

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

'Waste my time!' he repeated reproachfully, turning and pointing to the clear track behind and on all sides of him. 'Thank you, Miss Crossley! I fancied I was doing my duty loyally.'

'Yes; most certainly you are. But, really, I can let you off now,' she said, laughing.

'My time is very much my own,' Mr. Essex informed her, as he straightened his back. 'As you may know, I am secretary to my cousin, Sir Wilfred Curtis. He is by no means a task-master. He only requires three or four hours of my day.'

'Are you content with a life of that sort?' asked Aloys thoughtfully. 'I should hardly have thought it.' Then she coloured a little. 'Don't think me strange or impertinent, please,' she said quickly. 'I am too much given to uttering aloud anything that crosses my mind. I don't believe I shall ever become like other girls. I am—'

'I hope you won't,' said Denzil earnestly. 'I quite understand what you mean, Miss Crossley. You think my post a sinecure. In a way it is. But I cannot help being glad that it happens to be so, for I fill up my days with work of my own, more to my taste than the affairs of another man. But my salary from my cousin is too handsome a one for me to give up the post. I have private reasons which force me to continue it until such a time as I may be able to make my way in another direction.'

'You need not have given me this explanation,' said Aloys, with a bright, kind, friendly smile. 'I should not have liked you to fancy me content with a life of idleness, and paid idleness at that,' said Denzil. 'Some other fellow would be there if I were not, and I could not afford to reject my cousin's offer. But before very long I think I shall be able to start in a more independent way—at least, that is my aim. And now,' he went on, 'I fear I must let the rest of the dandelions have it their own way for to day, Miss Crossley.'

'You have assisted me nobly,' she laughed, as they shook hands.

'I should like to continue the battle on a future occasion,' he hinted, looking into the brown eyes.

He had fallen headlong in love with them, and the sweetness of their owner was even stronger than their fascination.

'Well, come then,' she smiled, and plucking a rose that grew just between them, she held it out to him. 'To reward you for your valor,' she laughed.

Denzil took it, and put it into the lapel of his coat; but later on it was removed to a place where it was not so likely to be either remarked upon or lost.

The dusty road was transfigured with a light that never was on land or sea, as he walked homewards, and he whistled and sang like a boy on the threshold of life.

Meanwhile, Aloys had stolen back to the drawing room, where sat her old aunt in the light of the dying sun.

'I wonder why a man like that should fill the position of secretary to one of Sir Wilfred Curtis stamp?' she said meditatively, sinking into a chair.

'I have heard it is to support his mother,' replied Miss de Howard. 'She is a widow. Her husband ran through their money.'

'And why doesn't Sir Wilfred make his aunt a suitable allowance?' demanded Miss Crossley.

'I suppose he gave his cousin, Mr. Essex, the situation instead,' returned Miss de Howard. 'Men are not so ready to part with their money, I'm sorry to say, my dear. They require an equivalent for it. It is a pity and a shame that it should be so, and in the end they will find it out.'

'Mr. Essex implied that he filled in the spare time with work more to his taste than that relating to his situation,' remarked Aloys.

'Yes, he writes. They say he is getting on wonderfully,' said her aunt. 'It is an arduous and uncertain profession, and many adopt it who have not the slightest aptitude for it; but it appears that he has. He is fast making a name for himself. Genins, like murder, will out, you know.'

'Yes,' said Aloys thoughtfully; 'and how in what way, and for whom does he write Aunt Jane?'

'Oh, papers, periodicals, magazines,' said Miss de Howard. 'At first he wrote to the editors, but now the editors write to him. They think it wise to try to secure his services before other people obtain them. That shows he is getting on, you see. For their own sakes they encourage him, and for the good of their papers. Yes, Denzil Essex is bound to succeed, they say, and a young man who has been, as well to his mother deserves it.'

'Hear, hear, Aunt Jane!' laughed Aloys. 'She was glad she had given him the rose, for she had discovered he was what she had thought him.'

CHAPTER III.

'Miss de Howard at home? Miss de Howard at home?' Miss de Howard at home.

This seemed the cry all the day and every man in Culhampton seemed desirous of paying his devoirs to the old maiden lady who had gone through her life with out attention or remark.

