The Lambert Mystery.

By MRS. ALEXANDER.

CHAPTER XI. 19
Continued.

Deering grew deadly white; his sharp cruel-looking teeth pressed his under lip for a moment of silence before he burst out: "Infernal idiot! you have driven the last nail into your own coffin. Elsie, Glynn's wife! I'd strangle her with my own hands first! You have left me no alternative. I must in mere self-defense attack you. You have shattered your own safeguard! If you have told Glynn and that sharp-tongued old woman, I must not keep quiet any longer. I have but to be firm, and you go to a dishonored grave, followed by the horror and disgust of the creature on whom you spent your life!—ay! who, rejected by Glynn, will yet be mine."

Lambert had listened with a wild mingling of fury and despair. He gazed at Deering to see if there was any sign of faltering, of hesitation, but the leader of the rebel angels himself could not have looked more determined to "make evil his good." Contempt as well as hatred gleamed from his fierce light eyes. A sudden sense that all hope was over, that a dark cloud streaked with blood was already rising between him and his darling, his jewel, pressed with maddening force upon Lambert.

Deering misunderstood his momentary stunned silence, and added with a sneer: "I am master of your fate! Find a way out of the dilemma if you can."

"There is one way left!" cried Lambert, hoarsely; and snatching a revolver from his breast pocket, he fired almost before he ceased to speak.

The ball pierced Deering's right temple. With a groan he fell to the ground, dead, helpless, harmless!

Lambert stood quite still for an instant. He then put up his weapon carefully, and bending over the prostrate form took out the pocket revolver to which Deering had alluded. Examining it, he found the six chambers loaded, then aiming low in the brushwood he discharged one of them, and laid the pistol at a short distance from the dead man's outstretched right arm, as though it had fallen from his hand. Then he turned and walked briskly back to the little inn.

A great deadly calm had fallen upon him. There was no more danger from Deering, nothing to fear from his vile projects; but he, Lambert, had died, too; he had done that of which he dreaded being falsely accused. He had done with life, and at least he had cleared a venomous beast out of his darling's path; nothing now remained but to efface himself.

"None will ever know the exact truth, and my jewel will always believe the best of me; time will heal up her wounds, ay, soon enough." He had loved life, and enjoyed it, and done his best in his own rough way, and now he firmly believed he was doing his best still. No horror at his own act thrilled him; he had but executed wild justice.

Reaching the little inn he called for his horse, and asked for a glass of ale.

"You'll have to ride sharp," said the landlord, as Lambert paid his bill. "I thought you wouldn't be back in time; that's what you artist gentlemen don't think of. We've lots of 'em sketching about Denham woods in summer-time."

"Ah! few have done so complete a bit of work as I have," returned Lambert grimly, as he started at a quick trot.

His horse was fresh and free, and did the distance to Earlshall within the time allowed by his rider.

Meantime the first and second dressing bells rang in Denham House, but the master did not come in from the walk he had evidently prolonged. The dinner hour was long past, and Lady Frances grew uneasy. Deering's valet was called, but could give no explanation of his master's absence. Night closed in while search was being made, and then a cold and rigid figure, that a few hours ago was the lord and master of Denham, was brought reverently back, carried by the gamekeepers and gardeners, and followed by the awestruck men who had assisted in the search. The revolver, which had apparently fallen from his hand, was recognized by the valet as belonging to his master; indeed he saw it in its accustomed place that very morning. Yet neither Lady Frances or Weldon could accept the idea of suicide. He was so active, so full of schemes, so instinct with life. But there was the incontrovertible fact—Deering of Denham was no more, and Bertie his son reigned in his stead.

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Away by the beautiful shores of Lake Leman Elsie Lambert enjoyed a growing sense of security. With Lady Gethin she grew in favor day by day; her thoughtful softness, her delight in learning, and her delicious voice charmed the somewhat exigeant dowager. Again and again she vowed to herself that she would never rest till she had won back that dear girl's rights and exposed Deering. "I believe every word that good soul Lambert says," was the general climax of her meditations.

Lady Gethin was pondering these things one day as she sat, after luncheon, on the delightful balcony of their hotel overlooking the lake.

The approach of a waiter disturbed her. He brought a telegram. It was from Glynn. "Keep all newspapers, especially English ones, from Elsie; will be with you on Wednesday."

