

TIMES FASHION HINTS.



A handsome street suit of panne velvet, made with a bloused jacket with wide bell sleeves, and a long skirt. It is trimmed simply with stitiched straps of the velvet and crocheted ornaments, which match the gown in color and form an attractive finish.



A charming hat in a combination of white and green. It is made of alternate rows of rough white felt and green liberty satin. The crown has a band of white liberty satin which is tied in front in a flat bow with three loops on either side. From beneath the bow two large green plumes extend around the hat on the left side, falling over the brim, which is slightly upturned.

loyalty to the past, you were to commit a wrong in the present, you would have to leave even this place and go forth into the hard world alone. "Yes, yes," he said, "that seems clear enough." "Well, then, don't you see by keeping the promise of to-day, the future opens out before you, there is advancement and comfort and security and success?" "What promise do you mean?" he questioned. "Oh, Joshua, how can you? Why, the promise that you have made to me and repeated again and again. Do the right thing now, and Briardene is yours—and my pin-money added, to the tithes will keep us in luxury and open up for us a great field for usefulness." "But you are an invalid," he said, slowly. "No, no, not now; your love has made me strong. I am well again." He looked at her, and with the warm blood mounting to her cheeks, she carried a hearty health, and was even beautiful. "And—and," he said, slowly, "you would be willing to be my wife?" And for answer she came and placed her hands upon his shoulders and put her face close to his. "Dearest," she whispered, softly, "that other girl need know nothing until after we are married; then we can make her a present—give her a hundred pounds or two; it will be very much better than if she waited until the end, and for nothing at all." Joshua stood silent, bewildered and helpless; the struggle between duty and policy, between love and fortune, was a very severe one. Yet he was utterly helpless; dominated by a stronger will, by a more determined personality. He felt very much as he imagined a fly would feel entangled in the web of a spider. Yet there were compensations. Elizabeth Cleveland was a handsome

relating some of his. All this was very delightful to one who had dwelt in the wilderness so long. It was like a draught of water to a thirsty traveller. "We are kindred spirits, Mr. Plenty," she said. "You will come again?" "I shall be delighted to do so," he replied. "And soon?" "Yes I will come again the day after to-morrow."

"And come early, please, so that we can have a talk together." He came early, on the Wednesday, and was received not as a stranger, but as a friend. Elizabeth confided to him some of her troubles, and he told her some of his. They became mutually sympathetic.

"I fear the vicar never understood you," he said. "He could not." "No, indeed?" "He is carnally-minded."

"Ah! you know him better than I do." "People enter the church who have no call. It is shameful."

"And yet, they reach the highest seats sometimes." "That is where the wickedness of it comes in. How can the church prosper?"

"How, indeed?" "I had hungered, and the church has had no food for me through its appointed priest."

"That day, I trust, is over." "Yes, yes, you understand me. You will come to see me often?" "I hope I may never neglect my duty."

On the following Saturday he was at Sandhurst again. He came late in the afternoon and stayed to dinner. This consideration on the part of Mr. Cleveland had been appreciated to the full. Elizabeth, of course, did not sit down to table with the others (that would be almost an unheard-of thing), but she had her couch wheeled into the dining-room so that she might not lose the profit of Mr. Plenty's conversation.

Dorothy did not appear to be very much edified. In truth, she felt considerably bored; but for Elizabeth's sake she was prepared to tolerate a good deal. Mr. Cleveland frankly admitted that the curate was "beyond" him; but since Elizabeth understood, he was quite satisfied. Mr. Plenty's fourth visit was a week later, and Elizabeth chided him for his neglect.

"During the last four afternoons," she said, "I have been as those who wait for the morning." "I have you really missed me?" he asked, with a curious inflection in his voice. "I have, indeed. So many things have occurred to me and I have wanted so much to discuss them with you. You are the only one who understands."

"I have been very busy," he said, with a smile; "but now we can have a long talk together." "It is such a joy," she answered, "to have someone to whom I can open my heart freely. I am so glad, Mr. Plenty, that you are not married."

"Yes" and he flushed slightly. "I never think that confidences are safe with married clergymen. They tell their wives." "Possibly they do."

