

office of the sporting paper made Reggie's heart sink ominously. Could his tipster have played him false? It looked very much like it.

Worse and worse, as he drew nearer he could catch the very words of that jubilant cry: "The Plunger! The Plunger!" A hundred voices echoed wildly to and fro in their excitement. The whole air was fairly rent with it: "The Plunger! The Plunger!"

Now, the Plunger was the name of that wretched horse, the favorite.

Reggie came up with bated breath. His heart stood still within him.

"What's won?" he asked a costermonger who was shouting with the rest. And the man, giving him a cool stare, made answer at once: "Why, can't you see it up there, you image? The Plunger! The Plunger!"

Reggie raised his eyes at once to the big limelight transparency on the front of the signboard and read there his doom. It was the Plunger!

"And Canterbury Bell?" he gasped out, half clutching the man for support.

"Canterbury Bell?" the costermonger responded, with an instinctive gesture of profound contempt. "You 'aven't gone and risked your money on Canterbury Bell, 'ave yer? Why, Canterbury Bell was never in it at all. I could 'a' told you that much if you'd 'a' axed me aforehand. Canterbury Bell's a bloomin' fraud. She wan't meant to stay. She wan't never so much as in it."

Reggie's brain reeled round. With a sickening sense of disillusion and disappointment he clutched the document in his pocket. Then all was up. He could never marry Florrie. The bubble had burst. He had checked away his bottom shilling on a blooming fraud, as the costermonger called it. Life was now one vast blank. He didn't know where to turn for consolation and comfort.

His first idea, in fact, was to slink off unperceived and never keep the engagement with Florrie at all. What use was he now to Florrie or to anybody? He was simply stone broke. Not a girl in the world would care for him. His second idea was to fling himself forth over Waterloo bridge, but from that heroic cowardice he was deterred by the consideration that the water was cold and if he did he would probably drown before any one could rescue him, for he was a feeble swimmer. His third and final idea was to go and tell Florrie every word of what had happened and to throw himself, so to speak, on her generosity and her mercy. Third ideas are best. So he went, after all, to Rutland Gate, much dispirited. A manservant in a mood as dejected as his own opened the front door to him. Was Miss Clarke at home? Yes, the servant replied, still more dejected than ever. If he liked, he could see her. Reggie stepped in, all wonder. He had rather fancied that manservant, too, must have lost his all through the astounding and incomprehensible victory of the Plunger.

In the drawing room Florrie met him, very red as to the eyes. Her face was strange. She kissed him with frank tenderness. Reggie stared wider than ever. It began to strike him that all London must have backed Canterbury Bell for a place and gone bankrupt accordingly. Arguments were nothing to him. He had visions of a crash on change tomorrow. But Florrie held his hand in hers with genuine gentleness.

"Well, you've heard what's happened," she said, "you dear, and still you come to see me?"

"What, the Plunger?" Reggie ejaculated, unable to realize any save his own misfortune.

"The Plunger!" Florrie repeated in a vague sort of reverie. "I'm sure I don't know what you mean. It's this about poor papa. Of course you've heard it."

"Not a word," Reggie answered, with a pervading sense that misfortune, like wins, never comes singly. "Has anything dreadful happened?"

"Anything dreadful?" Florrie echoed, bursting at once into tears. "Oh, Reggie, you don't know! Everything dreadful, everything!" And she buried her fluffy head most unaffectedly on his shoulder.

Reggie was really too chivalrous a man at such a moment when beauty was in distress to remember his own troubles. He kissed away Florrie's tears, as a man feels bound to do when beauty flings itself on him weeping, and as soon as she was restored to the articulate condition he asked, somewhat tremulously, for further particulars. For "everything," though extensive enough to cover all the truth, yet seems to fall somewhat on the score of explicitness.

"Look at the paper," Florrie cried, with another burst of sobs. "Oh, Reggie, it's too dreadful! I just couldn't tell you it!"

