The Devil's Own

A Romance of the Black Hawk War

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"IS YER REALLY AWAKE AGIN, HONEY?"

Synopsis.—In 1832 Lieutenant Knox of the regular army is on duty at Fort Armstrong, Rock Island, Ill., in territory threatened by disaffected Indians. The commandant sends him with dispatches to St. Louis. He takes passage on the steamer Warrior and makes the acquaintance of Judge Beaucaire, rich planter, and of Joe Kirby (the Devil's Own), notorious gambler. Knox learns Judge Beaucaire has a daughter, Eloise, and a granddaughter, Rene, offspring of a son whom the judge has disowned. Rene's mother is a negress, and she and her daughter, never having been freed, are slaves under the law, although the girls have been brought up as sisters. Kirby induces the judge to stake his plantation and negro servants on a poker hand unfairly dealt by Joe Carver, Kirby's partner. The two hands contain five aces, and Kirby accuses the judge of cheating. Beaucaire, infuriated, arises to attack Kirby, and drops dead. In the confusion Kirby and Carver are enabled to steal away. Knox plans to induce Kirby to give up his stolen winnings.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

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Unarmed, never once dreaming of attack, I advanced alone along the dark, narrow strip of deck, leading toward the ladder which mounted to the wheelhouse. There were no lights, and I was practically compelled to feel my way by keeping one hand upon the rail. I had reached the foot of the ladder, my fingers blindly seeking the iron rungs in the gloom, when a figure, vague, suddenly emerged from some denser shadow and confronted me. Indeed the earliest realization I had of any other presence was a sharp pressure against my breast, and a low voice breathing a menacing threat in my ear.

"I advise you not to move, you young fool. This is a cocked pistol tickling your ribs. Where were you going?"

The black night veiled his face, but language and voice, in spite of its low grumble, told me the speaker was Kirby. The very coldness of his tone served to send a chill through me.

"To have a word with Throckmorton," I answered, angered at my own fear, and rendered reckless by that burst of passion. "What do you mean by your threat? Haven't you robbed enough men already with cards without resorting to a gun?"

"This is not robbery," and I knew by the sharpness of his reply my words had stung, "and it might be well for you to keep a civil tongue in your head. I overheard what you said to those men in the cabin. So you are going to take care of me, are you?" There was a touch of steel in the low voice. "Now listen, you brainless meddler. Joe Kirby knows exactly what he is doing when he plays any game. I had nothing to do with Beaucaire's death, but those stakes are mine. I hold them, and I will kill any man who dares to interfere with me."

"You mean you refuse to return any of this property?"

"Every cent, every nigger, every acre—that's my business. Beaucaire was no child; he knew what he was betting, and he lost."

"That may be true, Kirby. I am not defending his action, but surely this is no reason, now that he is dead, why you should not show some degree of mercy to others totally innocent of



"I Advise You Not to Move, You Young Fool."

any wrong. The man left two daughters, both young girls, who will now be homeless and penniless."

He laughed, and the sound of that laugh was more cruel than the accompanying words.

"Two daughters!" he sneered. "According to my information that strains the relationship a trifle, friend Knox—at least the late judge never took the trouble to acknowledge the fact. Permit me to correct your statement. I happen to know more about Beaucaire's private affairs than you do. He leaves one daughter only. I have never met the young lady, but I understand from excellent authority that she possesses independent means through the death some years ago of her mother. I shall therefore not worry about her loss—and, indeed, she need meet with none, for if she only prove equal to all I have heard I may yet be induced to make her a proposition."

"A proposition?"

"To remain on the plantation as its mistress—plainly, an offer of marriage, if you please. Not such a bad idea, is it?"

I stood speechless, held motionless only by the pressing muzzle of his pistol, the cold-blooded villainy of the man striking me dumb. This then had probably been his real purpose from the start. He had followed Beaucaire deliberately with this final end in view—of ruining him, and thus compelling his daughter to yield herself.

