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Fashion Hint for Times Readers



CALLING COSTUME OF BURGUNDY VELVET.

Velvet is the accepted fabric for dressy afternoon wear, but this year's styles are softer in texture and richer in color than anything seen heretofore. The handsome suit is of mirror velvet in a deep burgundy shade, the coat being a Russian smoke model with cord grid around the hips. The hat is of rose-colored felt, faced with burgundy velvet, and with a large, draped crown of the velvet. The accessories are black, and the black touch is repeated by the lynx collar and revers on the coat.

**THE THREE KEYS**  
BY FREDERICK ORMOND.

(Continued)

CHAPTER XXIV.

It is not necessary to describe at length the hours of bitter mental struggle which took place between Lathrop and Millington when the former discovered that his friend had been shamming all the time, that the physician, the servants, every one in the house, were in upon him, and that the affair had been going under an agreement with the young financier, though none save the latter understood as the object to be attained by the deed. Lathrop was very angry at first, but, bit by bit, he was brought to a point where he was able to perceive something of the rather grim humor in the situation and, finally, he laughed doubtfully with his friend. But it was by no means so easy to prevail on him that he should keep his secret. He insisted that he must go to San Millington, and make full confession. Thereafter, if the capitalist chose to overlook the matter, he would be content to let it rest.

But Jack was of a different mind. "Look at the position in which you would place me, and Edna, too," he urged. "The governor would forgive you, I verily believe; he'd clap you on the shoulder, tell you that you are smarter than lighting, offer you opportunities, and make you a millionaire all over again, in less than no time." For Lathrop had told of his losses, and the entire history of the night when Trevor had sought the loan. "Now, Millington continued, 'I don't think that you ought to profit from my father because of your theft, and yet that is just what you would do, if you went to him with a confession. Oh, yes, indeed, he'd forgive you. But what of me? Do you believe for a moment, that he would ever forgive me for playing this horrible accident game on him? Not much."

"You needn't think that I excuse you," he went on, with stern emphasis. "If you had come to me the thing for yourself, I'd have helped to put a striped suit on you. As it is, you ought to be punished—I'll admit that, too. But it will punish you more to compel you to look the thing up in your heart than it would to let you reveal the whole affair to the governor. He'd be proud of you, and the chances are that, before you had been an hour with him, you'd be as good as to think you had done a fine thing."

"And Edna! If you have any appreciation or chivalry in your soul, you'll hold your peace for her sake, Morris."

"Yes," Millington said, "I'm going out for an hour or two. I think that you ought to remain here, for the governor might run in, you know. Will you telephone for a cab, while I dress?"

"Where are you going?" Lathrop inquired, as he went to the telephone.

"To get some air, Millington replied, carelessly. "I feel as though I had been on that bed for a week."

But he had another object than fresh air, for when he entered the cab, he bade the driver take him to the Millingtons as quickly as possible; and, when he arrived, he went at once to Rita's apartment, where he rang the bell.

The maid who opened the door instantly invited him to enter. He passed through the corridor, and on into the parlor, and found—as it seemed that he had expected to find—Clara Ortega, eagerly awaiting him.

"Mr. Millington!" she exclaimed. "I am so glad you have come at last. I was growing very anxious, although you assured me in the note that you believed it would be all right. You are very late! It is almost ten. What was the danger that threatened Morris?" Is he safe? Is there anything that I—"

"Millington held up both hands, laughingly. "Everything is all right," he said. "That answers all your questions, at once. So, I was right, eh? You have been here all the time."

"Yes," the girl confessed. "I did not go away. I have not left the house at all."

"I suspected it this morning," Millington explained. "I heard the swish of your skirts."

"What was the danger that threatened Morris?" Clara questioned, anxiously. "Will you tell me?"

But Millington shook his head. "It isn't necessary now. It is all over, and he is safe. But there is something else on my mind. Do you remember that evening when I called with Morris?"

"Perfectly," the girl acquiesced.

"Well, I fell in love with you that night," Millington announced.

Rita drew back quickly, and her face paled perceptibly. She could not understand this man. He uttered the words so calmly, his expression was so benign, and he seemed so unconscious of having said anything unusual that she could not take offense.

"I do not understand," she said, with such reserve and dignity that she smiled amusedly.

"Yes," he continued placidly, as though he were discussing the most commonplace of things; "heels over head, thought about you at the time, dreamed about you nights, wrote you letters, and burned them all, came last week ahead of time on your account. But I've got over it."

"Oh!" the girl ejaculated, in irrepressible amazement.

"Perse, it isn't a very polite thing to say," Millington suggested.

"It is a very pleasant thing for me to hear," Rita retorted, demurely.

"Yes," Millington continued, imperturbably. "I have got over it—that is, over a part of it. I think that I am just as fond of you now as ever; only, it is as a big brother, you know."

The girl nodded and smiled. She had regained a measure of her self-assurance, for she believed that she was coming to understand the man better.

"But, unfortunately," Millington went on, "I was led into making a bad mistake on account of you. When I got back from Chicago, Morris met me, and I went to his apartment. There, just as I was talking to you, he told me then that you were away on a visit. So, finally, I let him know that I was in love with you, and I asked him, as your guardian, if he had any objection to my suit. He said that he had not. More than this; he is going away, just for the sake of giving me a clear field. He informed me that you had refused him, and he seemed to be sure, too, that you would not take me. Now,

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32 and 36 King Square

in spite of all that, I am going to propose to you, and I want you to accept me!"

"Accept you?" Rita exclaimed, in new bewilderment.

