

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

Matrons were at a horrid standstill with her.

She did not in the least know how to proceed or what to do, and as this had never happened before with her—or at any rate the issues were not half so important if it had—she was out of tune and out of humor with the world.

Suddenly she heard the gate click and saw walking towards her the grey-clad figure of Sir Wilfred Curtis.

It was not possible not to know upon what business the baronet was come, nevertheless Miss Crossley did not appear as if it was known to her, but when he had come up with her, conducted him indoors, without giving him time to express himself save as regarded the weather and her probable fatigue after her exertions on the previous night.

'Yes, I am rather tired,' admitted Aloys. 'And miserable,' she might have added; but she did not, and Sir Wilfred by no means observed the fact.

She was taking him into the drawing-room when he spoke with a certain pomposity—

'I should like you to grant me a private conversation some time this afternoon, Miss Crossley.'

He looked to see the flattered, flustered embarrassment that would have met him in another girl; but Aloys merely bowed with the utmost self-possession and composure, and no light flashed into her eye or colour to her cheek.

Though the baronet was half provoked, as usual, his secret admiration was very strong as he glanced at her.

'She will make a magnificent mistress of the Park,' he said to himself. 'One can see the blue blood in her veins in every movement, every gesture. It will be quickly perceived why I came to overlook her position and circumstances.'

He impatiently endured the meal with old Miss de Howard, her platitudes and common places.

When Aloys rose at last, and carelessly wended her way to the garden, he followed, with more purpose in his step and manner than had, perhaps, ever before been noticeable in them.

'I came here, Miss Crossley,' he began, slowly and impressively, 'to speak to you on a certain matter which may surprise you.'

And he turned to get a view of her bewitching face as these important words fell upon her ear.

Miss Crossley was looking absolutely innocent and indifferent.

'No, Sir Wilfred,' she answered, in a matter of fact tone; 'I don't think you will surprise me.'

This reply surprised her hearer, at any rate, though he had not been able to accomplish the same effect with her.

Really, her nonchalance, though striking and unusual, would have impressed some people as hardly becoming in so young a woman.

But then, he told himself perhaps she misunderstood his errand, and they were at cross purposes.

'I came here to tell you that I have made up my mind to a certain course of action,' he began. 'I have decided to marry.'

Here he came to a pause.

'Indeed?' Aloys said inquiringly, after a moment.

'Yes,' returned Sir Wilfred. 'It is only right and proper that a man in my position should. You see, I am the largest landowner in the neighborhood, and my standing obliges me, in a manner, to consider the question. I have often thought of the matter before, but have not chosen a wife, although there are many ladies of my own rank and circumstances who would be suitable to fill such a position. But I have at last made my choice.'

'Oh, I am glad of that,' murmured Miss Crossley.

She spoke courteously, rather than gratefully or shyly; but Sir Wilfred wrapped up in his magnanimous purpose, did not give much heed to the inflection of a voice.

'Yes, I have made my choice,' he repeated, with a certain determination. 'There are disadvantages surrounding it or the world might think them disadvantages—but I have overlooked them, for—'

'Oh, there are disadvantages?' remarked Aloys inquiringly, lifting her calm brown eyes to his.

'Naturally,' he replied, seeming surprised at the interruption. 'But I can afford to overlook the social position of the girl I intend to marry. You must have seen my feeling for you since I met you here a few weeks ago. I have encountered many girls in my life, but I have not regarded them with the same sentiments. As soon as I made your acquaintances—almost before—I said to myself that you alone would I marry. As my wife you will be rich and happy.'

'Oh! Miss Crossley interposed, as she drew a long breath. 'I am the girl you have chosen, Sir Wilfred?'

'Yes,' he answered impressively. 'You Aloys, are the only woman I desire to make my wife.'

'But you spoke of disadvantages?' she murmured, as she looked down at the path.

'Well, of course,' the baronet explained wondering that she should wish to introduce any awkwardness into the matter, 'it might be looked upon in the light of a disadvantage that circumstances have compelled you to earn your own way in the world; but my regard for you swallows up any such drawback. You are yourself, and infinitely superior to those who have been brought up in an atmosphere of wealth, ease, and luxury. You—'

'Oh, I see!' said Aloys, in a grateful tone. 'You are indeed generous, Sir Wilfred. I had not regarded the matter in that light. There is a great deal in what you say,' and she thoughtfully regarded him.

'Therefore,' Sir Wilfred resumed, 'feeling that I could make no better choice—seeing that you are quite fitted to adorn

any position, even the most exalted—I resolved to lose no time in making known my intention to you.'

'Yes?' said Miss Crossley inquiringly.

