe silence and caution. Our man has entered the passage yonder."

"Lead on; I am a novice in this business, but you shall have no cause to complain of indiscretion on my part," answered Stanmore.

Paxton glided into the passage with the stealthy tread of a professional trailer, and, equally silent in his movements, Stanmore followed at his heels.

The detective caught a glimpse of Kredge's vanishing form as the latter disappeared at the further end of the narrow way, and he gained the extremity of the passage and peered cautiously beyond it.

He saw Levi Kredge and his sister Judith standing in the dark shadows near the rear door of Oakburn's flat.

The secret meeting was, in itself, a suspicious circumstance, the detective thought.

Eagerly he listened to the conversation of Kredge and his sister.

Their voices distinctly reached his ears, and their words were plainly overheard.

"Well, did you get the money?" asked Levi.

"Yes; and I mean to keep it," answered his amiable sister.

"You won't share with your affectionate brother, eh?"

"No; this belongs to me."

"That's so. You are a shrewd one, Judith. But take care you don't overreach yourself. Marion Oakburn strikes me as being a deep one, too."

"Let me alone to look out for myself."

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the murder of John Oakburn has turned out to be a windfall for us both."

"What have you gained? How has it profited you?"

Before Paxton heard Kredge's answer, for which he was listening with absorbing interest, he heard footsteps in the passage, and he knew that danger of discovery was imminent.

CHAPTER XII.

Above all things Paxton desired to prevent the betrayal of his presence to Levi Kredge and his sister, for he was well aware that the moment a suspected man knew that he was the object of surveillance the difficulty of watching him was increased tenfold. He did not wish the janitor to know that he was an object of suspicion.

"Remain where you are," the detective whispered to Stanmore, and thus speaking he silently glided back along the narrow passage to the street.

A few feet from the entrance to the passage he encountered a man who was traversing it. He had produced his pocket lantern, and its light revealed the face of Kemp, the night watchman.

"Hist!" uttered the detective, warningly, as the other was about to speak. "I am in pursuit of information. Leave the passage or you will spoil my plan."

The watchman comprehended the situation, and he instantly obeyed Paxton, gliding silently out to the street.

The detective crept back to Stanmore.

The latter whispered:

"In answer to his sister's question as to how the murder of John Oakburn profited him, I heard Kredge reply, 'I never tell tales out of school, my dear sister.'"

Again Paxton listened.

But now Levi Kredge dropped his voice to a whisper, as his sister did also, and they conversed for a few moments with great earnestness, though to his chagrin the detective was unable to hear a word.

But presently Levi elevated his voice somewhat.

Paxton caught his words as he said:

"Well, I must be off; give her the note."

"I will do so," answered Judith.

Paxton knew that Kredge would traverse the passage, and seizing his companion's arm he said:

"Quick! We must get to the street before we are discovered."

They swiftly and silently retraced their way through the passage and reached the arched door opposite where Paxton had stood when he sighted Kredge as he came out of the office.

The janitor soon came out upon the street and hurried away.

"I shall not follow him now; I've an idea we shall learn more by watching hereabouts. I noticed a light in the window at the rear of the house. Let us creep back and take an observation of Judith Kredge at home. I suspect Levi brought her a note for some one. I should like to be positive whether it was for Marion Oakburn, as I naturally suspect it must be," said Paxton.

They reached the rear of Garrison's office again in a few moments and crept to a window through which the light streamed, and which was in an apartment belonging to Oakburn's suite of rooms, though it was on the ground floor.

Crouching beside the window the detective and his companion peered into the brilliantly lighted room beyond. A glance told them that the apartment served for a kitchen, and they saw Marion Oakburn and Judith Kredge.

The cashier's daughter stood in the center of the room, listening with a surprised and startled expression on her pale features to something Judith Kredge was telling her. But Paxton could not hear a word that was spoken in the apartment.

Presently Judith drew a letter from her pocket, and handed it to Marion.

The latter hastily read the missive.

Then she said something in an excited way and cast the letter into the kitchen fire where it was instantly consumed.

Drawing a photograph from her bosom Marion held it up for Judith to see, and Paxton and Stanmore both obtained an excellent view of the pictured face.

Stanmore staggered back from the window with an ejaculation of surprise which Paxton feared would betray their presence.

