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The Romance of Marriage.

"A-bathing in those costumes, just like horse-riders and acrobats!" she says, with a sniff, and apparently quite forgetful of the frivolity, and the days—not so very long ago—when her mistress appeared nightly in a similar costume—and the English ladies all a-doing it, too!" she says, with a shake of her head. "You might expect anything of the French; but that English ladies should join them do surprise me! Whatever would they say if they were asked to do it at Brighton?"

Paula smiles absently, only half-listening.

"This is the house, miss," says Weston, as she stops before the white house Flossie's white fingers had indicated the preceding day. "If you'll step into the morning-room, I'll go and tell my mistress you've been kind enough to come."

Paula nods, and they enter. As she does so, she notices that Acadia Villa is very different to the usual type of lodging-house in Nouvelle. The hall is carpeted with Persian rugs, and lined with ferns and exotics; the little room she is shown into is a little boudoir fit for a princess in its dainty, artistic elegance. A delicate perfume pervades the place, in which a silence, most profound and impressive, reigns unbroken.

If Paula were curious about her new acquaintance, and wished to satisfy her curiosity, there is nothing in the room to assist her. Books and music are scattered about, but there are no theatrical portraits or pictures—not one of the many displaying Flossie Hamilton in stage costume, of which the little drawing-room in Raglan Street used to be so lavish.

Weston comes in with a smile of satisfaction.

"My mistress is very pleased, indeed, miss. Will you follow me, please?"

She opens the door of the drawing-room, a room whose beauty and perfection strikes Paula instantly, and the slight, graceful figure rises from the sofa with outstretched hands.

"The beautiful face is very pale, all but the two spots on the cheeks, which glow brightly carmine."

"How kind of you," she says, and her thin fingers close round Paula's gracefully, almost clingingly, as she leads her to the sofa. "Do you know this was not altogether unexpected by me? I thought—I felt somehow—that you would come, and her eyes spoke Paula's with an intense look."

"Did you?" says Paula, with a

smile. "I am glad I came then. It is strange."

"What is stranger?" asks Flossie earnestly and with suppressed eagerness.

Paula colours, then laughs. "I have had the most intense desire to come and see you; but—I did not like to," she says. "I did not know whether you would be well enough, or—whether you would care to be bothered."

Flossie smiles strangely, then she laughs, and Paula notices that the laugh seems like music in the room, not like other laughter, but as if it were trained and cultivated without being insincere.

"Do you know that I live the life of a recluse here?" says Flossie; "that I never see a single soul; that I never go out until I am obliged? It is little wonder that I am delighted to see you, is it?"

Paula looks at her with tender sympathy. It is a strange, an awful life, for one so young and beautiful.

"Your friends?" she says in her frank fashion.

Flossie shakes her short curls, with a faint smile.

"I have none," she says, with a curious infection.

"Well," says Paula, looking round the beautiful room and smiling. "It is scarcely surprising that you are reluctant to leave this pretty room for the hot and dusty parade. You must be very happy here."

"Oh, very!" ecstatically says Flossie, looking up at her with an awful bitterness veiled behind the smile. "But I am forgetting. You mustn't sit in this hot room in your hat and jacket. You will stay with me a little while—as long as you can, will you not? This is not a mere formal call, is it? You don't seem like one of that kind of people who sit and talk nothing for twenty minutes, and then sweep themselves out of your sight."

Paula laughs, and, just as she did in the old days, slips off her hat and jacket. Flossie snatches at them with exultant delight, and touches a bell on the table behind her, and Weston carries the hat and jacket away.

Flossie leans back and looks at the lovely face, with its golden-bronze hair fully revealed now, and a strange shadow falls over her blue eyes and plays about her clear-cut lips.

"Ah, yes," she murmurs, inaudibly, "she is very beautiful. I understand now."

"What are you going to do?" she says; for Paula has risen and reached a Turkish cushion from a chair.

"I am going to put this under your head," says Paula. "You will be so much more comfortable," and she comes to the sofa with the cushion in her hand.

Flossie sits up and laughs, then suddenly she turns pale and seems to think.

"Not not!" she says. "You must not—not wait upon me. I am not worthy. I—Then as if mastering her emotion, she laughs again. And Paula, with an air of gentle authority, puts the cushion in its place.

Flossie sinks back, pale and panting a little.

"Yes, it is much better," she says. "But—but you mustn't be deceived. I won't let you think that I am ill enough to deserve so much kindness. I am not really ill, you know, not ill to death."

