

about a divinity that shapes our ends,
how them how we will.' started this morning very nearly de-
not to be alive at sunset. This
I find myself feeling more alive
have felt for years, keenly interest-
of whose existence I was ignorant
ed hours ago, and whom, having
as a sister, I am self-pledged to
one. The position was too strong

not exactly a saint, but I could
on yielding to the temptation to
blivion from the monotonous mis-
this life when it was in my power
an innocent, unsuspecting girl
a man whom I knew to be a
I have, nevertheless, committed
today. The old Charles Maxwell

just dead for ever. And
leave something to live for now. And
even deal with me as I deal with
suspecting child, who believes me
her brother. She is nothing more
child, in spite of her one-and-twenty
What a difference to Clara! She
woman at seventeen, and most of the
girls I have met never seem to have
children at all.

ape Fate will be kind to me. If I keep
ly east of the Strand, I ought not to
against anyone likely to recognize
away, I am not ashamed of what I am
if I am deceiving her. I swear to
to that to her always, whatever she
come to me. Surely it will be easy
; and if not, I must not complain.
entered his chambers, and looked
on their costly fittings with a feel-
contempt for his past life.

a better man tonight than I have
been before. I he soliloquized, with a
pat on the back.
his landlady next morning, and
told her with the fact that he was
abated for an indefinite period, that
nature would be sold immediately,
at she was looking on him for the
me.

g a woman of vast and varied ex-
Mrs Crups viewed him with dis-
ad not shaved that morning.
was Mrs Crups to know that he
ad to grow a moustache by way of
?

eyes did not meet here frankly as
air woot.

was Mrs Crups to know that he
ad of his g... o-
Donna being reau by her quick

gether Charlie Maxwell appeared in
satisfactory light to the worthy
who had lamented over his evil
for the last eight months.

she listened in stolid silence, for,
it, it was no business of hers.
ing as Mr Maxwell owed her noth-
had no right to interfere with his
or comings.

rooms would let again directly;
was no fear on that score.
Crupps therefore pocketed the
paid by Charlie in lieu of notice,
atched him depart with critical calm-

desired lodgings at Brixton were
procured, and when night fell on the
day of his acquaintance with Donna
found himself established with her
herly comfortable sitting-room com-
ing, by means of folding doors,
smaller apartment where meals
be served for them.

is lovely! declared Donna, as she
ad at the supper table, after un-
ed her boxes. 'I begin to feel at-
tredly. I must write to Edith to-
re, to follow up the telegram we sent
y. She will wish now that she
me with me, instead of accepting
from Uncle John.'

not you be happy without her? I
kind of presentiment that Edith
ould not hit it off over well. She
diff- rent to you, isn't she?
e different. She is fairer and bet-
ter; so far she has the advantage
But she is lazier than I should
be.'

oh of you gets most admirers?
we are about equal! Donna
'There was no great choice of
Stoke Leyton.'

er of you engaged?
dear, no! There was nobody
etting engaged to. Besides, I, at
in no hurry to be married.'

ible girl. Marriage is a mistake.
the matter?
ollar has slipped away from the
was fumbling at the back of her
both hands.

ne do it.'
well was on his feet in an instant,
and her chair.
noticed what a pretty neck she had
fastened the collar.

'kiss! She put up her lips. 'Do
w you have not kissed me yet,
p.'

ashed and hesitated, but only for a
ust not be allowed to suspect that
not what he seemed.

unt his head and laid his lips light-
ers.
arms went round his neck and held
so that the caress was a longer
he had intended.

new a long breath when she re-
im.
he ever tasted sweeter lips?
is frowned even as she asked himself
tion.

severe you look! Perhaps you
be hain, little?
pouted a people as she hazarded
ark.

he contrary, I rather like when the
happen to be pretty girls.
on call me pretty?
Miss Vanity, I do.'

'I'd rather be like Edith. I
ave rather nice eyes, but the rest
is insignificant.
no use your fishing for compliments.

Continued on page eleven.

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

As your brother it is my duty to snub you.'
'Is it really? I never had a brother be-
fore, so I cannot contradict. But let me
warn you that I am not a sweet-tempered;
if you snub me, I shall retaliate.'
'You couldn't say a nasty thing if you
tried.'

'Couldn't! That just shows that you
have not been used to girls, especially sis-
ters.'
'My experience has certainly been limit-
ed.'