As for the detective he was never more surprised in all his life, but he betrayed little emotion, for he was used to surprise and inured to meeting with the unexpected.

There was the most excellent reason for astonishment, however, for the photograph which Marion Oakburn had produced was that of a young man with light hair and mustache who had a scar above one eyebrow.

Paxton and Stanmore believed they recognized the man who had exchanged overcoats with Stuart Harland, and whom they thought to be the assassin of Marion's father.

The picture corresponded perfectly with the description of the unknown given by both Stuart and the night watchman.

"What mystery is this? What remarkable complication of this strange crime have we stumbled upon now?" muttered Paxton, and a flood of suggestive thoughts permeated—filled his mind.

"The daughter of the murdered man has the picture of the assassin. What can it mean?" whispered Stanmore.

"It is a perplexing puzzle. But see, she replaces the photograph in her bosom. She seems to treasure the picture of the supposed assassin. Can it be that she knows of his connection with the murder of her father, and yet means to shield him, or is she ignorant of what we suspect?" said Paxton, as he saw Marion restore the picture to its hiding place. "Is it possible the man we suspect is secretly Marion Oakburn's lover?" he added, as the thought entered his mind.

There was a flash of rage in Stanmore's eyes as he heard him.

"No, a thousand times no! That girl is as pure as the driven snow and as innocent as one of the angels," he hissed.

He had clutched Paxton's arm with a vise-like grasp.

"You will excuse me mentioning it, but you are crushing my arm," said Paxton, quietly.

Stanmore released him, and the detective wonderingly observed that he was trembling from head to foot, as though shaken by some powerful emotion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The hotel or restaurant waiter is a meek and lowly person when dealing with a dyspeptic guest, but there is a limit to his endurance. He knows that the restaurant or the hotel dining-room is the place that many people choose to show ill-temper, and he considers it part of his duty to take all the unkind things said to him and pretend that he likes it. He also knows that the man who never gets anything better than a badly burnt rump steak at home will find fault with a properly cooked tenderloin at a restaurant, and will attract the attention of all other guests by the emphasis he puts upon his remarks. The waiter, we say, from long association with people whose digestion is bad and whose manners are worse, knows all this and is prepared for it. But he must draw the line somewhere, and it is well to know where it is drawn. A New York man found fault with a dish of strawberries, and to show his displeasure threw a glass of water in the waiter's face. Thereupon the waiter "pushed in" the guest's nose and in other ways intimated that he thought the limit had been reached. It had. There can be no question about that in polite circles. Shout at the waiter if you will! Swear at him, growl at him, complain at him! But don't throw things at him. It isn't polite. It isn't even wise.

If the latest claims of chemical experts are true, there seems reason to believe that the evidence is untrustworthy upon which Carlyle Harris was convicted in New York for poisoning his wife, and, later, that on which Dr. Buchanan was convicted of the same crime. A New York physician and chemical expert has been experimenting with ptomaines for some time and now claims that the color tests used to demonstrate the presence of morphine in a body are practically valuless. He says that the State should have a chemist's office, and in every case of poison the work should be done by these officials, and if poison be obtained it should be exhibited to the jury, thus avoiding contradictory expert testimony. It will be remembered that Dr. Buchanan alleged that his wife died from apoplexy, which was the disease the attending physician certified she had. Chemical experts for the prosecution said that by color tests they had discovered morphine in the stomach of Mrs. Buchanan, and it was their testimony that clinched the case against the prisoner.

SUMMER STYLES.

WHAT WOMEN WILL WEAR IN THE HEATED TERM.

Trimmed Skirt Fronts Are Coming—Grass Linen Lawn Outfit—Changes in the Shirt Waist—Latest in Collars.

THE day of the trimmed skirt front is coming to us slowly but surely. It is as yet only dimly foreshadowed, but it is there all the same. Some skirts have merely a double fold at the sides; others have long A-shaped panels; and others are trimmed with some elaborate garniture set on either in plain or irregular rows from belt to hem. One dress has double rows of large buttons down the sides; another has a wide band of single passementerie ornaments set on in waved lines; others have scarfs of silk or ribbon fastened in at the belt and drooping to the hem of the skirt, with loops, rosettes and large bows set on at intervals. One very elegant dress has the entire front wrought in embroidery, and others have the front made of crimped material or some contrasting fabric, either in figured or of plain goods, covered with any of the popular ornaments of the day.

