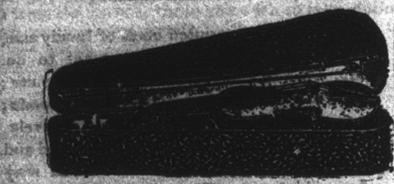


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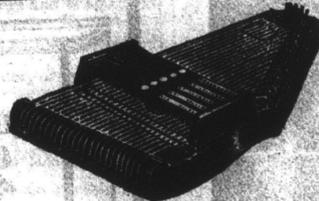
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No. H.M. 100.
This splendid outfit leaves us well recommended. It consists of a brown, beautifully pearl inlaid violin, of splendid, full, rich tone and excellent finish; a fine French hair bow (inlaid also) to match; a set of extra strings; a box of specially prepared resin and a violin mute, all in a handsome, well made leatherette case. The design of the violin is artistic and graceful, and altogether this violin outfit is a good one. It is worth every cent of \$10. Our special cash with order price, \$8.50. This price includes the express charges to your nearest express office.



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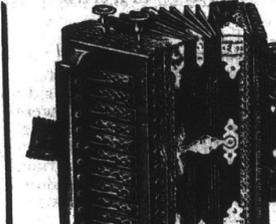
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The "Rex" Autoharp is the best made and finished instrument we have seen. It is in a class by itself. This Autoharp will play all the Major and Minor Chords in four different keys. It also has covered bar, and does not readily get out of order. Shipping weight 10 lbs. Price only \$5.
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sister-in-law, had made no bad guess of it.

The Webbs arrived, not sharp at seven, but, to use the army vernacular, "as soon thereafter as practicable," in view of the fact that they had to walk from the Van Buren Street station of the suburban line, and were not a little heated in consequence, and a pretty woman loses much in the way of curls and complexion when the



"RACING THROUGH COLUMN AFTER COLUMN."

mercury stands at 95, the humidity is equally extreme and the domestic skies have been overcast, all through too much attention to toilet and too little to the time-table. Twice had Webb shouted from the foot of the stairs that they'd miss that train if "the missus didn't hurry. Twice had she replied, "Coming at once." Neither time had she done as she said, and yet not once had he said, "I told you so," when on the rush to the 65th Street station they saw the cars swiftly spinning away. All the same "the missus" knew

what he was thinking, and some wives hold that a man ought not even to think upon one woman's shortcomings. Pretty Mrs. Webb had no appetite for dinner, but Webb was unimpaired—another evidence of an unfeeling and unforgiving disposition. The head waiter had reserved as cool a corner as the house contained. The little-necks and the sauterne were iced to a turn; the consommé was capital; the Spanish mackerel could hardly have been better if fresh from the salt waves of the Gulf. De Remer, whose outdoor life of drill and discipline kept him square and firm in flesh, and who barely sipped his wine, looked cool, placid and immaculate as his expanse of shirt front. Webb, pleading that cinders would ruin white linen anyway, had persisted in coming to town in a cool but unconventional garb, dark in shade but light in weight; yet long hours of sedentary work each day, coupled with good digestion, had gifted him with flesh that would but too easily melt, and the sauterne set it afloat. Webb was really sorry for his wife's vexation, and to cover her silence and apparent abstraction, chattered ceaselessly, even while engaged in the process of mastication. It was nearly 7:30 when they took their seats at the table. It was eight before salad was served, and by that time Webb's face was aglow and his collar a wreck. Mrs. Webb's choler was rising as her lord's collar fell, and De Remer sat placidly unconscious of either fact, when the buttoned page tiptoed in among the well-filled tables and announced that the Captain's carriage was at the door.

"Be there directly," said the Captain. "Now, don't hurry, Webb. There's plenty of time, Kitty. The curtain never rises till 8:20 or 25, and it won't take five minutes to drive over there."
"But just look at your collar and tie, James!" was Mrs. Webb's parting rejoinder. "Indeed you cannot go to the theater looking like that!"

"Indeed! Nobody'll be the wiser," said James. "Everybody in the house will look as wilted before they have been there two minutes."

"Indeed, then, they won't," responded madame. "Here's Captain de Remer. Not a speck has his collar turned, and you ought to have worn evening dress—you know you ought!"

"A standing collar a night like this? Why, Kit, you're cruel."
"I don't care!" says Mrs. Webb. "Every gentleman wears one, and yours is simply indecent now. Do finish your dinner and get one. Do, to please me now. There must be a haberdasher's hereabouts."
"There isn't," said James, "so you'll have to make the best of it. Capital salad that, De Remer! Yes, thanks, a trifle more—try one of your collars? Why won't it be rather a snug fit?"

De Remer was tall and stalwart; Webb short and stout. Collars that would fit one neck were of the inches to suit the other except in the matter of height. De Remer wore the high standard of the day. Webb preferred the low roller, yet Kitty was obdurate. At 8:10 they hastened from the table. "Come right along up to my room," said Dreams to Webb. "I'll fix you out."
"Yes, go," said Kitty. "I'll wait for you in the ladies' room."

They went, and there in De Remer's apartments did Webb partially peel, sousé his head and hands in cold water, and then for five minutes they worked to get a collar to meet in front. When it did, Webb's double chin was propped up as though with the old-fashioned stock. "It's absurd," he said. "I can't stand it. Here, give me one ticket. I'll jump in a cab and drive over to Billy's room at the club. He can fit me out in a jiffy. You and Kitty go on to the theater, and I'll join you there. Phew! What a sight! Poor girl, she's all broke up now at the idea of being so late."
"So I will," said Webb, twisting

one of De Remer's silk handkerchiefs round his neck, bolted out to the Wash Avenue front in search of a cab. De Remer hastened to the ladies' parlor. A hall boy met him. "Is this the gentleman who ordered the carriage at eight?" Then seeing assent in the Captain's eye, he went on without verbal response. "The lady is in it waiting, sir." So out through the side entrance hurried De Remer.
There at the curb was standing a carriage and pair—the horses stylish, perfectly mated roans, the carriage



"WORKED TO GET A COLLAR TO MEET IN FRONT."

glistening black, finished out with threads of vermilion, the harness flawless, every "appointment" precise, the coachman in dark livery, with top hat and cockade. "Stunning outfit for a livery team!" said De Demer. "I heard the Waterloo stable was coming out strong." The buttoned page stood holding the door. Feminine drapery was dimly visible within. "You'll love to drive fast, said De Remer, to the man on the box. "The Schiller." The coachman knuckled his hat brim, the Captain bolted in, the