

Tricks in the Dressing
Enhance One's

THE LATEST IN
(Cousin Ned's Wife)

New Trick of the Dress

One of the new tricks of the trade is to baste a sheet thin muslin interlining breadth of Empire fro together and secure it or ten inches below the the plait look fall and so obtrusive as the bus this stage of high civilization excepting such fantastic heaven as, but this is no time the quotation. A earthly troubles.

MAINTENANCE OF Between 15 and 20 is Between 20 and 25 is Between 25 and 30 is Between 30 and 35 is Between 35 and 40 is Between 40 and 45 is Between 45 and 50 is Between 50 and 55 is

MARY STUART'S I was the other day various portraits of Mary Stuart, London, and the colors have faded, have had a good complexion the concurrent testimonies that she could not passably good-looking. Her forehead was a her then," I asked an artist, "should she have been fir?" "It was all by he said. "But her eyes have been exceptionally plied." "No," he said, were not. "I was alluding which she used them," true, and it ought to be girls not to despair of her.

ROYALTY IN THE In the Princess of Wales have an illustrious example facing bad weather. The upbringing was a her finding her to open air. Mary a younger woman, the "Row" in a close one with herself shrou the graceful, erect figure in her Victoria is to be afterwards, dressed meing or visiting. Her daughter has brought up in her habits. Very recently maker sent down to a young Princesses walking hand had weather. She sent a daughter to a young the ingenious manner the lining made the boots added to their size, and sole, with heel ration gave promise of comfort maximum of exercise without fatigue. The simple of the Princesses out of dedered at by young ladies station who see no ad Princess unless the support handsome, far trimmed, callily announced. A colle seem to content a Princess immediate wear when progressive, while their boas, piastros, cuffs as much far as can be besp when they go out walking.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A Form is most important a fine skin will not make beautiful unless the face and the head and face of the eyes should be set neither an upward nor a tion, not too far apart together. The nose should even distance between the forehead in a subtle curves of the cheeks and like a cupid's bow is ve the distance from the nose, and from the nose each be one-fourth the length of nose and thin taper slightly to form a face.

Nevertheless, with feet come up to the ideal, a girl, "pretty" if she has skin, bright, animated eyes.

How Women Stunne "Why don't women growls the growler of the. They carry their purses and their handkerchiefs and they carry a little bag a nap on their arms, which has never been a plenty of pockets; her woman is always souder or hid hers. There is not prevent any individual wearing innumerable pocket bifurcated undershirts, all the other modern fements."

The Latest in the London Trick of the Rose Fenwick is a col bonnet. It was invented Fenwick, the daughter of is being now taken up by ners. Play goes who fr have reason to bless the to be the coming bonnet, a crush hat and when it ogks like a fan or a fan can be made to serve as a girdle. When open it bonnet of the Fanchon of One of its virtues is that a big band box. Indeed, it into a glove box. For would be ideal.

How Women How differently men at themselves in what is called "I guess I'll sit with stockings and rest awhile but her husband throws

something

Crosby was not in his confidence. "Not often, sir. Only when Mr. Harford is away," was the answer. "I fancy he keeps her pretty tight," she added as a compassionate oad or afterthought. "Brute!" said Charlie, with a groan. "A little that way, I think," said Mary, with a sigh.

Charlie clenched his hands. He could but have used them as battering-rams to pound the life out of that scoundrel! "I should like to see her again," said Charlie, after a pause.

"Why not call, Master Charlie?" Mary asked, innocently. "I am certain she would be glad to see you. She is of the kind to have her own, and you are like her own—like her very brother, as one might say."

"I do not know Mr. Harford, and I would not care to call at his place," said Charlie, a little reluctantly.

"Perhaps I shall meet her," said Charlie, moving toward the door. "I should like to see."

"Yes, you'll be sure to meet her," returned Mary, cheerfully. "Mr. Harford drives her a good deal about the country. You'll be main sure to meet them."

"Confound and curse Mr. Harford!" cried Charlie, beside himself. "For God's sake, Mary, spare me his name!"