The dressmakers say, "As soon as we learn to make the godet skirts perfectly—they nearly drove us mad at first—they will go out of fashion." There are no signs yet of diminishing skirt breadths, however, and all the steel wires, horsehair and generally expensive things used to make skirts stand out indicate that the tendency is to increase the voluminous instead of to decrease it. But it is all too true as soon as one phase of fashion captures the public, Mme. la Mode sends forth a new conceit—a variation only, perhaps, of the style that preceded it—but different enough in degree to have the ever-alluring charm of novelty.

We were all swathed in white linen lawn early in the spring—or should have been, of course, according to the canon of modes. As soon as volant fingers fashioned dainty cuffs, collars and broad collarettes of the whitest lawn, in comes with a swoop grass cloth linen. Everybody must get grass linen if she wants to prove she is in the current. It is adaptable to be sure to any sort of gown, and as it can be washed and is durable, it is really a very sensible and commendable substitute for the dainty white large collars that seem hardly suitable to wear in dirty streets, exquisitely fresh and attractive as white always seems.

It is a fiat, therefore, that every woman who aspires to be well and modishly dressed must have at least one outfit for neck and wrists of grass linen lawn, and she must boast of at least one summer frock in black, white or a shot effect—in alpaca. Alpaca runs a close race with crepon; the former is now in the lead.

Polka-dotted taffeta is popular for waists, and comes in all colors and combinations. A skirt of black clairette with a waist of polka-spotted surah makes a pretty and useful costume. In the making of capes there is no end, and the variety sometimes becomes almost a weariness to the flesh. There are so many that one can never tell which to choose. A popular pattern is very full and short, just reaching the waist-line. It is of cloth, and is used for comfort rather than any special beauty. The collar is a very full ruching of silk, either plaited double or with outside of the cape material and silk lining.

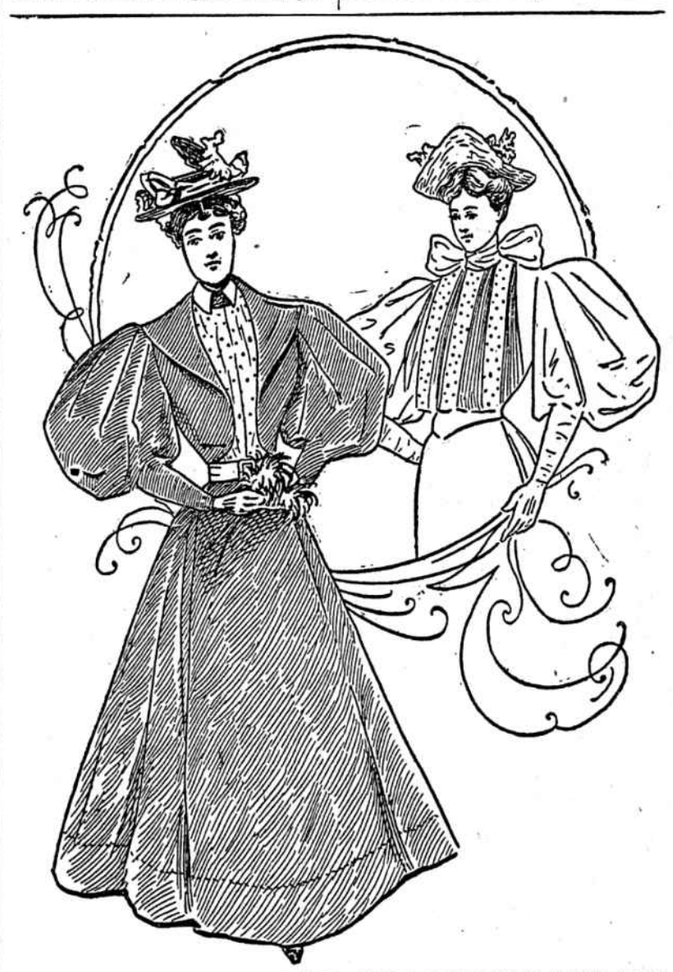
Ribbons are used in the greatest profusion; indeed, one might fancy that designers sat up o' nights in trying to devise places where they might be put to advantage.