Mothers grieved and sisters turned up their noses, but sons and brothers would go in at that rusty gate, and, worse than that—at least in the sisters' eyes—admirers, supposed to be their own special property, turned in too and also stayed there as long as possible, and, to add to their misdemeanour, went there again.

So that, though Miss Crossley had not been encouraged by one portion of Culhampton society, the other portion more than made up for the slight.

She was popular with the admirers, and her admirers were not few. She was popular with the admirers, and her admirers were not few.

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Not often was his large and lazy form to be seen observing this formality; hearts would have beaten wildly had he singled out any fair damsel for attention in this way, for of course, it was plain it was Miss Crossley he had gone to see.

She had, indeed, by her aggravating coolness and aplomb, aroused his curiosity and interest.

He was piqued that a girl in her position should remain calm and self-assured under his notice.

It had never happened with him before, and he could not help wondering how she would receive him when he made his appearance at Miss de Howard's dreary abode.

Aloys was in the garden, working away industriously at the same patch of ground as on the preceding day.

She did not descend the slope as his light, stylish looking little cart turned in at the gate, merely glanced up to see who had honored them, then nodded indifferently and continued her occupation.

This, any girl in Culhampton would have thought, showed that she was lacking in common sense.

To be Continued.

The Cost of Defending the Cup.

The exact sum of money paid for the Columbia, in 1899 is not less than \$150,000 to carry her through the season; probably the sum was much greater than this. In the first part of the season her owners paid \$16,000 for three suits of sails. And then there was the Defender, which acted as a trial horse to the Columbia. It cost her just \$50,000 for her to be a trial horse, but it was paid without a groan. And now for the present season:—

It will have been noticed that the construction of each cup defender has cost infinitely more than its predecessor. The fact is, the Harreshoffs have charged several thousands of dollars for each minute of extra speed. Following those deductions the Constitution has unquestionably cost not a cent less than \$200,000 to build. She has a large tender, the steamboat Mount Hope, and a crew of 68 men. She has three or four suits of sails, extra spars and the like, and she will go into drydock before the cup races. Outside of the \$200,000 spent on her construction she will probably cost the Belmont syndicate about \$80,000. Then there is the cost of her trial horse, the Columbia. She will carry a crew of forty men, each of whom will receive \$35 a month in wages. That makes \$2,200 a month; \$11,000 for the five months she will be in commission. The wages of Captain Barr and the first and second mates will aggregate for those five months \$6,000; the tender will cost \$7,500. Uniforms for the men have already resulted in an expenditure of \$1,000, and there is the cost of feeding them to be considered. This makes \$25,000, and her sails and spars and over-hauling and other particulars will easily cost another \$25,000. It will thus be seen that, all in all, \$350,000 is a conservative estimate of the cost of defending the cup this year.

Too Great a Risk

'I'm going to give up the business,' said a life insurance agent with a sigh, whom the Detroit Free Press' encountered. 'I don't care whether they meant it for a joke or not. It's a hard life, and people have no business trying to be funny at my expense.'

'I have always prided myself upon my ability to land a man when once I succeeded in getting his attention. But I had a new experience the other day. I was working hard to convince a party that it was his duty to take out some of our insurance upon his life for the protection of his family, and I saw that I had him wavering, when I had to pause for breath, and he broke in with: 'By the way, how much do you carry on your life?'

'While I, taken unaware by the abruptness of the question, was stammering a reply, he escaped. The incident set me to thinking. I had induced hundreds of men to insure their lives for the benefit of their families, and yet I had never thought far enough to carry any insurance upon my own life. It didn't look consistent, now that I had come to consider the question, and I resolved to remedy it at once. To think is to act with me, and I sat down and filled out an application at once for a good round sum.

'I got the application back to-day marked, 'Refused—occupation too dangerous!' The next paper they get from me will be my resignation!'

Office Seekers.

A pathetic but pessimistic picture of brilliant men who have met with reverse of fortune, or have broken down under the strain of public life, is presented by Moses K. Armstrong among the sketches of congressional life in 'The Early Empire-Builders of the Great West.'