"And you actually mean that you propose now to force Judge Beaucaire's daughter to marry you?"

"Well, hardly that, although I shall use whatever means I possess. I intend to win her if I can, fair means, or foul."

I drew a deep breath, comprehending now the full iniquity of his plot, and bracing myself to fight it.

"And what about the other girl, Kirby? for there is another girl."

"Yes," rather indifferently, "there is another."

"Of course you know who she is?"

"Certainly—a nigger, a white nigger; the supposed illegitimate daughter of Adelbert Beaucaire, and a slave woman. There is no reason why I should fret about her, is there? She is my property already by law." He laughed again, the same ugly sneering laugh of triumph. "That was why I was so particular about the wording of that bill of sale—I would rather have her than the whole bunch of field hands."

"You believe then the girl has never been freed—either she, or her mother?"

"Believe? I know. I tell you I never play any game with my eyes shut."

"And you actually intend to—to hold her as a slave?"

"Well, I'll look her over first before I decide—she would be worth a pot full of money down the river."

The contemptuous, utterly indifferent manner in which he voiced his villainous purpose, would have crazed any man. To me this utterance was the last straw, breaking down every restraint, and leaving me hot, and furious with anger. I forgot the muzzle of the pistol pressed against my side, and the menacing threat in Kirby's low voice. The face of the man was indistinct, a mere outline, but the swift impulse to strike at it was irresistible, and I let him have the blow—a straight-arm jab to the jaw. My clinched knuckles crunched against the flesh, and he reeled back, kept from falling only by the support of the deckhouse. There was no report of a weapon, no outcry, yet, before I could strike again, I was suddenly gripped from behind by a pair of arms, which closed about my throat like a vise, throttling me instantly into silent helplessness. I struggled madly to break free, straining with all the art of a wrestler, exerting every ounce of strength, but the grasp which held me was unyielding, robbing me of breath, and defeating every effort to call for help. Kirby, dazed yet by my sudden blow, grew eager to take a hand in the affray, struck me a cowardly blow in the face, and swung his undischarged pistol to a level with my eyes.

"D—— you!" he ejaculated, and for the first time his voice really exhibited temper. "I'd kill you with this, but for the noise. No, by God! there is a safer way than that to settle with you. Have you got the skunk, Carver?"

"You can bet I have, Joe. I kin choke the life out o' him—shall I?"

"No; let up a bit—just enough so ne can answer me first. I want to find out what all this means. Now look here, Knox, what is all this to you? Why are you butting in on my game? Was Beaucaire a friend of yours?"

"I can hardly claim that," I admitted. "We never met until I came aboard this steamer. All I am interested in is justice to others."

"To others? Oh, I suppose you mean those girls—you know them then?"

"I have never even seen them," I said.

"I see; a self-appointed squire of dames; actuated merely by a romantic desire to serve beauty in distress. Extremely interesting, my dear boy. But, see here, Knox," and his tone changed to seriousness, "Let the romance go, and talk sense a minute. You are not going to get very far fighting me alone. You haven't even got the law with you. Even if I cheated Beaucaire, which I do not for a moment admit, there is no proof. The money is mine, and so is the land and the niggers. You can be ugly, of course, but you cannot overturn the facts. Now, you acknowledge that what has occurred is personally nothing to you; Beaucaire was no special friend, and you don't even know the two girls—all right then, drop the whole matter. I hold no grudge on account of your striking me, and am even willing to share up with you to avoid trouble."

"And if I refuse?"

"Then, of course, we shall be compelled to shut your mouth for you. Self-preservation is the first law."

I looked about at them both, scarcely able to distinguish clearly even their outlines in the dense gloom. The seriousness of the situation, coupled with my helplessness, and inability to achieve the object proposed, was very evident. It might, under the circumstances, have been the part of wisdom for me to have sought some means of compromise, but I was young, and hot, fiery blood swept through my veins. The words of Kirby stung me with their breath of insult—his sneering, insolent offer to pay me to remain still.