His spirits rose with every half hour that
he passed in this pleasant intimacy with a
girl to whom he was no more in reality,
than was that other man, to save her from
whom he had acted a lie.

The resolves of the morning were for-
gotten under the intoxicating influence of a
dawning love which he took no pains to
smother at its birth, as he should have
done.

He felt so sure of his own strength that
he let himself go for that once, mentally
vowing that should not occur again.

Rome was not built in a day, and a man
is not reformed in two days and a night.

When supper was over, he took Donna's
arm, led her into the other room, and
drew her down by his side in a big, old
fashioned armchair which was placed in-
vitingly before the fire.

'Having informed you of a brother's
duty, I am now going to claim a brother's
privilege,' he explained, as he held her to
him and laid his cheek against hers.

'You haven't shaved today,' she said
promptly.

'No; I am going to let my moustache
grow.'

'Are you? I am so glad. But don't
wear it drooping over your mouth and dip-
ping into soup and things, will you?'
'How then?'
'Oh, train it upwards; it's much cleaner,
and ever so much smarter!'

'I am not sure that it would suit me.'
'Sure to; it suits all handsome men.'
'Do you think me handsome?'

'I am not going to flatter you, Mr. Van-
ity! There! I'll let that, sir. Oh,
Charlie, how jolly it is being here with
you! I shan't care about getting married
unless you tire of having me always about.
How long will you be able to put up with
me.'

'Ah! How long, I wonder?'
His cheek to her tightened a little.
She felt it, and accepted it as a reply to
her question.

'Dear old chap! Do you think you
love me a little bit already, Charlie?'

'I think I can honestly say "Yes" to that
modest question,' he answered, laughing
half mad with happiness as he fed his love
for her by an occasional kiss, each longer
than the last.

Presently she laid her head on his
shoulder with a contented little sigh, nest-
ling closer to him as she said—
'I had no idea brothers were quite so
nice! Not that they are all alike, of course
Evidently you are a peculiarly perfect
specimen.'

'Think so? I want you to be happy with
me child.'

'I am bound to be happy; I can't help
myself.'

They sat there until a clock somewhere
near struck eleven.

Then Donna started.
To a country bred girl eleven o'clock
was shockingly late.

'It's long past bed time! Why did you
not remind me of it?'

As she spoke she tried to free herself
from his clinging arm.

'I shan't go to bed for another hour or
two. Stay with me, Donna.'

'I should not be able to get up in the
morning if I did. Please let me go,
Charlie; I am awfully sleepy, really.'

'Are you? Well, if you will go, you
must.'

He raised her in his arms and carried
her upstairs as easily as if he had been a
child, she laughing and protesting under
her breath.

At the door of her room he put her
down, and parted from her with another
long kiss.

Had Donna ever cared enough for any
of her lovers to accept caresses from them, she
would have known that these were no mere
brotherly kisses which Maxwell pressed on
her lips; but she was as ignorant as she
was innocent, in spite of her one-and-
twenty years.

She lay down to sleep that night with
the happy consciousness that her new life
was likely to prove a glowing success.

Charlie was the dearest of brothers, and
she would be content to stay with him
always.

Downstairs, the 'Jearest of brothers'—
having recovered from his brief madness
now that his sweet presence was no longer
there to tempt him—was taking himself
severely to task.

At that way was he better than Curtis
Lockhart?

True, he had no thought of wronging the
unsuspecting girl who was so completely
in his power.

But could he answer for himself in the
future if, in one short evening he had fail-
ed so miserably in the acting of his part?

He tried to excuse himself by reflecting
that he had not known he should fall in
love with her; but the higher man in him
refused the palty plea.

What right had he—a married man—to
let himself love any girl to the extent of
losing his head as he had done this evening.

It could not have himself better in
hand, he must alter his plans with regard
to Donna.

He began to regret having yielded to the
impulse to save her from Lockhart, and yet
he could not regret it honestly.

His brain was in a tumult, as he thought
out the situation his own act had created.

But at the end of his thinking he was no
nearer a solution of the problem before
him—as to how he was to behave to the
girl he would so gladly have married had
he been free to do so.

The morning brought common sense to

While dressing, he told himself that, if
he found he could not help behaving as a
lover to Donna, he must tell her the truth
concerning the utter lack of relationship
between them.