"There is something dreadfully wrong," said Lady Gethin to herself, "and the wrong is with Lambert. I trust the poor man's head hasn't turned with all his troubles."

But though carefully keeping the papers from her young protege, no very difficult task, Lady Gethin searched them diligently herself, and soon found the word of the riddle, first in a column headed "Mysterious Death of Mr. Deering of Denham," followed by all particulars, and an account of the strange artist, who had been sketching in Denham woods, and had, according to the evidence of the hotel keeper at Earlshall, received a letter with the Deering crest the day previous to the fatal event.

In another column was an account of a robbery and murder in a railway carriage between York and London. On reaching an intermediate station, one of the carriages of the up-train was found open and empty, the door swinging to and fro, while the cushion beside it was smeared as if something bleeding had knocked against it. The carpet was displaced, and some sovereigns and loose silver scattered about.

On search being made, the body of a middle-aged man, well dressed, and apparently in good circumstances, was found lying beside the rails some miles back, his head and face shattered, his pockets turned inside out, and at a little distance lay an American revolver. His purse was gone, but a valuable watch was still in his pocket, and an old envelope, with an American stamp, addressed "M. Lambert, Rue de L'Eveque, Paris," was the only clew to his identity.

After reading these ghastly details, Lady Gethin spent an anxious and miserable time until Glynn appeared. He had sent a hasty line to Elsie to say he was trying to clear away an accumulation of business in order to be with her on Wednesday.

"I suppose my father will come with him? It is strange he does not mention him. Nor has my father written for several days," said Elsie.

"Oh, Hugh will explain everything when he comes," replied Lady Gethin.

Lady Gethin contrived to impress Elsie with the idea that Glynn would not arrive till late in the evening, and so managed to secure a short interview with him before he went to break his sad news to the orphan.

He looked ill and worn.

"Oh, Hugh! what an awful business," exclaimed Lady Gethin.

"A profound tragedy," he returned. "To you I may venture to confess my belief that Lambert first shot Deering and then blew his own brains out. It was the day after Deering's murder Lambert destroyed himself. I have been expecting every day to find that he has been identified in some way with the artist who spent a couple of days sketching at Denham. Of course the watch and ring, and the man's figure generally, were enough for me. I knew who he was fast enough. I attended the examination and gave my evidence frankly. Nothing was said about Deering. Now let me go to Elsie! I both long and dread to see her."

Lady Gethin led him up stairs to their private sitting room, and said: "Elsie, dear, here is Hugh sooner than we expected him," and discreetly closed the door.

Glynn paused just within it, and gave himself one moment of delightful contemplation, as Elsie sprang forward to greet him. She wore a dress of soft gray, and a deep rose, with its green leaves, at her throat. The evening sun lit up the golden sheen of her hair; she had color in her cheek; the light of joy in her eyes, and he had come to darken all.

"Oh, you have come at last!" she cried, forgetting for one brief moment even her father.

"My Elsie, my love, my life!" he exclaimed, clasping her closely to him, while his heart throbbed with sympathy and sorrow. At the sound of his voice she drew back and looked intently in his face. "Ah! you have brought bad news. My father—he is ill?—he is dead?" A short, breathless pause between each question.

"He is," returned Glynn, solemnly gathering her to his heart. "He is at peace, and I must be husband and father both to you, my darling."

"Oh, no, no! not dead!" she cried piteously. "I may see him once more. He will speak to me again. Take me to him, dear Hugh!" Breaking away from him: "Let us go at once."

"It would be of no avail, dearest—you could not even recognize him!"

"How! why! Why did you not send for me when he was ill?"

"But he was not ill, darling! He was killed on the railway; he must have leant against the door of the carriage, and it probably flew open. He fell, and it is supposed was instantaneously killed."

"Shall I never, never see him again? It is too cruel!" She wrung her hands and looked despairingly round her; then with a sharp cry threw herself into his arms, and an agony of tears came to her relief.

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With infinite care and tenderness Glynn soothed the poignancy of her first grief, and soon persuaded her she could show no better respect for the dear dead than by fulfilling engagements to which he had agreed. Some months later, therefore, a very quiet wedding took place at Lady Gethin's residence. Glynn's clerical cousin from Clapham and the faithful Mrs. Kellett were the only guests, and gradually time and tranquillity healed the wound which death had inflicted.

