

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

electrified the literary world by the production of a remarkable novel, in which the delicious ease and incisive language of the best French authors were blended with English force in depicting a strong mind's experience of men and women.

The novel was a masterpiece, and, as such, remained Calderon's chief treasure. He continued to write so well, however, from city to city in delightful desultory wandering, and Carina Calderon's voice, thanks to her husband's appreciation, and his delight in hearing her sing in public, was as well known to musicians as those of the stars of the operatic world.

Her services were always given in aid of charity, and so there was no jealousy amongst the professionals, to whom she always lent a helping hand.

Both died within a few weeks of each other, and their only child, Carina, was an orphan, with little more than two thousand pounds when all expenses had been paid.

Her parents had lived recklessly, as such people do, spending their money as they made it.

Calderon had known Squire Brereton from his schooldays, and the two, with Dyne Sartoris, had kept an unbroken friendship.

Sooner than leave her to the stiff relations who had ever looked askance at her marriage with the 'mad Englishman,' Carina Calderon had, at her husband's request, forwarded a letter from him to the squire, begging him to take charge of their little daughter.

The good natured squire went himself to Rome, and promised the mother, on her death bed, to give a home to the child.

Although her life in England was happy, Carina missed the artistic atmosphere, which she remembered keenly, even when years had gone by.

But at the death of Mrs. Brereton she devoted herself, heart and soul, to make the loss less keen to the squire, who treated her as a daughter.

Denzil Sartoris alone recognized the child's real nature.

She adored him from the first day of their acquaintance, when the tall young fellow, ten years her senior, treated her with a winning gravity so prized by intellectual children.

They became the firmest friends, full of fun and laughter together; but from the day that Denzil Sartoris bent over the little hand and kissed it, before he ventured to kiss her face, Carina Calderon would have endured the tortures of the rack for his sake.

Year by year he watched silently, wondering when she would break out.

But when Bate Calthrop appeared on the scene, and her twentieth birthday passed, it seemed as if she were reconciled to her quiet life.

Carina's quick intuition had long since recognized Sartoris's sympathy, but loyalty to the squire kept her silent.

And after the engagement with Marguerite Dascelles, she avoided tete-a-tetes with Denzil.

Mrs. Calthrop played into Marguerite's hands.

The two were quite aware of each other's tactics.

Mrs. Calthrop was too skilful to attempt to win every advantage.

She suggested that Carina and her son Bate were 'destined' for each other, encouraged the other engagement, and so led the squire to think, for the time being, that Bate Calthrop ought to be his heir.

A hair will turn the scale.

It Marguerite had not been so precipitate in revealing her mercenary motives on the very day that the will was read—she had, in fact, seen Denzil, heard from him what he believed to be the truth, and thrown him over at once—it is possible that Sartoris would not have acted as he did.

But he entered the library to hear that justice had after all been done, with the words of Marguerite ringing in his ears, and so he escaped the martyrdom of being tied for life to a woman who regarded the broad path of vice as infinitely preferable to the narrow one of virtue.

Marguerite's rage on discovering how she had been 'tricked'—as she expressed it—was, truly, a fearful thing.

So carefully had Mrs. Calthrop manoeuvred, that the other did not guess, until too late, how high had been her aims.

A big legacy for Bate she had expected but never that Denzil would be disinherited.

Some gossip had at last aroused her suspicions; but when she tried to find out for herself, by visiting at the Hall, the Squire's illness was made a pretense for her failure to obtain an interview.

Carina kept out of her way: even if way laid, she revealed nothing; the servants were too loyal to betray their master's weakness.

Marguerite was baffled at every turn.

At last she succeeded in running Mrs. Calthrop to earth, and a stormy scene passed between them, from which the elder lady emerged cool and smiling.

The Honourable Mark's reputation was so well known by those who delight in finding out their neighbors' affairs, that Mrs. Calthrop had obtained a fairly complete history of his including some rather risky transactions, in which Marguerite had played the leading role.

'Interfere with me and I will ruin you; not only here, but wherever I come across you,' she said sweetly. 'Marriage is your only refuge, and that is doubtful, for no man with strict ideas about women would make you his wife, and those without are not to be depended on—as I fancy you know very well. I bear you no malice at present. If Denzil Sartoris does not throw you over of his own accord, he will never know anything from me.'