Her scorn at his deceit would assuredly
go far to curing his mad passion for her.
She looked as fresh as the morning when
he entered the room where she was waiting
breakfast for him.

'Lazy boy! I have been down for
ages. This is what comes of late hours.
You must go to bed earlier, sir.'

'Then I must work instead of chatting
to you after supper,' he replied on the in-
spiration of the moment.'

'Work! Do you mean to say you work-
ed after I left you last night?'

'I can assure you I worked very hard.'
This was true, only in a different sense
from that in which he understood it.

'Literary people need not trouble about
regular hours, you know, as long as they
get through all they have to do.'

'Oh, but you ought to have regular
hours for work and you shall! I'll have
no talk in future until you have finished
do your heart? Last night was very jolly
but we should get tired of always spoon-
ing; it is not as though we were lovers.

Besides, I shall have my work too. I
have a sort of talent for designing—de-
corations, monograms and so on. I
dreamt last night that I earned a lot of
money that way, and I am going to try
and make my dream come true. It will be
much nicer than teaching.'

Before they had finished breakfast, a
policeman arrived with Donna's bag, say-
ing it had been sent by the registered par-
cel post to Scotland Yard.

A note was found inside explaining that
the sender had caught it up from the seat
of the 'bus by mistake, but chose this
way of returning it for fear of being sus-
pected of having stolen it.

The contents were intact, to Donna's
great joy.

Imaginative Influence

A New Orleans physician relates the
following: A nervous man recently called
on me and asked: 'In what part of the
abdomen are the premonitory pains of ap-
pendicitis felt?'

'On the left side, exactly
here,' I said indicating a spot a little above
the hip bone. He went out. The next
afternoon I was summoned in haste to a
hotel. I found the man who had question-
ed me the day before writhing in his bed
his forehead beaded with sweat and his
whole appearance indicating intense suf-
fering. 'I have an attack of appendicitis,'
he said. 'I'm a dead man. I'll never survive
an operation.'

'Where do you feel pain?
I asked. 'Oh, right here,' he replied,
putting his finger on the spot I had located
at the office. 'I feel as if somebody had
a knife in me there and was turning it
around.' Well then, it isn't appendicitis, at
any rate, I said cheerfully, 'because that
is the wrong side.'

'The wrong side?' he
exclaimed glaring at me indignantly. 'Why
you told me yourself it was on the left
side.' Then I must have been abstracted,'
I replied calmly. 'I should have said the
right.'

I prescribed something that
would not hurt him and learned afterwards
that he ate his dinner in the dining-room
the same evening.

Influence.

A very characteristic story is told of Mr.
Spurgeon, that when an independent
young woman objected to assenting to
those questions in the marriage service
which implied the superiority and author-
ity of the man over the woman, he said to
her in a fatherly way: 'Come, now let
him be the head, and do you be the neck,
and turn him which way you please.'

This is a good illustration of the supreme
potency of influence. Merely nominal pre-
cedence or authority does not amount to
much. Almost every head has a neck
which can turn it. How often the wife
proves to be the ruling directing spirit of
a household instead of the husband and
father! Who has not known organizations
in which the real conrolling power was
wielded by some member or members not
officially organized? The essential thing
to seek is the power of influence—not so
much the headship as the neckship of af-
fairs. Anybody can befigurehead provid-
ed he gets a chance in that capacity. But
it takes genuine merit and faculty to be
what is called 'a controlling spirit.'

Let no mean, petty spirit of envy actuate us
in our dealings with others. Position,
outward honor, need not, and very often
does not, mean real power, real suprem-
acy. That belongs to influence—the quiet
subtle force which moves so-called author-
ity, as the neck of a man moves his head.

Information For The Bishop.

The speech in the House of Lords of the
Bishop of Harford on the subject of gam-
bling recalls a story told of Bishop Potter
of New York. The Bishop, travelling
through Louisiana some years ago, ad-
dressed inquiries to his fellow passengers
with a view to obtaining information re-
garding the orchards and fruit interests of
the State.

'Do you see a peach in Louisiana?'

replied the Louisiana, 'I
have three or better.'

UNIT STATES.

Some Recent Transfers of the Medal Belong-
ing to Chicago's Meanest Man.

As one of the elevators in the big office
building touched bottom and the door
opened to let its load of passengers out a
short, dumpy, perspiring man with a crop-
ped beard and a protuberant stomach tried
to crowd his way in, regardless of the fif-
teen or twenty persons that were trying to
make their exit.