"All right, sir. I have no partial affection for him myself," was her answer. "All the same, Miss Estelle is his wife, you see, Master Charlie, and a wife is bound to follow her husband's lead."

"I will wring his neck!" groaned Charlie.

Mary looked as she used in olden times when he was naughty and had to be spanked.

"Oh, be it Master Charlie," she said, in just the old tone of reproach. "What has the poor gentleman done to you, I should like to know?"

"What no gentleman would have done—our like him deserves hanging for!" shouted Charlie. "He has taken the woman I love and who loves me—and he has taken her by a lie—and he knew it."

Mary's face took on its natural hardness curves and lines of the softest sympathy.

"I am sorry! oh, my, I am that sorry!" she said, but her apron to her eyes, and her womanly sob quite audible. After a time she seemed to compose herself.

unloved seeking to gain what is denied, she thus visibly shuddered and drew herself away as if she had been stung. He did not let her see what pain this mute repulse gave him. As gently, as tenderly as he had taken her did he now relinquish her; but over all his inner being came the deadly sickness which men call despair—that anguish of impotent fury which would revenge itself if it could, and which cannot find the object.

CHAPTER XIX.

LIKE A BIRD TO ITS NEST.

Charlie, still lingering at Kingshouse, took that strange pleasure so much indulged in by the sorrowful of adding to his distress. Every one pitied him, so pale and hollow-eyed, so gaunt and sad as he was; and every one prophesied for him a speedy rest beneath the peaceful folds of the churchyard.

Even Mrs. Clanciarde found a compassionate corner in her heart for the enemy whom she had now disabled. She wished that she could have secured her own release from debt, and Estelle's sufficient establishment, by less painful methods than her daughter's life long misery and Charlie Osborne's threatened dissolution.

It was very sad; but then people are so headstrong and unreasonable, and will not see things as they are, nor act rationally. What business had these two young people to fall in love as they had done? They knew the thing was impossible. It was their folly, not her falsehood, which had wrought all the mischief, and we must be responsible, each of us, for our own doings.

Nevertheless, she was sorry to see the poor boy look so ill, and wished that she could have comforted him. But Charlie would have none of her sympathy; and Mrs. Clanciarde, with a French shrug of her shoulders, left him to his fate and called him impayable.

One clear summer's day a letter came to Charlie Osborne—an anonymous letter, in the well-known handwriting, but with a different post-mark. Hitherto all these letters had been posted in London; but this was stamped Thorbergh. It contained money and these words:

"Come to Thorbergh. You are badly wanted. Your old nurse, Mary Crosby, lives at 3, Highgate Lane, and can tell you some things you ought to know."

Thorbergh! the place where his faithless love had her home. What new delusion was this? What meshes were enclosing him? And who was his unknown friend when sending him these sporadic supplies? It could not be she, for they had come to him before her great wealth had come to her. It could not be Mary Crosby herself. How could a poor servant send him money far exceeding any possible wages or savings she might have? Yet the handwriting was the same.

The next day, as early as was practicable, Charlie found the house where Mrs. Latimer lived in such strict seclusion, and was welcomed by Mary with shrill exclamations of wonderment and delight.

He went into the cold, hard, primly set bed drawing room, and there began his cross-examination. He showed Mary the letter he had received, and asked her what she knew about it.

"Nay, what!" she said, in answer, "I know naught at all! If it were the last word I had to speak I'd say with my dying breath. I know naught about it anyway."

"But what have you to tell me?" he asked again. "Why should I be summoned here?"

"That caps me," said Mary. "That's just what gets over me, Master Charlie. Charlie thought for an instant before speaking. His eyes were turned to the floor; Mary's were on his face.

"Do you remember Miss Clanciarde?" he then asked, with a certain reluctance. He did not like to bring her name into the vulgar light of a servant's quasi-confidence.

"Lord love your dear innocent heart!" she said, and coughed more vigorously than before.

"Best not let her talk, Mrs. Harford," then interposed Mary. "Talking makes her cough so bad!"

"But I can't fail to say how good you always were," said Estelle.

"To poor dear Master Charlie?"