Paula cannot suppress a shudder as the awful words leave the pretty lips; but Flossie laughs.

"People like myself live on for an unconscionable time."

"I hope you will," says Paula; "but still I think you are not at all well or strong."

"It is all a mistake," says Flossie, shaking her head, with laughing eyes. "It is more idleness on my part than anything else. I have been ill, of course; but I am better now. But—with feverish impatience—"don't let us waste the time talking about me; tell me something about yourself, will you? Am I rude and unlady-like in asking?"

"Paula laughs, and takes a rose from a glass and smells it.

"Not at all," she says. "I am only sorry there is so little to tell. I am the most commonplace of individuals. I haven't even a history."

"Not?" says Flossie, her eyes fixed on the lovely face with an intense interest.

"Well, at any rate, it is a very poor one," says Paula, smoothing the rose leaves with her fingers. "For nearly all my life I have lived in a country village in England with my brother and sister. In such a dear old place;



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These words, or expressions having the same meaning, are contained in hundreds of the letters I have received during the past year. Many were from women who had suffered agonies from falling of womb; others from women who had escaped dangerous surgical operations, as the tumors who had suffered from suppressed menstruation, leucorrhoea, painful periods, etc. For all these and the other troubles known in general as Women's Disorders, Orange Lily furnishes a positive, scientific, never-failing cure. It is applied direct to the suffering organs, and its operation is certain and beneficial. As a trial actually proves its merit, I hereby offer to send, absolutely free, a box worth 45c, sufficient for ten days' treatment to every suffering woman who will write for it. Enclose 8 stamps. Mrs. Lydia W. Ladd, Windsor, Ont.
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We were all our lives there!"

Lightly as she speaks, her eyes grow moist and her voice quivers. Flossie eyes her intently.

"I understand," she says in a low voice; "and why did you leave it? Why did you come to this horrid oven of a place?"

Paula laughs. "That's simply answered, too!" she says. "We had to leave it, because we were too poor to remain."

Flossie's eyes grow meditative.

"I understand," she says. "You left Woldshire?" She stopped suddenly, arrested by Paula's look of surprise.

"You said Woldshire, didn't you?" says Flossie, innocently.

"Did I?" replies Paula, with a smile. "I was wondering how you knew. Well, we left Woldshire, my sister and I, and came here to—economise; I think that is the way to put it, and that is all."

"All?" says Flossie, with a curious smile.

Paula flushes and then turns pale.

"All of any consequence," she says. "I forgot to say that my brother is abroad."

Flossie looks at her reflectively.

"And that is all you know of life," she says. "How happy you must be."

Paula is silent a moment, then she looks up and catches the blue eyes fixed keenly upon her.

"Happy? Yes," she replies, "as happy as most people, I suppose. There is not too much of that commodity—happiness—in the world, I'm afraid."

"Not too much," admits Flossie; "but—" She stops and hesitates.

"Well?" says Paula.

"But your story is not complete. It leaves out the chief element is a woman's life—love."

Paula starts and looks at her; but the actress, skilled in controlling her face, merely smiles up at her.

"Love!" she echoes.

"Yes, love," says Flossie. "Do you mean to tell me that you don't know what it means?"

Paula looks at her, then her face grows pale.

"No," she says, "I did not say so. Let us talk of something else. That theme is—rather hackneyed, isn't it?"

Flossie nods.

"Yes," she says, with a hollow laugh, "too hackneyed, quite worn out, in fact—at only for school-girls. Yes, let us talk of something else. Are you fond of music?"

"Very," says Paula; and her eyes turn to the cabinet piano in ivory and gold that stands unobtrusively in a corner of the room.

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(To be continued.)

Fashion Plates.

A MODEL VERY ATTRACTIVE FOR SLENDER FIGURES.



Pattern 3101, cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18, and 20 years, is here depicted. Blue crepe de meteor was used for its development, with head embroidery for decoration. This would be nice in brown satin or crepe, with embroidery in colors. The 16 year size will require 5 1/2 yards of 36 inches material, with 3 yards of ribbon or material 5 inches wide, for the sash. Width of skirt at lower edge is 1 1/2 yard.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A SHIRT GOWN.



Pattern 3107 here illustrated is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 5 1/2 yards of 44 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1 1/2 yard. As here shown gray taffeta was used, braided with white soutache. One could have this in brown serge or satin, with worsted, head or chenille embroidery. Black velvet with facings of ivory satin, or taupe duvetyne with old blue pipings would be very attractive for this design.

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