CHANGES IN THE SHIRT WAIST.

The most characteristic difference between the shirt waist of to-day and that of last season lies in the sleeve. The full bishop's sleeve with a narrow cuff has superseded the shirt sleeve on all English shirt waists. These waists are generally finished by a group of little tucks below the straight band at the neck, which is not so becoming as the turndown collar of last season. The pouch-pleat, as the large, sagging box-pleat worn in front is called, is not only used on full waists, but on close-fitting waists as well. It is sometimes made of some material or color in direct contrast to the bodice. Thus a tight-fitting bodice of Oriental silk has the full upper part of the sleeves and the sagging pleat of dull, rose-colored satin. Again this blouse pleat may be of yellow-tinted batiste, striped

A SUMMER BLOUSE.

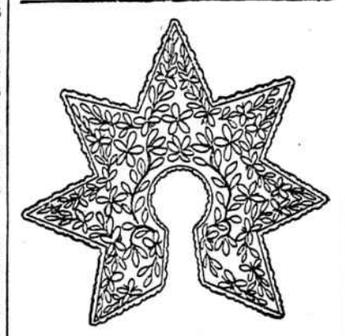
with Valenciennes lace, inserted in the front of a waist of summer silk. Little Paquin points of lace and batiste fall over the collar of the blouse, and there may be a quaint cuff of the same sheer materials drooping over the hand. Insertions of butter-colored embroidery or of heavy black lace are seen in other blouses. Thus a waist of black surah has a square yoke and sleeve puffs, reaching to the elbows, of pale blue silk, striped with black guipure lace. Or a waist of pink silk is striped lengthwise with heavy insertions of inch-wide, butter-colored embroidery. There are eight of these insertions down the full front, and five down the upper part of the sleeve, which is pleated to bring them into special prominence at the shoulder. A row of from five to six or eight shirrings is often used at the top of the expansive sleeve of the hour. This successfully holds it down so that it cannot stand erect above the shoulder. The blouse seen in the accompanying sketch has a yoke and ruffles set in, jabot-fashion, of butter-colored lace.



SUMMER DRESS IN BROWN WHIP-CORD—FRONT OF SPANGLED WHITE SATIN RIBBON AND KILTED BATISTE.

THE LATEST VAN DYKE COLLAR.

Van Dyke collars are so much used on capes and dresses that this simple



VAN DYKE COLLAR.

new design for a home-made collar will no doubt prove very useful. The figure can easily be worked on silk, net or mull, with Honiton braid in the second, or even a smaller size.

PLAIDS ARE POPULAR.

Plaids are popular, and wool dresses and those of crape-surfaced goods especially are exceedingly pretty with this combination. A crape-surfaced skirt has a waist with the crape at the sides and back and forming a very deep collar that turns over to the sleeve tops. The vest and full sleeves are of plaid. A handsome visiting dress is of crape cloth with passementerie panels on either side and a plain front breadth of the material. There are very full sleeves almost covered by deep lace ruffles; the close-fitting body has an elaborate yoke of lace and passementerie and a high-collar rolling out from the throat, making the head appear as though set in a flaring cup.

LACE FOR DRESS DECORATION.

The dominant note of dress decoration is lace, and nothing but the most severe tailor-made coat and skirt escapes a touch of it. How the feminine side of humanity ever achieved any dainty or picturesque success in dress without the aid of lace and chiffon is a difficult question to answer at a time when both seem indispensable additions to almost every article of dress.

China has given us 106,000 men, mostly laundrymen.

THE END OF THE DAY.

There is a quiet hour when day is done
And the blue sky is darkened, gray and cold
And stars come forth unto their nightly watch
When the old sights my eyes once more behold.

There is a dream that oft and oft recurs
Of perfect days that never have been yet
When we shall do the things that make life sweet;
I dream this dream again—again forget.
—Edgar Monson, in Youth's Companion.

PITH AND POINT.

A crank is a person whose enthusiasm we do not share.—Puck.

Doing right doesn't come as hard as getting credit for it.—Atchison Globe.

The eyes of the cynic are too far back in his head.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Be a man! Find the right thing to do—then urge some fellow to go and do it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Indeed, I think I know why knots
Are always found in trees immense;
'Tis so that there may be some holes
For small boys in the baseball fence.
—Puck.