She handed him an evening journal as she spoke. Reggie glanced at the place to which her pluming little forefinger vaguely referred him. The words swam before his eyes. This was truly astonishing: "Arrest of the Well Known Money Lender, Mr. 'Spider' Clarke, For Fraud and Embezzlement. Alleged Gigantic System of Wholesale Forgery. Liabilities, Eighty Thousand. Probable Assets, Nil. The Spider's Web and the Fillet. The Fillet." It was Reggie read it all through with a cold thrill of horror. To think that Florrie's papa should have turned out a fraud, only second to Canterbury Bell, in whom he trusted! It was terrible, terrible! As soon as he had read it he turned with swimming eyes of affliction to Florrie, who own misfortunes had put him already into a melting mood. He bent down to her tenderly. He kissed her forehead twice. "My darling," he said gently, with real sympathy and softness, "I'm so sorry for you, so sorry! But, oh, Florrie, I'm so glad you thought of sending for me!"

Florrie drew out a letter in answer from her pocket.

"And just to think," she cried, with flashing eyes, handing it across to him with indignation, "that dreadful other man—before the thing had happened one single hour—the hateful wretch who wrote me that letter! Did ever you read anything so mean and cruel? I know what to think of him now, and, thank goodness, I've done with him!"

Reggie read the letter through with virtuous horror. As poor Florrie observed, it was a sufficiently heartless one. It set forth in the stiffest and most conventional style that after the events which had happened today before the eyes of all London Miss Clarke would of course recognize how impossible it was for an officer and a gentleman and a man of honor to maintain his relations any longer with her family, and it therefore begged her to consent that the writer in future no longer should be her truly, Ponsoby Stretefield Boucherier.

Reggie handed it back with a thrill of genuine disgust.

"The man's a cad," he said shortly, and, to do him justice, he felt it. Heanness or heartlessness of that calculated sort was wholly alien to Reginald Hessegrave's impulsive nature.

"Thank you, Reggie," Florrie said, drawing nearer and nearer to him. "But you know, dear, I don't mind. I never cared one pin for him. After the first few weeks, when I thought of him beside you,

I positively hated him. That's the one good thing that has come out of all this trouble. He won't bother me any more. I've got fairly rid of him."

Reggie pressed her to his side.

"Florrie, dear," he whispered chivalrously, "when you talk like that, do you know, you almost make me feel glad at this trouble has come—if it has had the effect of making us draw closer to one another."

And that it had that effect at that present moment was a fact just then visible and physically demonstrable.

Florrie laid the frizzy curls for a minute or two on his shoulder. In spite of her misfortunes she was momentarily quite happy.

"I always loved you, Reggie," she cried, "and I can't be sorry for anything that makes you love me." And she nestled to his bosom with the most confiding self-surrender.

This confidence on Florrie's part begot in return equal confidence on Reggie's. Before many minutes he had begun to tell that innocent round faced girl how narrowly he had just missed a princely fortune and how opulent he would have been if only Canterbury Bell had behaved as might have been expected of so fine a filly.

"And it was all for you, Florrie," he said ruefully, fingering the document all the while in the recesses of his pocket. "It was all for you, dear one. I thought I should be able to come round to you tonight in, oh, such triumph and tell you of my good luck and ask you to throw that vile Boucherier creature overboard for my sake and marry me offhand, because I so loved you. And now it's all gone to smash through that beastly wretch, the Plunger!"

"Did you really think all that?" Florrie cried, looking up at him through her tears and smiling confidently.

"Do you doubt it?" Reggie asked, half drawing the document from the bottom of his pocket.

"N-no, darling, I don't exactly doubt it," Florrie answered, gazing still harder. "But I wonder—if you say it just now so as to please me."

Reggie's time had come. Fortune favors the brave. He held forth the document itself in triumph at the dramatic moment. After all, it had come in useful.

"Read that!" he cried aloud in a victorious voice, like a man who produces irrefutable evidence.