"You must rank me as one of your own kind," I burst forth. "Now you listen to a plain word from me. If that was intended as an offer, I refuse it. You, and your confederate, have coolly robbed Beaucaire, and propose to get away with the spoils. Perhaps you will, but that end will not be accomplished through any assistance of mine. At first I only felt a slight interest in the affair, but from now on I am going to fight you fellows with every weapon I possess."

Kirby chuckled, apparently greatly amused.

"Quite glad, I am sure, for the declaration of war. Fighting has always agreed with me. Might I ask the nature of those weapons?"

"That remains for you to discover," I ejaculated sharply, exasperated by his evident contempt. "Carver, take your dirty hands off of me."

In spite of the fact of their threat, the ready pistol pressing against my ribs, the grip of Carver's fingers at my throat, I did not anticipate any actual assault. That either would really dare injure me seemed preposterous. Indeed my impression was, that Kirby felt such indifference toward my attempt to block his plan, that he would permit me to pass without opposition—certainly without the slightest resort to violence. The action of the two was so swift, so concerted, as though at some secret signal, that, almost before I realized their purpose, they held me helplessly struggling, and had forced me back against the low rail. Here I endeavored to break away, to shout an alarm, but was already too late. Carver's hands closed remorselessly on my throat, and, when I managed to strike out madly with one free fist, the butt of Kirby's pistol descended on my head, so lacerating my scalp the dripping blood blinded my eyes. The blow partially stunned me, and I half fell, clutching at the rail, yet dimly conscious that the two straining men were uplifting my useless body. Carver swearing viciously as he helped to thrust me outward over the wooden bar. The next instant I fell, the sneering cackle of Kirby's laugh of triumph echoing in my ears until drowned in the splash as I struck the black water below.

I came back to the surface dazed and weakened, yet sufficiently conscious to make an intelligent struggle for life. The over-hang of the rapidly passing boat still concealed me from the observation of those above on the deck, and the advantage of permitting them to believe that the blow on my head had resulted in drowning, together with the knowledge that I must swiftly get beyond the stroke of that deadly wheel, flashed instantly through my brain. It was like a tonic, reviving every energy. Waiting only to inhale one deep breath of air, I plunged back once more into the depths, and swam strongly under water. The effort proved successful, for when I again ventured to emerge, gasping and exhausted, the little Warrior had swept past, and become merely a shapeless outline, barely visible above the surface of the river.

Slowly treading water, my lips held barely above the surface, I drew in deep draughts of cool night air, my mind becoming more active as hope returned. The blow I had received was a savage one, and pained dully, but the cold water in which I had been immersed had caused the bleeding to cease, and likewise revived all my faculties. The very fact that no effort was made to stop was sufficient proof that Throckmorton in the wheelhouse remained unconscious of what had occurred on the deck below. My fate might never be discovered, or suspected. I was alone, submerged in the great river, the stars overhead alone piercing the night shadows. A log swept by me, white bursts of spray illuminating its sides, and I grappled it gratefully, my fingers finding grip on the sodden bark. Using this for partial support, and ceasing to battle so desperately against the down-sweep of the current, I managed finally to work my way into an eddy, struggling onward until my feet at last touched bottom at the end of a low, out-cropping point of sand. This proved to be a mere spit, but I waded ashore, water streaming from my clothing, conscious now of such complete exhaustion that I sank instantly outstretched upon the sand, gasping painfully for breath, every muscle and nerve throbbing.

The night was intensely still, black, impenetrable. It seemed as though no human being could inhabit that desolate region. I lifted my head to listen for the slightest sound of life, and strained my eyes to detect the distant glimmer of a light in any direction. Nothing rewarded the effort. Yet surely here on this long-settled west bank of the Mississippi I could not be far removed from those of my race, for I knew that all along this river shore were cultivated plantations and little frontier towns irregularly served by passing steamboats.

