

not having asked you here. I object to the form and the quality of your question. I deny that I have dropped you, as you choose to term it. I think your present course a presumptuous one, and I am ignorant of having violated any rights of your own by not having sent you a card to my reception. There are a great many other people in New York besides yourself to whom I did not send a card. Any quarrel between you and Mr. Kindelon is a matter of no concern to me. And as for my having dealt you an injury, that assertion is quite preposterous. I do not for an instant admit it, and since your attitude toward me is painfully unpleasant I beg that this conversation may be terminated at once."

"Oh, you show me the door, do you?" exclaimed Miss Cragge. She looked very angry as she now spoke, and her anger was almost repulsively unbecoming. Her next words had the effect of a harsh snarl. "I might have expected just this sort of treatment," she proceeded, with both her dingy-gloved hands manipulating the bundle of newspapers at still brisker speed. "But I'm a very good hater, Mrs. Varick, and I'm not stamped on quite so easily as you may suppose. I usually die pretty hard in such cases, and perhaps you'll find that your outrageous behaviour will get the punishment it merits. Oh, you needn't throw back your proud head like that, as if I were the dirt under your feet! I guess you'll be sorry before very long. I intend to make you so if I can!"

Pauline felt herself turn pale. "You are insolent," she said, "and I desire you to leave my house immediately."

Miss Cragge walked to the door, but paused as she reached its threshold, looking back across one of her square shoulders with a most malevolent scowl.

"You've got no more heart than a block of wood," she broke forth. "You never had any. I know all about you. You married an old man for his money a few years ago. He was old enough to be your grandfather, and a wretched libertine at that. You knew it, too, when you married him. So now that you've got his money you're going to play the literary patron with it. And like the cold-blooded coquette that you are, you've made Ralph Kindelon leave poor Cora Dares, who's madly in love with him, and dance attendance on yourself. I suppose you think Kindelon really cares for you. Well, you're mightily mistaken if you do think so, and if he ever marries you I guess it won't be long before he makes you find it out!"

Miss Cragge disappeared after the delivery of this tirade, and as she closed the outer hall-door with a loud slam Pauline had sank into a chair. She sat thus for a longer time than she knew, with hands tensely knotted in her lap and with breast and lips quivering.

The vulgarity, the brutality of those parting words had literally stunned her. It is no exaggeration to state that Miss Cragge's reference to her marriage had inflicted a positive agony of shame. But the allusion to Cora Dares's love for Kindelon and to Kindelon's merely mercenary regard for herself had also stabbed with depth and suffering. Was it then true that this man's feelings toward her were only the hypocritical sham of an aim at worldly advancement? "How shall I act to him when we again meet?" Pauline asked herself. "If I really thought this charge true I should treat him with entire contempt. And have I the right to believe it true? This Cragge creature has a viperish nature. Should I credit such information from such a source?"

(To be continued.)

## THE SCRAP BOOK.

### WOMEN'S WEAR.

ALTHOUGH *chacun à son goût* is professedly the watchword of fashion, the question, "what will be worn this season?" is one which no individual will venture to answer. The favourite colours of the season are likely to be the soft light browns known as biscuit and mushroom, and réséda and moss-green. The shot silks which began to appear last season are coming more and more into vogue, and are worn both plain, striped, and figured. The effect of a combination as, for instance, of a striped light blue skirt with terra-cotta, with bodice and drapery of terra-cotta satin, is very striking. Another combination of moss-green and ruby is equally charming. The richest looking among the shot surahs, glacés, etc., are the brocades, where the ground of grey, brown, blue, red, or green colour is figured with more brightly coloured leaves, flowers, or fruits, the whole effect either forming an effective contrast or a soft harmony. In dinner and evening dresses the biscuit colour is equally popular. An evening dress of biscuit satin and bodiced velvet of the deeper mushroom shade, richly trimmed with lace of a corresponding colour, looks very elegant. Bright terra-cotta with a front of broad lace flounces of the same colour is also very fashionable. There is a new red colour of a shade between crimson and magenta, which, with lace and ribbon trimming, has a good effect as an evening dress, although it is rather a difficult colour to harmonize with any other. Black lace dresses will also be much worn. Black lace on a foundation of shot silk makes another pretty dress, recalling the olden times of the grenadine-covered lilac silks, once so much in vogue. A pretty white nun's-cloth dress, with a broad border of blue Japanese embroidery, the back and bodice trimmed with dark blue velvet, is one of the prettiest and most novel looking dresses for garden parties. For young ladies there is a number of light woollen materials interwoven with tiny tufts of pink, blue, or cream chenille. The walking dresses are generally of a quiet colour; the trimming is in chenille, braid, velvet, ribbon, fringe, or woollen tufts. The drapery is full, but the arrangement differs as much as the dress materials. Chenille outline embroidery is frequently seen on shot silk skirts, strewn carelessly about as rosebuds, foliage, or small fruit. Bodices are generally made

with a short pointed basque; but it appears that the round basques are again beginning to be in favour. Full bodices with waistband are almost abandoned, but the sleeves are still high on the shoulders, and longer than last season, but there is no trimming to be seen except perhaps a simple velvet cuff. The walking dresses are almost all very high round the throat.