"Yes," said Estelle, with a quiver in her voice.

"Ah, but then I loved him! Who would not?" said Mary. "He was the bonniest little gentleman as ever wore shoes."

"Nor I," said Estelle, with the frankness of despair.

There was no reason why she should not carry this income of fidelity to that dear grave, why she should not keep his memory like a perfume in her heart.

"That was a queer start, that word of his death, was it not, Miss Estelle—Mrs. Harford, I mean?" asked Mary.

Estelle opened her eyes. They were full of tears.

"Why?" she asked in her turn. "What was there queer in it?"

"Why, did you not know?" said Mary, in surprise. "It was all false news. He is not dead at all. The back-work came into the paper, let me see, the 26th of April, last year—yes, the 26th of April. And now this is August, a year gone, and we have heard no more about him."

Estelle started up from her place as if she had been struck. Her face was white and rigid; her eyes were dark and strained; her parted lips were as full of horror as a Greek tragic mask. She looked as if suddenly turned to stone, but with always the fiery heat of suffering within the marble body.

"The 26th of April—last year?" she said, slowly.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Mary. "I have it here."

lively just at present; but I suppose it will pass. Indeed, I am sure it will."

So am I, said Estelle's mother, brightly just as her daughter came slowly toward her, saying, "Will you not go to your room, mother?" as if she had said, "Two and two make four," with no more emphasis and no animation.

"Her mind is certainly touched!" said Mrs. Clanciarde to herself as she went upstairs. "What a dreadful thing, and in her state, too. Pray heaven she may never know that this detestable young man is alive! If she finds it out—well, there will be a catastrophe, that is very certain! And the blame will fall on me. It always does fall on the mother when a marriage turns ill!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Hope's tales were false and flattering as usual; Estelle's new state of motherhood left her general condition unchanged. Naturally she loved the child; but she took no more interest than before in anything else.

As she grew stronger in health, her apathy seemed to increase. She cared nothing for her duties as house-mistress and local suzerain, and did not fulfil them. But any one could have opened that window in her breast through which her thoughts could be read, what a wild world would not be revealed!

What mad and feverish plans of escape with her child to some unknown and distant land, where she could live with him and her fatal memories, and forget the hideous slavery into which she had been sold! She had always that money so mysteriously sent to Charlie. Viewed by the light of her desire, it was a bank that would never fail, a river of gold that would never run dry. If only she could escape from England, and put Thrift, her husband, and her hated name forever behind her! What a volcano raged and burnt beneath her soft, still, frozen cover! That a very fierceness of hatred was masked by that gentle sweetness and that unresponsive apathy! And how well she kept the secret of her heart, and how perfectly she played her part!

What! Anthony suffered, felt or thought, no one knew, and perhaps he scarcely confessed to himself. With his heart's blood he watered the desert sand, which gave him back nothing in return. There was not even the humblest little flower of love; there was nothing but barren sand and lifeless rock.

Closely surrounded as she was by this investing love, Estelle had little or no freedom.

One day Anthony went to a rather distant town where he had to sit judgment cases, when he was sure not to return till night. Estelle had never seen Mrs. Latimer or her servant—Charlie's Osborne's former nurse—since that day when she had gone with her father and mother and Anthony, then only her lover. To-day the opportunity seemed ready made to her hand.

Accordingly she walked across the park and down Meads Lane, till she came to that row of houses standing on the outskirts of the town and at the extremity of the Thrift estate, in one of which Mrs. Latimer and Mary Crosby lived in their strict seclusion and by no means overcharged luxury.

Estelle knocked at the door, and Mary, after scanning her in the mirror set edgewise against the window, went back to the old lady, and said, in an excited whisper: "Glory! it's Mrs. Harford at last! Pull down the blind, Mrs. Latimer, muffle your head, and keep the room dark. We can do with her. It's the Lord's mercy she has come!"

"Well, Mary! How glad I am to see you again!" said Estelle, shaking hands impulsively with Charlie's old nurse.