Thus it was that Marguerite had not ventured to telegraph to Denzil; she had been forced to wait, for she could not risk an exposure.

And when at last the end came, and she learnt what she supposed to be the truth

she threw him over without an atom of compunction.

To be Continued.

Is a Question Of Training.

There is the man who never can find anything he wants, nor get ready for the simplest function without his wife's assistance. You are writing for the last post when he calls out at intervals to know where you put his gold links, where on earth can he find a clean collar, etc, until you give up your letters in despair, and go upstairs to find your room looking as if a devastating army had just past through, and your husband not half ready within five minutes of the time of starting. It is extraordinary how clever a quite commonplace man can be in his inability to find anything, even though it is right before his eyes, not to remember, that, ever since you married, his socks were kept in one particular drawer, and nothing was ever allowed to displace them, says the Philadelphia Ledger.

Tidy men are like poets—they are born, not made; and, though some reformation may take place after marriage, it is useless to expect too much. If a man has had a mother or sister who kept his things in place for 30 years, you cannot reasonably expect him to reform in three months. And if the said sister allowed him, metaphorically speaking, to walk over her, you must be prepared for a good deal that you didn't expect.

But if this sister had the right amount of self respect, and insisted on her brother treating her with as much deference as her best friend, who was staying in the house, and who generally kept him up to his P's and Q's, then you will appreciate the difference.

Some Facts About the Hair.

I was speaking, says a London reporter, to a hair specialist the other day who had the frankness to confess that although tonics and prescriptions may undoubtedly invigorate weak hair, there is nothing like a healthy constitution for keeping it in good condition and promoting its growth.

'A healthy system,' he said, will supply oil enough for the hair without buying any. I asked him if he could tell me of a remedy for the preternatural disposition to early grayness which is causing anxiety to many women.

He recommended a lotion of sulphur; and gave me as a reason for the 'fringe' in so many cases showing grayness before the rest of the hair fades the fact that in washing the face the hair over the forehead naturally becomes moistened, and women neglect to dry it, and this causes it to lose color,' he added, 'for there is no worse treatment for the hair than the omission to dry it thoroughly.' Please remember this, girls.

By the way, it may be news to many to learn that it is not regarded as anything extraordinary for Spanish and South American women to rejoice in the possession of hair a yard long, and that they wear in a coil as thick as the wrist. The Breton women, too, are noted for their magnificent hair.

Mrs. Jones—The kidnapers have thrown two more messages onto the Porkehamm's front lawn.

Mrs. Proph Stock—There's no use trying to keep a front lawn looking decent if one has children.

Knicker—Was Jones' new book a success?

Bocker—No, it only reached the 250th edition before it was printed, so the publishers don't think it worth while to get it out.

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Chat of the Boudoir.

Perhaps only a woman knows the pleasure afforded by the consciousness of being well dressed; but most public men are aware of the magnetic effect of a tailor made suit, says the Century Magazine.

Fernando Wood, who represented the lower wards of New York in Congress, always addressed his ragged, coatless, dirty constituents arrayed in a swallow-tailed coat, white tie and kid gloves.

Daniel Webster, knowing that the eloquence even of Demosthenes was aided by the folds of his toga, always wore his best clothes when he appeared on the public platform or addressed the Senate. Once, on being asked why he wore such an elaborate dress when making a speech, he reproachfully turned upon the questioner and asked if he should not present his best thoughts, his best manner, his best garb when he addressed his fellow men.

But in truth Webster's garb was simply that of the English. Whigs in the days of Charles Fox—blue swallow-tailed coat with gilt buttons, buff vest, brown trousers and white cravat.

Charles Sumner once cited it as an answer to unfriendly critics who was complained that he was too fastidious and dogmatic when addressing the Senate on matters of mere routine.

'Mr Sumner,' says Mr. Brooks, 'affected a picturesque style of dress, wearing colors brighter than those which predominated in the senatorial togas of the period. His favorite costume was a brown coat and light waistcoat, lavender colored or checkered trousers, and shoes with English gaiters. His appearance in his seat in the senate chamber was studiously dignified. He once told me that he had never allowed himself, even in the privacy of his own chamber to fall into a position which he would not take in his chair in the Senate. "Habit is everything," he said.