'Don't be in a hurry said the elevator
boy.

'But I am in a hurry!' impatiently ex-
claimed he of the squat figure. 'I've been
waiting here five minutes.'

'You haven't been waiting five seconds,'
retorted the elevatorboy. 'If you had
been, you know, you could have gone up
in one of the other cars.'

'That's all right,' said the other, still
pushing and elbowing his way in. 'Maybe
you know.'

'I think I do.'

'Why is it,' asked the man who had
been flattened up against the side of the
elevator, 'that it's always somebody of his
build and atmospheric displacement that
acts the pork in a place of this kind?'

Nobody seemed to know. The general
fixation may have been too sweeping.
There are hogs of all degrees of obesity
and tenuity.

The imprisoned passengers succeeded
finally in extricating themselves.

The man with the stomach took posses-
sion of the corner furthest from the door.

In a few moments the elevator started
upward with a full list of passengers.

'Second floor!' shouted one of them.

It was the personage with the stomach.
With a series of convulsions he fought
his way out and stepped off at second.

He was followed by a man who looked
as if some secret grief was preying upon
his mind.

'Comrade,' said the latter, 'I'd like to
speak a word with you.'

'The other turned around.

'I had intended to go the eleventh floor,'
resumed the man of funereal aspect, 'but
my business is with you.'

'What do you want?'

'I'll take me only about a minute to tell
you. Several days ago, when I was set-
ting cat-a-cornered in a crowded street car
a man gave me a medal. He said it was
given to him by a stranger because he had
monopolized the narrow strip of shade at
the left edge of the sidewalk on a hot day.
And now—'

'What's all that got to do with me?'

'Nothing, only that medal belongs to the
Meanest Man in Chicago. I have car-
ried it three or four days without hav-
ing any right to it. It belongs to you, sir!'

With a dexterous motion he slipped into
the waistcoat pocket of the squatly person-
age a flat, round piece of galvanized iron
with an inscription stamped upon it and
bolted down the nearest stairway, looking
immensely relieved.

"Hit Me; I'm Big Enough."

He wasn't very big, but he was a sturdy
little chap with a face that bore the marks
of much thinking and premature respon-
sibility. I learned afterwards that he was
supporting a crippled mother and an in-
valid sister who had been left helpless in
the world by the death of her father. He
might have run away from home and
evaded the responsibility, but he didn't
think of it. He just sold papers.

At the loop on 15th st. a crowd was
gathered, waiting for the evening cars.

A ragged young girl was selling flowers
at the 15th st. end of the waiting station
when a man, rushing to catch his car,
knocked her against the side of the build-
ing. Without stopping, probably not hav-
ing noticed what he had done, he contin-
ued his rush, when the boy stepped in front
of him, defiantly.

'Say, what do you want to knock a
girl down for? Hit me; I'm big enough.'

The man paused in surprise, and then
glanced around. He saw the flower girl
picking up her wares, and understood.
Without a moment's hesitation he went
back to her, gave her enough money to
make her eyes sparkle with joy and said:

'I'm sorry, my dear, that I hurt you. I
didn't see.' Then, turning to the boy, he
continued: 'You said you were big enough
young man, but you're a great deal bigger
than you think. Men like you will have a
lot to do with keeping this old world in a
condition of self-respect.'

'Then he caught his car and the boy
and girl stood there wondering what he
meant.

Amateur Farmer—Mr. Green, there
seems to be something serious the matter
with the horse I bought of you yesterday.

'He coughs and wheezes distressingly, and
he is wind broken.'

'What would you advise me to?'

'Horse Dealer (promptly)—Sell him as
quick as you can just like I did.'

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grown. It is HIGH GRADE PURITY—its
fragrance proclaims its excellence.

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MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

Chat of the Boudoir.

This year started in as a pongee and
white shirtwaist season, but the muslin
frocks has certainly 'won out' with the best
dressed class of women. Fifth ave. shops
seem to be the rendezvous of these cool
and lightly clad shoppers. They look
severe, calm and unruffled though the sun
does its best to reduce them to a state of
wilting weariness. Most of the dresses are
simply but very daintily fashioned, with
tull tucked bodices and with lace inser-
tions. It is pleasing to have to note no
transparent yokes and sleeves in evidence.