Florrie gazed at the very official looking paper in intense surprise. She hardly knew what to make of it. It was an instrument signed by the right reverend father in God, the archbishop of Canterbury, and it set forth in fitting terms his archiepiscopal blessing upon a proposed union between Reginald Francis Hessegrave, bachelor, of the parish of St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington, and Florence Amelia Barton Clarke, spinster, of the parish of Westminster.

Florrie gazed at it, all puzzled.

"Why, what does this mean, dearest?" she faltered out, with emotion. "I don't at all understand it."

"That was a proud moment for Reggie—the proudest of his life.

"Well, it's called a special license, dear," he answered, bending over her. "You see, Florrie, I took it for granted Canterbury Bell was safe to win—as safe as houses—so I made up my mind to try a coup beforehand. I went to the surrogate and swore a declaration."

"A what?" Florrie exclaimed, overcome by so much devotion.

"Declaration," said Reggie. "Don't you know, a sort of statement that we both of us wished to get married at once and wanted a license, and here the license is, and I thought when Canterbury Bell had won, and I was as rich as Croesus, if I brought it to you, just so, you'd say like a bird: 'Never mind my people, never mind Captain Boucherier. I've always loved you, Reggie, and now I'm going to marry you. But that beastly fellow the Plunger plucked in and spoiled all. If it hadn't been for him, you might perhaps have been Mrs. Reginald Hessegrave tomorrow morning. Mrs. Reginald Hessegrave is a fast rate name, darling."

She recognized the adapted quotation from a well known poet.

"And it's no good now," she said plaintively, "since the Plunger put a stop to it!"

A gleam of hope dawned in Reggie's eyes. He was in a lover's mood, all romance and poetry.

"Well, the license is all right," he said, taking Florrie's hand in his and smoothing it tenderly. "The license is all right, if it comes to that. There's no reason, as far as the formalities go, why I shouldn't marry you, if you will, tomorrow morning."

"Then what stands in the way?" Florrie inquired innocently.

"You," Reggie answered at once, with a sudden burst of gallantry. "You yourself entirely. Nothing else prevents it."

Florrie flung herself into his arms.

"Reggie, Reggie," she sobbed out, "I love you with all my heart. I love you! I love you! You're the only man on earth I ever really loved. With you and for your sake I could endure anything, anything."

Reggie gazed at her entranced. She was really very pretty. Such eyes! Such hair! He felt himself at least one of the very noble creatures. How splendid of him to come, like a modern Perseus, to the rescue of beauty—of beauty in distress at its hour of trial! How grand of him to act in the exact opposite way from that detestable Boucherier creature, who had failed at a pinch, and to marry Florrie offhand at the very time when her father had turned round and round and at last dashed right into it.

"And Willoughby?" he asked after a pause, with a furtive side look. "Have you never heard anything more, Miss Hessegrave, about Willoughby?"

Kathleen's face flushed rosy red, but she gave no other sign of her suppressed emotion as she answered, with a quiet resignation of her manner:

"No, I've heard nothing more of him since he left Venice that April."

Mortimer leaned forward eagerly. A

bright light gleamed in his eye.

"What! He hasn't ever written to you?" he cried. "Do you mean to say he hasn't written?"

Kathleen gazed at him pleadingly.

"No, Mr. Mortimer," she answered in a very sad voice. "He—he went away from Venice under circumstances which I can't quite explain in full to you, and from that day to this," her lips quivering visibly, "I've never heard anything more of him."

Reggie clutched his two hands in each other nervously.

"Oh, how wrong of him!" he cried, with a timid glance at Kathleen. "How unkind! How cruel! Why, Miss Hessegrave, I should never have expected such conduct from Willoughby."

"Nor," Kathleen admitted frankly, with a little burst of unreserved opinion. "It was such a relief to be able to talk about him to anybody who could understand, were it even but a little, her position."

"But, then, oh, Mr. Mortimer, you don't know all. If you knew how unhappily and how strangely he was misled, you wouldn't be harsh in your judgment of him."