'In asking you to become my wife,' Sir Wilfred explained, feeling called upon to do so only because she appeared to be waiting for the conclusion of a sentence.

Miss Crossley was silent for some moments.

She looked up at last, and spoke with a certain sympathy and regret.

'I am so sorry, Sir Wilfred,' she said, 'to have raised any false hopes. I cannot grant your request; I hope you will not take it to heart, but endeavor to forget this unfortunate occasion. I am always sorry when anything like this happens.'

Sir Wilfred regarded her with a face of incredulous amazement.

It seemed to Aloys such a ludicrous situation that she did not dare to look at him.

'You are not serious, Miss Crossley?' the baronet gasped.

'Yes,' she returned, looking carefully at the ground, 'I am afraid I am perfectly serious, Sir Wilfred.'

'You are engaged to someone else, you mean?' he stammered.

'Oh, no!'

'But—but—why—how is it?'

He could not believe that any girl could seriously mean to refuse him.

Refuse him, the master of Holtford Park! And poor Miss de Howard's niece!

Impossible!

'I suppose because I don't love you,' said Aloys, taking care to speak slowly and distinctly.

She was not sorry, though in general she possessed a tender heart.

She felt that she was conferring a benefit upon society by teaching this young man a lesson—she hoped it would be also a benefit to him.

'But, Miss Crossley,' he urged, more and more surprised by her extraordinary replies, 'have you considered what you are doing? In mentioning my wealth and position to you I do not mean—'

'No; there is not much use in that, I quite agree with you,' she interposed coolly. 'No, Sir Wilfred, I am very sorry, but—'

'But—your behavior,' he gasped, utterly thrown back upon himself. 'Even last night, though you must have had other flowers sent to you, you singled out mine to carry and wear. What was the object—what was I to think? In hundreds of ways—'

He paused, glowering at her, discomfited.

Aloys had given a start at his words.

His flowers!

What did he mean?

But she would not betray why she had carried them; she would not let him know that Denzil Essex's card had been attached to them.

It must have happened by some mistake, and she suddenly saw light.

'I am sorry, Sir Wilfred, if I ever gave you reason to think I should marry you, but I cannot believe I have done so,' she said, turning away as if to end the subject.

'I can only repeat that regret I cannot accept the honor you would confer upon me.'

Sir Wilfred could not but see that he was dismissed.

By a little governess, a girl who worked hard for her living, and enjoyed a month's holiday in the year!

And without either consideration, hesitation, or regret!

He was dumfounded.

What a fool he must seem! What a thoroughly humiliating situation!

She was actually smiling as she hurried towards the house.

Never, perhaps, to the end of his life would he quite recover his utter assurance and self-satisfaction; his self-esteem was shattered.

But Aloys felt that a burden had been lifted from her as she ran up the path, singing and laughing in her heart.

If those roses were Sir Wilfred's gift, then the Gloire de Dijon were Denzil's, and she understood why he had avoided her so proudly, and would have nothing more to do with her.

She had been troubling herself all these hours over nothing.

How delighted she was that in his wounded amour propre, Sir Wilfred and enlightened her.

She could now make a charming amende and would do so without delay.

She ran upstairs to her bedroom drew her desk towards her, and wrote the following note—

'Dear Mr Essex,—I think your card was tied to the wrong bouquet of flowers last night. It came attached to the red and white roses I took with me to the ball. Am I right or wrong? I shall be at home tomorrow afternoon, and I shall be very pleased to see you. 'Aloys Crossley.'

The receipt of this message had very much the effect upon Mr Essex that Sir Wilfred's remark concerning the flowers had had upon Aloys.

His heart bounded with joy.

She had carried the red and white roses to the ball under the impression that they were his!

And then—then—this must mean that she did not intend to encourage, or marry his cousin—his wealthy, titled, handsome cousin who had had it all his own way in life, and had been spoiled thereby!

Could he believe his luck?

It seemed too glorious, too unreal!

He was like a boy as he dashed off towards Beaulieu.

It was so comforting to him to know that Aloys's circumstances were so much like his own, that he need have no fear of asking her to share his humble fortune; that she in no way resembled these wealthy society girls he encountered all around him.

He would never have dared to tell her how he loved her had she been an Annabelle Caloney or a Dolly Tregunter.

But then—and he burst out laughing at the idea—he would never have loved an

Annabelle Caloney or a Dolly Tregunter. If they were ever loved at all it would be by a man who resembled him in no particular.

Aloys was waiting for him by the gate, and she blushed as he came up.

It was a beautiful day, and she looked prettier than he had ever seen her.

'Was I right?' she asked. 'Had there been a mistake at the florist's?'