The night air increased in chilliness as the hours approached dawn, and I shivered in my wet clothes, although this only served to arouse me into immediate action. Realizing more than ever as I again attempted to move my weakness and exhaustion from the struggle, I succeeded in gaining my feet, and stumbled forward along the narrow spit of sand, until I attained a bank of firm earth, up which I crept painfully, emerging at last upon a fairly level spot, softly carpeted with grass, and surrounded by a grove of forest trees. The shadows here were dense, but my feet encountered a depression in the soil, which I soon identified as a rather well-defined path leading inland. Assured that this must point the way to some door, as it was evidently no wild animal trail, I felt my way forward cautiously, eager to attain shelter, and the comfort of a fire.

I came suddenly to a patch of cultivated land, bisected by a small stream, the path I was following leading along its bank. Holding to this for guidance, within less than a hundred yards I came to the house I was seeking, a small, log structure, overshadowed by a gigantic oak, and standing isolated and alone. Believing the place to be occupied by a slave, or possibly some white squatter, I advanced directly to the door, and called loudly to whoever might be within.

There was no response, and, believing the occupant asleep, I rapped sharply. Still no voice answered, although I felt convinced of some movement inside, leading me to believe that the sleeper had slipped from his bed and was approaching the door. Again I rapped, this time with greater impatience over the delay, but not the slightest sound rewarded the effort. Shivering there in my wet clothes, the stubborn obduracy of the fellow awakened my anger.

"Open up, there," I called commandingly, "or else I'll break down your door."

In the darkness I had been unobservant of a narrow slide in the upper panel, but had scarcely uttered these words of threat when the flare of a discharge almost in my very face fairly blinded me, and I fell backward, aware of a burning sensation in one shoulder. The next instant I lay outstretched on the ground, and it seemed to me that life was fast ebbing from my body. Twice I endeavored vainly to rise, but at the second attempt my brain reeled dizzily and I sank back unconscious.

CHAPTER V.

Picking Up the Threads.

I turned my head slightly on the hard shuck pillow and gazed curiously about. When my eyes had first opened all I could perceive was the section of log wall against which I rested, but now, after painfully turning over, the entire interior of the single-room cabin was revealed. It was humble enough in all its appointments, the walls quite bare, the few chairs fashioned from half-barrels, a packing box for a table, and the narrow bed on which I lay constructed from saplings lashed together, covered with a coarse ticking, packed with straw. I surveyed the entire circuit of the room wonderingly, a vague memory of what had lately occurred returning slowly to mind. To all appearances I was there alone, although close beside me stood a low stool,



"Is Yer Really Awake Agin, Honey?"

supporting a tin basin partially filled with water. As I moved I became conscious of a dull pain in my left shoulder, which I also discovered to be tightly bandaged.

I presume it was not long, yet my thoughts were so busy it seemed as if I must have been lying there undisturbed for some time, before the door opened quietly and I became aware of another occupant of the room. Paying no attention to me, he crossed to the fireplace, stirred the few smoldering embers into flame, placing upon these some bits of dried wood, and then idly watched as they caught fire. The newcomer was a negro, gray-haired but still vigorous, evidently a powerful fellow judging from his breadth of shoulder, and possessing a face denoting considerable intelligence. Finally he straightened up and faced me, his eyes widening with interest as he caught mine fastened upon him, his thick lips instantly parting in a good-natured grin.

"De good Lord be praised!" he ejaculated, in undisguised delight. "Is yer really awake agin, honey? De doctah say he done thought ye'd cum round by terday sure, sah."

"The doctor?" I questioned in surprise, my voice sounding strange and far away. "Have I been here long?"

"Goin' on 'bout ten days, sah. Yer was powerful bad hurt an' out o' yer head, I reckon."

"What was it that happened? Did someone shoot me?"

