

THE WOMAN'S CORNER

ADVERTISER PATTERNS
BEAUTY PATTERN COMPANY.

744—A Cool and Dainty Summer Style
Ladies' over-bust, with body and skirt in one. This graceful model may be worn over a gilette, or made with the tucker supplied in the pattern. As here shown figured foulard was used. The design is equally appropriate for lawn, chambray, messaline, poplin or canton. The body portions are finished with box plaits, and a deep ribbon plait over the shoulder. The pattern is cut in six sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches bust measure. It requires 2½ yards of 22-inch material for the over-bust, and 1½ yards of 22-inch material for the skirt. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of the in silver or stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to:

Name

Street Address

Town

Province

Measurement—Bust Waist

Age (if child's or misses' pattern)

CAUTION—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is best measure, you need only mark it 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When the waist measure is 24, 26, or whatever it may be, if a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "yards." Patterns cannot be returned, and are sent one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, LONDON ADVERTISER.

CYNTHIA GREY'S
CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: 1. How can ink-stains be removed from table linen? 2. What is the best way to clean a Stattenberg traycloth? 3. What would be the best kind of dye to use for coloring a white linen coat black?

MRS. R.

A.—1. Try soaking the stains in buttermilk, changing it frequently, as the color draws out; then wash out in warm water, using no soap; then rinse. Another good way is to apply lemon juice and salt to the ink spots and place in the sun; then wash in the same way as above.

2. Wash by itself with a good castle soap, rinse and blue, wring out as dry as possible. Fold up in a piece of white cotton, and while still partially damp, spread on a thick cotton pad, and press out on the wrong side with a fairly hot iron.

3. A professional dyer would only charge about a dollar to dye it. This gives more satisfaction than making experiments at home.

Dear Miss Grey: 1. Could you tell me a simple home remedy for cleaning a brown imitation suitcase? 2. Do you know of a nice way to crimp the front of a young girl's (16) straight, black hair, without making it fuzzy? Also a nice way to dye it? N. M.

A.—1. Try rubbing in some vaseline, with a piece of flannel; then rub with a soft cloth. A good tan shoe polish applied in the same way should also prove satisfactory.

2. Using the old-fashioned "longs" should give the effect desired. I would suggest, however, that you do not wave it. A girl friend of mine, just your age, by the way, and whose "love locks" answer the description of yours, wears it quite simply—parted in the middle and tied at the neck with wide ribbon, leaving one or two braids hanging, and also tying these at the

ends. I think this is the most girlish and becoming way I know of.

Dear Miss Grey: Would you please tell me which is the prettiest and the best taste style for a girl of 20 to do her hair? My hair is dark, fuzzy and soft, and falls within two inches of waist. Do you think puffs, although fashionable, are the best taste for a girl who works. INQUIRER.

A.—I think your hair would do up beautifully in the "figure eight" coil, and it is a more recent style than either puffs or turban.

THE DAILY MENU

BREAKFAST.

Cereals. Cereal and Cream.
Creamed Fish on Toast.
Coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Cold Ham. Corn Fritters.
Stewed Gooseberries.
Ice Tea.

DINNER.

Lamb Chops. Green Peas.
Potatoes. Tomatoes.
Raspberry Trifle.
Coffee.

Devilled Eggs.

Hard boil a dozen eggs, place them in cold water, and at the end of half an hour remove the shells. Cut the eggs carefully in half, extract the yolks, and rub these to a paste with half a tablespoonful of salad oil, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a dash of paprika, two or three drops of Tabasco sauce, and salt to taste. Form this paste into balls, put the balls back into the halved whites and the whites into place. Run a wooden toothpick through the two halves of each egg to hold them together. Wrap each egg in waxed or tissue paper to keep it from becoming dry. Serve cold with or without mayonnaise dressing.

MARY'S COOK BOOK

Canned Mushrooms.—Open the can and drain the mushrooms, melt one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, and when it boils shake in a little flour, add one cup of cream, salt, pepper and mushrooms. Heat thoroughly without boiling, remove from the fire and stir in the beaten yolk of an egg. This may be served on thin slices of buttered toast, or poured over broiled beefsteak. As canned mushrooms are cooked, they only require to be heated before serving.

Lemon Sponge Cake.—First beat three eggs, then add one and one-half cups sugar. Add one cup of flour sifted with one teaspoon cream of tartar three or four times. Add juice one-half lemon, one cup cold water with one-half teaspoon soda, then another cup of flour, and a pinch of salt. Bake in three layers. To make the filling, cook in double boiler one cup sugar, one cup hot water, three teaspoons of cornstarch, yolk of one egg. After this has thickened, remove from the stove and add juice and rind of one lemon.