"It is only natural. Wives have great power over their husbands." "Perhaps you think clergymen should get married?" "Oh, no, I don't; far from it. A good wife should be a great help to any minister. Yet in a case like mine—well, as I said before, I am glad you are not married."

"A curate has no right to think about matrimony," he said, plaintively. "Ah! you are thinking of your own hard life." "It is true I had hoped for preferment long since."

"And yet there is not a Providence in it all!" "I would fain believe so."

"It is so, I see, as plainly as anything. Suppose you had realized your early ambition, you would never have come to Mudley." "That is so," he answered, dubiously. "But it was not to be. I wanted your help, your counsel, your guidance. You had to come here, don't you see?"

"It looks like it, certainly." "Oh, Mr. Plenty, how can you doubt it? There's a Providence in all this as surely as there is a man in the sky." "You feel sure of that, Miss Elizabeth?" "As sure as I do of my own existence."

Faith is often such a feeble plant that needs somebody else's faith to lean upon. Mr. Plenty was not profuse of ideas, but when they were presented to him by another, he seized upon them and made them his own. Miss Elizabeth became more and more interesting in his eyes. She was so original, so far-seeing, so sure of her ground, so certain in her intuitions, so convincing in the way she argued, that after a while he yielded his will to hers without knowing it. As time went on their conversations became more and more confidential and more and more interesting. It is always a pleasure to be brought into contact with a kindred spirit. Moreover, confidence begets confidence.

"Something tells me that you will not always remain a curate," Elizabeth said to him one day. "You are deserting of the best of the church can offer." He took her hand in his and pressed it. "You are much too kind to me," he said, and a strange thrill ran through him. "If I can help you in return for helping me, what a joy it will be!" she said, and she permitted her hand to remain in his. "Ah! if I had known you earlier," he gasped. "But it was not to be," she answered, smiling. "We needed schooling in the fires of tribulation. You were not sent until you were able to understand me."

of Providence, and refuse to grasp what is within your reach." "It do not quite comprehend you," he said, looking perplexed. "She smiled and patted the back of his hand, which rested on the elbow of her chair. "Oh, all in good time, Mr. Plenty," she said, still smiling. "But do you know that the Vicar of Briardene is eighty, and the living is in father's gift?"

"No, I did not know; that is—"

"It is one of the best livings in the country," she went on; "and the Vicarage is a delightful old place."

"And—and do you think—" he gasped; "that is—do you—"

"Ah, now, do not ask me any questions. We none of us are sure what the future holds."

"But you think there is a chance; that is—"

"Oh, Miss Elizabeth, your intuitions are so keen."

"Now you matter me, Mr. Plenty?" "No, indeed, Miss Elizabeth, I do not. You are so much wiser than the whole crowd of women."

"None but God can tell what will be," she said. "We can see clearly enough what may be. But beyond a certain point our destiny is in our own hands. Don't you think so?"

"I am not quite sure I follow you," he said, dubiously. "Was it not Shakespeare who said: 'There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune? But, if we neglect that hour, when opportunity comes, we shall be like the poor fish which, when it is taken, is not taken?'"

"I shall be delighted; and it must do you good to get into the open air." "Do you know, I am gathering strength every day."

"You are certainly very much better." "When you came I was quite an invalid. Now I feel almost well sometimes—and I love it all to you."

"No, no, Miss Elizabeth," he said, deprecatingly. "You are the instrument—under Providence," she said, glancing shyly at him.

She leant heavily on his arm as they walked out to the terrace and from thence across the lawn into the garden. Dorothy, looking out of her bedroom window, smiled sadly, and wondered what the friendship between Elizabeth and the curate was leading to; wondered also, as she had often done of late, whether she had done the right thing in sacrificing herself to Mr. Plenty.

The path of duty was very perplexing. Now it seemed clear enough, and now it was wrapped in darkness. To-day she was sustained by an unclouded faith, and to-morrow she groped like one blindfolded through a maze of doubt. What would be the end? she wondered. Would her heart always ache with a fruitless longing? Would she forever be torn on the rack of doubt, and go on at length into the vale of years unsatisfied, having given up her life for another, and fearing she had given it in vain?

