

## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

9642.—A SIMPLE STYLE FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



Girl's One Piece Box Plaited Dress with Long or Shorter Sleeve and High or Round Dutch Neck. Blue linen embroidered in white is here shown. The design would also be effective in brown gingham piped with white or green. The round neck and short sleeves are attractive for summer. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3½ yards of 36 inch material for an 8 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

9645.—A SPLENDID STYLE FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



Girl's Dress with or without Added Yoke Portions.

White linen with a contrasting collar, cuffs and belt will develop this model effectively and inexpensively. It is also attractive in gingham, chambray, or linen, and will look equally well in voile, cashmere or serge. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4½ yards of 36 inch material for a 10 year size.

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## One in a Thousand,

### BUT TRUE TO THE LAST

CHAPTER VII.  
"EAST LYNNE."

"I have heard flirtation defined as 'attention without intention'; but I consider that but a very poor way of putting it. Why, a man might pay a great deal of attention to his grandmother, you know?"

"Yes, of course."

"So you don't flirt?" I say, wickedly.

"I could hardly have believed it."

"Fact, all the same," he answers, in a low voice. "I was once in love—awfully in love; but the lady jilted me, and married someone else."

"Poor thing!" I say, softly, for I feel he is not speaking in jest, his tone is so bitter.

"But I got over it in time," he continues. "One couldn't bemoan one's self forever; and, when I found she had married some one else, that went

a long way toward curing me."

"Naturally," I say, sympathetically.

"And who was she? Oh, I beg your pardon! I quite forgot. What a very rude question to ask! You must forgive me; it is a family failing—at least, Loys and I are alike in that unfortunate failing."

He laughs, but he does not tell me who the lady is; and yet I almost expect that he will do so. We talk about other things—the Yeomanry ball next week, and the old verger, who seems to find the service too long, for he comes out three times for a little promenade, looking exactly like an old black beetle crawling along the white marble floor.

Then we watch the people stream out in the wake of the white-robed procession, and it is time for us to go. Sir Adrian walks home with us again, and comes in for a cup of tea of which he drinks only half; and when he cannot in decency stay any longer, he asks Loys if we are thinking of going to the theatre to-night.

"We had not thought of it," says Loys; "but, if there is anything good—"

"East Lynne"—always worth hearing. I'll send down my man for seats; but, as it's not a bespeak night, I suppose we needn't dress."

"Stay and have some dinner, and we'll risk the seats," puts in Teddy.

"What's the use of going back to barracks for nothing?"

Sir Adrian wants no pressing; and he agrees to the plan so readily that I cannot help thinking this is what he has been fishing for.

Sir Adrian wants to walk to the theatre, but Loys tells him she really cannot do it; so we have a cab, and arrive soon after the piece has begun. On the stage a youngish lady, in a very extensive blue and white dress, is holding forth, and I perceive that she is Lady Isabel. I am disappointed, for she is not at all my idea of what Lady Isabel ought to be. Joyce is a much nicer-looking and better spoken girl, and not so terribly haggard.

"Oh, who's William Carlyle?" I whisper to Sir Adrian.

"Archibald," he says, referring to

the bill. "Isn't he a cad?"

"Dreadful! And this must be Barbara Hare."

We both laugh; for we think simultaneously that, if the authoress could see the most charming, gentle, well-bred of her characters as we see her in the flesh, she would be intensely disgusted. For the Barbara we see is tall, square-shouldered, and, besides having sandy hair, has a nose like the spout of a teapot, through which she draws horribly.

"Don't listen to that posh," says Sir Adrian, imperatively, "but talk to me."

I have no objection, for I find an

inexpressible charm in listening to his mellow voice and his smooth, graceful compliments.

"This is almost as jolly as the cathedral," he observes; "only one cannot stretch out one's legs in safety."

"Sir Adrian!" I say.

"Well, what's the matter? Oh, I see, you are shocked at my calling

be cathedral jolly! And why not? 'm sure, I enjoyed it immensely. Didn't you?"

It does not suit me to answer his next question, so I tell him I wish he would attend to the performance. At this he laughs aloud.

"Listen to that far-fetched trash," he exclaims, "and watch that haggard old woman, when, by turning her head, I can look at you and hear you speak? No, no, Miss Luttrell; I'm not quite a fool!"

"I didn't know," I say, a little overwhelmed by his tirade; and he laughs once more.

"What's the use of coming here to-night?" says Loys. "You'll be finding out in the next scene, that you've something in your eye. At least that's what Teddy invariably says when there's anything affecting."

But none of us have to resort to that humiliating subterfuge; and Sir Adrian and I laugh on to the end.

"I suppose you'll be going to the cathedral to-morrow?" says Sir Adrian, when he takes his farewell; but shake my head, and tell him that I have not the very smallest idea what his plans may be.

"Perhaps you'll be driving?" he suggests.

I shake my head again.

"I think not. One horse has a greasy heel and the other got a little brushed; so I fancy we shall have to walk."