Oranges carefully peeled and quartered, then dipped in melted gelatin and rolled in powdered sugar, make a dainty sweet.

Always leave the oven door open after baking, else it will sweat and rust.

HILMA

William Tillinghast Eldridge.

He passed the question by.

"Take it for an hour you think it's worth," he said. "You had better go."

I thanked him for his interest, but said I thought I should stop awhile.

"If he meant it for me he may, most assuredly," he agreed.

"He didn't say, you know," he said, looking at me again and laughed.

"Well, we'll be against each other," he said, holding out his hand. "I wish you luck."

I had heard that Heinrich of Vankle was without honor or trust, yet I liked the fellow well what little I had seen of him, so I took his hand.

"I don't wish you luck," I said.

"If we run counter," I explained, "my wishes would not be true."

"Careful, at least," he laughed again, waved his hand, and came down the stairs.

He watched his graceful figure pass down the corridor. He was tall, well built, and looked like a man of strength and courage.

"That fellow has a chance to test his good and bad points. I had no doubt. I went down the steps and out the court, the two sentinels saluting; then I crossed the sally-port, and as I crossed the bridge kicked a pebble into the moat.

"It may have been an accident," he said, with a bitter smile.

"However, it was very careless," I agreed.

"I think," he said slowly, "it is meant you should take the compartment."

"Then there was no need of their marksmanship was good," I suggested.

"None now. Wait, though, until after half-past ten tomorrow."

The landlady came running to us down the hall, and Karl explained briefly that some careless fellow had been shooting at a mark.

"Bring in what's left of your china. Get some putty and some paint and say nothing," he cautioned, and he and I, with another look, went back.

The interview had come off quite favorably. In truth, I had learned little beyond the fact that Zergald was anxious to see me. Yet that was to my mind an admission. If he had the papers in his hands why should he care whether or not I remained in the city?

When I got back to the inn Karl was awaiting me. He was anxious to know what had happened and we went at once to the little balcony off my room, where we could have luncheon and talk without interruption.

The meal fairly started. I began to tell him of my interview with Zergald, and my later talk with Heinrich of Vankle.

When I finally finished he leaned back in his chair and said:

"I'll promise you they're puzzled now."

"We learned as much as they," I said.

Karl nodded, and while he was asking himself beyond a doubt who you are, and asking it harder than before.

"To find that out and to bid me begone was undoubtedly the reason he sent for me."

"And now what do you do?" Karl asked.

"Wait for 'Pepper Box' to move again."

He laughed heartily, for he had seen how Heinrich had named his child.

"You do not use the compartment, then?" he asked, when he ceased his laughter.

"If the papers are recovered before that hour," I answered.

I do not think I would go, but I suppose it did him good to hear me say I would stay, for he praised me much for my loyalty to the cause.

"I had the power to place you under guard," Karl answered.

"To arrest me if I fail to obey?" I asked.

"And unless I am mistaken—and I think I know him well—he'll do it."

"What is to be done?" I asked.

"Is it worth the risk? Had you not better place yourself where he cannot reach you?"

"Run away?"

"I would not say that," Karl answered.

"Yet will you gain anything by staying?"

I turned to the lake to consider the matter. There would be little gained by my staying in the face of the impossibility of my escape.

"I was loath to run away. Then my mind by chance ran back to that day upon the train when I met Karl."

"Karl," to my sister's letter and the talk with her and Frank in London.

Suddenly a name came to me, and I turned to Karl, who waited for my answer.

"You have a British Legation here?" I asked.

"The ambassador is Sir Charles—something or other," he said.

"Right. And he has just come."

"He has just arrived here in official capacity, though as a friend of his late Majesty he was here a great deal the last few years."

"I nodded now myself."

"He is lately married?" I asked.

"He is married to the lady."

"Then," I answered, for I had a plan, "I'll circumvent Duke 'Pepper Box'."

Karl could little see my meaning, and for once I would not tell him what I had in mind.

"We'll see," I said. "We'll see if I can turn a trick to my advantage."

And then, as to end our talk, the tramp of heavy feet was heard in the hall and Lieutenant Barnsmark stepped out upon the balcony.

"Her Royal Highness, the Princess Hilma von Cedra of Rulfrick, bids you attend her, captain, and to bring this gentleman."

We both rose to our feet.

"At once, Barnsmark," Karl asked.

"This afternoon, at your leisure," the lieutenant answered.

"We'll come at once," I suggested to Karl.

We were about to turn from the balcony when I noted a lantern being carried down the lake and stopped to see it approach.

It ran quite close up to the shore, and we were unable to note the faces of its occupants, we could see there were but two men aboard.