'A mistake! I should say there had!' cried Denzil. 'The card should have been tied to another bouquet—one composed of roses like that which you gave me the first time I called here to see you. And now, Aloys—seizing her hand—'should you have carried them to the dance?'

'I thought I was carrying yours. So that, when you didn't ask me to dance—'

'I was too angry,' he explained. 'You see, Aloys, I love you, and I've loved you for a long time, and when I saw you with some other fellow's flowers, when you could have had mine, I hadn't the heart to persevere any longer or the philosophy to bear it patiently. You don't mind my saying this to you, do you?' he added, as Aloys turned away a little.

'No,' she murmured; 'I'm very glad.'

'Are you—are you?' he cried rapturously. 'But you know this is the worst of it, darling, I can't offer you any sort of a position. I'm only a scribbler, and you ought to make such a much better match.'

'What an odious expression!' she laughed reproachfully. 'I'm not the sort of girl to want to "make a match," Denzil. And, besides, you see, I've no need to do so, with all my money.'

'With all your money!' gasped Denzil. 'You have no money, have you? I—I understood—'

'Yes, it's most strange,' remarked Aloys; 'everything seems to have "understood" the queerest things about me. I don't quite understand it myself. Would you mind explaining to people, sometimes, that I'm the Miss Crossley, Denzil? Perhaps they'll comprehend the real state of the case then.'

'The Miss Crossley!' he echoed. 'You don't mean the girl people call the "female millionaire"?'

'Yes I do,' she pouted.

'But—but,' he stammered, 'what have you said occasionally that has made me imagine you gained your own living?—to remember. I know you have some times given me that impression. Oh, I now! You grumbled that you had a lot of sewing in your daily life; and dozens of little things like that!'

'Probably so,' answered Aloys. 'I live with somebody who has always set me the example of sewing, but not for herself—for the poor. And perhaps, feeling this impression abroad I have rather delighted in encouraging it. Denzil. It has been rather fun, you must admit. Nevertheless you can tell the people now, if you like, that I'm the Miss Crossley, and they will understand.'

'But' he began dubiously, 'if you are so rich—'

'I intend to marry you,' she finished, hastily closing the discussion. 'I'm not going to give you a chance of backing out now, sir. I'm not going to let any money spoil my life, I assure you. You said you loved me, you know, Denzil!—softly.'

'Yes,' but—

'Well, then, you don't want me to be unhappy?'

'No, but—'

'Please tell me I may marry you Denzil. And Mr. Essex could not resist her any longer.'

He took her into his arms, and the rich Miss Crossley was as happy as if she had been the poor little governess he had believed her.

Jones—I put nine buckets of water on every tree in my yard every night.

Smith—Oh you must be very fond of your trees.

Jones—No; I want to make the time pass.

Mamma—Willie shut that window screen. Your letting the flies in.

Willie—Well, you've got to let some of them in.

Mamma—Why?

Willie—'Cause if you don't let 'em in how are they going to get on the fly-paper?

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine
Carter's
Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Carter

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE,
FOR DIZZINESS,
FOR BILIOUSNESS,
FOR TORPID LIVER,
FOR CONSTIPATION,
FOR SALLOW SKIN,
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Purely Vegetable. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

Its Purity is its Strength

Flavor and Fragrance its natural attributes.

Imitations are numerous. Avoid them.

CHASE & SANBORN,
MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

Chat of the Boudoir.

Summer fashions have reached the crest of the wave, and Mme. La Mode has apparently gone into a trance from which she will presently send forth mediumistic prophecy as to autumn and winter styles. As yet, however, there are few shadows of coming events, and even the New York dressmakers will not turn their faces toward their Parisian Mecca until a few weeks later. The fashion journals having worn the subjects of mousselines and linens more hopelessly threadbare than the linen and mousseline frocks will ever be, are assuming the pose of the Delphic oracle and are endeavoring to talk of autumn modes without saying anything that they may have to retract later on.

In the meantime, the dressmakers keep right on making summer frocks, as though the season's change were not inevitable.

The manufacturers are promising gorgeous pompadour silks for autumn coatees, Manon shoulder capes and chiffon or lace veiled gowns; and it is said that the applique cretonne craze, which has been run into the ground, will be followed by applications of garlands, bouquets, &c., cut from panne velvets that are being made for the purpose.

The skirts show little or no change in general line and remain stubbornly close fitting around the hips, no matter how loudly dressmakers may talk of shirrings and fulness. Yokes and flat tucks or pleats are popular as they have been all the season, but the triple bell skirt, the skirt ruffled all the way to the waist in the back, the tunic skirt, &c., are seen only sporadically, and show no signs of becoming epidemic in the near future.