The negro scratched his head, shuffling his bare feet uneasily on the dirt floor.

"Yas, sah, Mr. Knox," he admitted with reluctance. "I's sure powerful sorry, sah, but I was de boy whut plugged yer. Yer see, sah, it done happened dis-a-way," and his black face registered genuine distress, "Thar's a mean gang o' white folks 'round yere thet's took it inter their heads ter lick every free nigger, an' when yer done come up ter my door in de middle ob de night, a-cussin', an' a-threatenin' fer ter break in, I just nat'arlly didn't wanter be licked, an'—an' so I blazed away. I's powerful sorry 'bout it now, sah."

"No doubt it was more my fault than yours. You are a free negro, then?"

"Yas, sah. I done belong onct ter Colonul Silas Carlton, sah, but afore he died, just because I done saved his boy frum drownin' in de ribber, de ol' colonul he set me free, an' give me a patch o' lan' ter raise corn on."

"What is your name?"

"Pete, sar. Free Pete is whut mostly de white folks call me." He laughed, white teeth showing and the whites of his eyes. "Yer see thar am a powerful lot o' Petes round 'bout yere, sah."

I drew a deep breath, conscious of weakness as I endeavored to change position.

"All right, Pete; now I want to understand things clearly. You shot me, supposing I was making an assault on you. Your bullet lodged in my shoulder. What happened then?"

"Well, after a while, sah, thar wan't no mor' noise, an' I reckoned I'd either done hit yer er else ye'd run away. An' thar ye wus, sah, a-lyin' on yer back like ye wus dead. Just so soon as I saw ye I know'd as how ye never was no nigger-hunter but a stranger in dese yere parts. So I dragged ye inside de cabin, an' washed up yer cuts. But ye never got no betah, so I got skeered, an' went hoofin' it down fer de doctah at Beaucaire Landin', sah, an' when he cum back along wid me he dug the bullet outer yer shoulder, an' left some truck fer me ter giv' yer. He's done been yere three times, sah."

"From Beaucaire Landing—is that a town?"

"A sorter town, sah; 'bout four miles down ribber."

The mentioning of this familiar word brought back instantly to my darkened understanding all those main events leading up to my presence in this neighborhood. Complete memory returned, every separate incident sweeping through my brain—Kirby, Carver, the fateful game of cards in the cabin of the Warrior, the sudden death of the judge, the mob anger I sought to curb, the struggle on deck, my being thrown overboard, and the danger threatening the two innocent daughters of Beaucaire. And I had actually been lying in this negro hut, burning up with fever, helplessly delirious, for ten days. What had already occurred in that space of time? What villainy had been concocted and carried out?"

"Now see here, Pete," I began earnestly. "How did you learn what my name was?"

"De doctah he foun' dat out, sah. He done looked through yer pockets, sah, an' he took two papers whut he foun' dar away wid him. He done tol' me as how yer wus an offercer in de army—a leftenant er sumthin'—an' thet dem papers ought fer ter be sint ter de gov'ner at onct. De las' time he wus yere he tol' me thet he wint down ter St. Louee hisself, an' done gif bof dem papers ter Gov'ner Clark. So yer don't need worry none 'bout dem no mor'."

I sank back onto the hard pillow, greatly relieved by this information. The burden of official duty had been taken from me. I was now on furlough and free to act as I pleased.

"Have you picked up any news lately from Beaucaire plantation?"

"I heerd dey done brought de body ob de ol' jedge home, sah—he died mighty sudden sumwhar up de ribber. Thet's 'bout all I know."

"When was this?"

Knox to the rescue of the Beaucaire women.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FLYERS TO HUNT OUTLAWS

Cotton Plantations Planted in Defiance of Authority Seen Easily From the Air.

The department of agriculture has adapted the airplane to its needs, and plans to have a large fleet of machines to serve the farmer, lumberman and orchardist during the next six months, according to an announcement from Washington recently, says the San Francisco Chronicle. The machines will be used to find forest fires, map out forest and other surveys and to act as detectives to find outlaw cotton planters in Texas, Arizona and southern California.