"Oh, that I could be certain!" she said to herself, wringing her hands and looking wistfully away across the park. "And yet, what could I do? Elizabeth bends all wills to hers."

CHAPTER XX. Elizabeth's Wooing. The curate's intellect was not a nimble one. His brain moved slowly at the best of times. Neither was he an imaginative man; he rarely looked for things that lay out of sight, and often had no suspicion of their existence. He advanced along the lane that has no turning more rapidly than he knew; and when he discovered how far he had got he was amazed.

Not being an imaginative man, he often used words and phrases in a careless way, not seeing that they were capable of an entirely different meaning from what he had intended. Elizabeth treasured up his words. She even wrote them in a little book so that there might be no mistake; and now and then, in a playful way, she confronted him with his own sayings. He could not tell her that he had meant something entirely different, nor was he always certain what he had meant. Nevertheless, to be confronted with one's own words is apt to be disconcerting.

Towards the end of the summer the Vicar of Briardene was seized with a paralytic stroke, and his death became a question of a few weeks or months at the outside. Mr. Plenty was greatly excited at the news, and walked across to Sandhurst at once to talk the matter over with Elizabeth. The living was in the gift of her father, and he had already seen that Mr. Cleveland would do almost anything to please his daughter. "If Elizabeth will only intercede for me, the living is mine," he reflected, as he hurried along the dusty road. "And why should she not? She has as good as told me she would, if—well, now, what did she say?" and he passed in his walk and wiped his forehead. "I have never been quite able to make out what she meant in that connection," he said to himself with a puzzled look in his eyes. "I must find out—the matter will have to be settled quickly."

Then his thoughts travelled away in another direction, and he almost fancied himself journeying along a country lane towards a quaint little market-town in the Fens of Lincolnshire. Fifteen years ago Mary Priestly was a very pretty girl, with a ruddy complexion and a wealth of faxen hair. He imagined there was no other girl in all the district of the Fens that could compare with her in charm of manner and sweetness of disposition; but fifteen years takes a great slice out of the life of a man, and particularly out of the life of a woman. Mary's good looks had faded with the lapse of years, her face had become pale and thin, her hair was not so abundant as in the old days, and the expressions of her face was somewhat sorrowful, and there was a pathetic tone in her voice. She had grown sad with age deferred; moreover, the buoyant passion of youth dies down, expectation

THE CONQUERING WILL. BY SILAS K. HOOKING. Author of "God's Outcast," "In Spite of Fate," "To Ray the Price," "For Such is Life," "The Heart of Man," "Foe of Life and Liberty," "A Son of Reuben," etc.

CHAPTER XIX. Kindred Spirits. Between the Reverend Joshua Plenty and Miss Elizabeth Cleveland there was a strong, not to say peculiar, bond of affinity. This affinity they discovered on their very first meeting, and it grew and ripened with wonderful rapidity. They had much in common. Both had suffered at the hand of Providence, the one being the other's estate. Both had a large and more comprehensive faith than is given to the ordinary individual to enjoy, and both looked with more or less of genuine condescension upon the spiritual condition of the average church-goer.

Not a man has so much to be desired more, Mr. Plenty was still dissatisfied. He had cultivated the pastoral office with much diligence and success. Nevertheless, there was a droop at the corners of his mouth which indicated a reserve of bitterness which might be poured forth if the occasion demanded.

His eyes, too, though in the main mild and almost pathetic in their expression, suggested a latent fire that might blaze at unexpected times. Also, his voice, which in the main was soft and purring, had an undertone of raspiness which was not altogether reassuring.

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"It is very wonderful," he said, dreamily. "Wonderful only to those who have neither faith nor vision," she replied; "but to us who have both, there should be no occasion for surprise." "That is true," he answered; "quite true. All things work together for good."

"You came to Mudley in the fullness of time, but it is only the stepping-stone to something better."

A Cure-all But a Kidneys Only. At work at the right the kidneys working late their action, and weary of the impurities otherwise circulate system, brooding disease.

Seal Harbor, N.S., as cured. Symptoms of kidney disease were some days I felt, my urine was scanty and dark. After taking only one of your Kidney Pills, I can tell to anyone suffering with kidney disease, that they are the best.

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