"No, no, no," Mortimer answered, with a flash of intuition—one of those electric flashes which often occur to men of the nervous temperament when talking with women.

Kathleen bowed her head.

"Yes, by my mother," she answered softly. "It was, yes, long, deep pause. Then Mortimer spoke again in earnest.

"That was 18 months ago now," he said in a gentle undertone.

Kathleen assented.

well in what spirit he did it to feel called upon to prevent him. She had pity for his despair. Then he hurried down the stairs. His heart was too full for him to remain any longer. He could hardly hold back his tears, so deeply was he agitated.

On the doorstep he knocked up by accident against Reggie. The head of the house stopped the stranger quite eagerly:

"Hullo," he exclaimed in some surprise, "are you back again in England?"

"Yes, so it seems," the American replied, trying to calm himself outwardly. "I got back on Tuesday."

"Last Tuesday as ever was?" Reggie cried.

"Yes, just so. Last Tuesday."

"And lost no time in hunting Kitty up?" Reggie went on, with a broad smile. This was really most promising. He knew the American, though an artist by choice, was reputed one of the richest business men in Philadelphia. It looked extremely healthy that he should have been in such a hurry to hunt up Kathleen.

"My first visit was to Miss Hessegrave," Mortimer answered, with trust, feeling on his side the immense importance of conciliating Kathleen's only brother and sole surviving relation.

Reggie drew a long breath. Could anything have been more opportune? How pat comes fate! The moment had just arrived when he stood in sorest need of a wealthy brother-in-law, and now, in the nick of time, on the very crest of opportunity, here was chance itself throwing the pick of wealthy brothers-in-law right in his path, as it were, like a crooked sixpence, for though Rufus Mortimer tried to look and speak as unconcernedly as he could about his visit to Kitty that morning, something in his voice and manner which showed Reggie quite clearly the nature of his errand at Kensington that morning.

Reggie had suspected as much, indeed, since the first summer Mortimer spent in his own hired house in London, but it was plain as the sun in the sky to him that moment what he meant—if Kathleen chose, she could marry the millionaire and thereby confer on her loving brother the inestimable boon of a moneyed relation.

"I'm proud to hear it," Reggie responded, with warmth. "She's a good girl, Kitty, and she's worth a fellow's calling upon. I like her myself. She's the very best sister any fellow ever hit upon, which was perfectly true—much more so, indeed, than Mr. Reggie himself ever fully realized."

So he mounted the stairs in a bland good humor, the unpleasantness of having to confess his marriage to Kathleen being now much mitigated by the consoling consciousness that if Kathleen chose she could probably annex the richest American that moment in London. Most characteristically, too, Reggie thought of it all entirely from that one point of view. It wasn't really a question of a husband for Kitty, but of an eligible brother-in-law for Reginald Hessegrave.

CHAPTER XIX.
RE-ENTER MORTIMER.

It's an easy enough matter getting married in London when you're carrying a special license for the purpose in your pocket. It smooths over the ingenious obstructions placed by English law in the way of matrimony, and Reggie, having once decided to perform, as he thought, this magnificent action, was attending to the work in a cool and collected manner. He had no intention of performing it at once, now the crisis had come, with the utmost expedition. So he dispatched an imaginative telegram to the office in the city next morning announcing (with a lovely disregard of historical truth) that he was prevented by serious indisposition from attending to the duties of a court that day, after which little excursion into the realms of fiction he met Florrie by appointment at the church door, where, accompanied only by Charlie Owen, who undertook the arduous duty of giving away the bride, he was duly married at St. Mary Abbott's in plain white diadem. (It came in quite handy, Florrie said, to be married in.)

Reggie was aware that he was performing a noble and generous act, and he looked fully conscious of it. As for Florrie, she thought nobody had ever been so heroic and chivalrous as Reggie, and she pondered that smiling in her gentle white frock, with her stockbroker's clerk, and if she had married the captain in chief himself, let alone a mere captain in a distinguished cavalry regiment.