"Mrs. Vincent," says he, turning to Loys, who is a little on in front of us, "to-morrow is the great day at the Rink. Are you going?"

"Is the band going?"

"I think so."

"Then we may very likely go," is her response.

"That's all right!" he says, heartily. "I shall go down and look after you." And then my hand rests for an instant in his firm, strong grasp, and he is gone.

"Audrey," says Loys, sapiently, when we are alone in the drawing room on the following afternoon, "you are going to make the best match of any of us."

"Whatever do you mean?" I ask, laying down my lace-work and staring at her with open-mouthed amazement.

"Well, of course," she goes on, gravely. "Then will take precedence of you; but, when one compares the men, you have the advantage completely."

"My dear Loys!" I exclaim, "you must have suddenly taken leave of your senses! Here, I am, sitting calmly working, when all at once, a propos of nothing, you break into a wild-admiration for some man in comparison with Lasselles."



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"I was thinking about Sir Adrian," says Loys, meekly.

"Then let me recommend you, my dear," I say, lightly, "to think no more about that young gentleman."

"Why not?"

"Because you are building castles in the air which will fall ere long, and overwhelm you with disappointment."

"Why, I thought you liked him!" cries she, in dismay.

"So I do; but, because I think him amusing and nice, that is no reason why you should immediately place him in comparison with Lasselles, and imagine you are going to have him for a brother-in-law."

"What a tongue you have, Audrey!"—with a soft, complacent laugh. "If you should marry him, you will wear his life out in no time."

"Poor man!" I say, mockingly. "Why are you so anxious for it, then?"

In my heart of hearts I feel that Loys is right, and that Sir Adrian's intentions are serious; and yet I tell myself it is absurd, because I have known him only a few days. Wherever we go during the week which follow we meet him. He is my constant shadow. But I little guess what misery such devotion is to bring me.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### AT THE YEOMANRY BALL.

It is the night of the Yeomanry Ball, and I stand in front of the long glass, asking myself how I look. I am dressed in white and gold, and I am perfectly aware that it is the most trying costume I could have chosen; but I am so tired of seeing fair-haired women in every shade of blue and green that I am determined to strike out a new line for myself. My dress, which is cut princess, and is of heavy, rich silk, is embroidered with gold in the form of a Greek pattern about six inches deep, which is carried round the skirt and half-way up the front. In the snowy puffs of tulle which form the berthe and sleeves are clusters of dark and yellow aconites, which, with their deep, glossy leaves, form a good contrast to the rest of the toilet.

"How do I look?" I demand of Loys, who enters in all the glory of rose-pink silk.

"Superb!" she answers. "And there is the most lovely bouquet you ever saw downstairs."

"For whom?" I ask, only half hearing.

"One for each of us. Yours is all white and mine is a mixture. It was awfully good of Sir Adrian. I should think he has had to send to town on purpose for them. I'm sure Westminster never produced anything half so beautiful before."

"Then they are from Sir Adrian?" I remark, with assumed indifference.

"Of course they are from Sir Adrian," she says, sharply. "Who else would trouble, do you think?"

"Oh, I didn't know what admirers you might have!" I reply, carelessly.

"Really, Audrey," is her comment. "I am surprised at you."

But I only laugh and follow her downstairs, for I know perfectly well what her sudden assumption of matronly indignation means.

She expected that I should fly down like a mad thing to look at Sir Adrian's flowers, and she thinks by my indifference that I shall lose him. Oh, Loys, you are very transparent!

We go early, but find Sir Adrian and one or two of the others already at the rooms.

"I think you promised me the

first?" he says, the instant he comes up to us.

"Did I?"

"You know you did"—with grave reproach—"and the supper, and the fourth, and, after supper, unlimited."

"I don't think I did."

"Perhaps not; but I am perfectly certain," answers he, lightly. "I believe the first, which, is a waltz, begins in two minutes. May I offer you my arm?"

So I take it, and we walk down the room, I, in spite of my brave attitude, feeling very small and insignificant beside him in all the glory of full dress.

"I have never seen you in uniform before," I remark, for I know a lot of people are watching us, and it does look so stupid to stalk down the middle of a room as if neither of us have a word to say.

"Haven't you, darling?" he says, the last word coming out quite naturally and unconsciously. "Hope you like it. It's a handsome dress, is it not?"

"Yes," I say, readily. "How do you like mine?"

"I always like everything you have," he answers, scanning me with admiring eyes.

"And how am I to thank you for the flowers?" I ask. "They are simply lovely."

"If you think so, I am more than

rewarded."

Then the first sounds strike up, and we glide away together, before the floor is crowded.

I dance several times with him again, and many other men are introduced to me, one of whom, a young "sub" of not more than six months' service, makes me an offer, and begs humbly for a flower. But I am not minded to spoil Sir Adrian's bouquet for all the subalterns in the Cuirassiers, and I decline firmly but gently.

(To be Continued.)

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