But Lambert lived ever tenderly cherished in his daughter's memory, and Glynn found that the best comfort he could give his young wife was by describing the cheerfulness and returning sense of enjoyment displayed by her father during the time he spent with his intended son-in-law. The mortal agony that darkened his last hours she never knew. Even when in the course of time she was obliged to believe she was not his daughter, her sense of loving gratitude was only deepened and exalted.

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Ten years later. Scene: a reception at Lady Frances Verner's. Speakers: a well known dowager and a nephew just returned from India, whom she is lionizing:

"Yes, Lady Frances is very handsome, and has a good deal of quiet animation. She was the widow of that poor Deering of Denham, who shot himself some years ago. That stout, broad-shouldered man with the blue ribbon is Admiral Verner, and the pale, delicate looking lad—talking to Madame Ronika, the great violinist—is young Deering, who writes such beautiful poetry."

"Who is that distinguished looking woman, the smaller of the two talking to Admiral Verner? She has such a sweet, pensive face, and great blue eyes."

"Oh, you mean Mrs. Glynn. She is greatly admired by artists and those sort of people. Her father was murdered by the Indians, or the Kaffirs; she was saved by a Yankee gold digger. He brought her up in the Rocky Mountains among an awfully lawless set of men. Then he took her to Paris, and I believe she was to come out as the daughter of the Incas, in a ballot or some such thing, when Glynn saw her and married her, which seemed rather idiotic. However, old Lady Gethin recognized her remarkable likeness to a dear friend who married Gilbert Deering, and whose daughter she proved to be. Then they found the nurse to whom the Yankee had given her, so the Deerings thought it best to come to an amicable settlement. Lady Frances keeps her dower, and young Deering his estates, for his life; but this charming Mrs. Glynn, or her son, will succeed him. They are great friends. What splendid diamonds she has!"

"Well!" exclaimed the Indian nephew, "truth really is stranger than fiction."

THE END.

Poet of Mushrooms.

Corneille is known as the poet of many things, but it has required the finding of a hitherto unknown MS. at the Bibliotheque Nationale to reveal him as the poet of cooked mushrooms, which he apostrophizes as "glorious in their end if their origins are obscure." He compares "its white body and stem" to a parasol, relates its "life," its "struggle with the sun," suggests its relish with cream or mutton ragout, and declares its savory excellence as compared with asparagus, truffles or artichokes. The verse is not exactly that of the "Cid" or of "Polyeucte," but it is Corneille.—London Globe.

Detecting Crime in Ethiopia.

The Ethiopian method of detecting crime is quick and effective, and has the great advantage of always catching some one. A priest is called, and by his exhortation, prayers, sorceries—and drugs—a youth is sent to sleep with the command to dream. The person he dreams of is the criminal. No further proof is sought or needed. The sanction of the church is quite enough.

If by chance the boy fails to dream he is promptly put to sleep again by the same process until he does, so that he usually manages the affair in a short time.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Worsted by an Owl.

Hiram Heller, of Williamsport, was badly lacerated and bruised in a battle with a great horned owl which he wounded while gunning near Fairfield Centre.

He shot at the owl as it flew by him, but only broke its wing. Not wishing to disfigure the bird, Heller attempted to kill it with a club. The wounded owl, which measured nearly four feet from tip to tip, pounced upon him, and before he was able to free himself he was badly wounded.—Punxsutawney Spirit.

The Demijohn's Fate.

"John," said the Colonel to the old family servant, "do you know what became of that demijohn I threw out the window New Year's morning?"

"I sho' does, Kunnel. I kotched dat jimmyjohn fo' it hit de groun', but de cork wuz out en what whisky didn't spill down my throat splattered all over me en like ter a drownded me. Hit wuz a dispensary er Providence dat I lived ter tell de tale!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The sea-level canal from Marseilles to the Rhone River is to be completed in seven years at a cost of $13,730,000.

Statue of Washington.

Final steps are about to be taken to fill the vacant pedestal in front of Independence Hall with an appropriate statue of Washington, to replace the marble figure erected by the school children of Philadelphia, but removed to the shelter of the city hall, to save it from the disintegrating action of the elements. A patriotic committee has taken the matter in charge and will press it to a successful conclusion, but before the subscriptions are closed it is intended that the public shall be invited to participate by contributing to the fund. Of all the statues of Washington none will occupy a position more commanding than this one, and none will occupy a site so hallowed by historic memories and associations. There will be many, therefore, who will consider it a privilege to have had a share in the erection of so interesting and important a memorial.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Painted His House With Opium.