As soon as the ceremony was over and Charlie Owen had evaporated, Reggie began to relax a little upon the subject of the path—the question of ways and means—the difficulties of supporting a wife and family. Stern critics might suggest that it was perhaps a few minutes late for taking that branch of the subject into consideration, but being now a married man Reggie determined to face the duties of the situation as they came. (It came.) He made up his mind at once to look out for some better paid post and do his best to earn an adequate livelihood for Florrie. Meanwhile, however, and just as a temporary expedient, he decided to ask a little passing assistance from his sister Kitty.

"It was always so," Master Reggie added; "twas poor Kitty's place to pay the piper."

Not that very day, of course. Hang it all, you know, a man may be allowed three days of honeymoon with the wife of his youth before bussing himself with the sordid mundane affairs of pounds, shillings and pence, mayn't he? So Reggie resolved to remain in the quietude of his quiet and saving life and endeavored to distract poor Florrie's mind in the interim from this horrid crash in her papa's affairs by spending the few remaining pounds he had still in his pocket from last quarter's salary in taking her round to all the best theatres and places of amusement. It didn't do so much matter spending these few stray sovereigns like that, don't you see, because he meant to put his case plainly before Kitty next week and get her to make him a last final loan on the strength of his new good resolutions as security, which, he said to himself with a little impatience, he would perform altogether and strike out a new line of economic action.

Reggie was magnificent at good resolutions. The both of it was they all went to swell that rather pavement.

Now it happened that during those days Reggie's father, too, who had been over in America for a week or two, had just returned himself from the effects of his disappointment, and in part to look after the ancestral engineering works, had returned to London and had written to ask Kathleen's leave to visit her once more at her lodgings in Kensington—a smaller set which she had occupied since her father's death, and her consequent reduction of available income. Kathleen always liked Rufus Mortimer. She knew he was genuine. She recognized his goodness of heart and his true American chivalry—for where women are concerned there is no person on earth more delicately chivalrous than a man of his name.

So, with sundry misgivings, she allowed Rufus Mortimer to call on her again, though she hoped he would not reopen the foregone conclusion she had settled that day on the Lido at Venice. And Rufus Mortimer for the first time arrived at her rooms with a letter in his mind not to ask Kathleen anything, but to make it possibly be embarrassing to her feelings or sentiments. This first visit, at least, should be a purely friendly one. It should be taken up in discovering by the most casual indications of straws on the wind how Kathleen now felt toward her rejected lover.

But have you ever noticed that if you set out anywhere fully determined in your own mind to conduct a conversation upon certain prearranged lines you invariably find yourself at the end of 10 minutes diverging entirely from the route you planned out for yourself and saying the very things you had most earnestly decided to avoid? The Ukraine should never tear from you! It was so with Rufus Mortimer. Before he had been 10 minutes engaged in talk with Kathleen he found conversation had worked round by slow degrees to Venice, and when once it got to Venice what more natural was it for him to begin about the Venetian acquaintances? While among old Venetian acquaintances how possibly omit, without looking quite pointed, the name of the one who had been most in both their minds during that whole last winter on the Fondamenta delle Zattere? Rufus Mortimer felt a pinch, and to marry Florrie offhand at the very time when her father had turned round and round and at last dashed right into it.

"And Willoughby?" he asked after a pause, with a furtive side look. "Have you never heard anything more, Miss Hessegrave, about Willoughby?"

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CABLE NEWS.

Bullion in the Banks of England and France—An Australian Statesman Retires.

Repulse of Hovas by French Troops—Reported Understanding Between Britain and Japan.

LONDON, July 4.—The amount of bullion gone into the Bank of England on balance to-day is £36,000.

The weekly statement of the Bank of France, issued to-day, shows the following changes as compared with the previous account. Notes in circulation, increase 59,975,000 francs. Treasury accounts, current increase 58,700,000 francs. Gold in hand, decrease, 4,875,000 francs. Silver discounted, decrease 47,150,000 francs. Bills in hand, decrease 8,525,000 francs.