Lieutenant Compere at Ellington a year ago investigated the cotton situation. Owing to danger of an invasion of pink bollworm from Mexico it was necessary to create restricted safety zones where no cotton could be grown. Certain outlaw planters in land surrounded by heavy forests have defied the government and planted in these districts, which are difficult to find. The young Californian took a camera with him, cruised over the forests at a 7,000-foot altitude, and snapped seven outlaw fields. The fields were destroyed. Compere has been released from service and will soon return to California to organize the agricultural aviation scout work on this coast.

"Farm" That Raises Jewels.

The island of the Holy Ghost, Lower California, has the only farm in the world which sows and reaps a crop of jewels. Through artificial propagation and care pearls are actually raised there in the San Gabriel cove. In their natural condition the pearl beds are scattered and the oysters are prey to many submarine foes, but on this farm they are protected by a substantial masonry dike which walls off a portion of the bays, reaching above high-water mark. Openings admit the free passage of the sea water, but are guarded by heavy screens. The bottom of this segregated area was cleared of all growth and paved with rock brought from the mainland and laid by divers. Here the pearl oysters are cultivated just as edible oysters are.

Pass the Salt!

Two reporters were boasting of the speed of their shorthand writing.

"Whenever I am reporting at a meeting on a warm evening, all the people try to get near to my table.

"Why?" asked the other.

"Because," said the pen pusher, "my hand goes so fast that it creates a current of air like a fan."

"A mere nothing," said number two. "I always have to report on wet paper, or else the current of air caused by the movement of my hand would blow it away. Besides the paper has to be wetted every few minutes, because the friction caused by the rapid movements of my arm would set fire to it in no time."

First Maine Post Office.

In 1795 the first post offices in Maine were established at Kennebunk, Falmouth and Bath. The mails were carried by carriers on foot or on horseback and the average week's mail did not amount to five letters at each office. The rates were high, 6¼, 12½, 18¾, 25 and 37½ cents, according to the distance the letter had to be carried, and double the rate when the letter was on more than one sheet of paper.

Paws Here for Reflection.

Said the facetious feller, "The main difference between valuable city property and valuable dogs is that the v. c. p. is sold by the front foot, while the dog is best charged for all over."

SUITS REVEAL A CHOICE IN SILHOUETTES



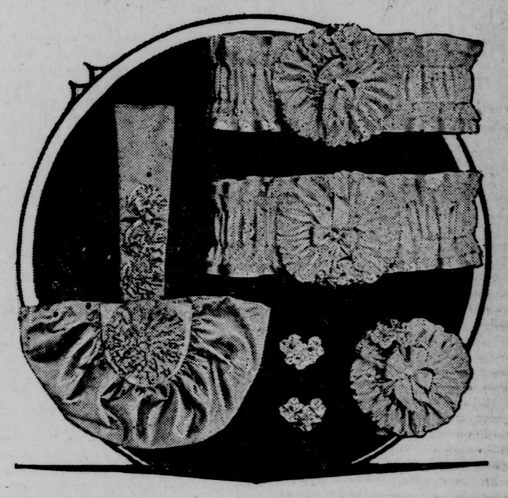
It is a little difficult to sum up the styles in suits when they are in the experimental stage. Some of the new features in them may prove short-lived and therefore not develop into fashions, but it is evident now that we are to have a choice of two silhouettes this fall. The matter of cloths is also settled and these range through several weaves, beginning with homespuns and serviceable tweeds and progressing to velours, duvetyn and zibeline cloths. Besides many similar weaves with a suede or velvet finish, of the same character as duvetyn, are dominant in the handsomer suits.