Nell—"I wouldn't be in your shoes for anything." Belle (sweetly)—"You couldn't get into them, my dear."—Somerville Journal.

Miss Elder—"Miss Flypp, will you kindly tell me whether my—" Miss Flypp (interrupting)—"Yes, your wig is on straight."—Truth.

"What's Jim a-doin' of sence he graduated?" "He's a-workin' for the man that wrote his graduation speech."—Atlanta Constitution.

In this peculiar year we are learning to fear
The mixing of temperature horrid.
When it is cold, it is very, very cold,
And when it is warm, it is torrid.
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

She—"What a fine talker your friend is." He—"Yes; he inherited it." She—"How so?" He—"His mother was a woman."—New York Herald.

"Cholly shows a great lack of self-confidence," said one friend. "Yes; and right there he shows a great abundance of good judgment."—Detroit Free Press.

Maude—"And when are you going to get married? Do tell me." Maude (ecstatically)—"Just as soon as Charley is promoted to the ribbon counter."—Truth.

In politics the maiden took a hand,
But since her words lacked ring, her speeches wit,
But little influence could she command—
Ah, too, it seemed she put her foot in it!
—Judge.

Johnny—"Papa, what do people mean when they talk about your constituents?" Mr. Jenkins, M. C.—"A constituent, Johnny, is a man who expects you to get him a job."—Puck.

Slowly and painfully, with her hand grasping the stair rail, the New Woman is ascending to the attack to join the roller skate, the pigs in the clover puzzle and "Trilby."—Atchison Globe.

Dinwiddle—"I hear that Van Braam was overcome by the heat yesterday." Hiland—"It might be called that. He asked Shingliss if it was hot enough for him, and Shingliss knocked him down."—Detroit Tribune.

Owner—"I want you to sell these horses for me." Auctioneer—"I see their tails are docked. We'll have to sell them at wholesale." Owner—"What!" Auctioneer—"Well, I can't retail them."—Philadelphia Record.

Colonel Brown—"By Jove! Miss Lilyblow, how the costumes and make-up alter people. I hardly knew you." Miss Lilyblow—"Do I look a fright, then?" Colonel Brown—"On the contrary, you look charming."—Judge.

"Have you ever noticed what a distinguished air Professor Baretoni has?" asked the soulful girl. "I have noticed an air of garlic, if that is what you mean," said the sharp-nosed girl, and the soulful girl looked disgusted.—Indianapolis Journal.

Averted Ruin.

Several years ago there was a long dry spell along about the time when corn needs a big drink every day. The price of the cereal kept mounting upward, and at last reached a point where a certain bear trader who had sold large quantities for future delivery before the advance began was at the end of his rope. Margins had been called on him several times, and another cent advance meant ruin, because he could not secure another dollar. The drought continued, but the bears were sniffing the air every minute with the hope that rain would come. There were predictions of showers, but the actual water held back. This bear trader knew that something must be done or he would "go broke" before the day was over.

Suddenly a happy inspiration seized him. He quietly slipped out to the washroom, and, avoiding the notice of anyone, sprinkled his old white felt hat with water. Rushing into the corn pit he flourished the sprinkled hat wildly over his head and yelled:

"She's come, boys. It's beginning to rain. Look at that hat!"

There was a tremendous rush to sell corn. Everybody thought the drought had been broken, and there was no time to question the evidence so suddenly sprung. Corn broke a cent, and the trader who knew how to make rain without any dynamite was saved from being a ruined man.—Brooklyn Eagle.

How a Rat Emptied a Restaurant.

A Larkin street restaurant was nearly wrecked yesterday by a most peculiar incident. As it was the noon time, the business was lost for at least one day.

The proprietor, who had been out on the street somewhere, went to a closet, donned his black alpaca coat and started to wait on a couple of ladies. He drew a napkin from the coat pocket to brush a crumb from the table cloth, when out jumped a rat nearly as big as a groundhog. The women were on the table in a second. Men upset chairs and tables trying to stamp on the animal, but it escaped all the blows aimed at it and chased around and around the place looking for some avenue of escape for fully five minutes. By the time the restaurant cat woke up and caught the rat the place was a sorry wreck and half the patrons had disappeared.—San Francisco Post.