Silas Morgan, living on Whidbee Island, Washington, found several dozen cans containing a substance resembling paint, and believing a case of red paint had washed ashore, painted his house with the material. On taking a sample to town he was told that the sticky fluid was pure opium, and each can was worth about $300. As he had used or spilled nearly thirty cans of the opium he had wasted more than $9000.—Greenville News.

Pretty Things to Wear

New York City.—Every form of the loose blouse or jersey is being worn this season, and this dress is just fancy enough to be becoming and attractive without losing its simplicity. In the illustration it is made of rose colored serge with trimming of bands of silk, but while serge is a favorite for

dresses of the sort, cashmere also is being much used, plaid, checked and other fancy materials are greatly in vogue, and there are, indeed, almost numberless suitable fabrics from which to choose. White serge with trimming of handsome braid and yoke

of silk would be charming, the dress illustrated is dainty and pretty, while the same model made from navy blue serge with trimming of black braid would become adapted to harder usage, and the pattern suits all equally well.

The dress is made with the body lining, to which the straight pleated flounce is attached and in which the sleeves are inserted. The blouse consists of front and back portions, that are held by straps beneath the arms.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (ten years) is six and three-eighth yards twenty-four or twenty-seven, four and three-eighth yards thirty-two or three and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide, with eight yards of banding.

Exclusive Bonnet Material.

Exquisite Irish and baby Irish lace mounted on a soft foundation of white mousseline de soie is among the newest combinations employed for covering hats and bonnets for the little ones. A rather large Kate Greenaway hat of baby Irish lace was trimmed with a soft twist of brilliant silver gauze, caught with a little bunch of silver lilies of the valley, while a little Dutch cap was decorated with narrow bands of ermine drawn through antique silver buckles.

The Pleated Frill.

We have indeed returned to the days of the pleated frill. Nearly every blouse of the chic Parisienne is finished at the wrists with frills so deep that only the rosy tips of the fingers peep out from under them; and, if the opening in front is not concealed by a jabot, then a similar pleating must be worn down the front facing towards the left. The pleatings are made of the same material as the blouse itself.

Fad to Carry the Gloves.

The latest whim of the Parisian is carrying the evening gloves in the hand instead of wearing them. Rings have grown to such large size and are so numerous that the wearing of gloves becomes a question and the result is their banishment.

Gold-Black Moire.

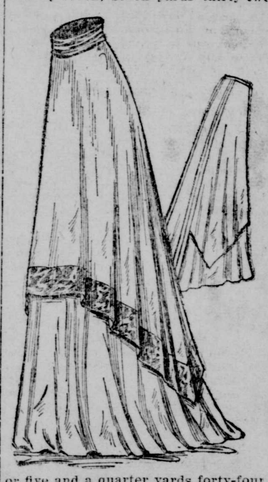
Speaking of shot moire, one of the very handsomest examples shows a woof of metal gold threads. This is unseen from certain positions, and gleams out a sheet of gold in others. It is liked for millinery and costs $4 a yard. Quaint additions to some of the most original gowns are the square patch pockets which are placed on each side of the front and are carried out in elaborate embroidery to match the trimming.

Skirt With Pointed Tunic.

Every variation of the tunic skirt is being worn this season, and here is one that is graceful in the extreme while perfectly simple. It is adapted to all the fashionable soft materials, for they all drape successfully, and it can be utilized for one throughout or for combinations as liked. The triple box pleat at the back gives the long lines that are so desirable, and beneath the tunic is a circular flounce attached to a foundation. In this case the entire skirt is made from one of the beautiful new soft silk crepe materials with a band of moire edging the tunic. Tunics are being extensively made from chiffon, jetted nets and materials of the sort over skirts of chiffon or of silk, however, and again such combinations as crepe with satin, crepe with velvet and silk with heavier materials are greatly in vogue. For the trimming any pretty banding is appropriate.

The skirt is made with a foundation which is cut in five gores and the circular flounce that is attached to it. The tunic and the long box pleat are joined one to the other and arranged over the foundation. When the skirt is made with a girdle the foundation is cut slightly above the waist line and the girdle is draped over it. When the belt is desired the foundation is cut off and joined to the belt.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is seven and three-quarter yards twenty-four or twenty-seven, seven yards thirty-two



or five and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide, one yard twenty-seven inches wide for the band, width of skirt at lower edge three and three quarter yards.

