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Chapter VI.

"No, cherie, I am sure you are too tired to do anything of the kind," mademoiselle replies, with affectionate determination, as she runs off fleetly and gracefully, giving a look at herself in a mirror she passes and adjusting her coiffure.

She keeps very close to the open door in the moonlight while she dives behind the tubs of myrtle and laurels and moves the cane-seated chairs, until Dallas, quietly smoking and pacing up and down beneath the rustling vine leaves, perceives his attention arrested.

"Can I assist you? Have you lost anything?" he asks, removing his cigar and standing in the doorway. "I think I know a plant when I see one," he mutters to himself.

"But, yes, monsieur," answers mademoiselle, in a dismayed tone. "Mademoiselle Yolande has dropped her bouquet, and she recommends diving behind the shrubs and rustling the branches in an apparently indefatigable search, until she is hot and tired from stooping."

Captain Glynn meanwhile has deliberately turned up a gaslight and taken a survey from the opposite side of the hall.

"There is no handkerchief here," he says, decisively. "Miss Dormer

has lost it elsewhere, mademoiselle," and he takes out another cigar.

"Ciel, what shall I do?" mademoiselle says, in increasing despair; and Dallas Glynn, though quite wide awake to the misadventures of the quondam Miss Bella Glover, puts his cigar down and draws near to sympathize or help.

"But yes! Here it is!" mademoiselle says the next minute, pouncing with a joyful little cry on the morsel of cambric an lace. "Voilà, monsieur!"—and she holds it up before Captain Glynn's eyes.

"I'd lay anybody fifty to one there was no handkerchief behind that big flower-pot half a minute ago," Dallas says to himself. "I can't quite see through mademoiselle's little game; but I don't believe Yolande has a hand in it." Aloud he says composedly, "Mademoiselle, I congratulate you on your keen vision and your bright eyes."

He says it in the purest Parisian French, and, bowing to her, turns on his heel and goes out into the courtyard to smoke again.

Mademoiselle resolutely represses an outburst of spleen, as she slowly retraces her steps through the hall. At the foot of the staircase she looks back at the dark, symmetrical outline of the young man standing in the doorway, with the moonlight on his fair, uncovered head. She does not "laugh a merry laugh of scorn," like the lord in the Tennysonian ballad, but a laugh of concentrated spitefulness.

"I'll put a spoke in your wheel you won't like, my haughty gentlemen, to pay you out for your impertinence!" she mutters through her close-shut teeth. "I thought you weren't going in for the little chit in real earnest, even with all her money bags. Now, I'm sure of it. I'll give the Viscount the straight tip when I write to him."

And this speech, in decidedly slangy and idiomatic English for a young French lady, bears evidence, first, that Mademoiselle Gantier, for a demure instructress of youth, is familiar with very peculiar expressions, and, secondly, that while the ladies of the picnic party ignored and neglected the poor governess, that astute young woman was making hay while the sun shone, to the extent of establishing a confidential acquaintance with Viscount Glynn. True, she never saw the son of the Earl of Pen-treath before; but a clever young woman like Bella Glover, alias Isabelle Gantier, never loses an opportunity

of getting on and getting up in the world.

The next morning Yolande, from the high road above the cliffs, stands to watch the English boat steaming out into mid-channel, with her wake of foam in two widening lines behind her.

"I'm glad I didn't go down on the pier—I'm very glad I kept away," she tells herself, with a piteous little smile and a choked sob or two. "It would have looked so bad; I'm sure he would have thought it—so forward and unladylike of me, when he bade me good-by last night and never said a word about hoping to see me in the morning. He thought it would be a liberty to ask me such a thing, I suppose; but—oh, I should like to have seen him just for one minute!"

She gazes and gazes through tear-filled eyes, and with a heaving breast aching intolerably with a new, keen pain of longing and desolation, until the outline of the rapidly receding steamer is all but invisible on the misty horizon; and then the girlish head drops upon her hands, and Yolande bursts into bitter weeping. She is quite alone, for just as they turned toward the cliff road mademoiselle left her and hurried back into the town, declaring she must get that book from the library which has been promised to them for days.