They stopped the boat and dropped a small box overboard, which floated where it was left. Then turning, ran out from the shore and stopped again, the box on a line between the balcony and the launch.

Suddenly a puff of smoke sprang up from the boat, and the sharp sound of a rifle came to us. We watched the bullet strike the water.

"They're firing at the box!" I said.

Karl was watching the men closely.

"It's strange," he said slowly, as the other shot was fired. "Such a thing is not allowed."

As he spoke two more shots rang out, and then in quick succession two more.

The first two bullets struck the water far over the box, but the second two carried well on and struck the box on the bottom of the garden.

Karl grasped my arm and I turned to him. His face was white and set. Before we could move two more puffs of smoke flew up, and almost before we heard the report the bullets struck about us.

A cup on the table flew into bits, and splinters of wood from the railing struck my hand.

The next instant Karl with an oath dragged me inside the door. Two more shots followed, each striking near the table on the balcony.

As we stood there neither spoke, but waited for the report of the rifles again. No sound followed, and we looked down and found the launch on its way down the lake, the box still floating on the waves.

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"However, it was very careless," I agreed.

"I think," he said slowly, "it is meant you should take the compartment."

"Then there was no need of their marksmanship was good," I suggested.

"None now. Wait, though, until after half-past ten tomorrow."

The landlady came running to us down the hall, and Karl explained briefly that some careless fellow had been shooting at a mark.

"Bring in what's left of your china. Get some putty and some paint and say nothing," he cautioned, and he and I, with another look, went back.

When he was gone out of hearing Karl turned to me and said:

"I did not think it would come to this. I have led you into too great danger."

"I chose to come," I said.

"And besides, no harm is meant. It is only the barking; there'll be no bite."

"You do not know Zergald."

"He does not know me."

"He looked at me as if not understanding what I meant," princess summons."

I said, as if to end the matter, "and there nothing will be said."

"Must speak to the landlady," he said.

"Aye, do, but not to her."

He nodded and led the way to the room where the landlady was waiting.

On the drive through the town few words passed between us. I put the incident to the launch to one side as of no consequence, for beyond a doubt it had no meaning unless it was a second hint, as Karl had suggested, that I had best take the compartment Zergald offered.

When he found I would not go I felt sure he would make me drop.

My plan for circumventing him, if it did arrest me, and also to set him thinking a bit more, was in my mind, and just as I put my head out the cab window I gave directions that we should be driven to the British Legation. I caught sight of the one person I had need of.

Alice Bessling could help me. I felt sure, and when my eyes fell on her I was out of the cab in an instant.

"Drive me for half an hour," I called to Karl. "I'll be back."

He looked at me as if I had lost my senses, but I hurried forward without another word, for across the square Lady Bander's Victoria stood by the curb.

If I left him in astonishment I certainly caused my old friend the same sensation when I stepped up to her carriage as she was about to drive on.

"Well, from where in the world! John Converse," she exclaimed, when she found her voice.

Remembering my appointment with the princess, I sprang to the seat at her side without a word of explanation beyond saying her to drive home.

She gave the order and then turned to me with a "Well!" that in tone easily matched the surprise in her face. I suppose it seemed as if I had dropped from the sky.

Allow me to offer my best wishes, Lady Bander," I said, remembering she had been married since I last saw her, and it was due to me to speak of it.

"Explanations! John, explanations! Yourself now. Where is Polly? Are you here alone or is she with you?"

"I am here alone," I said, as we drove on how I had met a friend and so had come with him to Zakbar; that Polly was almost anywhere, as far as I was concerned, and above all, wanted in introduction to her husband.

"Business, believe me!" said, "important business!"

"Business! You!" she exclaimed in a complimentary tone.

I took no notice, but simply nodded. "Business of a very important character."

"I'll have to introduce you, I suppose, but when will you call on me?"

"What are your days?"

"Days?" she answered scornfully. "Since when have you grown so formal?"

I laughed, but before I had time to answer she stopped the carriage, and over which floated the English flag.

We found Sir Charles within, and before they started she said to me, "I had to myself, for Alice withdrew with great discretion."

"There was precious little formality about me just then, and I cannot well say what Sir Charles thought of me."

But he was equal to my mood.

"There is no objection because you are not an Englishman," he answered to a question I put.

"Then you'll do it?" I asked.

"On my word, it's most extraordinary," he said.

"It is," I agreed, "but Lady Bander will vouch for me."

"If your knowledge comes from my sister, you'll not be surprised at anything," he said.

He laughed, throwing back his head.

"It's a lark," he said.

I ended contented that he should think what he pleased, so long as he did what I asked of him.

"I can't say for the life of me make it out," he said, "but it's yours."