Woman Kind

A Holly Wreath Maker.

Elsie Wallace, 14 years old, of Ellendale, Del., made 294 holly wreaths in one day, and holds the record for 1909 as well as the previous year. All her work is done between school hours and in the evening, and as wreaths average seven cents each, her earnings average from $10 to $15 a day. In 1908 she earned $300. She is to devote the money to a college education.

Miss Russell's age.

Miss Russel is 48 years young, according to the vital statistics, but there is no reason to suppose that she will not allow a liberal discount on that. The records say she was born in Iowa in 1861, and these figures may be taken for what they are worth. Certainly she doesn't look the 48 years.

On the question of Miss Russell's marriages there is less room for speculation. Three times she has taken the vows. Her first husband was Harry Braham, No. 2 was one Edward Solomon, and No. 3 Signor Perugini, the opera tenor. Miss Russell is still young in spirit.—New York Times.

Hints on Etiquette.

A friendly informal note should be written for each wedding gift received. It need not be long, but mention by name the especial gift for which you are writing thanks. Express your pleasure and appreciation, and include your fiance's name on the thanks. Write the note as soon as possible after the gift has been received.

When one is visiting, even over night, one should go prepared with every toilet accessory. It is not polite to borrow anything from the hostess. It is considered in better taste not even to use the soap in the guest room, but always to have one's own. This is also true of a wash cloth and a sponge.

A widow does not select a white gown for her second marriage, nor does she wear a veil with orange blossoms. Any of the fashionable light shades may be selected, with a becoming hat to match. A bunch of violets or other flowers may be worn in the dress instead of carrying a bouquet. Usually only one attendant is selected—a maid of honor or a bridesmaid.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Simpler Favors in Vogue.

A marked reaction is apparent this season against the extravagance that has been shown in recent years in the matter of cotillon favors. At the dances that have been held so far they have been neither so numerous nor so costly as in the past, and it looks as if society had made up its mind that tasteful simplicity is to be preferred, after all, to lavish ostentation. At the last Junior, dainty little Louis XVI. mirrors were the favors for the girls and photograph frames of similar design for the men, and at the Cinderella and most of the private dances the gifts have been on the same comparatively modest scale. In the case of ordinary presents, the same tendency is showing itself in the shape of things that are useful and not merely costly and ornamental. Pins for the ushers and brooches or bracelets of the bridesmaids used to be about the only recognized presents on the occasion of a wedding; but in the present utilitarian frame of mind such serviceable articles as traveling clocks, letter cases and cigar and cigarette cases usually are preferred to the more stereotyped forms of jewelry.—New York Press.

The 10 Richest Women in the World.

There are 10 women in the world who own between them about seventy-one million pounds.

One is Mrs. S. G. Asher, the daughter of Harry Barnato. When she married her father bestowed a million upon her and at his death left her another clear million.

Then there is Mrs. Hetty Green, the American woman financier, who is believed to own no less than sixteen millions.

Mrs. Russell Sage, widow of the well known millionaire, received a fortune of seventeen millions at his death.

The Marchioness of Graham has an income of $570,000 per annum.

The Duchess of Roxburghe was left five millions by her father, Mr. Ogden Goelet. Baroness Eckhardstein was left an income of $330,000 per annum by her father, the late Sir John Blundell Maple. The Countess Szechenyi, nee Vanderbilt, inherited $12,500,000.

Frau von Bohlen, the daughter of Krupp, the German gunmaker, has property valued at sixteen millions. Mrs. Anne Weightman Walker a well known American, is said to possess twelve millions, and Madam Creel, a Mexican lady, has an annual income of one million.—Home Chat.

Marriage Age Advancing.

The average age of the community is becoming older. It was pointed out by the president of the Royal Statistical society recently. It is interesting to note that the age of marriage has also the same tendency. According to the availabe returns as many as 40,000 girls marry in England in a year under the age of 21, that is, in less than one-seventh of the marriages registered. Thirty years, a generation ago, more than one-fifth of the women marrying in a year were minors.

Another interesting fact that seems to prove this tendency to later marriages is provided by the figures for the last decade. In 1907 the number of marriages of women between the ages of 12 and 25 was just over 6000 more than in 1898, while the marriages of women between the ages of 25 and 30 increased by just over 12,000.