One attractive cloak noticed lately was built of chalk white silk poplin and was lined with sulphur yellow brocade silk. It was laid in flowing box plaits back and front. Each plait's edge was piped with black panne velvet and stitched closely in white silk. The front of the coat for its entire length was faced back with black panne velvet.

Under the plaits at the upper part of the coat there passed a broad band of black velvet ribbon that was caught up to the collar at the back and fell in sweeping ends to the bottom of the coat. The bishop sleeves were finished with a broad flaring cuff of the poplin ornamented with loops of the velvet ribbon.

The neck was cut square at the front and was finished with a small turn-back collar of the black panne velvet.

Mid-summer hats, too, lean much more to picturesque than to the chic now. They have positively a pastoral sort of air about them in their newly acquired simplicity. The low crowned, broad brimmed leghorn that we associate always with Maude Muller, is very much in evidence now at a afternoon functions. Of course, with this style of hat the hair is invariably worn low.

One of these pronounced 'bergere hats' I noticed the other afternoon at the races was a leghorn with an unusually floppy brim, writes Nina Goodwin. The brim was faced with shirred red tulle flecked with black panne dots. Around the crown there was knotted a scarlet ribbon with long loops and ends hanging off the back.

One of the very newest fads of fashion is the use of the French knot in a unique way. The woman of fashion will own 40 or more of these knots, varying in size from a dime to a silver dollar says the Newark News. They are all made of very narrow black velvet and are constructed on the rosette plan.

In gowning herself the woman will use these French knots to fasten her stock and to pin her bolero together. She will attach one or two to the outside of her cuffs, and will doubtless use a row of them around her belt. Her lace flounce, if there be one upon her skirt, will be caught at intervals with the black velvet knot, and

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the trimming of her gown will be adorned with them wherever possible.

A dress thus beautiful with these tiny black velvet ornaments becomes very smart and many a gown owes its touch of originality to the presence of these knots.

Here, says the New York Times, is a chance for the golf girl and a regular bargain if she ever saw one in her life. It is in little white turnovers to wear with her stocks the prettiest of fine white hemstitched turnovers, and in the front corners on either side a pair of golf clubs crossed. These are in a shade or shades of brown silk, and there is a golf ball also on either side in white all for ten cents. This is hand embroidery, and certainly the collars are as attractive as anything that ever was made in this line, and worth three times the money.

It would be a bargain at any price for the 'Pan Am.' girl, for there is the dearest little buffalo on the ends of the Pan American scarfs. These are in red, blue, black, and in white, the buffalo on the ends of the colored scarfs embroidered in white and those on the white scarfs embroidered in brown. The scarfs are in silk, of course, and tie into something like a short ascot if there ever was such a thing.

In its best shape the dimity petticoat is made in black and white, with white footings or Hamburg edgings for washing purposes. When there is more black than white in the dimity, and prospects of its going seldom to the laundry, black footings or point d'esprit insertion may be used with stylish effect.

For a pale dimity lawn, muslin or pique gown, a white lawn petticoat, following the lines of the outer skirt, is a necessity for good results. The silk japon except in pongee or foulard, has for the moment retired from the field, says the Washington Star.

The newest summer petticoats are washable, something we have needed this long time and enchanting they are with their close tops and full bottoms, which are made to flounce and furbelow by mounting in points or straight rows, narrow trimming edged frills upon wider ones. Lawn flounces decorate skirts of white nainsook, and sometimes between clusters of fine tucks these display superb medallions of lace, designed in miniature frames, stiffly tied bouquets or urns filled with flowers.

Plumetis is a new material that offers charming results for hot weather. It is a sort of embroidered Swiss, with raised dots strewn again by a large shadowy design in color, soap bubbles, tinted to the life, being one charming pattern seen.

This sort of colorless gowns doesn't necessarily call for a contrasting note of color, yet it lends itself so well as a background for a favored shade. The high jeweled collars made of coral strands give a charming touch of color to these non-committal pale hued batiste gowns. Greens, too, look well with these gowns. Greens that range along through the soft shades of almond, the duller shades of mignonette, and the clear lettuce greens.