Many ex-servants can be seen around Washington having apparently nothing to do, and but little to live upon. Some

of them pick up small fees as claim agents or lawyers; others are anxiously waiting for some job or fine opening for business particularly adapted to their tastes.

Some of them were prominent and able representatives of their respective states while in Congress, but their terms deprived them so long of their former business and so alienated them from the people that they could not again step back into the home pursuits which they had abandoned for office. They drift back to Washington where every profession is overcrowded.

When once out of office no one thinks or cares for them above the common level of mankind. No one stops to inquire whether another man has ever been a senator, Cabinet officer or President of the United States; neither does he care. If he has business he simply wants to know what the man is now.

At the Moment.

It is not an unusual thing to be able to waken oneself at a certain time, yet the habit may be carried so far as to be almost mysterious in its delicate accuracy. Says the author of "Three Men on Wheels:—

There are men who can waken themselves at any time, to the minute. They say to themselves, as they lay their heads upon the pillow: "Four-thirty four-forty-five" or "five fifteen," as the case may be; and when the time comes, they open their eyes. It is very wonderful, this. The more one dwells upon it, the greater the mysterious grows.

Some ego within us, acting independently of our conscious self, must be capable of counting the hours while we sleep. Unaided by clock or sun, or any other medium known to our five senses, it keeps watch through the darkness. At the exact moment it whispers, "Time!" and we awake.

The work of an old riverside fellow called him to be out of bed each morning half an hour before high tide. Never once did he oversleep by half a minute. At last he gave up working out the time for himself. He would sleep a dreamless sleep, and every morning, at a different hour, this ghostly watchman, true as the tide itself, would silently call him.

'You don't like walking very much, do you?' inquired the farmer's horse, who was grazing near the canal.

'O, I don't mind it under certain conditions,' replied the canal boat mule.

'You don't appear to like your exercise on the towpath.'

No. That's where I draw the line.'

Minister (on July 4)—Remember, Johnny, always to aim upward. Where is your little brother Jimmy? Is he going in the right direction?

Johnny (sobbing)—De las' ting I saw of Jimmy he was still hangin' on ter der stick of a big skyrocket.

Briggs—Hendry was rebuking me for being envious of people who are better than myself. He says that is one sin that cannot be laid at his door.

Griggs—No; Hendry doesn't believe there is anybody better than he is or that anybody possibly could be.

'My friends, there is a future life awaiting all of us!' said the clergyman to the convicts. And if you think you have suffered for your sins in this life, bear in mind that this is nothing to what awaits you,'—Lie.

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CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

Chat of the Boudoir.

Dress has such an influence on the lives of all women who make any pretensions to an up to date appearance that their interest in it never flags even in midsummer. The side of the question which is next the heart just at the moment is the mid season bargain sale which is flaunted in the face of every woman in every shop she enters. It is a beguiling snare into which she ultimately falls no matter what her powers of resistance may be. Women have a mysterious way of reasoning without thinking; at least they have the happy faculty of arriving at conclusions without going through the intermediate mental process which is much the same thing, and it serves them either for good or ill at the bargain counter. While they make no end of mistakes in these hurried purchases, yet some valuable opportunities are presented and if they use good judgment and have some knowledge of what fashions are to be expected in the autumn they may reap some good harvests from the special sales so temptingly arranged.

To get something in the best and latest mode for the lowest price is the thing to accomplish, and it is well to bear in mind the fact that varied shades of light brown are to be worn during the coming winter with shades of yellow for a contrast in finish. All shades of brown, from tabac to the delicate biscuit tones, are included in the promised list for millinery as well as gowns. The beauty, variety and becoming qualities of brown furs seem to have suggested this scheme of color for the autumn and many other pretty contrasts besides the yellows will be employed. Some of these are the rose shades, the azalea tints and the delicate shades of turquoise blue.

Rough materials, too, are said to be the coming mode; but there is no danger of their ousting the smooth cloths from favor, as the latter are certain to be worn next season, and any investment in the hand some faced cloths, in the pretty light shades of brown, is sure to be a safe one. Glowered silks are also a good choice if desirable patterns are found at a reduced price, as they are used for lining the black silk coats, of various lengths, which will be more in evidence, than ever, in the autumn. They are also used for tea gowns and dinner gowns as well, if the colors are dull and soft.