Suiting the words, he made out a huge sheet of paper, which he handed to me, and swore to. This he handed to me, and in another instant I was off, telling him I would come back later and explain more fully.

(To Be Continued.)

TWO GIRLS DROWNED
IN RARITAN BAY

Taken Down by Treacherous Currents, Though Good Swimmers.

New Brunswick, N. J., July 24.—The treacherous currents of Raritan Bay sucked down two young sisters to their death Saturday afternoon, out-battled their escort when he tried to fight his way to their rescue, and exhausted a third girl of the party.

The dead—Anna Hill, 21 years old, Highland Park, N. J.; Edith Hill, 15, Highland Park; Gordon Silverthorne, 22, Newark.

Rescued—Helen White, 20, New Brunswick.

The young people were camping out near here, and rowed out for an afternoon swim. A hundred yards out they dived overboard together. Silverthorne had not gone far when he heard Anna Hill scream for help. She went down before he could reach her. Silverthorne then seemed to slacken his strokes, and was soon splashing wildly.

Meanwhile Harry Bloodgood put out from shore in another rowboat, and got Edith Hill and Miss White aboard, but not before Silverthorne sank. He was unconscious when hauled into the boat. Physicians worked over all three, but only Miss White was revived.

BOLD ROBBERY
OF EMIGRANTS

Train on West Shore Held Up and Looted in Sight of New York.

New York, July 24.—Within sight of the lights of Manhattan, four men held up a coachload of immigrants last night at the point of the pistol, and robbed the party of \$500 in cash, while their train was still standing in the West Shore terminal at Weehawken, N. J. A cry of "police" from the lookout gave the gang warning, who were able to mingle with the crowd and lose their identities.

The lookout was told by the night-stick of a patrolman, and he is now locked up.

There were perhaps a hundred immigrants in the car. The order for "all aboard" had been given, and many had their hands outside the windows, waving good-bye to friends, when two men stepped on the rear end of the last car of the train and two on the front platform.

All four whipped out revolvers and shouted "Hands up." "Shell out!" Most of the immigrants did not understand the language, but the revolvers were wholly intelligible. The four men walked down the middle aisle of the car from either end, taking toll in jewelry and cash. They might have got more if a trainman had not stepped to the rear platform, and taking in the situation at a glance, he ran to the station, yelling to the police.

RARE BOOKS AT RARE PRICES

Art, American and Old Monastic
Tomes Sold at Sotheby's.

London, July 24.—Valuable old and modern books were sold at Sotheby's today. These were some of the prices realized:

J. M. W. Turner's "Liber Studiorum," original issue, \$950; Shakespeare's poems, 1640, a rare edition with many places falsely attributed to Shakespeare, \$530; a quarto, "Horae Beatæ Mariæ Virginis ad Usam et Secundum Consuetudinem Ecclesiæ Sarr-Buriensis cum Calendario," English, richly illuminated manuscript on vellum, by John Smith, 1624, \$240; a number of pamphlets on America of about the time of the revolution, \$27 50; "The History of the Province of New York From the First Discovery to the Year 1732," first edition, printed in 1755, \$102 50; Colman's "Hypnerotomachia Poliphili," date 1499, \$725; Magnus Aurelius Cassiodorus' "Liber Variorum Formularum," from the monastic library of St. Edmundsbury, 1400; "The Explanations of Jeremiah the Prophet,"

by Hieronymus, from the same library, \$505, and St. Augustine's "Opuscula Varia," \$255.

COUNTERFEITS IN CELL

Massachusetts State Prisoner Betrayed by Giving Inmate Bad Coin.

Boston, July 24.—Someone has been making counterfeit half-dollars in the Charlestown state prison. Warden Benjamin Bridges admits that. But he won't tell who the man is. He says that the evidence is not yet complete as to the identity of the counterfeiter.

On Saturday last, during the ball game between the prisoners in the prison yard one prisoner came to Deputy Warden Nathan Allen, who was on duty in the yard at the time, with a piece of money in his hand. The man said that he made a bet with another prisoner on the result of the game. He said he did not like the looks of the money.

Allen took the piece of money the convict had, and showed it to Gen. Bridges. He gave the name of the convict who had given it to the man who doubted its genuineness. The cell of this man was searched.

In the cell were found some particles of tin and lead and also a plaster mold. The supposition is that the suspect had manufactured half-dollars in this mold and passed the one in question on his fellow-convict.

Warden Bridges at once ordered that the man in whose cell the mold was found be put in another cell. Then the warden notified Chairman Pettigrove, of the prison commission, and also United States Secret Service Agent Ahearn.

Warden Bridges would not tell the manner in which the counterfeiter got the necessary heat to melt his metal for the plaster cast.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over THIRTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEething, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLEVIATES ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold all over the world.