The average or mean age of all spinsters who married in 1896 was 25 years and one month. This has advanced to 25 years and six and a half months in the last available returns. Widows at their second and third marriages are also older, having advanced from an average of 40 years and seven months to 40 years and 11 months.

Thus spinster brides are nearly six months and widow brides four months older than those of a few years ago.—London Mail.

Protection for Fairy Ankles.

Suede leggins to match her boots and gloves are among the newest novelties for the comfort of the woman who fares abroad in all kinds of weather. The leather clings softly and warmly to the slenderest or the stoutest limb, and has the added advantage of being comely in appearance, too. Most of the leggins are fastened with many buttons from ankles to knees, but a few designs are fastened with buckles and still others with patent clasps.

Almost all the attractive colors are employed in augmenting the beauty of the leggins. It is possible, therefore, for the dainty woman to have her limbs encased in weather shields to match practically any gown. Popular hues for the new leggins are russet, maroon, navy blue, golden brown, gray and tan. Conservative wearers favor black, but, on the other hand, a few extremists run to white. Ooze leather of which the leggins are made, lends itself to exquisite coloring.

It is within the pale of possibilities that if the fashion stays in long enough the designers will turn out striped and clocked effects to catch the fancy of matrons and maids with an eye to the aesthetic or bizarre, as well as a bias for solid comfort. Another good feature of the new style is that, as the leggins are the same color as the shoes, the wearer is not so likely to be disconcerted on windy days, and is sure to be more at her ease on muddy crossings.—New York Press.

The Gown Beautiful.

In the famous tea room of the large hotels in Paris the fair women love to congregate in the afternoon; and, indeed, they are clever enough to realize that a beautiful gown is enhanced by an attractive setting which these meeting places provide.

Many af the most attractive afternoon costumes are velvet, and black is enjoying high favor. It is trimmed with fur or rich, creamy lace, and the popular form in which it is appearing is in long coat costumes.

In the beginning of the season Frenchwomen wore small hats with their tailored suits, but just now the smartest hats are very large. The Louis XVI. shape, with a short brim in front and turned directly up at the back, is much worn.

One of the newest ornaments is a cabochon of stones with pendants of jewels attached at the outer edge. This is used to hold aigrettes or feathers in place or is the sole trimming on a fur turban.

Many women are wearing dahlias or chrysanthemums on their outdoor suits. They are artificial, and delicate perfume is used on their silken or velvet petals. It is just a novelty and a very pretty one, and young and old are under the spell of these flowers.

With her gold colored gown and evening cloak one Parisienne appeared at a theatre with her maplike coiffure lightly sprinkled with gold dust. It was introduced in patches, which gave a mottled sunlight effect. From the number of eyes turned in her direction it is not unsafe to predict many attempts of the same kind.

In children's clothes black and white checked materials are much used. Little coats of the same are worn over these dresses.

There is a tendency toward shortening the jackets to such an extent that a hint of the Eton is noticeable. A few models show this new, or old, line, and it is not unsafe to predict that the bolero and the very short jacket will be one of the spring styles.—New Haven Register.

Fashion Notes.

Spangled and net robes again are worn.

Heavy mosquetaire sleeves are in vogue.

There is a fad for amber hair ornaments.

Already the moyenage style is on the wane.

Lace is much in vogue for blouses and gowns.

Challis and albatross are among the fabrics used for attractive negligee.

Coats distinctively separate and for dressy wear are long and rather full.

Very handsome combs and other hair ornaments are shell, richly inlaid.

Heels continue high, but they are thicker and more substantial than last year.

Quills studded with jet are among the smart trimmings for the tailored turbans.

Felt Juliets in the softest colors and edged with rabbit skins come for the little people.

Mercury wings of fancy gilt are seen on some of the smart turbans and tricornes.

Some of the handsomest fur turbans are shaped almost exactly like a policeman's helmet.

Suede boots are made highly decorative by their closet-set glittering buttons of gun metal hue.

Buttons continue large and elaborate for decorative effects, but they do not appear in numbers.

For evening wear satin of more or less lustre are holding on tenaciously as a favorite material.

The broad bow of velvet is much worn with the turnover collars of embroidered batiste or linen.

Some of the new sleeves are capped and gathered or shirred under the cap and at the elbows and wrists. In fact, the "bishop" tendency is marked.

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