Then anything in the thin white materials is safe to buy for use next season, since white gowns are always in fashion. Pongee is another good purchase, for entire gowns and shirt waists, with Persian trimming, and it makes a very swell neglige wrapper finished round the neck and down each side of the front with a two inch double binding of red China silk pattern with Oriental colors and designs. Three large round eyelet hooks are worked on each side from the neck to the bust and laced through with a double band of silk which ties at the neck. The sleeves, a little flowing in shape, end midway, between the elbow and the wrist, and are slashed half way up the back, being bound around with silk like the front and laced across. This is one of the latest models in neglige gowns and as the silk cleans and washes well it is very useful as well as swell. For dust cloaks, too, pongee is especially good style and no doubt will be quite as popular next season.

The beige tints in any thin fabric are sure to be useful another year, as they are extremely modish this season and are worn by up to date women in the most elaborate costumes. It is well to anticipate next season to some extent in materials for fancy wraps and coats, as they are one of the most extravagant and novel features of the latest fashions and will doubtless become a necessity next summer. The long Louis XV. coats are made of silk in light colors, white being especially good style, trimmed

with black lace, inset in various designs, something which is half mantle and half coat, since it has sleeves, is one novelty, the sleeves being tucked down from the shoulder nearly to the elbow and falling in flowing shape below.

The simple muslin gown is as old as the history of dress itself, but the modern production bears very little resemblance to its earlier prototype. It is literally a dream of fluffiness and a mass of fine needlework in tucks, puffings, shirrings and hemstitching, so elaborately applied that a muslin gown becomes something quite regal in the matter of its value. Two, three, or even four hundred dollars does not seem to ruff; the conscience of the dressmaker when she tells you the price of one of the latest confections in gowns, especially if its adorned with any handpainting.

While on the subject of thin gowns, it may be repeated once again that flounces are the latest skirt trimming and more in evidence all the time. Three deep flounces are one mode of using them, and again three flounces are made to cover the entire skirt. Narrower ruffles from the knee down are also much worn.

It is very well to remember this phase of fashion when you are buying muslins at reduced prices, to put away for next season as the quantity required will be increased by a number of yards. In general it is quite safe to count on most of the latest modes of a season as, at least, suggestive predictions for the next. Insertions and tucks have been done to death, so the shirrings, puffing and flounces must come again.

Black and white effects in dress are dominant this season, and if you want the latest touch on your black and white gown use a bit of bright red in some way, possibly one or two narrow bands on the collar, a rosette of red chiffon at one side of the bust, or tiny little bands of red velvet with gold buttons at the ends arranged in some way on the bodice.

As for the use of black velvet ribbon it is universal. Nothing in the way of gowns wraps, coats, hats and ruches, escapes this kind of trimming in some form. Rows of beading, either black or white, run through with black velvet ribbon and sewn together form yokes, belts, cuffs and bands on thin gowns; flounces on muslin frocks are edged with one or more rows of velvet ribbon and any other old way ever known can be revived now with perfect assurance as to its fashionable attributes. For something decidedly unusual in trimming for muslin gowns use tiny ruches of tulle.

FETTERS OF FASHION.

Evening gowns for young married women are cut very low back and front and deficiencies are supplied with a drapery of tulle.

The very latest corset is a compromise between the old model and the later one with the exaggerated straight front. The straight line is not confined to the front entirely, but distributed all around making the curve at the back more natural.

Among the new materials which are coming in the market is something called burlap in a light gray. It resembles canvas, and to have any style must be tailor made.

The fashion for dressing the hair low on the nape of the neck is growing of fame and the front hair slightly waved is parted either in the centre or a little to one side.

Ostrich feathers promise to be very conspicuous in millinery next autumn, and birds' plumage of all sorts, dyed in all sorts of colors, is being made up into breasts, wings and birds, as real as the genuine songsters for winter hat ornaments. Sea gulls and pigeons are very much used in hats in seaside wear, the former dyed in hues never seen in the gull family before.

Timmy Tuff—Hi, see that feller make a three-begger! Swipey Dwinigan—Naw, dey's sum n'against my knothole.