One of the pretty ecru mid summer gowns boasted an elaborate trimming of green begonia leaves in cretonne applique that was extremely effective. The corsage was a blouse, rather close fitting and seamless, that fastened at the left shoulder and under arm seam. It had four rows of button holes at the front and back through which were run narrow black velvet ribbons.

Across the front there were applied two festoons of the begonia leaves in variegated shades of green that trailed off into delicate tones of old rose. A similar trimming was repeated on the tall collar, and at the lower part of the close fitting sleeves, just at the head of the frill. At the left side of the corsage there was a cascade of narrow velvet ribbons knotted at intervals into short loop bows.

A soft pastel pink mull gown showed a great deal of its charm to a quaint detachable bolero of embroidered cream batiste. This was made decollete and was drawn

down into a narrow black velvet belt. It fastened at the back and from the point where it fastened there trailed long cash ends of white taffeta outlined with black velvet ribbon, gave a finish to the skirt. The narrow velvet ribbons were laced around the tall, straight collar.

A graceful gown of deep cream batiste worn recently at the races had a skirt that was tucked in perpendicular lines for quite a distance below the knees. The tucks were pressed flat like box plaits and the tops were face with narrow black velvet ribbons that terminated in loops where the tucks merged into a frill. Over the top of each loop there was a tiny cut steel buckle. Two inlets of entredeux ornamented the frill. The corsage was a simple draped affair of chalk white silk mull.

Over it was worn a short bolero of the batiste with a lining of figured white china crepe. This was striped with narrow black velvet ribbons, those at the back describing V's while the lines at the front of the jacket slanted up. The revers and lower part of the bolero were of pierced and embroidered batiste and had a finish of black velvet along the edges. The rather short sleeves were laid in pressed tucks as far as the elbow where the batiste was allowed to flare into a frill. Narrow black velvet ribbons faced the upper part of each tuck and ended in loops over the frill.

Semi-low necks that so alluringly grace rounded girlish throats are appropriate for summer evening frocks, however simple. The prettiest of these are in plain lawns and dimities, and the wearer proves the trimming. It is not an inexpensive garniture? Skirts may be smooth circulars, or larger circulars gathered at the belt, and are usually finished with double or triple flounces at the foot.

A few flowers or a bit of ribbon give a last touch to the bodice. What could be daintier than a sprigged muslin made in this unassuming way? One that I have seen lately had a white ground scattered over with tiny moss rosebuds—an old, old fashioned pattern. The bodice was slightly bloused, and where it was rounded out at the neck was trimmed with a band of the same muslin, gathered at both edges to form a puff, and bordered with narrow valenciennes lace insertion.

The sleeves were rather full, but drawn tightly down to the arm by a double row of gathering threads just above the elbow. The fullness left below the shirring flared out in elbow ruffles. The lower arm remained uncovered says the Chicago Record Herald.

At the waist was a most unique ribbon arrangement. The soft rosecolored surrah satin ribbon that was used had its middle put to the middle of the waist line in front. The two ends drawn back, passed through a large oval turquoise buckle at the centre of the waist behind.

Then the ends were drawn forward and upward to the base of the slight decolletage, where they were tied in a small bow, the loops of which mingled cunningly with a compact bunch of natural rosebuds. At the front of the belt the pink ribbon was held to its full width by a concealed feather boning and was decked with a crisscrossing of narrow black velvet ribbon held at the angles with small rhinestone buttons.

The Refinement of Irony. Magistrate: 'What is your name, prisoner?' Prisoner: 'John De-Jones.' Magistrate: 'John D. Jones? H'm! What does the D. stand for?' Prisoner: 'I beg your worship's pardon I would have you to know I am not of the common Joneses. I come of very refined antecedents, and our family name is De-Jones—spelled with a D-e and a hyphen.' Magistrate: 'I see. Have you ever been here before?' Prisoner: 'Yes, once. I was fined forty shillings through a mistake on the part of the police.' Magistrate: 'Just so. Well, taking into account your antecedents, and seeing that you come of a refined family, you may now consider yourself re-fined—spelling with an r-e and a hyphen—'