Hats and bonnets do not vary much in shape from those of last season. The chief characteristic is that the brim of a hat is generally narrowed, vanishing almost entirely at the back. Sometimes it is turned up at the back, while in front it overshadows the eyes. The crowns are high and wide. Bonnets are small and close-fitting, cut out at the back to suit the present fashion of arranging the hair. Transparent hats and bonnets, which were introduced last season, are likely to be much worn. There is scarcely a bonnet or hat to be seen in which there is not combined with darker shades a sparkling of gold, silver, or the dull lustre of a bronze. It may be the centre of a flower, the wing of a butterfly hovering above it, the half-hidden buckle, or a narrow edging of the brim, but it is rarely missing. Brown, moss-green, and mushroom are worn more than black and white straw; a wealth of ostrich feathers, butterflies, and other winged insects, laces, flowers, and ribbons make each head-dress ablaze with colour. The fur or velvet cuff so often seen on gloves during the winter is giving way to a similar one of lace. It is of the same colour as the *gant de Suède* to which it is attached, and will be found an improvement on the long tight-fitting glove, or the stiff gauntlet of the past season. There is no ornament whatever on the new walking boots or shoes. Even the patent leather has been abandoned, and a neat plain boot or shoe of kid has taken the place of the ornamental *chaussure*.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

### MIRAGE.

WE'LL read that book, we'll sing that song,  
But when? Oh, when the days are long;  
When thoughts are free, and voices clear;  
Some happy time within the year:—  
The days troop by with noiseless tread,  
The song unsung; the book unread.

We'll see that friend, and make him feel  
The weight of friendship, true as steel;  
Some flower of sympathy bestow:—  
But time sweeps on with steady flow,  
Until with quick, reproachful tear,  
We lay our flowers upon his bier.

And still we walk the desert sands,  
And still with trifles fill our hands,  
While ever, just beyond our reach,  
A fairer purpose shows to each,  
The deeds we have not done, but willed,  
Remain to haunt us—unfulfilled.

A. S. R.

### PROTECTIVE (!) TARIFFS.

A SALUTARY lesson is taught in a very able letter appearing recently in the New York *Herald*, respecting the useful industries wiped out, in the States, by the high war tariff. Every monopolist went in for his share of protection, the Lake Superior copper owners included. Copper smelting was a very important branch of trade in Baltimore, and other places in Massachusetts. Before 1861 there was a large trade with Chili, which took a great quantity of American manufactures, sending, as return cargoes, Chilean copper ores in American ships to be smelted, in the States, by American workmen. The gentlemen of Lake Superior, however, managed to get so high a tariff put on foreign copper as to exclude the Chilean supply entirely. The American industry was thus effectively crushed, and American ships could not get return cargoes from Chili. Then Yankee captains tried carrying Chilean ores to England, but their ships went back—empty. The British people then, seeing the blunder made by America, sent to Chili, English and Scottish goods in "British bottoms" (ships), and freely took, in exchange, the ores, as return cargoes.

"It will thus be seen," concludes this welcome letter, "that in order to enrich the Lake Superior copper-mine owners, who employ a comparatively insignificant number of men in one of the least desirable and least paid of all the occupations—mining for day's wages—the high tariff men destroyed, first, American smelting works, and second, a valuable shipping trade, and finally destroyed a large and rapidly growing market for a great variety of American manufactures—a market which the English now, thanks to this single instance of so-called protection to American industries almost monopolize, and which is so valuable that they run a semi-weekly line of very large and finely-fitted steamers to Valparaiso."

A further effect of this mad and ridiculous policy is evidenced in what has happened to the American manufacturers of copper goods. "The protected copper-mine owners actually now charge American manufacturers more for their protected copper, than they sell the same copper for to foreigners in English and other European markets." "Thus," says the letter already referred to, "our home manufacturers of copper goods are oppressed in favour of foreigners, and this is called protection to American industry."—*Financial Reformer*.

### VARIETIES OF SWORDS.

THE forms of the sword may be reduced to three types; the straight-edged, the leaf-shaped, and the scimitar. A French duelling sword is the complete development of the first, a good Persian or Indian sabre of the