"Yes, that is the idea!" Millington declared, with the utmost complacency. "We shall be engaged for precisely five minutes. Then, at the end of that time, you will tell me that you have changed your mind. You will, in short, break the engagement. I suppose that I ought to explain: It's the only way by which we can manage to keep Morris here, and his presence here now is absolutely necessary for his well-being. Will you do this, Miss Ortega?"

The girl, confused by the extraordinary proposition, stared at the energetic proposer mutely. It was her resolve that never, never would she do a thing so strange, so unseemly. Nevertheless, despite her volition, she was swayed by Millington's kindly and masterful air. In the end, she questioned him, reluctantly.

"It will be for only five minutes? You assure me of that?"

"Oh, certainly," Millington replied. "So, now then? Are you ready? Well, will you be my wife? Quick! Answer! Say yes!"

Before the platter's urgency, she found herself quite helpless.

"Yes—yes," came the stammered answer.

"At that," Millington laughed aloud. "I am a schemer, and no mistake!"

He sprang to his feet, seized his hat, and, before Clara had realized his intention, reached the door. There, he turned, and spoke with triumphant vehemence: "Ah, I have you now, Miss Rita. I know that you could never go back on a promise. Morris said that you wouldn't say, yes, to me; but you have. He wants you himself, of course. But I have stolen a march on him. I have you, and—what's more—I'm going to keep you!"

With a cry of fear, the outraged girl leaped to her feet, and started toward him. But he only laughed again mockingly, and darted from the place. Pursuit, she knew, must be useless. Quivering with excitement and wrath, she threw herself down on a sofa, where, for a long time, she lay sobbing.

CHAPTER XXV.

The first post of the morning brought the following note to Lathrop:

"Dear Morris,  
"I am at home. Something very terrible has happened. I must see you at once. Come to me without fail, the moment you receive this."  
"Rita."  
Millington, who guessed the authorship of the letter, made his friend's obvious perturbation an excuse for questioning with whereupon Morris frankly explained that the writer was "Rita, and that she was in trouble of some sort."

"In trouble!" Millington exclaimed, in apparent astonishment. "That's curious. She was not in any trouble last night."

"Last night," Lathrop repeated, amazed. "Did you see her last night?"

"Yes, I called there, came the cool reply. Lathrop blushed, angrily.

**UNCLE SAM AND CANADA'S PULP WOOD**

Legislation For Congress—Schooner R. Bowers in Collision—Girls Fight Duel

Washington, Nov. 27.—Congressman Mann, who was chairman of the special committee on woodpulp and print paper of the last congress, and who prepared the provisions on these items as first reported to the house by the Payne tariff bill, but

who was overruled by congress in the final passage of the tariff law, takes the position that the country may well be alarmed at the danger of a tariff war with Canada growing out of the tariff on woodpulp and print paper under the Payne act.

Mr. Mann has prepared, and at the beginning of the forthcoming session will introduce, several bills relating to this subject. One of his measures is a joint resolution to postpone the application of the maximum tariff from April 1 next to Jan. 1, 1911.

Mr. Mann says that, unless some legislation such as he proposes be adopted, or a reciprocal treaty with Canada be agreed to, Canada, smarting under the injustice of the Payne tariff law, is likely to forbid the exportation of wood from Canada to the United States.

Vineyard Haven, Mass., Nov. 28.—The first news of a collision between the steamer Buffalo, New York, for Hull (Gon.), carrying passengers and freight, and the schooner R. Bowers, South Amboy for Calais, off Sandy Hook on Friday morning last, was brought here today by the schooner. The Bowers sustained damage to her hull and her jibboom and attached rigging were carried away. She is not leaking. The Buffalo proceeded for her destination, apparently uninjured. No person on either vessel was hurt.

Quincy, Mass., Nov. 27.—Machinery and equipment valued at \$100,000 were destroyed tonight by a fire which burned the plant of the Boston Gear Works at Norfolk Downs. Frank Burgess is the owner of the property.

Camilla, Ga., Nov. 27.—While pursuing his eloping daughter, who ran away from her home with Columbus Huey, T. J. Sellers, a wealthy Mitchell county farmer, was shot to death in the public road ten miles from here today. Leaving his body in the road, Huey and Miss Sellers, it is alleged, went on, driving rapidly in a buggy, intending to complete the elopement with a wedding.

Bradford, Ark., Nov. 28.—In a street duel with knives at Alicia, near here, today, Miss Nora Owens was stabbed over the heart and killed by Miss Stella Bell.


Both young women were prominent in the town, and for some time had been bitter enemies. When they met on the street today, they began slashing at one another with knives.

Shreveport, La., Nov. 27.—Two hours after Henry Rachel, a negro, had attempted assault upon a seven-year-old girl here today, he was hanged by a mob of 200 men. The negro had been captured by a sheriff's posse and bloodhounds and was being taken to prison at West Shreveport when the mob overpowered his captors and hanged him from a street car trestle.

Jennie McMillan, the victim, and a girl companion identified Rachel.

When a woman puts on new clothes her female neighbor calls it putting on airs.

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Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills not only regulate the bowels, but they stimulate kidneys and skin as well to throw off waste matter and purify the blood. The result is quickly apparent in the disappearance of the headaches and biliousness, and the return of health and vigor. Thousands of women all over the world owe their present good health to Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

Made by W. H. Cramstock Co., Ltd., Brockville, Ont., and sold by all dealers at 25c a box.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



THE THAW.

"I am here to stay!" exclaimed the snow; "At all complaints I scold!"  
But the southern breeze sighed soft and low.  
"Come off!"

Find another Boy.

ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE  
Upside down, between two.