Mrs. Tasker, wife of Joseph Tasker, the young spendthrift who came prominently before the public some time ago in connection with the suit which he brought against a well known jewelry firm of Bond street, alleging that he had been defrauded in his purchases of the famous Agre diamond worth \$75,000, as well as in the purchase of other valuable jewelry, is suing for divorce. Mrs. Tasker claims that her husband is living with an American, Mrs. Rhodes.

The remains of Prof. Huxley, who died on June 29 at Hadeslee, near Eastbourne, were quietly buried in the cemetery.

Mr. Pearl Craigie (John Obitz Hobbs) has been granted a divorce from her husband, a clerk in the Bank of England, on the ground of cruelty and unfaithfulness upon his part.

A fissure has appeared in the northwest side of the great crater Mount Vesuvius and a dense stream of lava is flowing down the mountain side.

The Russian loan has been signed.

The Spanish minister for the colonies, Senor Abaza, has arranged with which Bank of Spain to advance funds with which to prosecute the campaign against the insurgents on the Island of Cuba.

A military balloon exploded to-day in a shed of one of the barracks at Berlin. Three soldiers were injured and one was killed.

Ernest von Plemer, minister of finance for Austria in the late cabinet, announces that owing to his failure to form a coalition of moderate parties, he has decided to retire from active political life.

A minister of the diplomatic service and a close friend of Prince Bismarck is responsible for the statement that the reports of preparations for an outbreak of hostilities between Russia and Japan are correct. He is of the opinion that a secret treaty of alliance has been concluded between Great Britain and the Japanese government.

One of the most disastrous fires in recent years occurred at Godollo's military outfit establishment, between the Rue Rochebort and the Rue Condereet Tuesday. The water failed at several houses in the vicinity was injured. One man was killed and fifteen injured. Two thousand people were thrown out of employment, and 275 people are left homeless. The property was insured for 1,000,000 francs. The Chronicle's Paris dispatch says that it is estimated the fire will cause damage of 2,000,000 francs. There was a very serious discussion at the conference on the subject of bills providing for local control of the liquor traffic. The American delegates were opposed to the suggested modifications of Sir William Vernon Harcourt's bill to compensate the holders of expired licenses by the funds raised by a high license upon surviving public houses.

A dispatch from Sofia says the situation almost amounts to a state of war between Bulgaria and Turkey. News has been received at the Bulgarian capital that two bands, composed of 75 and 100 men respectively, have crossed the frontier into Bulgarian territory, where they captured two Turkish soldiers. The government of Bulgaria has requested the Turkish government to explain the orders issued to commander of the Turkish troops at Adrianople to act on his own initiative along the Bulgarian frontier. At the same time the Bulgarian government has notified the ports that the duty of watching over the security of its frontier compels it to take the military measures required under the circumstances.

The Chinese legation at St. Petersburg formally tender the names of a breakaway in the negotiation for the Chinese loan guaranteed by Russia. A denial is also made of the reported participation in the loan by England and the United States.

General Duchoene, commander of the French forces on the island of Madagascar, telegraphs from Majunga, via Port Louis, that he has repulsed the several thousand Hovas who recently attacked the French troops at Searasostra were repulsed with great loss. The French captured 470 tents, the standard of the Queen of Madagascar, a number of pieces of artillery and a quantity of ammunition.

The Times, commenting upon the largeness of the Cabinet, says that Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Goschen and Mr. Chamberlain will constitute an inner circle for the taking of the initiative in important questions of policy.

The Daily News, the Liberal organ, says that there is much heart-burning at the Carlton Club, the Conservative headquarters, at allowing so many Tories out of the Ministry. Many disappointed Tories are asking whether Lord Salisbury or Mr. Chamberlain is at the head of the Government.