A shirtwaist hat—the severe little sailor
seems to be quite demode this season—
pretty shoes, white petticoats, a bright-
hued parasol and white silk gloves are in
nearly every case the accompaniments of
these frocks.

Some of the most striking effects in the
dress parade are wrought out with black
velvet ribbon, striping crossing and recross-
ing and recrossing to such an extent that
entire gowns are covered with it. Colored
velvet ribbons are also used in many fanci-
ful designs, one of which is carried out in
pale blue on a white Swiss muslin. It is
in lattice form on the sleeves from the
wrist to elbow where there is a puff, and
again above the puff at the shoulder.

The seams in the skirt are outlined with an
embroidered beading insertion through
which this half-inch ribbon is run.

Black velvet ribbon in the same width
strips one rather startling gown, of white
canvass veiling, all over, in vertical lines,
with very generous spaces between. First
the deep flounce is striped all around and
finished with a heading of batiste embroi-
dered insertion, through which a wider rib-
bon is run. Above this bands extend
down from the waist, ending a few inches
above the flounce and taking a graduated
line rounding up shorter in the back. The
bodice is striped down from the neck, the
lines ending a little below the bust in grad-
uated lengths. The bretelle effect is
carried out with the embroidered in-
sertion and the belt is of velvet.

A very pretty skirt model which is car-
ried out in foulard as well as the thinner
fabrics is knife plaited all around and
stitched down in a varying number of rows
from the waist to the knee. In muslins
the stitching simply forms a yoke effect
around the hips and the hem trimming may
be seven rows of black velvet ribbon
sewn around in straight rows. One foul-
ard gown is made in this way and trimmed
around a few inches above the hem with a
combination band of finely tucked batiste
and batiste embroidery.

A cool afternoon toilet is of white or-
gandy made up over sea green taffeta. The
organdy drop skirt has insertions of fine
Valenciennes lace, one row going straight
down the middle of the front. A flounce
rising to a point front and back finishes the
skirt. There are ruffles of lace stitched to
the flounce, and only a suggestion of the
green silk is visible beneath the white veil.

The bodice opened at the back and is ar-
ranged in puffs of organdy alternating with
bands of Valenciennes insertion. The
bands of puffing and the lace entredeux
rise in a high point in the middle of the
bodice, both in front and in the back. This
leaves the yoke nothing but mere shoulder
pieces of Valenciennes insertion, with a
tiny frill of very narrow lace stitched be-
tween every other seam. A wide band of
lettuce green ribbon crosses the yoke and
ties on top of the shoulder. The sash
girdle is deeply pointed in front. It also
is of lettuce-green satin ribbon.

The arms are partly covered by elbow
sleeves, made up of puffs of organdy and
Valenciennes insertion. A deep frill of
Valenciennes lace hangs down over the
elbow and below it.

This is a cool-looking gown for a hot
July day.

DRILLS OF FASHION.

Costume designers say that we shall see
fewer plaited shirts as the season ad-
vances, but as to what sort of skirt we are
to have in their stead they are reticent.
Meanwhile, they are bringing out their
newest skirts with the ornamentation ar-
ranged so as to counterfeit a tunic. Round
tunics, square tunics, scalloped ones, long
and short ones are all suggested in the ar-
rangement of the trimming. But the real
genuine draped overskirt is still conspicu-
ous by its absence. No decrease in the
flare or length of skirts is noticeable.

The plan of hooking dresses up the back
seems to be one of the French fads this sea-
son, most of the French gowns being fasten-
ed in this way. It does away with many of
the difficulties which the dressmaker en-
counters in trying to arrange the complica-
ated fronts, but in nine cases out of ten it
ruins the effect of the back, which is per-
haps the most noticeable line in the gown.

The very latest novelty in corsets for
bathing purposes, is made of perforated
rubber mysteriously stiffened so that it
answers all the requirements of a genuine
corset.

Both black and white silk tassels are
among the novel features of dress trim-
ming, and we see them arranged in pairs
down either side of the front of the bodice
on a black and white foulard. Their uses,
no doubt, will multiply later on.

Once upon a time, so the story goes,
there was a great fashionmaker, who,
clapping the casket of his overworked brain
exclaimed one day:—

'What shall I do next? And then came
by a piebald horse, sooty black, with daz-
zling white spots, and he cried joyously:
'I