Skirts have not been shortened in the face of the precedent set by Paris. For street wear they remain ankle length and are generally plain. The coat's the thing. Designers have developed it, with many clever variations, along the straight lines with which we are familiar, and along Godet lines with full rippled basque worn over either a full skirt or a plain, fitted one. These straight-line coats are longer than those of last season, and are belted. On the formal suits fur and silk embroidery provide rich decorations.

The outstanding features in the new styles appear in two suits shown here. One of them is a utility model depending upon wide tucks and conspicuous buttons for garnishing. The three-quarter length coat, with narrow front panel, buttons straight up the front. This panel is flanked by wide bands of cloth at each side and extending below it. These bands appear at each side of the back also, and five buttons on each band mark the termination of five wide tucks in the side panels, that disappear under the bands. The narrow belt slips under straps of cloth and fastens with a small buckle at the front.

A dressier suit of velours shows a repetition of set-in panels at each side of the coat, but these panels are made of narrow vertical plaits set on under the arms. They extend eight inches below the bottom of the coat and are finished with a band of fur. There is a long shawl collar of fur, and the narrow belt of cloth fastens with a button at each side. Soft furs, like sealskin, squirrel, mole, and raccoon and other pelts which are not so easy to recognize, are chosen for suits, but the limits of our choice are much wider than these.

Among Ribbon Novelties



New and gorgeous ribbons have made their entry into a world that apparently is willing to pay almost any price for silks. The prices of the most splendid of these are enough to take one's breath away, but they will sell at holiday time for making handsome shopping bags. They look royal, with brocaded figures in gold and silver or raised velvet flowers in wonderful colors. Bags are smaller than they have been, so that only short lengths of these costly luxuries are needed to make them, but even so, prices just now are beyond those of other years.

But these very gorgeous ribbons are not adaptable to so many articles as plain satin ribbons are. These satins and printed patterns are destined to make most of the pretty belongings that women love. In the picture above a pair of garters, made of plain pink satin ribbon and narrow val lace, a rosette for lingerie, and a bag, are shown, in which wide and narrow ribbons are used.

Flat elastic is used for the foundation of the garters. Ribbon twice the width of the elastic is shirred over it, forming frills along each edge. Val lace, narrower than these frills, is gathered over them. Each garter is decorated with a rosette made of the same ribbon and having a small bow of narrow satin ribbon set at the center. The narrow ribbon is used to form the small flowers set on each rosette. The picture shows these flowers separately. They are easily made and usually have artificial centers. The rosette to match the garters is sewed to a tiny safety pin so that it may be pinned on the chemise or nightdress.

Wide and very narrow satin ribbon is used to make the bag, which will serve for any one of several purposes that bags are made for. The photograph shows its construction so plainly that it is not necessary to describe it.

Julia Bottomley

Leather Hats for Street Wear.

Leather hats for women for motor wear have been shown by the milliners for some time, but now models are seen that are specially adapted to street wear. One natty hat of this type is made of dull, black leather, trimmed with a black leather quill, faced with bright orange.

Wash Pink Goods.

When washing pink cotton goods the color may be made fast by using "red" instead of bluing. Boil a piece of turkey red in a pint of water. Bottle this and use it like liquid blue, experimenting with a little at a time until the right tint is secured.

Inlay Vases for Lamps.

A lovely lamp can be made up from a bronze vase, with cloisonne inlay, and a shade of some Japanese silk. The shade, if the inlay is a distinct pattern, is better of a plain silk, with gold fringes and tassels. Sometimes, however, a parchment shade, decorated with a simple design in oils, is suitable with the cloisonne vase.

Fad for Colors.

The fad for pastel colors has invaded the cotton undergarment field.

Look at the Back.

If you want to make the new frock decidedly French, look to the back of it. The French woman always pays much attention to the detail of the back of her frocks. She realizes that she is not a paper doll with a negligible back. A simple chemise frock with a very plain front might show considerable braiding in the back, and the effect would be very smart.

"Batter" cakes should never be mixed in a "pitcher."

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