LONDON, July 4.—A dispatch to the Standard from Berlin says that after four days of excessive heat severe thunderstorms have occurred in various parts of Germany. Numerous reports have been received from Silesia and the Rhine districts of fatalities, and the burning of barns and farm produce by lightning. During the drought the fire was exceedingly destructive. Half of the village of Oberkahl, near Treves, was destroyed. The lower parts of Vienna are flooded. The storm has destroyed the entire vine crop about the Viennese suburbs of Simmering, Grizing and Nussdorf.

TO BE CONTINUED

Jellied Fruits.

Cover a box of gelatin with a cup of cold water and let it soak for an hour; add a pint of boiling water, the juice of a lemon, one-half of a cup of orange juice and one-half of a cup of sherry. Strain and put away until the jelly begins to form. Wet the molds with cold water; put a layer of fresh strawberries, preserved California cherries or bright red canned cherries; cover with the jelly and put away in a cool place until firm.

All Bavarian creams, jellies and differently flavored blancmanges may be molded individually. In hotels and cafes, usually all puddings are molded or cooked in individual forms, thus adding much to their attractiveness. Steamed puddings, such as Indian puddings, look far better when served in this way. The foregoing is gleaned from Table Talk.

French Fried Potatoes.

Peel the potatoes and cut into suitable lengths. Fry in deep smoking hot fat. This should be hot enough to fry the potatoes to a delicate brown before they become greasy soaked, yet must not burn them. Skim them from the fat as soon as they are a golden brown, and drain on brown paper. Sprinkle with salt and serve.

Fashion Echoes.

The new togues are very pretty, made of colored straws, with crumpled rims. Abundant foliage is a feature of all the floral decorations for millinery use, and many shades of the same flower are seen on one hat.

Laoc butterflies, thickly spangled with jet and in various sizes, are much used for dress trimmings.

Black satins are in great demand for both day and evening gowns, and the skirts are usually plain.

Violet holders are the latest response to the needs of a reigning fashion. These are small, embossed silver clasps, convex enough to confine the stems of the orthodox bunch of violets.

The infinitesimal bonnets are responsible for the increase in the size of back combs.

Sleeves are in great variety, but the mutton leg shape, made very full at the top and very close from the elbow down, and the close sleeve with a huge puff are the prevailing styles.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

The U. S. Gov't Reports show Royal Baking Powder superior to all others.

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Peel the potatoes and cut into suitable lengths. Fry in deep smoking hot fat. This should be hot enough to fry the potatoes to a delicate brown before they become greasy soaked, yet must not burn them. Skim them from the fat as soon as they are a golden brown, and drain on brown paper. Sprinkle with salt and serve.

Fashion Echoes.

The new togues are very pretty, made of colored straws, with crumpled rims. Abundant foliage is a feature of all the floral decorations for millinery use, and many shades of the same flower are seen on one hat.

Laoc butterflies, thickly spangled with jet and in various sizes, are much used for dress trimmings.

Black satins are in great demand for both day and evening gowns, and the skirts are usually plain.

Violet holders are the latest response to the needs of a reigning fashion. These are small, embossed silver clasps, convex enough to confine the stems of the orthodox bunch of violets.

The infinitesimal bonnets are responsible for the increase in the size of back combs.

Sleeves are in great variety, but the mutton leg shape, made very full at the top and very close from the elbow down, and the close sleeve with a huge puff are the prevailing styles.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

The U. S. Gov't Reports show Royal Baking Powder superior to all others.

TO BE CONTINUED

Jellied Fruits.

Cover a box of gelatin with a cup of cold water and let it soak for an hour; add a pint of boiling water, the juice of a lemon, one-half of a cup of orange juice and one-half of a cup of sherry. Strain and put away until the jelly begins to form. Wet the molds with cold water; put a layer of fresh strawberries, preserved California cherries or bright red canned cherries; cover with the jelly and put away in a cool place until firm.

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Yes, 18 months ago.



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Yes, 18 months ago.



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Yes, 18 months ago.



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