"If you will go on slowly, cherie," she said. "I will overtake you in ten minutes."

It is considerably nearer three times ten minutes when mademoiselle reappears, somewhat flushed and breathless, as if by natural, seeing that she has just hurried back from the Custom House quay, where she has not only seen the travelers off, but "had the good fortune," as she says prettily, "to be of some light service at the last minute to Viscount Glynn."

She has interviewed with her voluble French between the viscount's rather stupid valet and a thick-headed French porter in a difficulty about surplus baggage. She receives in return a very gracious handshake from the viscount, and a bow with his hat raised as the boat swings out from her moorings; but it is a very slight, stiff salutation she receives from Dallas Glynn; and this goes down at once in mademoiselle's mental score against the haughty young soldier. With sweet humility, mademoiselle returns alike the friendly and the frigid bow with her brightest smile and a deep and respectful inclination of the head and shoulders.

"A nice, intelligent, amiable girl, that governess of those Dormers," the viscount observes to his cousin.

"Don't like her," Dallas responds, curtly. "She is much too sweet to be wholesome, and she is a fascinating woman, or I'm—a fool."

The viscount laughs his slow, sniggering laugh.

(To be continued.)

FIERCE TIMES.

What a world of times! The daily crimes present a frightful story: the robbers steal the plunk and a wheel, the slayers' hands are gory. The sinful cranks are robbing banks, they're using guns and axes; the crime wave rolls and dawns our souls, as great or still it waxes. Each day I read of deadly deed, of gold and dainty bodies knocked out by wights who spend their nights consuming booties toddlers. The baffled cop can't make crime stop as up the town he sallies, and thieves and venge on busy legs are sprinting through the alleys. And toughs and bums infest the slums kidnaped maids are squealing; such grisly news I must peruse, it keeps my senses reeling! I read these tales, my spirit quails, while yet the wave advances; and it seems queer that year by year no evil to me chances. No robbers meet me on the street and tell me to deliver; no hand-dits bold bear off my gold or steal my priceless silver. My skull's intact, it's not been whacked with black-jack or with bludgeon; I've not been shot by gammaa hot, or other grim carnage. I stay at home, I do not roam by night in darkened places; home life enchants when one has aunts with many charms and graces. I read my book and Josh the cook and play a game of checkers, and so avoid the graft employed by slayers, thieves and wreckers.

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Canada Building at Empire Show.
OTTAWA, July 6.—Plans have been completed for the Canadian building at the British Empire Exhibition in London next year, starting in April. A. W. Toimie, exhibition commis-

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.

A PRACTICAL APRON SETTING.



4408. The apron affords good protection to the busy housekeeper. It is easy to develop and to launder. It slips over the head, but may be made adjustable at the skirt portion. Dotted percale in white and blue, with binding of blue tulle is here shown. This is a good model for cretonne or gingham.
The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. A Medium size requires 3 1/2 yards of 27 inch material.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A POPULAR MODEL.



4404. The house dress of to-day has many versions. It is now one of the most attractive garments in the busy woman's wardrobe. The style here shown has long waist portions over which trimming panels are arranged. The short sleeve and low collar, make this a comfortable model.
The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 4 1/2 yards of 38 inch material. The width at the foot is 2 1/2 yards.
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Ivory Soap at 5c. Cake, Palmolive Soap at 14c. Cake.
Meadowsweet Soap at 6c. Cake.

HENRY BLAIR

What and Where Kent's Hole Is.

A cavern in the vicinity of Torquay, England, famous not only for its relics of primitive man, but also for its remains of extinct animals, is known as Kent's Hole. Although the existence of this cave had been known from time immemorial, it did not attract the attention of scientists until 1825. Excavations were carried on by Pengelly from 1845 to 1850.

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