"And I am glad to see you, Miss Estelle," said Mary answering back that friendly impulsiveness with his kind. "Come in, miss, for, say, me! Mrs. Harford, I should have said. But one for gets. Mrs. Latimer is in one of her better ways to-day. She'll likely be able to see you. She will if she can, that I know, for I have talked a great deal to her of old times, when I was Master Charlie's nurse and he were children together. I know she will see you if she can. So come in, please."

"Thank you, yes, I will," said Estelle, who had quivered at the old familiar name. She took Estelle into the state drawing-room—the same room into which she had been taken on that former visit more than a year ago. And Mary saw how the young wife shuddered as the memory of that day came back on her mind.

"If I don't make something of this," thought Mary, feeling like one tabling all round a cabinet to find the secret drawer its hidden key.

Love's Latest Ally.
She will not wander in the wood,
Beneath its bending boughs,
The while he tells his tale of love
And pledges solemn vows.
She will not walk upon the shore
Where Ocean's restless voice
Would drown the longest words that bade
Her secret sorrows rejoice.
Not on the twinkling stars above,
Nor yet the timid breeze,
Should be made silent partners in
Such precious things as these.
She'll bear no word till they are said
Shut up within four walls,
And then she'll miss no syllable
That from the loved lips falls.
And while she treasures up each catch
Within her heart she'll laugh
To think they're also registered
Upon her photograph.
And should he ever go back upon
His word, and bring a rescuer
Of promise suit, and repropose—
In court—each silly speech.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:
A NOVEL.

"I am afraid not at all," he answered. "I am going back to London to-night. I want to find out, though," he added, suddenly, "who put that lying announcement of my death into the Times. Was it Mrs. Clanciarde or Mr. Harford?"

"No one knows who it was," said Lady Elizabeth. "But I am sure it was not Mr. Harford," she added, with emphasis. "He is not the kind of man to do such a thing as that."

"If it was the mother—" began Charlie. He did not complete his sentence, nor say what would follow that contingency. "I telegraphed the contradiction as soon as I saw it," he continued. "It was in the papers on the 26th of April."

"Yes," she answered.

"And there ought to have been a letter from me on the same day," he continued. "As soon as I was able, I wrote to her to tell her that I had been ill but was recovering. She should have got it on the 26th, for I kept note of time and date."

"I do not suppose she was allowed to have that. And perhaps it was better as things were," said Lady Elizabeth.

"Not better," he answered, fiercely, "if it had prevented this hideous scribble. I am sure she would not have committed this crime if she had known that I was alive."

This was one of his thoughts. Another was that he had voluntarily sold herself, not for her mother's sake, and now, when he was especially bitter, for her own.

"She certainly believed you dead," said Lady Elizabeth. "I do not suppose she knows that you are alive now. Her husband would probably not tell her even if he knows, and I am sure Mrs. Clanciarde would not."

"She shall know, that I swear," said Charlie, excitedly.

Caleb touched his arm with a deprecating hand.

"Would it not be better to let her live in peace?" he asked, humbly. "It is done now, and cannot be undone. Should she not be left to bear what she has to bear, without more being added to it?"

"That is my affair, not yours," said Charlie, haughtily, and the poor omad' haun for a moment shrank back.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HOME-COMING.

The Harfords had been many months abroad. A strange instinct of danger kept Anthony out of England and loitering among Italian towns and Swiss chalets, where he had his beautiful young wife all to himself, and where no rocks were ahead which he did not see.

So they wandered over Europe, and Anthony did his best to warm this lovely statue into life, and reanimate the dead heart with a new love. It was all in vain.

Then the home journey was made, and they came back to England, and soon were re-established at Thrift.

He knew that he had not won Estelle. For all his love and care, his passionate desire to gain her heart, his eager devotion, his very fever of endeavor to win her love, he knew that he had not caught one single ray of her affection. She endured him because she was obliged to endure him—because she had no alternative, no place of refuge from him; because, too, she was of a sweet and gentle nature and she could not belie herself. But she only endured him on these lines of compulsion.

Mrs. Clanciarde touched the ears by pretending to Anthony that things were other than what they were—that Estelle was loving and responsive when she was dead and inert.