The selvaie border material lends itself especially in the voiles, canvas and other lightweight wools. Such a gown, shown in one of the sketches, is in white voile with a border in cornflower blues. The jabot and the tunic drapery are reproduced on the bodice front and sleeves. Although falling free at the bottom and cutting the skirt length too much for any save a slender wearer, the tunic is carefully tucked to fit smoothly over the hips.

White in all materials continues to be the rage, and the women who have revelled in white mousselines and thin fabrics will take out their lightweight white wools, taffets, &c. for cooler September and October wear. White silk or white cloth long and short coats are much worn by the lucky mortals to whom durability and service are not considerations, but lace coatees strapped with silk or cloth are perhaps the favorite little coats.

Lace gowns, too, are strapped and gowns of heavy guipure elaborately strapped in stitched white silk or cloth are perhaps the favorite little coats.

Lace gowns, too, are strapped and gowns of heavy guipure elaborately strapped in stitched white cloth have been among the handsomest costumes of the season. At least one intervening of chiffon should be put between lace and its silk or satin lining, but when expense need not be considered, three such thicknesses of chiffon add greatly to the softness and effect of a lace gown.

Princesses and Empire gowns are both undoubtedly fashionable; but their following is small for the simple reason that both require an inspired dress maker if they are to be really successful; and the round bodice slightly bloused in front and either a pin or with postilion tabs in the back bids fair to hold continued sway. The broad folded girdle and the very narrow folded girdle are both correct, and the sashes, which have not been adopted so generally on this side of the water as on the other will doubtless figure largely on house and evening gowns this winter.

Negligee grow more and more attractive and most effective ones can be made at

home if the women who want to wear them has taste and courage. The negligee sacque sketched is not in the least complicated and does not even entail much work and trimming; yet made in accordion pleated soft silk or veiling of some delicate color, with applications of creamy lace, it should be a joy to the wearer.

Approps of simplicity, here is a muslin gown in palest green that achieves eminent simplicity at the cost of a good deal of labor. Still it can be made by an ordinary dressmaker, and that virtue offsets the bother of sewing miles of insertion.

Mechlin insertion bands and flounces of Mechlin trim muslin, and the character of the trimming speaks for itself. Nothing could be more charming for a young girl's evening frock.

In hot weather, the stiff collar, the tight collar, the high collar, must be discarded if we would live. New Yorkers have invented a substitute which seems to us the best thing yet. To make it buy 15 inches of all over embroidery in a striped pattern or the cheaper woven material which comes in a pattern of lace and insertion. Cut this so that you can have a strip 15 in. long of a lace design with insertion on each side. Fit this loosely but exactly to the neck by making a plait in the centre and one under each ear. Along these plaits on the wrong side sew white feather bone of the narrowest width and long enough not to show above the collar edges. Hem all around neck, arms and eyes at the turned ends at the neck, and finish with a frill of tiny fine valenciennes edging. The lacy band of one thickness of stuff admits air to the throat and the feather bone solves the problem of how so filmy a material may be held upright and saved from wilting with the heat.

We are told that ribbons will constitute the chief trimmings in our autumn gowns, for there is little doubt that the old fashioned ruffles and quiltings are coming in again, and these were mostly formed of ribbon. Quaint devices of ribbon arabesques are discernible on some of the summer gowns already, and on some appear the old ribbon ends or tassels depending from the centre. Scarves, knotted and twisted, are caught across the front of bodices, usually in rich brocaded or soft spotted gauze ribbons. In other cases the knotted scarf falls at the side of the skirt. Sashes are in high favor, while the craze for interthreading ribbon velvet through lace and material alike continues unabated. The wise virgin will, therefore, not turn an inattentive ear to the ribbon bargains at the sales.

Remember that white is trying and accentuates all imperfections and should therefore never be attempted by the immature and the amateur. Children and old age can wear it admirably, but the debutante is rarely at her best when clad in such virginal colorlessness.

It is a great mistake to put the girl hovering between the schoolroom and the 'coming out' stage into white, be it muslin or any other fabric, unless she be possessed of exceptional charms and brilliancy.

There is a peculiar style of pale beauty but it must be real—which looks adorable in white; but as a rule, color is required to accentuate one's particular style. For instance, dark hair and blue eyes look their best when their owner is clad in pale blue, the brown eyed brunette looks delightful in pale biscuit, while the fair, pale Marguerite, should wear yellow and palest green.

There is much in color, and few women know how to make the most of it. Black is either very becoming or quite the reverse, though, on the whole, it is smart, especially for evening wear.

He—Scientists say that the lobster is becoming extinct.

She—These slang words never do last very long.

I thought you said your husband could swim.

He can, but that pretty grass widow from Kentucky seems to prefer to just lie around on the beach. J.L.B.